Hardware, & Tinware.

SACKETT & SCHRYVER,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

and manufacturers of

Tin, Copper & Sheet Iron Ware,

Second Street,

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Having largely increased our stock of Hardware, we invite the public to examine our stock and prices.

Carpenters and persons who contemplate building will do well to examine our

TOOLS & BUILDING HARDWARE,

which is new and of the best manufacture, and will be sold low for cash.

NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, GLUE, LOCKS, LATCHES, HINGES, SCREWS

All kinds of Bench Planes, Saws, Chisels, Squares, Hammers, Hatchets, Plumbs and Levels, Mortised & Thumb Gauges, Bevels, Braces & Bitts, Wood and Iron Bench Screws, and the best Boring Machine in the market.

Double and Single Bitt Axes,

POCKET CUTLERY, &c.

Agents for Burnell's Iron Corn Sheller, warranted.

Also, agents for Richards'

GOTHIC FLUE TOPS,

which effectually cure Smoky Flues.

Farmers' Implements and Garden Tools of every description.

A large variety of

COOK STOVES,

which we warrant to give satisfaction.

Portable Ranges and Furnaces.

Roofing, Spouting and Job Work done on reasonable terms. All orders will receive prompt attention. June 11, 1873.

POWELL & MORGAN,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

Also, Manufacturers of

Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS of all kinds for sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

RAILROAD WHEELBARROWS for sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

OIL, PAINT, PUTTY, GLASS Nails, etc., for sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

HARNESS TRIMMINGS & SHOE Findings, for sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

GUNS, PISTOLS SWORD CANES For sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

STOVES, OF ALL SORTS AND Sizes, for sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

IRON! IRON! IRON! IRON! For sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

HORSE SHOES & HORSE SHOE NAILS, for sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

PULLEY BLOCKS, ALL SIZES And best Manufacture, for sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

THIMBLE SKEINS AND PIPE BOXES, for sale by POWELL & MORGAN.

BIGLER, YOUNG & REED,

(Successor to Boynton & Young,)

FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS

Manufacturers of

PORTABLE & STATIONARY

STEAM ENGINES

Corner of Fourth and Pine Streets,

CLEARFIELD, PA.

HAVING engaged in the manufacture of first-class MACHINERY, we respectfully inform the public that we are now prepared to fill all orders as cheaply and as promptly as can be done in any of the cities. We manufacture and deal in

Mulay and Circular Saw-Mills

Head Blocks, Water Wheels, Shafting Pulleys, Gifford's Injector, Steam Gauges, Steam Whistles, Oilers, Tallow Cups, Oil Cups, Gauge Cocks, Air Cocks, Globe Valves, Check Valves, wrought iron Pipes, Steam Pumps, Boiler Feed Pumps, Anti-Friction Metres, Snap Stone Packing, Gum Packing, and all kinds of MILL WORK; together with Plows, Sled Soles,

COOK AND PARLOR STOVES,

and other CASTINGS of all kinds.

Orders solicited and filled at city prices All letters of inquiry with reference to machinery of our manufacture promptly answered, by addressing us at Clearfield, Pa.

jan1'74-tf BIGLER, YOUNG & REED.

READING FOR ALL!!

BOOKS & STATIONERY.

Market St., Clearfield, (at the Post Office.)

THE undersigned begs leave to announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has fitted up a room and has just returned from the city with a large amount of reading matter, consisting in part of

Bibles and Miscellaneous Books,

Blank, Account and Paper Books of every description; Paper and Envelopes, French pressed and plain; Pens and Pencils; Blank, Legal Papers, Deeds, Mortgages; Judgment, Exemption and Promissory notes; White and Parchment Brief, Legal Cap, Record Cap, and Bill Cap. Sheet, Music for either Piano, Flute or Violin constantly on hand. Any books or stationery desired that I may not have on hand, will be ordered by first express, and sold at wholesale or retail to suit customers. I will also keep periodical literature, such as Magazines, Newspapers, &c. P. A. GAULIN.

Clearfield May 7, 1868-tf

J. R. M'MURRAY

WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE. COME AND SEE. (3:5:73y.)

NEW WASHINGTON.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Etc.

J. F. WEAVER.....W. W. BETTS.

WEAVER & BETTS

CLEARFIELD, PA.,

Are offering, at the old stand of G. L. Reed & Co. their stock of goods, consisting of—

DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS, HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

FLOUR, FEED, SALT, &c., &c.,

At the most reasonable rates for CASH or in exchange for

Square Timber, Boards, Shingles,

OR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Advances made to those engaged in getting out square timber on the most advantageous terms. pditjan73

DANIEL GOODLANDER,

LUTHERSBURG, PA.,

Dealer in

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

HOSIERY & GLOVES,

HATS & CAPS and BOOTS & SHOES,

Tobacco, Groceries and Fish, Nails, Hardware, Queensware and Glassware, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Drugs, Paints, Oils, School Books, a large lot of Patent Medicines, Candies, Nuts & Dried Fruits, Cheese and Crackers, Rock and Rifle Powder,

Flour, Grain and Potatoes,

Clover and Timothy Seed,

Sole Leather, Morocco, Linings, Bindings and Thread, Shoemakers' Tools and Shoe Findings.

No greater variety of goods in any store in the county. All for sale very low for cash or country produce at the Cheap Corner. May 1, 1875.

The Bell's Run Woolen Factory,

Penn township, Clearfield Co., Pa.

BURNED OUT!

BUT NOT

BURNED UP!

The subscribers have, at great expense, rebuilt neighborhood necessity, in the erection of a first-class Woolen Manufactory, with all the modern improvements attached, and are prepared to make all kinds of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Blankets, Flannels, &c. Plenty of goods on hand to supply all our old and a thousand new customers, whom we ask to come and examine our stock.

The business of

CARDING AND FULLING

will receive our especial attention. Proper arrangements will be made to receive and deliver Wool, to suit customers. All work warranted and done upon the shortest notice, and by strict attention to business we hope to realize a liberal share of public patronage.

10,000 POUNDS WOOL WANTED!

We will pay the highest market price for Wool and sell our manufactured goods as low as similar goods can be bought in the county, and whenever we fail to render reasonable satisfaction we can always be found at home ready to make proper explanation, either in person or by letter.

JAMES JOHNSON & SONS,

april26tf Bower P. O.

LEATHER BREAST-STRAPS

SUPERSEDED BY

COVERT'S PATENT METALLIC

BREAST HOLD-BACK

Made of the best Malleable Iron, and is attached to the Hames by the best Snap ever invented. It is easily and quickly put on, and prevents the whipping of the horses by the pole. Not liable to get out of repair. Will last for years. All we ask is a fair trial, to convince all parties using them that they are unsurpassed in value for the purpose for which they are intended.

SACKETT & SCHRYVER.

Clearfield, April 15, 1874.

MARBLE AND STONE YARD!

MRS. S. S. LIDDELL,

Having engaged in the Marble business, desires to inform her friends and the public that she has now and will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of ITALIAN AND VERMONT MARBLE, and is prepared to furnish to order TOMBSTONES,

BOX AND CRADLE TOMBS,

MONUMENTS,

Curbs and Posts for Cemetery Lots, Window Sills and Caps, also,

BUREAU, TABLE AND WASH STAND TOPS, &c., &c.

Yard on Reed street, near the R. R. Depot, Clearfield, Pa. jel,72

TERRA COTTA STANDING VASES,

HANGING VASES,

Stove Lining and Fire Brick,

kept constantly on hand.

STONE AND EARTHEN-WARE

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

CROCKS! POTS! CROCKS!

Fisher's Patent Airtight Self-Sealing Fruit Cans!

BUTTER CROCKS, with lids,
CREAM CROCKS, MILK CROCKS,
APPLE-BUTTER CROCKS,
PICKLE CROCKS,
FLOWER POTS, PIE DISHES,
STEW POTS,

And a great many other things too numerous to mention, to be had at

FRED'K. LEITZINGER'S STONE-WARE POTTERY,

Corner of Cherry and Third Streets, CLEARFIELD, PA. aug3

T. A. FLECK & CO.,

Have now on hand, and are daily receiving additions thereto, a large and well selected stock, not fresh from the manufacturers, of

Dress Goods, Dry Goods, Silks, Hats, Bonnets Old Ladies' Caps, Shawls, Waterproofs, Ladies' Fur Caps, Hair Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Shirts, Gloves, Hose, Overalls, Lumbermen's Flannel, Ladies' Underwear, Cuffs, Collars, Handkerchiefs,

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR AND WHITE DRESSES,

Perfumery and Soaps, Balmoral Skirts, swan-down, Stockings, of everyhize, variety and colors, Notions, Trimmings and Fancy Goods, in almost endless variety.

N. B.—WE BUY FOR CASH AND SELL FOR CASH. dec2tf

Down! Down!!

THE LAST ARRIVAL

AND OF COURSE THE CHEAPEST!

A Proclamation against High Prices!

WE are now opening up a lot of the best and most seasonable Goods and Wares ever offered in this market, and at prices that remind one of the good old days of cheap things. Those who lack faith upon this point, or deem our assertions superfluous, need but

CALL AT OUR STORE,

Corner Front and Market streets,

Where they can see, feel, hear and know for them selves. To fully understand what are cheap goods this must be done. We do not deem it necessary to enumerate and itemize our stock. It is enough for us to state that

We have Everything that is Needed

and consumed in this market, and at prices that astonish both old and young.

dec29 JOSEPH SHAW & SON.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1875.

FALLEN PLYMOUTH.

BY E. S. TAYLOR.

I have fallen, Plymouth, fallen.
Lies my great name in the dust,
And the work of all a lifetime
Sacrificed to human lust.
In thine arms, old church enfold me,
Press me closer to thy breast,
For thy last and shattered idol
Finds in thee, his only rest.

Though the hearts that once enshrined me
Mourn in sorrow o'er my guilt,
And the fame that once was mighty
May not ever be rebuilt,
I must perish 'mid the conflict—
I must fight them to the last—
As the frigate sinks in battle
Mid the flames and fire and blast.

And when men revile and scorn me,
Tell them how in days of yore
I spoke for home and country
On a hostile, foreign shore.
And when slavery's dusky millions
Raised for help their fettered hands,
Plymouth pulpit shook and thundered
Till it burst their iron bands.

How I fought old Bible dogmas,
Taught men how to walk upright,
Preached to them a higher manhood,
Led them forth into the light.
May these deeds plead for my errors
When this life shall be no more,
Adn the grand old Plymouth lion
Stands upon the shining shore.

PARTIES.

AN ABLE PAPER ON THEIR RISE AND FALL.

Opinion of a Southern Contemporary.

THE RISE AND FALL OF PARTIES.

There is no truer and sounder doctrine of political ethics than that the opposition of parties is essential to the wise and safe administration of free governments. If one party is not in power the other must be, and these recurrent mutations are salutary in effect, as they correct the errors that may have been committed through interest, ignorance or design.

The early history of parties in this country will show that when at the zenith of their glory and the acme of their supremacy, their downfall has been greatest and their defeat most overwhelming. Flattered by success, arrogant through prosperity, dictatorial through power, and reveling in fancied security against all danger of reverses, they have moved on, step by step, acquiring new strength, assuming more authority and becoming more reckless and defiant until the fatal moment arrives, when the burden of their power and the weight of their corruption bring down, with a terrible fall, the whole political fabric they have constructed, destroying both edifice and builders.

Within the recollection of the present generation both the Democratic and Republican parties furnish notable instances of the correctness of this theory of political economy, and of the inevitable fate of all dynasties that outlive their day of uselessness or become unbearable from their unworthiness, their corruption or their imbecility.

The Administration of President Buchanan found the Democratic party in firm possession of the National and a large majority of the State governments. It had routed so frequently and so disastrously its powerful Whig opponent that that party became demoralized and dismembered. It split off into fragments and drifted into factions. Upon its ruin was built the Know-Nothing and the Republican parties. Against these divided forces the Democracy had no difficulty in maintaining their supremacy, and in adding to their strength by a constant accession of proselytes and deserters from the conquered enemy.

Democracy was supreme. It reigned everywhere. No one disputed its sway or its authority. It was, in fact, the only party in the country that could claim for itself a national organization, and was the only party that could be held responsible for the administration of the Government.

From this lofty pinnacle of fame and power it looked down upon its scattered foes, and, like Alexander, thirsted for more victories, more glory, more power. But just then the seeds of internal discord, which had been planted as the party was advancing was growing into greatness. A short time developed the serious nature of the existing dissensions, and soon the country witnessed the disgraceful scene of political brothers, who had hitherto dwelt together in harmony and amity, now arrayed against each other with all the bitterness and hostility that ever attend family feuds.

The struggle for power, the desire for office, and the rivalry for leadership rent assunder the bonds that held together the grandest political party the world ever saw. In the contest, principle was abandoned, consequences ignored, and the good of the country forgotten. Madness and folly seemed to have taken possession of those who once were all intelligence and discretion. Thus, through the machinations of designing demagogues, whose personal interests were of greater import than the general welfare of the people, the united, influential and all-powerful Democracy became suddenly converted into a demoralized and disgraceful horde of petty squabblers. From that moment the work of dissolution began and continued until it eventuated in the complete overthrow of the Democratic party by the election of President Lincoln and the subsequent secession of Southern States.

Then sprang into existence full of vigor and life, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, the Rpublican party of to-day. It grew apace with time and soon supplanted its former invincible rival. It rapidly aggregated the malcontents and dissatisfied elements of all political organizations until there was left but the mere fragment of an opposition.

In time the Government, with its power, its patronage and its prestige, all fell into the hands of the Republican party in which the States rapidly fell into line and ranged themselves under its victorious banner.

Thus it acquired in a few brief months, and without a struggle scarcely, what cost the Democracy long years of toil, perseverance, and careful managements to accomplish. Neither the justice of its cause, nor its inherent strength contributed anything to its success in the fight against the Democracy; but the spirit of discord that was rampant in our party, and the depth of corruption to which it had fallen, had so far destroyed its integrity, its unity, and its strength, as to make it an easy prey for the Republican monster.

Then began the history of Radicalism, and then was inaugurated a new era in the political history of our country. The broad and liberal platform of the Democratic party commends itself to the favor and support of all foreign citizens, who recognized in it a spirit of just liberality, in according to them the right of suffrage and all the privileges of native American citizens. The acquisition of so important an element gave additional strength to the Democratic party, and contributed not a little towards building it up and sustaining its power. The Republican leaders remembered this fact, and resolved to profit by the experience of those whom they had dethroned.

Emancipation came, and quickly following in its footsteps universal suffrage was adopted as the watchword of the Republican party. This was a step in advance of any the Democracy had ever taken, and left that party far in the rear in its advocacy of political freedom and liberality towards the people. It was a complete shifting of position. Like the pendulum of a clock, it swung from one extreme to the other. The party which embraced all the disciples of Hamilton and his doctrine of Federalism, with its tendency towards aristocracy and centralism, finding their past political dogmas heretical, abandoned its position and flew to the other extreme, and made Democracy, as it is interpreted in its liberal and cohesive sense, its foundation stone.

With the doctrine of universal suffrage as its guiding star, and the alluring temptation of equal rights to all—civil, political, and social—the Republican party launched upon the sea of national politics feeling strong and safe, and able to resist the most violent storms and avoid the most dangerous breakers. It sailed on, unimpeded in its progress, and the outlook for its future greatnes and power was most promising.

As in the palmy days of Democracy, it met with little or no opposition. The National Government was entirely in its power, and the different States were subject to its domination.

True, it acquired its control of the Southern States by a resort to outrages unparalleled in any history of a free people; by systematic frauds, by setting at defiance the plainest and simplest rights of the Southern whites, and by ruthlessly putting aside every barrier, however legal and just, that obstructed its onward march to power and supremacy. However, that it acquired universal and unlimited sway over the entire country cannot be disputed, although its *modus operandi* was entirely different from that adopted by the Democratic party, the principles of which appealed to the intelligence, the interests of the people, and the prosperity of the country. The Republican party rather preferred, as an argument, the *fortiter in re* to the *suaviter in modo* of its late political rival, and was not slow to invoke that aid when its doubtful policy and its heresies and sophistries failed to convince the people that Radicalism was the grand panacea for all the political troubles of the country.

By this novel style of procedure—a great innovation upon the old school of American politics—the Republican party accomplished its purpose for the time being, and realized more than it ever dared to expect. Its boldness, effrontery, independence, and utter recklessness, as well as unscrupulouness, gave it success for a while. But its power and its undisputed sway, like with its great predecessor, begat corruption and dissension. The party carried its dictatorial, its imperialistic authority too far. It even placed upon its most honored adherents the ban of political proscription, whenever they halted or failed to come up to the full letter of every programme adopted by those partisan chiefs who had deposed the more cautious, discreet and conscientious leaders.—Schurz and Banks were made to give way for Butler and Morton. Greeley and Palmer were eclipsed by Grant and Cushing, and Logan and Dix were more powerful than Carpenter and Fenton. And so through the whole category of those Republican chieftains, who, from a keener foresight, saw the impending danger, and refused to follow the party on its sure and rapid way to ruin and annihilation.

Their defection from the party, and their protestations against its excesses, and their open defiance of its rigorous discipline and exactions, attracted the attention of the people. When they discovered that the intellect, the honesty, and the patriotism of the party represented by the men whom they had learned to honor and revere, and to whom they believed was due all the credit for the existence and success of the Republican party, had turned their backs upon their political offspring, the people began to suspect that there was "something rotten in Denmark."—Their attention was then immediately directed to the practical workings of the party to which they had yielded allegiance. The character, antecedents, objects and purposes of its present leaders were canvassed and discussed, and the actual results of the Republican party were weighed and criticised.

When once engaged in analyzing these serious and important questions, it very soon became apparent to them that the Republican party had accomplished its mission, and that its day of usefulness had passed. It was without principle, without purpose or aim, and was only held together by the "cohesive power of public plunder."

A party held together by such ties could not be expected, in the nature of things, to exist long. With disaffection among its leaders, ignorance and venality in its ranks, the plundering of the people and the Government, and the acquisition of spoils as its only purpose, it is not strange that it should have been so disastrously routed, "horse, foot, and dragoon," as it was on the 2d and 3d of November, 1874, by the great uprising of the people, that extended from Massachusetts to California, sweeping before it every semblance of Republicanism, as taught and practiced by Grant, Williams, Butler, Morton and Kellogg.

Six years ago the Republican party seemed to be invincible, and there was every reason to believe that it had secured a mastery over the country that would continue for a score of years—But to-day it lies vanquished and prostrate at the feet of an indignant people, who have so justly punished it for its unworthy, faithless, dishonest, selfish and corrupt administration of the Government. It has brought down upon its head the execrations of the world, and it has doomed itself to everlasting perdition.

The cry now goes up from all the people, from our country and the whole world, for the restoration of the great Democratic party, with its glorious principles of right, justice and equality. To its control the government of the country can safely be entrusted in the future as it had been in the past. The fiery ordeal through which it has just emerged, the disasters and misfortunes it has experienced, and the lessons of wisdom it has learned at the expense almost of its very existence, have purified it, strengthened it, instructed it, and made it all the more trustworthy and competent to fulfill satisfactorily and happily the glorious mission it has now before it to perform in restoring peace and prosperity to the country; sustaining the Constitution and laws of the land; in making the people happy and contented, and, finally, in vindicating the proud boast of every true patriot that Americans enjoyed the blessings of the best government the sun ever shone upon! To this task the Democracy, rising from its ashes like the Phœnix, must hereafter be religiously devoted, and to its grand success 'n the noble work, we say God speed!—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuring air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

We are not merely working, intellectual machines, but social puzzles, whose solution is the work of a life.

JUNE 17, 1875.

Under serene skies and more salubrious air than at Concord and Lexington, the completed circle of one hundred years dawns upon Bunker Hill. Clothed in the full garniture of verdure, exulting nature in all of her summer array gives welcome to an anniversary of which the wide world has but few parallels. In the universal plaudits of our generation, in the gathered multitudes enthusiastic to do honor, in all the pride and glory of pomp and procession, music and banners, cheers and acclaims, to the sleeping dead, if to their sentient ears such gratulating voices could reach, the audible debt of our gratitude will be paid. Gladly and gloriously dawns the morning on a united and fraternal nation, upon which now no sullying stain of human bondage rests.

Beyond the granite shaft, above the epitaph and requiem, these canonized heroes

"A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their land."

The sod sacred by their entombment, the soil consecrated by their blood, grows green above their dust in the recurring annual tribute of rain and sunshine. Their record is not only in our institutions, but it has its bearing on the solid earth which their valor rescued and their virtue transmitted. Look at the land as they possessed it, and survey it now in our own proprietorship.

In 1775, spreading from the tower of the old North Church, there was a moderate city at the foot, with surrounding villages in detached groups; the commercial centre and pastoral surroundings of agricultural life, the feeble germ of what is now metropolitan in trade and manufacture spread abroad in wide surburbs of refined living and surpassing culture. Look now from the summit of the memorial shaft on the battle hill, from the thronged harbor and the crowded warehouses, o the inland landscape and its living beauty. Stretching out beyond compact streets in gentle gradations, winning from the thick grouping of town, and fading almost imperceptibly into the villa and the park, into grove and garden, opening out into a richness of vision with tree and shrub,

and the bud that brings
The swiftest thought of beauty,"

is a noble mausoleum to their memory, with an inscription written by a higher hand han that of man. This goodly heritage is the price of a devotion which gave up life for the cause.

Recorded in incidents, the whole narrative of the battle is again before us: the night intrenchment, the morning discovery by the British, the embarkment of troops brilliant in livery of scarlet, the advancing column, the restive marksman behind his parapet of earth and his breastwork of rails, waiting to "see the white of the eye," the blaze of musketry, the reel, the rout, and rally, the final failure of ammunition, and the retreat. All of this will be echoed in burning words to the gathered thousands of the ceremonial assemblage.

But there is a distinctive feature today which may be commented upon with a pleasure not to be repressed.—Southerner and Northerner mingle in these ceremonies with a united thought—South Carolina and Massachusetts in a rivalry of honor to the patriots of this memorable martyrdom. The old feud is forgotten; the bitterness of conflict soothed by a new union which no seeming element of discord can now mar. The descendants of Moultrie, Pinckey, Hayne, and Marion may well grasp hands with the lineage of Warren, Putnam, Prescott, and Stark, and mingle recollections of the defence of Fort Moultrie and Eutaw Springs with the legends of Bunker Hill and the burning of Charlestown.

In the roll of this renown, antiquarian research need not waste itself in solving questions of rank and command. Whether it was Putnam or Prescott out fainly interests the coming generations. The meanest soldier on that muster list who did his duty, is the peer of the directing mind of him who held arthority. It was not the individual, but the cause; and that, great in conception and sacrifice, stands upon the highest plane of lofty achievement in all recorded history.

Renew again the fires of their alters. In reviving patriotism, welcome once more the faith of the forefathers. In the upward and onward march of advancing empire, where the people rule, and the potentates obey their behest, let us step forward to duty and to labor. Treading again in living masses upon the ground once defended by heroes who are of "deeds which will not pass away, and names that must not wither," let us lay the garlands of memory upon the tombs of names and fames which are of the imperishable, and which in all coming time

"will be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

—*New York Sun.*

HINTS ON SLEEP.—To literary men, preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, and brain-workers in general, the following hints are exceedingly worth attention: The fact is, that as life becomes concentrated, and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising become impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors, and we take more sleep because we want more. Six hours of sleep will do very well for a plowman or bricklayer or any other man who has no exhaustion but that produced by manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after the labor the better. But the man whose labor is mental, the stress is on his brain and nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application, neither early to bed or early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer interval between the active use of the brain and the retirement to bed, the better his chance of sleep and refreshment. To him an hour after midnight is probably as good as two hours before it, and even then his sleep wil not so completely restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. His best sleep is in the early morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away and he is in absolute rest.

HOW PAT STOPPED A TRAIN.—The Quincy *Herald* tells how a conductor on the Toledo, Wabash and Western railroad, on his way with a heavy freight train, behind time, saw a man frantically waving a monstrous umbrella to hail the train. The brakes went down and with a mighty effort the heavy train was brought to a stop. The individual with the umbrella turned out to be Irish, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Can I see the conductor?"

"You can, that's me."

"Is your name Charles O'Niel?"

"It is."

"Are you from Ireland?"

"I am."

"And are you from the county of Kilkenny?"

"I am not."

"Well, be gorra, Mather O'Neil, it is sorry indade I am to hear that last, for I had an own cousin named Charles O'Neil lave the Ould Iart and the Kilkenny, thirty-two years ago this coming December, and it's only fortnight ago I heard there was one Charles O'Neil bossin this train, and how did I know but what ye might be the same cousin? God bless yer sowl!"

"And is that all you want?"

"Be gorra, isn't that enough? What more could an honest man want than to see a cousin that he hadn't laid his eyes on for thirty-two years."

THE DISCONTENTED WOMAN.

The discontented woman would seem to be becoming an unpleasantly familiar type of character. A really contented woman, thoroughly well pleased with her duties and her destiny, may always be said to be the exception rather than the rule in these days of tumultuous revolt from all fixed conditions, and vagrant energies searching for interest in new spheres of thought and action. It seems impossible to satisfy the disconted woman by any means short of changing the whole order of nature and society for her benefit. And even then the chances are that she would get wearied of her own work, and, like Alexander, weep for more worlds to rearrange according to her liking, with the power to take or to leave, as her humor might decide, the duties she had involuntarily assumed, as she claims now the power of discarding those which have been given her from the beginning. As things are, nothing contents her, and the keynote which shall put her in harmony with existing conditions, or make her ready to bear the disagreeable burdens which she has been obliged to carry from Eve's time downward, has yet to be found. If she is unmarried, she is discontented at the want of romance in her life; her main desire is to exchange her father's house for a home of her own; her pride is pained at the prospect of being left an old maid unsought by men, and her instincts rebel at the thought that she may never know maternity, the strongest desire of the average woman. But if she is married, the causes of her discontent are multiplied indefinitely, and where she was out of harmony with one circumstance she is now in discord with twenty. She is discontented on all sides; because her husband is not her lover, and marriage is not perpetual courtship; because he is so irritable that life with him is like walking among thorns if she makes the mistake of a hair's breadth; or because he is so imperturbably good-natured that he maddens her with his stolidity, and cannot be made jealous even when she flirts before his eyes. Or she is discontented because she has so many household duties to perform, the dinner to order, the books to keep, the servants to manage; because she has not enough liberty, or because she has too much responsibility; because she has too few servants that she has to work with her own hands, or because she has so many that she is at her wit's end to find occupation for them all, not to speak of discipline and good management. As a mother she is discontented at the loss of personal freedom compelled by her condition, at the physical annoyances and the mental anxieties included in the list of her nursery grievances. She would probably fret grievously if she had no children at all, but she frets quite as much when they come. In the former case she is humiliated, in the latter inconvenienced. Indeed, the way in which so many women deliver up their children to the supreme control of hired nurses proves practically enough the depth of their discontent with maternity when they have it.

If the discontented woman is rich, she speaks despondingly of the difficulties included in the fit ordering of large means; if she is poor, life has no joys worth having when frequent change of scene is unattainable and the milliner's bill is a domestic calamity that has to be conscientiously curtailed. If she lives in the city, she laments the want of freedom and fresh air for the children, and makes the unhappy father, toiling at the office, feel himself responsible for the pale cheeks and attenuated legs which are probably to be referred to injudicious diet and the frequency of dissipations. But if she is in the country, then all the charms of existence is centered in the city and its thoroughfares, and not the finest scenery in the world is to be compared with the attractions of the shops or the crowds thronging the street. This question of country living is one that presses heavily on many a female mind but we must believe that, in spite of the plausible reasons so often assigned, the chief causes of discontent are want of employment and deadness of interest in the life that lies around. The husban makes himself happy with his rod and gun, with his garden or his books, with his hunt or the bricklayer, as his tastes may lead him; but the wife—we are speaking of the wife given over to disappointment and discontent, for there are skill, thank Heaven, bright, busy, happy women both in country and in town—sits over the fire in Winter and by the empty hearth in Summer, and finds all barren because she is without an occupation or an interest within doors or without. Ask her why she does not garden, it her circumstances are of the kind where hands are scarce and even a lady's energies would do potent service among the flower beds, and she will tell you it makes her back ache and she does not know a weed from a flower, and would be sure to pick up the young seedlings for chickweed and groundsell. If she is rich, and has men about her who know their business and guard it jealously, she takes shelter behind her inability to do actual manual labor side by side with them. Active housekeeping is repulsive to her, and though her servants may be quasi-savages, she prefers the dirt and discomfort of idleness to the domestic pleasantness to be had by her own industry and practical assistance. Unless she has a special call towards some special party in the church, she does nothing in the parish, and seems to think philanthropy and help to one's poorer neighbors part of the ecclesiatical machinery of the country, devolving on the rectory alone. She gets bilious through inaction and heated rooms, and then says the place disagrees with her and will be the death of her before long; she cannot breathe among the mountains; the moor and plains are too exposed; the sea gives her a fit of melancholy whenever she looks at it, and she calls it cruel, crawling, hungry, with a passion that sounds odd to those who love it; she hates the leafy tameness of the woods and longs for the freer uplands, the vigorous wolds of her early days. Wherever, in short, the discontent woman is, it is just where she would rather not be, and she holds fate and her husband cruel beyond words because she cannot be transplanted into the exact opposite of her present position.

Women of this class say that they want more to do and a wider field for their energies than any of those assigned to them by the natural arrangement of personal and social duties. As administrators of the fortune which man earns, and as mothers—that is, as the directors, caretakers, and moulders of the future generation—they have as important functions as those performed by restrymen and surgeons. But let that pass for the moment; the question is not where they ought to find their fitting occupation and their dearest interests, but where they profess a desire to do so. As it is, their discontent takes one form among many of this desire for an enlarged sphere; yet when they are obliged to work they bemoan the hardship in having to find their own food, and think that men should either take care of them gratuitously or make way for them chivalrously. They find that the battle is too much to the strong and the race too much to the swift, and they do not like to be overcome by one or distanced by the other. Their idea of a clear stage is one that includes favor to their own side, yet they put on airs of indignation and profess themselves humiliated when men pay the homage of strength to their weakness and treat them as ladies rather than as equals. Elsewhere they complain when they are thrust to the side by the superior force of the ungodly sex; and think themselves ill-used if fewer hours of labor—and that labor of what Mr. Carlyle calls a "slim" and superficial kind—cannot command the market and hold the field against the better work and more continuous efforts of men. There is nothing of which women speak with more bitterness than of the lower rates of payment usually accorded to their work, nothing wherein they seem to be so utterly incapable of judging of cause and effect, or of taking to heart the unchangeable truth that the best must generally win in the long run, and that the first condition of equality of payment is equality in the worth of the work done. If women would perfect themselves in those things which they do already, before carrying their efforts into new fields, we cannot but think it would be better both for themselves and the world.

Life is a bewildering tangle at best, but the discontented woman is not the one to make it smoother. The craze for excitement and for unfeminine publicity of life has passed her, to the temporary exclusion of many of the sweeter and more modest qualities which were once distinctively her own. She must have movement, action, fame notoriety, and come to the front on public questions, no matter what the subject, to ventilate her theories and show the quality of her brain. Could they get all the plums and none of the suet, it would be fine enough; but we question whether they will find the battle of life, as carried on in the lower ranks of the hitherto masculine professions, one whit more ennobling or inspiriting than it is now in their own special departments. Like the poor man who, being well wished to be better, and came to the grave as the result, they do not know when they are well off; and in their search for excitement, and their discontent of the monotony, undutifulness, and inaction which they have created themselves, they run great danger in losing more than they can gain, and of only changing the name, while leaving untouched the real nature, of the disease under which they are suffering.—*Saturday Review.*

You know yourself that there is a certain preriod in every boy's life when he would rather be a ring-master in a circus than President of the United States.

You cannot prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellence.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

To know how to wait is the secret of success.

New Advertisements.

CAUTION.—

All persons are hereby warned against purchasing or in any manner meddling with the following property, now in the hands of James Forest & Son, of Lawrence township, viz: 1 gray horse, 1 black mare, 2 bay horses, 1 sorrel horse, 3 milch cows, 2 two-year old bulls, 2 yearlings, 3 spring calves, 4 hogs, 7,200 feet of pine and oak timber on the landing at Gill's bridge, 42,000 feet of pine and oak on the landing at the mouth of Pine Run, 23,500 feet of pine and oak timber rafted in the river now at Logan's dam, about 48,000 feet of hemlock rafted in the creek at Ardery's dead water, 50,000 feet hemlock scantling in piles at the mill, 10,000 feet white pine boards, about 40,000 feet of hemlock saw logs in mill dam, a lot of loose lumber, bark, pine and hemlock scantling about or near the mill, 1 carriage, 1 buck wagon, 1 covered buggy, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 pair timber sleds, 2 sleighs, 2 pair timber wheels, 4 sets double harness, 1 set single harness, 1 plough, 1 harrow, 1 fanning mill, 2 grain cradles, 6 hay forks, 1 cutting box, 1 wheel barrow, 1 lumber car on the mill, 1 saw gummer, 5 hives of bees, 2 log chains and spreads, a lot of oats, hay and corn, 18 acres of oats, hay acres of corn, one-third of 7 acres of wheat, one-third of 5 acres of rye, one-third of 5 acres of oats, one-third of 12 acres of corn, all in the ground, also a large lot of household goods such as beds, bedding, tables, stands, chairs, bureaus, stoves, sofas, lounges, carpets, 4 dozen milk crocks, a lot of groceries, such as coffee, sugar, tea, also a lot of rafting tools, saw sets, grabs, and many other articles too numerous to mention. This property was purchased by me at Sheriff's sale on the 17th day of May, 1875, and is left with the said parties on loan, subject to my order.

JAMES T. LEONARD.

Clearfield, June 16, '75-3t.

CAUTION.—

All persons are hereby warned against purchasing or in any way meddling with the following property, now in the possession of John Dressler, Sr., of Union township, Clearfield Co., Pa., viz: 1 yoke of oxen, 2 cows, 8 head young cattle, 5 hogs, 1 black horse, 1 plough, 1 shovel plough, 1 mowing machine, 1 corn sheller, 1 set double harness, 4 acres of wheat in ground, 5 acres of corn in ground, one-third interest in 14 acres of oats in ground, one-third interest in 7 acres of corn in ground. This lot of property was purchased by us at Sheriff's sale on the 8th of June, 1875, and is left with the said Dressler on loan, subject to our order.

J. B. & A. W. WALKER.

Rockton, June 16, '75-3t*

CAUTION.—

All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or in any manner meddling with the following property, now in possession of John Dressler, of Union township, viz: 1 sod plough, 1 shovel plough, 1 wind mill, 1 set of harness, 1 bay horse, 13 acres of oats, and the half interest in a one-horse threshing machine. This property was purchased by me at Sheriff's sale on the 8th day of May, 1875, and is left with the said Dressler on loan, subject to my order.

GEO. E. WILLIAMS.

Rockton, June 16, '75-3t*

CAUTION.—

All persons are hereby warned against purchasing or in any way meddling with three creek rafts of oak and pine timber, one in Chase's dam and two at Schryver's landing, and a hemlock river raft at the mouth of Pine Run, all in Clearfield Creek. This timber is all property stamped, and was purchased by me from William O'Harra about the first of June, and therefore belongs to me.

PHILIP DOTTS

Glen Hope, June 16, '75-3t.

CAUTION.—

All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or in any manner meddling with the following property, now in the possession of John Dressler, of Union township, viz: The one-half interest in a cider press. This property was purchased by me at Sheriff's sale on the 8th day of June, 1875, and is left with the said Dressler on loan, subject to my order.

SIMON E. LOBARDE.

Rockton, June 16, '75-3t*

CAUTION.—

All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or in any manner meddling with a new two-horse wagon and two horses, one a bay and the other a brown, now in the possession of John M. Cypher, of Osceola. The said property belongs to me and is left with him on loan only, subject to my order at any time.

ADAM KEPHART.

Osceola Mills, June 23, 1875-3t*

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of ALEXANDER AMMOND, late of Huston township, Clear