THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper
in North Central Pennsylvania.

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If paid after 3 and before 6 months..........	2 50
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G. B. GOODLANDER,
NOEL B. LEE,
Publishers.

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. nov12'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.

WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-1273 Clearfield, Pa.

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*

JOSEPH S. 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. je11'73

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office in Graham's Row. [dec5-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
11:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office in Old Western Hotel building, corner of Second and Market Sts. [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. 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. 28:63:tf,

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J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ffice in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. y:pd

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

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.

Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 6 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on Market st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

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.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.

☞Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

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DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.

☞ Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,
WOODLAND, PA.

Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-73

G. W. WEAVER & CO.,
DRUGGISTS & APOTHECARIES,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.

Dealers in all kinds of Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods and Druggists' Sundries.
Curwensville, March 17, 1875.

GEORGE M. FERGUSON,
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
dealers in
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
3:17 531 Market Street, Philadelphia. 75-tf

A. H. MITTON,
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. [4:14'75

Livery Stable.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.

GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

CLEARFIELD

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

VOL. 49—WHOLE NO. 2436. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT

Cards.

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.
a25-ly 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-ly.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.

Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.

☞Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [*jy16'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.

☞Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

☞Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

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E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
8-7'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:10'73 Clearfield, Pa,

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

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, 1874.

REMOVAL.

REIZENSTEIN & BERLINER,
wholesale dealers in
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Have removed to 137 Church street, between Franklin and White sts., New York. [jy31'72

JAMES H. LYTLE,
No. 4 Pie's Opera House, Clearfield, Pa.

Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr14'75-tf

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

---

D. M. DOHERTY,
FASHIONABLE BARBER & HAIR DRESSER.
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Shop next door to Weaver & Betts' store, Second street.
july 14, '75-y

HARRY SNYDER,
(Formerly with Lew Schuler.)
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

Shop on Market St., opposite Court House. A clean towel for every customer. may 19, '75.

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.

LIME! LIME!

.The undersigned is now prepared to furnish the public with an excellent quality of

Bellefonte Wood-Burned Lime,

for plastering purposes, by the large or small quantity. Can be found for the present at Pie's new building, on Market street.
oct1-tf L. K. McCULLOUGH.

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.

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.

Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 10-'75.

G. S. FLEGAL,
Ironsides Store,
PHILLIPSBURG, PA.
DEALER IN
HARDWARE, STOVES, HEATERS, RANGES, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPERWARE.
Presquisle Street,
Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.
26,May 1875.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

E'er since the time sin entered this, our land,
Death, like a mighty warrior, has slain with dreadful hand;
And he, to show his power hath universal sway,
Calls some at morn, some noon, others at close of day.
Youth and old age alike he calls to rest,
Also, the middle-aged, with worldly cares and toils oppressed.
But why, O, death! when universal conquest lures thee on,
Why turn aside thy arrow for a single one?
And if a single victim thou dost seek,
Why not the strong and great, or worthless weak?
Why dost thou send that lightning stroke of thine
To pass, unharmed, ambition's towering pine?
To leave the mighty oak of passion's power,
And stoop to touch and crush a gentle flower?
Why spare the idler—trifling life away—
And stop a laborer early in the day?
Why pass the drunkard, staggering through the mart,
To pierce fair virtue's bosom with thy dart?
Why shun the strong man, daring thee, O, death!
To blast this gentle maiden with thy breath?
Is 't that thou lov'st to break a parents heart,
And wound a sister, brother, with thy dart?
Dost love to see friends weep around the bier,
And wring from hearts of relatives the bitter tear?
O, King of terrors! Thou art only sent
By the great ruler, The Omnipotent;
Who, in His wisdom, orders all things best,
To call a weary traveler home to rest.
He takes a loved one from our midst, to show
That gems the brightest shine not best below;
And that the tender tie from earth thus riven,
Might be a chain 'twixt us and heaven.

Lumber City, Aug. 16, 1875. J. S. M.

TIMBER IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

AN INSTRUCTIVE SKETCH.

During the spring of 1874 the British government addressed a circular to the representatives of Great Britain in the principal timber producing countries of Europe, in the United States and Brazil, in Cuba and Honduras, asking for information as to the production and consumption of timber; information desired more particularly by the commissioners of the woods and forests.

Fifteen questions were asked. These related to the sorts of trees grown in each country, the uses made of each kind, the ownership of forest lands, the causes of increase or decrease in the acreage of forests, the quantity of wood cut annually, and the amounts exported and consumed at home. Inquiries were also made as to the ascertained influence of forests on local climate, rainfall, floods, etc., and particularly in Switzerland, whether any steps have been taken to replant the sides of the mountains, so as to stay the action of the rain in denuding the soil.

Various reports on all the foregoing topics have now been received, from which we may here cull a few brief extracts, commending the work itself to the careful perusal of all who take an interest in forest preservation, a subject full of importance, not only because timber is indispensable to human existence, but because we may point to Palestine, to Spain, and probably to many regions in North Africa, to show how the gradual destruction of forests will change the character of a country and its inhabitants forever.

In Bohemia, during the past ten years, a species of worm, which seems to eat like an epidemic, has been causing great devastation in the forests. The entire side of a range of hills may be seen sometimes laid bare of timber by the inroads of this fatal worm disease.

The diminution of forests in parts of Austria, and more especially in Hungary, has been followed by baneful consequences, such as long droughts and tremendous winds, which fill the air with unceasing clouds of dust and considerably increase pulmonary disease in towns which have become totally unsheltered. Pesth, Presburg and Vienna are now perfectly intolerable during three parts of the year from this cause.

At Rio Janeiro, thunder storms, formerly of daily occurrence, are now rare; and the cause is supposed to be the destruction of the forests which surrounded the town, as new roads have been made. Hence, in 1852, yellow fever visited the place, and has never left it since, though trees are being busily planted in almost every street.

In Hesse and Baden greater prudence has been displayed. Four-fifths of the former Duchy and one third of the latter are wooded, and the law requires that every thirty years land which has once belonged to the cultivation of trees must return to its original employment.

In Sweden the timber resources are immense; Lapland has never been surveyed, but is reckoned, with the northern provinces, to contain some 30,000,000 acres of forest. Unfortunately, the unceasing and enormous demands for wood, especially for charcoal, house building, and lucifer matches, is telling rapidly on the productive power of the forests; this fact is of world wide importance, for there is hardly a maratime country, except China and Japan, to which Swedish wood in some forms does not find its way. At last in 1874, a law was passed forbidding the felling of any trees less than seven inches in diameter, at sixteen feet from the ground. This statute applies only to the Bothnian forests. If extended to all Sweden, as it probably will be, it may greatly affect the mining interests of Great Britain, for it will cut off the supply of small timber known as "pit props."

In Switzerland there is now a sylvan society, and great pains are being taken to induce people to replant cleared and denuded mountain slopes, so as to prevent the damage which land slides, floods and avalanches have of late years so frequently inflicted. Switzerland also has an industry—that of wood carving—which she had made peculiarly her own, although it was not introduced into the Bernese Oberland before 1815. This wood carving annually uses up an enormous quantity of wood of all sorts.

In Cuba, there are abundant forests which must have increased since 1868, when the insurrection broke out, for there has been very little cutting of late years; but, as we might expect, where the Spaniards are concerned, no more care is taken, no less recklessness is shown by the farmers who cut wood for their use in Cuba than in any other timber clad part of the globe.

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RAISING TURKEYS.—In answer to the inquiry of E. C. W., as to raising turkeys, I send my method. For food, I give for the first week or ten days, hard boiled eggs and bread crumbs, and a little dust of black pepper once a day. When they are older I give them a variety; curd made from sour milk, sometimes mixed with a little shorts or meal, boiled potatoes and refuse grain, still continuing the pepper occasionally. I think the cause of E. C. W.'s turkeys dying at eight weeks old must be lice; to prevent which, it is a good plan to sprinkle a little sulphur on the nest when the old turkeys are sitting, but when that has been omitted, give the young ones a little in their food, and sprinkle some in the coop when they are a few weeks old.
—*Country Gentleman.*

MORGAN'S FATE.

THURLOW WEED'S DISCLOSURE.

The New York *Herald*, of Monday and Tuesday, publishes two remarkable letters from that remarkable man and veteran journalist, Thurlow Weed, in reference to the mysterious disappearance of William Morgan nearly fifty years ago. As these letters are too long to re-produce, we herewith give an abstract of their contents.

It will be remembered, we may say by way of preface, that one of the issues in the State politics of New York, fifty years ago, was Masonry vs. Anti-Masonry, and it is safe to say that the campaigns into which that question entered were conducted with a degree of partisan bitterness and personal fierceness never before or since surpassed.

In 1826, it became generally known that William Morgan, of Rochester, who had left the Masons, was preparing a book whose object was to disclose all the secret proceedings of Masonry. Finding no publisher in Rochester, Morgan removed to Batavia, N. Y., and made arrangements for the publication of his book with one Daniel C. Miller. Naturally enough, the announcement of such a work created much excitement. But this excitement became intense when, one night during the latter part of September, before the work was published, Morgan abruptly disappeared, and has never been seen nor heard of since. The Masons were at once accused of putting him out of the way, and their constant reply was that they had no "adequate cause" for the murder of Morgan, since all the secrets he could expose would do them no harm.

To add to the excitement produced by Morgan's dissappearance, about one year after that event, or in October, 1827, a body drifted ashore near a small creek which emptied into Lake Ontario. From the published report of the Coroner's inquest, some intimate friends of Morgan's concluded it was his body. The investigating committee decided to hold an inquest, and sixty or seventy people assembled to witness the proceedings. When the grave was opened, certain marks were found upon the body which agreed precisely with marks previously mentioned by Mrs. Morgan. The jurors unanimously declared that it was the body of William Morgan. It was, therefore, given over to Mrs. Morgan, and buried in Batavia.

But about ten days after, there came a report that the body was that of Timothy Monroe, of Canada, who had been swept over Niagara Falls in a boat eleven days before the body was washed ashore. A third inquest was held, and it was discovered that Mrs. Monroe had described with so much minuteness the suit of clothes found upon the dead body, without having a chance to see them, that there was no doubt in that respect. But strange to say, the body found in the clothes did not correspond to the description of her husband at all. There were other serious difficulties, too, on both sides. It was quite improbable that Morgan's body would have remained in such a tolerable state of preservation for a year. It was equally improbable that that Monroe's body would have drifted forty miles eastward in the lake, with no current, and against a prevailing wind from the east. Mr. Weed says, although the other members of the committee firmly believed the body to be that of Morgan, his own previous convictions were strongly disturbed, and after an interval of nearly fifty years he is unable to say whether the body was or was not that of William Morgan. And so the disappearance of Morgan has remained a profound mystery until the publication of these two letters from Mr. Weed.

Now for the other facts, as detailed by him. After the seizure of Morgan's manuscripts, at Batavia, he himself was arrested on a pretended charge of larceny and confined in the jail at Canandaigua. Then assurances were received from a Canadian that Captain Brandt, an Indian chief, would provide a home for Morgan in a West fur company. Accordingly, he was taken from jail by night, and secretly conveyed to Fort Niagara, distance 120 miles, and confined in the magazine of the fort. Then those who brought him there crossed over the river to converse with the Canadian lodge by which it was expected that Morgan would be received. But, at last, this lodge positively refused to have any thing to do with the matter. Here was an embarrassing state of affairs.

But forthwith a large number of men, high in the Order, assembled at Lewiston and organized a Knights Templar Encampment. All knew that Morgan was confined in the fort, and all were troubled to know what to do with him. But after supper, during the enthusiasm caused by the speeches and wine, Colonel William King, of Lockport, invited four men to accompany him: Chubbuck, a farmer of Lewiston; Whitney, a stone mason of Rochester; Garside, a butcher from Canada, and Howard, a book-binder of Buffalo. They proceeded to the fort, and after informing Morgan that they had completed arrangements for placing him upon a farm in Canada, he readily got into a boat with them, it being now midnight. Proceeding down Niagara River to the point where it empties into Lake Ontario, they wound a rope about Morgan's body, tied a heavy sinker to each end and threw him overboard.

Such is the thrilling story narrated by Mr. Weed. He says he obtained all the particulars from one of the party of five, Mr. John Whitney, of Rochester, with whom he was well acquainted, and that Mr. Whitney's statement was made to him in the presence of Simeon B. Jewett, of Clarkson, and Samuel Barton, of Lewiston. None of the five men who were engaged in the murder of Morgan are now living. Mr. Weed says they were "all men of correct habits and good character, and all, I doubt, were moved by an enthusiastic and most misguided sense of duty." He further says of King and Whitney "Both would have shrunk from the commission of a known crime, and yet both impelled by the delusive idea that they were discharging a duty, participated in the commission of the highest crime." Such is the final explanation of what has remained an exciting mystery for nearly fifty years, and all may be heartily thankful that the time is past when there is any danger that such a crime will be repeated.

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Near Knoxville, the other night, a young girl, who was unexpectedly interviewed by the family as she was about eloping with the object of her virgin affections, knocked the old man down, laid out two brothers with a cistern pole, kicked the hired man in the stomach, and got away with her lover, and "made the riffle." We wish that heaven had sent us such a woman as that.

THE PLAGUE STRICKEN SHIP.

TWELVE MEN DEAD AND TWENTY-TWO SICK WITH SCURVY ABOARD THE BREMEN, BOUND FROM LIVERPOOL FOR SAN FRANCISCO—THE STORY OF THE AWFUL PASSAGE.

A brief note in last evening's *Bulletin* stated the fact that the English ship Bremen was at anchor on the bar with her crew disabled, and that a tug had been sent to her assistance. Since that time the ship has been towed into the harbor, and the full details of the terrible story are laid before the public. The memoranda furnished by the officers simply states that the ship sailed from Liverpool February 6, 190 days since, and there is no mention of her having touched at any port on the way. The memoranda records the death of twelve men, all colored except one, and names "affection of the throat" as the cause of the mortality. A reporter, who boarded the ship, gives the following particulars regarding the voyage, derived from the officers:—The owners of the ship are among those assailed by Mr. Plimsoll as unscrupulous money-makers, who neither care whether their ships swim or sink, provided they are able to grab the insurance. At the time the Bremen sailed crews were difficult to obtain, and colored men were shipped—fifty of them. The whites on board comprised the captain, three officers, the carpenter, steward, and sailmaker, and two stowaways.

A few days after leaving Liverpool one of the men died of pulmonary consumption. Before reaching the Horn scurvy developed itself in unmistakable symptoms among a number of the crew, and off the Horn the disease had reduced the crew so much that a temporary shelter was rigged on deck and five or six men were employed in active duty with the others resting below, and some of them detailed for relief on call. When the ship got into warm latitudes the reaction from the cold weather off the Horn was violent, and, as the captain expressed it, "the colored men dropped off like sunflowers." The last of the twelve who died was dropped overboard in sight of port. Another fortnight at sea and the mortality might have been doubled, as only two of the colored men were able to keep their legs on deck. The vessel was well provisioned; there was not only the ordinary amount of beef and pork salted, but a plentiful supply of canned vegetables and Australian mutton and anti-scorbutics. The mutton up to the time of reaching the Horn was served twice a month, and in rounding the Horn twice a week, thereafter three or four times a week.—Lime juice was given in triple doses, and it lasted well throughout the voyage. Captain Leslie says that he is skilled in ship medicine, and is utterly at a loss to account for the prevalence of scurvy, unless it be that the crew before being shipped had come off a long voyage and were thus peculiarly susceptible to attack. His log shows that a number of them refused to take lime juice, and persisted in the refusal at the penalty of death. Despite the length of the voyage, the provisions lasted in sufficiency for all with the exception of the flour, and as a consequence of this the supply of bread was reduced by one-fourth. The men who were sick had a proper change in their rations—rice, sago, preserved potatoes, oatmeal, and other vegetable diet being served to them regularly, together with medicines, of which latterly the supply ran short. As death after death occurred the crew were greatly scared, and seemed to have a premonition that few of them would outlive the voyage. The funeral services were read by the captain with appropriate solemnity in every instance, all the crew being mustered aft, and at the conclusion the body was dropped overboard, shrouded in blankets and bedding. During the latter part of the voyage it became difficult in the extreme to navigate the vessel and to take advantage of the winds. The white men aboard were all the crew the captain could rely upon and these were all enfeebled by extra work and want of sleep. Had the captain put into Valparaiso and selected a fresh crew, he would probably have saved the lives of a number of his men and brought his vessel quicker to port. The British consul visited the ship as soon as her terrible condition was known, and measures were immediately taken for the removal of the sick men to the United States Marine Hospital, which was done to day. Captain Leslie has demanded an investigation of the circumstances of the voyage, and the quantity and quality of provisions and medicines on board, which will be held as soon as circumstances will permit.—*San Francisco Bulletin, August* 18.

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TROUBLE.

Trouble is the foe of a man's peace of mind. But half of our troubles are imaginary, the creation of our brains. Things that trouble us are not as bad they seem, and most of them are only mists of a passing cloud. We should treat troubles as we would intruders into our houses—put them out and lock the doors against them. When men are worn out by over-work, or are sick, then trouble has the advantage. At such times a man's friends should contrive means of diversion or find out ways of rest. There is no better relief for trouble than travel and new scenes. When men begin to feel that business and care are robbing them of sleep, and each day increases the burden, they should put the will in exercise, and throw them off or put themselves in the hands of their physician, and obey his directions. It is suicide for them to go on after they begin to feel the grinding action of work on the body and brain. But precaution is in using means of prevention. Give a certain number of hours each day to active employment, and never allow your work to break over the bounds. Take a portion of your time for recreation. Make real, solid enjoyment your medicine. Above all, interdict everything that will tax, excite, or exhaust the nervous system. Sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." When trouble drives sleep from the eyelids, and gloomy, depressed feelings possess the mind, it is high time for a man to pause and seek relief, for there is no telling what such a condition will lead to unless overcome There is danger of going on after the strain begins to tell on the health, for every turn of the machinery brings the final crash nearer. There are events that come, and are liable to come in every man's life, which he cannot foresee, and over which he has no control. But men should be like mariners, who do not know whether the winds will be fair or foul, but they go prepared for whatever may come, be it calm or storm. Nor do they give up the ship until she goes down. Men should treat trouble in this way, and never give up until death enters and tells them the voyage is ended.

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MONKEYS.

There are people who like monkeys. They it is who must be the true link between us and monkeys, just as monkeys make the link between them and the lower animals. In my opinion one must be, as it were, a semi-simian to endure the society or even the sight of monkeys.

I have, as I have said, no sympathy whatever with them; my dignity will not admit of it. I feel as a staid Castilian might feel in company with a low comedian from the Palais Royal. Their grimaces make me uncomfortable, their half humanity shocks me, their hideous community of feature with some of my dearest friends is horrible to me. A party of my fellow-creatures staring, with faces expressive of various stages of idiotic delight, at the antics of the caged monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, is to me a pitiful and a painful spectacle; it is enough to persuade a man of the truth of Darwinism. Mr. Gladstone, who, not long ago, deplored the fact that his special duties gave him no leisure to read Darwin and Wallace, and to make up his mind upon the doctrine of evolution, might perhaps now find time to spend an hour in front of the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens. He would, I am sure, come away a strong believer in this fashionable doctrine. Yet monkeys have many pleasing qualities; some of the species are very gentle, and capable of considerable affection, towards human beings. There is, however, that about monkeys, in this country at least, which should effectually stand in the way of their becoming pets. They have almost always, every one of them, the seeds of a fatal consumption, their lives are nearly always to be measured by a few months, and their antics, are none the fewer that they are racked every now and then by a dry hectic cough. Their ill health depresses them, but nothing can deprive them of their love of mischief, and this contrast of buffoonery and depression is one reason why a tame monkey makes one of the most melancholy of pets. They are ghastly humorists, they are droll in season and out, their gayety is like that ascribed to the Chinese, who laugh to see the executioner flog or behead a criminal. A monkey's humor is of a kind that I could never enter into. It is founded on the doing of mischief. Let the man who does not believe me watch a monkey playing with puppies or kittens, and compare their innocent playfulness with the cruel tricks the monkey will put upon them. My own monkey pined away, and in two months after he came to me, was in the last stage of consumption. It was cold, shivery, winter weather. He crouched near the fire, feeble and exhausted, looking at me, as sick animals will do, with reproachful eyes, as if I was responsible for his sufferings; but almost to the last he would do mischief, pulling a burning coal on to the hearth-rug, or upsetting a cup of tea if it stood within reach of him. Notwithstanding his wickedness he was affectionate. And I was getting reconciled to him when he died.—*New Quarterly Magazine.*

* * *

LACE MAKING IN IRELAND.

In 1846, during the great famine in Ireland, when so many thousands of children were left orphans, the Irish ladies addressed themselves to the task of finding occupations by which those children could earn a livelihood. Lady DeVere was the first to start the project of lace making in Curragh, county Limerick. She began by teaching the mistress of a school the art of making application flowers, giving her own Brussels laces as patterns. The work was so good as soon to command a high price. It is known as Irish or Curragh point, and is a very handsome lace, though rarely seen in America.

Since the establishment of Lady De Vere's school, numbers of others have sprung up in various parts of Ireland. That at Belfast, founded by the late Jane Clarke, exhibited in 1851 fine imitations of old Spanish and Italian points. The Irish lace is very beautiful. It is made of flax thread, the groundwork in crochet, into which are introduced flowers and patterns in admirable imitation of antique raised Venice point. Irish Brussels is made at Clones, county Monaghan; Irish guipure at Carrickmacross, in the same county; and the finest Valenciennes, closely resembling the most beautiful lace of Ypres, is made in the schools of the Countess of Erne, at Lishnakea, county Femanagh. There is also a lace school at Mallon, county Cork, under the superintendence of the nuns of a convent.

How much suffering this industry has arrested in Ireland, and how much it has done to promote prosperity in the island, it is difficult to compute. At any rate, it will be seen that in Ireland, as in almost every other country of Europe, lace making has been a resort in times of trouble or scarcity; and in every instance, when prosecuted with fidelity, and under such circumstances as to bring it into popular notice, it has proved a valuable source of wealth.

Women in all ages have manifested a decided taste for any kind of light work that more or less develops the artistic imagination, or has to any extent the nature of recreation rather than labor. Can we not make this tendency of the feminine mind an available source of occupation in this country? Will not the daughters and wives of our prosperous people follow the example of Lady De Vere, the Countess of Erne, and other Irish ladies, and foster this industry which, without such encouragement, has been actually commenced in this city? We have one small lace school languishing for want of capital and fashionable patronage. Let this not be said any longer. New York and all the surrounding cities should be lace manufacturing centres, giving profitable employment to thousands of young girls and women who cannot afford to work except in their own homes.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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Boiling a Joint of Beef.—The *Irish Farmer's Gazette* gives explicit directions for boiling a joint of beef. It says: "All meat, poultry excepted, should be put into cold water, and not boiled too fast. In every case let care be taken to remove the scum from the top of the water just before it boils. This keeps the meat and the water clean and agreeable in appearance. As the water decreases from evaporation, replenish with hot or boiling water, so as to keep the meat always covered. It is usual to allow a quarter of an hour for everp pound of the meat in boiling, reckoning from the time the water begins to boil; but this is a rule which will, of course, be departed from according as the meat is required to be over or underdone. It is always better to boil slowly than quickly. Rapid boiling hardens the meat. Perfectly fresh meat requites longer boiling than that which is tender or ripe.

RISE ABOVE IT.

There is always a way out of discouragement. Conviction that our course is right, constancy of purpose, an invincible determination never to submit or yield, and a calm reliance on Providence, may sustain us in a lofty attitude. If we will wait with patience for the elements of time to keep in our affairs, the difficulties may disappear of themselves, and we may find a clear path where we had anticipated only insurmountable obstacles.

Discouragement oftenest overtakes those whose lives pass in the petty details of commonplace existences. The mother whose narrow round of duty confines her to the range of two or three rooms; the primary teacher, whose life passes in the monotony of the school room; the mechanic, whose days are filled with activity that never varies—these typical individuals find it hard to keep buoyant, hopeful, fresh and resolute. But this is what they must do or dwindle into ciphers.

This current is not so difficult to set in motion as many people think. Instead of suffering the mind, while busy with routine work, to dwell on trifles, on petty troubles, or to drift whither it will, let some subject of interest occupy it.

Of all things, when the mood of discouragement overtakes one, he should think of anything else than his own troubles, and more than this, should take measures at once to follow new currents of thought and feeling. Sometimes the mood is purely the result of bodily conditions, and requires for its cure sleep, or exercise in the open air, or change of diet, or a simple waiting till it passes away of itself. When it springs from causes not connected with the body, then the cure must be spiritual or intellectual. An intensely interesting novel, constant intercourse with fresh minds, change of scene, travel, the study of a science new to the patient, anything that will absorb the brain, and keep it from consuming itself, is good medicine.

The world is full of sunshine and beauty. "It is right, meet and our bounden duty" that we should open our hearts to all the soothing, healing, invigorating influences of the sky that bends over us in changing love, the balmy air, the happy chirp of innumerable insects, the ten thousand voices with which nature speaks to him whose ears are opened to receive her gentle teachings.

* * *

ABOUT FATTENING CATTLE.

The price of cattle fattened for market depends on the symmetry of the animal, as well as the "fat" style, as shippers term it. Good blood is important, but not absolutely necessary to make what is termed a good seller. In order to fatten a steer to bring the highest market price, he must be kept in a growing condition from a calf, and in no case allowed to go hungry. It is the starving the first and second winters which wilts and shrivels up a steer, that causes him to be sold at a reduced price. No amount of feeding will make him a first-class seller, no difference what his color or blood. An animal well fed, of any blood, from a calf until the spring he is three years old, will be smooth with bones well covered and will sell at a profit; while a half-starved animal becomes crooked in the back, bones projecting and shriveled up, takes the best part of summer to get in condition to live and will not be in condition for market until he is four years old, and then will bring a price that will be unsatisfactory to the producer and to every one that handles him. This is no theory, but a fact I deduced from close observation, as I have tested the plan for several years. It will and does pay to feed corn to calves and to yearlings. They start out to grass in the spring strong and vigorous. You are then able to market your cattle the spring they are three years old, weighing 1,400 pounds, which is heavy enough to bring the first price. The best steer I sold in 1872 was a common native. He had all he could eat from a calf, and was never hungry. He was a handsome animal, and was worth more per pound than any I shipped in 1872. He weighed in Chicago 1,350 pounds, aged three years. I now have a steer calf, eleven months old, from a very ordinary cow. The calf now weighs 660 pounds; I think it will weigh, at three years, 1,500 pounds.—*Drover's Journal.*

* * *

Benedict Arnold.—The editor of the Hagerstown (Md.) *Mail* is reveling in a collection of ancient letters, dated from 1777 to 1781, from several notable person connected with the revolution, written to Rev. Dr. Booth, an illustrious school master of that period. He kept school on the banks of the Antietam, at a place now known as Booth's Mills, on the Washington county branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a property still in the possession of his descendants. Among these letters is one from Benedict Arnold, dated at Philadelphia, May 25, 1779, sent in a wagon with three hundred dollars and his sons, who were to be taught and appropriately birched by Dr. Booth. Arnold says: "When the boys deserve correction I do not wish them spared. They have been some time in Philadelphia, which is a bad school, and my situation has prevented me from paying that attention to them I otherwise should have done. I wish their education to be useful rather than learned. Life is too short and uncertain to throw away in speculation on subjects that perhaps only one man in ten thousand has a genius to make a figure in. You will pardon my dictating to you, sir, but as the fortunes of every man in this country are uncertain I wish my sons to be educated in such a manner that with prudence and industry they may acquire a fortune, (in case they are deprived of their patrimony,) as well as to become useful members of society." It is to be feared, however, that the father subsequently injured the prospects of his sons very seriously.

* * *

A young man left Walla Walla, Oregon, several weeks since for the purpose of making a general tour of northern California. Before starting he solemnly promised his friends to send back all the particulars of that country. But one letter was received from him, containing two lines, which says: "The girls are all from Boston, and whiskey is twenty cents a drink."

* * *

A brow-beating Yankee lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where were you on a particular day; to which he replied, "In company with two friends." "Friends!" exclaimed the lawyer; "two thieves, I suppose you mean." "They may be so," replied the witness, "for they were both lawyers."

* * *

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies? We sit upon one, and stand upon the other.

THE FABRIC OF A DREAM.

We have often witnessed the formation of a cloud in a clear sky. A hazy point, barely perceptible—a little wreath of mist—increases in volume, and becomes darker and denser, until it obscures a large portion of the heavens. It throws itself into fantastic shapes, it gathers a glory from the sun, is borne onward by the wind, and, perhaps, as it gradually came so it gradually disappears, melting away in the untroubled air. Now we say that the little vehicles of which this cloud was composed arose from the condensation of water-vapor, pre-existing in the atmosphere, through reduction in temperature; we show how they assume the form they present. We assign optical reasons for the brightness or blackness of the cloud; we explain, on mechanical principles, its drifting before the wind; for its disappearance we account on the principles of chemistry. It never occurs to us to invoke the interposition of the Almighty in the production and fashioning of this fugitive form. We explain all the facts connected with it by physical laws, and perhaps should reverentially hesitate to call into operation the finger of God. But the universe is nothing more than such a cloud—a cloud of suns and worlds. Supremely grand though it may seem to us, to the Infinite and Eternal Intellect it is no more than a fleeting mist. If there be multiplicity of worlds in infinite space, there is also a succession of worlds in infinite time. As, one after another, cloud replaces cloud in the skies, so this starry system, the universe, is the succession of countless others that will follow. There is an unceasing metamorphosis, a sequence of events ever in progress.

* * *

MEN OF LITERARY GENIUS.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Grey seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Smith were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable, and even irritable when pressed into conversation. Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved.—Cornille, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company, and suck *his* wine and *their* humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in ascetitism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bently was loquacious, so also was Grotius.—Goldsmith "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream," in conversation.—Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.—*The Interview.*

* * *

Where Perfumes Come From.—Our fair readers may be interested to learn where, for the most part, the flowers grow, the sweet perfumes of which are found in these pretty flagons on their dressing tables. The chief places of their growth are the south of France and Piedmont, namely, Montpelier, Grasse, Nimes, Cannes, and Nice; these two last especially are the paradise of violets, and furnish a yearly product of about 13,000 pounds of violet blossoms. Nice produces a harvest of 100,000 pounds of orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer color; 550 pounds of orange blossoms yielding about two pounds of pure Neroli oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives well, and produces yearly about 9,000 pounds of acacia blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly 140,000 pounds of orange blossoms, 140,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 pounds of violets, and 8,000 pounds of tuberoses, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of the ethereal oils, the small quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about 600 pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, demands a very careful treatment. The French, favored by their climate, are the most active, although not always the most careful, preparers of perfumes; half of the world is furnished by this branch of their industry.

* * *

North Africa.—Scientific men maintained that the Desert of Sahara has a lower level than the Mediterranean Sea, and that by means of a canal a large inland ocean can be formed in Africa, which will alter the climate by the introduction of moisture, and opening of means of commerce and intercourse. In order to collect facts with reference to this subject a scientific expedition was fitted out some time ago to visit that locality and report upon the matter. They have just returned to Rome, and the members of the body are understood to be favorable to the project. They say it is possible that the consummation can be reached, and what is now a desert turned into a lake. But at the same time they report the cost would be so immense that the performance of the work is extremely improbable. It will hardly be commenced at a time when the money centres of Europe are in a disturbed, uncertain condition. Besides, there are other commercial and national projects on hand in the Old World which will be attended to before public attention takes a strong bend in the direction of constituting an inland sea in Africa. The day for this improvement has not yet come; but the report of the commission will be a valuable addition to the history of North Africa and its adaptability to production under such a mighty change as that proposed.

* * *

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to help each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals.

* * *

"Aunt Gertrude, why is a loaf of your bread like the sun?" "It isn't a bit like the sun; and now you just leave off asking such foolish questions." "Yes, it is, Aunty, 'cause it's *light when it rises.*"

CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

In 1803 Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of the steamboat.

The first public practical application of the use of gas for illumination was in 1802.

In 1812 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built at Waltham, Massachusetts, a mill, believed to have been the first in the world, which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth out of raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five postoffices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rate of postage was twenty-five cents for a letter sent over 400 miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks began to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length in the United States was constructed.

In 1840 the first experiment in photography was made in Paris by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established by Harnden.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1826 the first patent for the invention of matches was granted.

In 1845 the first telegram was sent.

In 1803 steel pens were introduced for use.

The first successful reaper was constructed in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

The first successful method of vulcanizing India rubber was patented in 1847.

Keep out of Debt.—Half the perplexity, annoyance and trouble that men have in this world is in consequence of getting into debt. It seems to be natural for some people to buy and incur obligations without measure, so long as they can avoid paying away the ready cash. Give one of this sort a chance to buy on credit, and the question of payment are matters that he cares but little about.—But what a crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt. How many gray hairs it brings, and how often it shortens life; sometimes leading men to commit suicide and murder. And yet how easy it is to keep clear of this terrible monster. Every young man should form a fixed and unalterable determination, before commencing his active business career, not to incur one penny of indebtedness under any circumstances. Never buy anything unless you have the money to pay for it at once. Pay no attention to the "rare chances," "splendid opportunities," "bargains," and the like. Such are only traps set to catch victims. If you see anything that you would like to accept, look first at your money pile, and make the answer depend on that. Always pay as you go. If you are short of money, gauge your demands accordingly.

His honor looked at Timothy Henderson for a long time. Timothy was worth looking at. If he had been wrecked on an island and lived there a score of years alone, he could not have been more dilapidated in general look.

"Timothy, do you want to be sent up for three months?" asked the court.

"No, sir."

"You are willing to do most anything if I let you go, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, will you wash your face?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have your hair cut?"

"Yes, sir."

"And clean your finger-nails?"

"Yes, sir."

"And get money enough to get shaved with, even if you have to steal it."

"Yes, sir."

Well, you may go. I am here to enforce the law, but I don't believe you come under my jurisdiction."

Good Yield of Wheat:—John J. Pennell, of Little Britain township, Lancaster county, reports the following very good yield of wheat the present season. It will be noticed that the Fultz, as elsewhere, has done better with Mr. Pennell than other varieties. Mr. P. says that a field of nine acres of white wheat averaged twenty bushels per acre, four acres of Fultz averaged twenty-six bushels, and three kinds of Meditterranean averaged each fifteen bushels. The land seeded was equal in quality, to all of which was applied a light coat of barnyard manure and a light coat of homemade phosphate. The wheat was drilled in the latter part of August and beginning of September. Here is also another illustration of the advantage of early seeding; but the facts are that almost without exception in this latitude the early sown wheat produced far the best during the past harvest, owing to its good growth in the fall enabling it to withstand the severity of the winter and spring.—*Oxford Press.*

All great questions have been settled by men in earnest—by men who have been bound by a principle about their hearts which they come to regard as "part and parcel" of their being. Little, peddling, temporizing policy never yet conferred a lasting benefit upon the world.

Of this be certain, that no trade can be so bad as none at all, nor any life as tiresome as that which is spent in continual visiting and dissipation. To give all one's time to other people, and never reserve any for one's self, is to be free in appearance only, and a slave in effect.

Prosperous Farming.—The grasses, especially clover, are the chief renovating crops in American agriculture. "The more grass, the more stock; the more stock, the more manure; and the more manure, the larger crops of every kind."

A countray divine of Georgia thus condoled with the widow of the deceased member of the Legislature: "I cannot tell how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to Heaven. We were besom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red-striped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made barber's poles out of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the neat reply.

A New York man, courting a young woman, was interogated by her father as to his occupation. "I am a paper-hanger upon a large scale," he replied. He married the girl, and turned out to be a bill-sticker.

Walking with her father in Regent Park the other day, a little girl, seeing a white duck swimming close to a majestic swan, was heard to exclaim: "Oh, papa, look at that little white duck with its nurse!"

A very tall and shabby looking man, after having a glass of liquor, asked the bartender it he could change a $20 bill. The gentleman informed him that he could. "Well," said the tall one, "I'll go out and see if I can find one."

The man who went to sleep on the railroad line found his rest a good deal broken—and his leg, too.

The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg. The wise man letteth the job out to the lowest bidder.

Milwaukee boasts of a haunted distillery, which is just the place where one would naturally look for spirits.