Miscellaneous.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

JOSEPH H. DEERING, on Market street, in Shaw's Row, Clearfield, Pa., has just received a fine lot of French Calf Skins and Kips, the best in the market, and is now prepared to manufacture everything in his line. He will warrant his work to be as represented.

Also, all kinds of Leather and Shoe Findings for sale.

The citizens of Clearfield and vicinity are respectfully invited to give him a call.

Work done at short notice. 7:16'75y

GREAT REJOICING

All over the State at the adjournment of both branches of our State Legislature, and some of the members making for their holes—I hope to stay there.

GREAT AND GOOD NEWS,

also, for the citizens of Clearfield county who intend visiting the Centennial and for all others, by the re-opening of the

OLD SHORTY SHOE SHOP,

On Market street, one door west of the Allegheny Hotel, where "SHORTY" will be found at all times, ready and willing to meet and accommodate all his old customers and as many new ones as may favor him with a call, so that they can visit the Centennial "clear heeled and light footed" in a pair of "Shorty's" home made

BOOTS OR SHOES,

Don't forget calling on "Shorty" before purchasing elsewhere. He keeps none but first-class workmen and can warrant all "feet-wear" made at his shop not to rip, ravel or draw the page. He is prepared to do anything in his line—stitched, sewed or pegged. Repairing neatly done on short notice.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS

always on hand and for sale by the same "short" fellow by the "short" name of FRANK SHORT.

Clearfield, Pa., May 10, 1876-tf

HUEY & CHRIST,

SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE

CELEBRATED

TRADE MARK PATENTED.

AND

DR. STOEVER'S

TONIC HERB BITTERS.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

HUEY & CHRIST,

121 N. 3d Street,

PHILADELPHIA

March 29, 1876-3m

Hardware, & Tinware.

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.

Presquile Street,

Phillipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.

26,May 1875.

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.

SACKETT & SCHRYVER

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

and manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER & SHEET IRON WARE,

Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.

Having refitted our store room and doubled our stock, we are prepared to offer bargains to purchasers in our line. We have decided to do a

Strictly Cash Business,

and can therefore sell at greatly reduced prices.

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

Tools and Building Hardware,

which is new and of the best manufacture.

We keep a large stock of

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

All kinds of Bench Planes, Saws, Chisels, Squares, Hammers, Hatchets, Plumbs and Levels, Mortised & Thumb Gauges, Bevels, Brazes & 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.

Farm Implements, 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. Plumbing and gas fitting attended to by experienced workmen. May 3, 1876.

Our Own Advertisement.

THE REPUBLICAN,

Published every Wednesday by

GOODLANDER & LEE,

CLEARFIELD, PA.,

Has the Largest Circulation of any paper in Northwestern Pennsylvania.

The large and constantly increasing circulation of the REPUBLICAN, renders it valuable to business men as a medium thro' which to reach the public.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

If paid in advance,	$2 00
If paid after three months,	2 50
If paid after six months,	3 00

When papers are sent outside of the county payment must be in advance.

ADVERTISING:

Ten lines, or less, 3 times,	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion,	50
Administrator' Notices,	2 50
Executors' Notices,	2 50
Auditors' Notices,	2 50
Cautions and Estrays,	1 50
Dissolution Notices,	2 50
Professional Cards, 5 lines, year,	5 00
Special notices, per line,	20

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS:

One square, 10 lines,	$8 00
Two squares,	15 00
Three squares,	20 00
One-fourth column,	50 00
One-half column,	70 00
One column,	120 00

BLANK'S

We have always on hand a large stock of blanks of all descriptions.

SUMMONS,
SUBPŒNAS,
EXECUTIONS,
ATTACHMENTS,
ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT,
LEASES,
BONDS,
FEE BILLS,
CONSTABLE'S BLANKS,
&c., &c., &c.

JOB PRINTING.

We are prepared to do all kinds of

PRINTING,

SUCH AS

POSTERS,
PROGRAMMES,
CARDS,
LETTER HEADS,
ENVELOPES,
BILL HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
PAMPHLETS,
CIRCULARS,
&c., &c.,

IN THE BEST STYLE,

AND ON

REASONABLE TERMS.

ORDERS BY MAIL

FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK

WILL RECEIVE

PROMPT ATTENTION.

Goodlander & Lee,

Clearfield,

Clearfield County, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1876.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Where is the snow?
'Tis not long ago
It cover'ed the earth a veil of white;
We heard not its footsteps soft and light,
Yet there it was in the morning bright;
Now it hath vanish'd away from sight.
Not a trace remains
In fields or lanes.

Where is the frost?
They are gone and lost—
The forms of beauty it gaily made,
The picture rare on windows array'd
"He silent," it said; the book obeyed
The frost-work's wild pictures all did fade;
At the smile of the sun
All was undone.

Where is the rain?
Pattering it came:
Dancing along with a merry sound,
A grassy bed in the fields it found;
Each drop came on the roof with a bound,
Where is the rain? It hath left the ground.
What good hath it done,
Going away so soon?

Ever, ever
Our best endeavor
Seemeth to fall like the melted snow;
We work out our thought wisely and slow;
The seed we sow—but it will not grow;
Our hopes, our resolves—where do they go?
What doth remain?
Memory and pain.

Nothing is lost—
No snow nor frost
That come to enrich the earth again;
We thank them when the ripening grain
In waving over the hill and plain,
And the pleasant rain springs from earth amain,
All endeth in good—
Water and food.

Never despair;
Disappointment bear,
Though hope seemeth vain, be patient still;
Thy good intents God will fulfil.
Thy hand is weak; His power will
The good endeavor
Is lost?—ah! never.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

BY JAMES PARTON.

At Tappantown, in Rockland county, New York, a village about three miles west of the Hudson river, and about forty from the city, there is an elevated field, in the midst of which there may be seen a withered tree, and a heap of stones; and for a little space round about the ground is never ploughed. Strangers occasionally come, who gaze upon the spot with evident interest. It is a pleasant, romantic region, interesting to New Yorkers because of the vicinity of Rockland Lake, which supplies us with part of our ice, and gives name to much of the rest.

This heap of stones marks the spot where the remains of Major Andre reposed from the day of his execution in 1780, until 1821, when they were transferred to Westminister Abbey, in London. His grave was dug directly beneath the gallows, and there he was interred at the depth of three or four feet. A peach tree, planted by a sympathetic woman's hand to mark the grave, struck down its roots, pierced the coffin, and formed a net work of fibres around the skull. This tree was taken up with the remains and replanted in one of the royal gardens in London. The skeleton, enclosed in a mahogany coffin, which was exceedingly massive and richly decorated with gold, was conveyed to London in a British man-of-war, and interred in the abbey with religious ceremonies, near the monument erected to his honor by George the Third. For forty-one years the body had remained in a cheap pine coffin, painted black, and in the unhonored grave of a spy, to be buried at last in the mausoleum of heroes, orators, poets and statesmen.

The reader has, perhaps, seen, or will see, the monument to Andre in Westminister Abbey. It has a very insignificant appearance, but the name in the inscription arrests every American eye, and a few words accompanying it impress every American mind:

"Sacred to the memory of Major John Andre, who, raised by his merit, at an early period of life, to the rank of Adjutant General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, on the Second of October, 1780, aged twenty-nine years; universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious sovereign, King George the Third, has caused this monument to be erected."

John Andre was one of the last men in the British army to be employed in any affair requiring nerve and duplicity. Brave and high-principled he was; but he had not the toughness of fibre, the coolness of temperament, the fertility of resources, and the callousness of conscience requisite in a man who ventures into the lion's den with intent to deceive and entrap the lion. He was too talkative, too confiding, too sensitive, too quick in surrendering the game. He would have led a forlorn hope up into the breach of a beleaguered city with the most splendid valor; but he was not the man for the complicated, cold-blooded business of a spy.

His father was a Swiss merchant, long settled in London, where he gained a considerable fortune. His mother, though of French parentage, was born in London. The native language, therefore, of both his parents, was French; and there was in his character a spice of French sentiment and romance. He was French enough to think, for example, that to be an officer in an army is a thing more desirable, more honorable, and more becoming a man, than to serve his country as a man of business. Nevertheless, when he was a lad of seventeen, his father placed him in a counting-house, where he remained, plying the assiduous pen, till he was past twenty-one.

He was an agreeable, winning, and handsome youth. The diligence of his biographer, the late Winthrop Sargent, has brought together some of his earliest letters, written when he was passionately in love with an extremely beautiful girl, who afterwards married the father of the celebrated Miss Edgeworth. He drew the portrait of this lady, which still exists, with several other efforts of his pencil and brush. His letters reveal to us an affectionate, ardent, innocent mind, and a talent for composition which practice might have developed into a decided gift. He tells his beloved in one of his letters how much he hates the slavery of the desk, and how he sits in the counting-house and indulges his imagination with anticipations of the future.

"Borne on the soaring pinions of an ardent imagination," he writes, "I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labors with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me; I see orphans and widows, and painters and fiddlers, and poets and builders protected and encouraged; and when the fabric is pretty nearly finished by my shattered percranium, I cast my eyes around and find John Andre by a small coal fire, in a gloomy counting-house in Warnford Court, nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and, in all probability, never to be much more than he is at present. But, oh! my dear Honora!—It is for thy sake only I wish for wealth."

Many of his letters are in this strain. He tells her, in one of them, that, for her sake, he has overcome his repugnance to a mercantile life, and that, if ever something whispers in his ear, that he is not of the right stuff for a merchant, he draws his Honora's picture from his bosom, and the sight of that dear tailsman so inspirits his industry, that no toil appears distressing.

But this romantic affection in a merchant's clerk of eighteen had no results. Soon after becoming of age, he entered the army, and, about two years after, his Honora gave her hand to that terrific being whom lovers are supposed to style with gnashing teeth—"*another.*" In 1774, the year before the Revolutionary War began, he was ordered to Canada to join his regiment.

Scarcely had the contest begun, when he was taken prisoner by Gen. Montgomery, at the capture of St. Johns; and he was held on his parole for about fourteen months. The American troops, he says, in one of his letters, robbed him of everything he had except a miniature of his Honora, which he concealed in his mantle; and having preserved that, he thought himself lucky. He spent most of his time as a prisoner at Lancaster and Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, having the liberty to go to a distance of six miles from his appointed residence. His chief amusement was drawing and painting, and he gave instructions in those arts to the young people of the families he visited, some of whom preserve to this day specimens of his skill. The grandfather of the late Caleb Cope, of Philadelphia, of the eminent mercantile family of that name, was one of his pupils in 1776. There is still a tradition in those towns of his agreeable and polite behavior.

After his exchange he was stationed for a while in the city of New York, where he held the rank of Captain. He probably owed his further rise in the army to a memoir which he wrote upon the war, in which he embodied the results of his observations during his long confinement, and in preparing which he was aided by a journal carefully kept, and illustrated by drawings of everything curious and rare that he had seen. The intelligence displayed in this memoir procured him a staff appointment, and finally led to his being Adjutant General of the whole army. He was eminently fitted to shine upon a General's staff.

During the British occupation of Philadelphia, Major Andre was one of those who were quartered in Dr. Franklin's house, from which the family had fled. Amateur theatricals were the reigning amusement of that winter, and it was Andre who painted the drop curtin, and most of the scenery, some of which did duty in a Philadelphia theatre for many years after the war. The drop curtain was in use until 1821. One of the plays in which he took part was "The Liar," which was revived two years ago in the city of New York. Andre amused the garrison also with various comic pieces of verse, in the style of Yankee Doodle, designed to exact ridicule upon the starving and shivering patriot army at Valley Forge. He was much concerned in the details of a burlesque tournament, in which he performed a conspicuous part. The city, during the whole period of the British occupation, was a scene of revelry and riot. Well might an old officer exclaim, when the tournament was spoken of:

"What will Washington think of all this?"

There is reason to suppose that Major Andre was in correspondence with the traitor Arnold for a whole year before the discovery of the plot. At Philadelphia he became intimate with the Shippen family, one of the daughters of which Arnold had married; and it is supposed that the correspondence began with his writing to Mrs. Arnold from New York in 1779. He assured her, that his regard for herself "and the fair circle in which I had the honor of becoming acquainted with you, remains unimpaired by distance or political broil." He told her, also, as this participation in the gayeties of Philadelphia had made him "a complete milliner," he should be glad to send her from New York such articles as "cap-wire, needles and gauze," which she might require. Whether or not this letter was intended to prepare the way for Arnold's treason, is not certain; but it is known that, from this time forward, letters passed between Andre and Arnold as often as opportunity permitted.

He looked forward with the utmost confidence to being the means of putting an end to the war through the defection of Arnold and the capture of West Point. Immense supplies had been gathered in and about that post, which had been fortified by three years constant labor of a large force of men, and an expenditure of three millions of dollars. The post was not only of infinite value as keeping open communication between the various posts of the country, but it was relied upon as a last resort for the army in case a series of disasters should render an impregnable refuge necessary. It was Andre's belief that the patriot cause could not survive the two-fold calamity of the defection of so important an officer, and the loss of so important a place.

At the ancient mansion of Jacobus Kip, which stood at what we now call the corner of Second avenue and Thirty-fourth street, Major Andre dined, for the last time, with Sir Henry Clinton and his staff, before leaving New York for his fatal interview with Arnold. After dinner, when he was called upon, as usual, for a song, he gave the one attributed to General Wolfe, who sang it the evening before he climbed the heights of Quebec:

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die!
For should the next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But should we remain,
A battle and kind landlady
Makes all well again.

Thus sang the light-hearted soldier of twenty-nine, with his comrades round him, and his General at the head of the table. Early the next morning he started on his mission. Four days after, he was a prisoner. Nine days after, he was swung from a gibbet.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A DEFAULTING CLERK.

DOINGS OF "A NICE YOUNG MAN," TEACHING SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES, DELUDING YOUNG LADIES' AFFECTIONS AND USING BONDS WHERE THEY WOULD DO THE MOST GOOD.

[From the New York Sun of June 29.]

The Methodist Book Concern is once more under concern of mind on the subject of fraud on the part of an employe. Henry Screiber, late assistant cashier of the New York branch, has been lodged in Ludlow street jail on the charge of defalcation. In 1869, while the controversy over the irregularities in the Concern, as charged by the Rev. Dr. Lanahan, was still in progress, Scriber, than a resident of Brooklyn, was appointed by the Rev. Dr. Carlton to succeed an appointee of Dr. Lanahan, on the recommendation, it is said, of Mr. Andrus, the superintendent of the book-binding department. He was then about twenty-one years old, and was reputed to be of steady habits.

HIS LOVE AFFAIRS.

Screiber immediately bestirred himself actively in church work. He became an active helper and an impressive exhorter in the prayer-meeting and Sunday school of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church of Brooklyn. Those placed over him in business held a high opinion of his integrity and efficiency. About two years ago, however, something took place that was not considered creditable to him. He was engaged to a Brooklyn young lady, and it created a scandal in the church when it was learned that he had jilted her. The result was that he transferred his residence to New York. Here he became a regular attendant of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, at Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue, and it is said, was no less zealous in religious services. It was not long before he made the acquaintance of an estimable young lady member of the congregation, of good family, but whose parents were dead, she being in the care of a guardian. He won her heart, and they were engaged to be married. On Monday evening last there was a festival in St. Paul's. Screiber had, as usual, been active in the preliminary arrangements. He was at the church in the afternoon, and went to his boarding house for his dinner. The young lady was escorted to the church in the evening by her uncle, who left her there, with the understanding that Screiber would see her home, as he was accustomed to doing. Screiber did not appear, and it is said his affianced went home in tears. He was in Ludlow street jail.

THE DEFALCATION.

Mr. Phillips, the junior book agent, who was to have gone to New Orleans on business a week ago, was detained by the occurance. He left yesterday, however, and as both Mr. Nelson, the senior agent, and Judge Fancher, their counsel in the affair, were also out of town yesterday, the exact particulars of the defalcation could not be learned. The facts, according to the best information attainable, are that Screiber abstracted some bonds belonging to the concern to the amount, it is said, of about $15,000, from the safe in the office. The story is that about six weeks ago Screiber went to Mr. Phillips and told him that he had fallen heir to a legacy of $40,000. He resigned his place. Some circumstances having excited suspicion Mr. Phillips set on foot an investigation, which resulted in discovery. It is charged, moreover, that the affair was kept in abeyance until after the adjourment of the Methodist Conference at Baltimore, where Dr. Lanahan was making trouble enough already. The adjournment was on May 31.

HUSHING IT UP.

The Rev. Mr. Chapman, pastor of St. Paul's Church, was reticent on the subject, but said he did not believe the affair had been known more than two weeks; that he did not think that the loss would amount to $15,000; that it was understood that the young man had been speculating on Wall street, and that negotiations were in progress from which hopes were entertained that a portion of the bonds would be recovered. This, coupled with a remark said to have been made by Mr. Phillips, would seem to intimate a possible compromise with Screiber. Mr. Phillips said to a person interrogating him on the subject that, so far as he could see. Screiber was in a fair way to suffer the penalty of the law unless there was "a change." The most absolute secrecy has been observed about the concern, and the simultaneous absence from town of the principals and their counsel, together with the extreme reticence of the pastor, who referred his interlocutor to Judge Fancher, are, to say the least, mysterious. Another story that has not been traced to any reliable source is that Screiber was about to join another party in starting a country hotel upon the proceeds of his defalcation. Screiber is a young man of medium height, heavily built, has always dressed well, was rather stylish in appearance and had engaging manners, which helped to ingratiate him quite as much as his assumed piety. He refused yesterday in Ludlow street jail to make any statement.

GREAT LITTLE MEN.

There are few men who do not at some period of their lives aspire toward greatness. Since, however, the number of really great men in a generation is supposed to be limited, most men strive to be thought great, considering the counterfeit quite as good for all practical purposes as the genuine article. Those who achieve the reputation and the rewards of greatness by false pretences are our great little men. It would be difficult to name a vocation which is not filled with over-estimated pigmies. The bar has crowds of them, and some of the most successful attorneys have so successfully fought their way to public recognition by bluster and brass that their empty heads are turned by the abulation of their abject worshipers on the back benches of the court room. Of physicians, the greatest, in popular estimation, are those who have amassed their hundreds of thousands by curing diseases that never existed or peddling medicines that could neither kill nor cure. In the pulpit mountebanks draw the largest audiences and the most munificent salaries; their discourses are windy when original; the noise they make atones for the paucity of their ideas, and the religion they profess and preach is a cloak they have chosen to hide their deformities of character. Among politicians, so great is the preponderance of great little men that it might be said that littleness is surest of the best prizes for which so-called statesmen contend. It is perfectly notorious that our politicians of the true metal do not fill the measure of popular judgment when the best places are to be manned. In some degree they shape the policy of parties, but the proper rewards of statesmanship are pretty sure to go to the smaller men. So through the whole list of callings and professions one might go, adding illustrations of the fact that what we call success and greatness are relative, if not interchangeable, terms.

We take no pleasure in making so plain a statement of what must be patent to every person of much experience in this world's ways. If there were any reason to hope that the young men who are just taking upon themselves the duties of citizenship would not soon enough discover for themselves that hard work and honesty, education and acknowledged ability are not necessarily the avenues to success in life, as the term is used, we might well hesitate to undeceive them. But the revelation comes to all sooner or later, and the longer it is delayed the more chagrin it brings. Far better to look stubborn facts in the face than to dodge and be surprised by them at the last. The darkest side of the picture is that we have already drawn. The other, brighter side ought to be painted for every youth in the land. "Success" and "greatness" are the fine-sounding words that mislead and wreck so many men. We raise false standards, measuring men and things by which young men turn their ambitions into wrong paths and follow with might and main the veriest will-o'-the-wisps. The most useful lesson for the young to learn is that, though a species of success often attends on loud-mothed mediocrity, it is a kind of success not worth the name and not worth having. Not though it bring wealth and power in its train—not though the world bows down to worship the pretender who has secured it. To be a true man; to be great in purpose, attainment and character; to fill each day with achievements in science or with deeds of charity and mercy; to make the world wiser and better and happier—these are the attributes of true success. At the bar, in the sick-room, in the pulpit, in politics—in every honorable walk of life are successful men, making little noise, never attracting extended notice, but adding day by day to the never-fading chaplets which shall crown their life's work and make them worthy to be numbered among the really great. It is well for the young to look at both sides of the picture before they decide whether they will work out for themselves the highest and most enduring success, or waste their powers of mind and body in the effort to rank with the world's great little men.—*Philadelphia Times.*

DAISY DEANE.

Daisy Deane sat on one end of the low benches in the front row. Her pretty face was rather flushed, and her bold, black eyes had lost something of their brightness, for Daisy Deane had been drunk the night before, and had been locked up. One of her friends, however, had secured her release for the night, under promise that she would come to court and answer, and in keeping her promise she had come. Daisy Deane was one of the fallen, and was one of the wildest; but it was the first time she had been called on to make a promise of the kind or to answer, for Daisy Deane was "a new one."

She sat in the front row, strangely subdued, and she looked upon the proceedings of the court in a listless way, and was apparently unconscious of the admiring glances of the Judge.

The "drunks" and "disturbances" were trotted out and trotted in again, and still Daisy Deane looked on and seemed to see nothing; until at last an old woman was led out—a woman with gray hair, wrinkled face and hands, and shabby, but neatly patched clothes. She advanced in a dazed way, and trembled as she stood before the Judge.

Daisy Deane looked on her in the same absent manner she had looked on all the others, but she started, her face flushed, and she leaned forward and gazed on the old woman with painful intensity; then she sank back, dropped her eyes and raised her veil, but her face was still turned to the trembling form.

The old woman had been arrested as a vagrant.

The officer said he had watched her. She had a habit of coming back to town at all hours of the day and night; he had seen her when he was on day duty and when he was on night duty, and she had a habit of looking in the windows of those houses back of town in a strange searching way. When he asked her: "What are you up to and what do you do for a living?" she gave him no satisfactory answer, and he had taken her in as being on "the vag."

The formal question was put by the court:

"What have you to say?" And all she had to say was—and she said in a quivering voice—"I was looking for my daughter, sir."

This was no answer under the law, and the court, having in the one question complied with the formalities, "Ten dollars or twenty days."

An officer took charge of the old woman and started for the dock, when Daisy Deane arose. "Stop, officer," she said, and advanced to the clerk's desk, laid down a $10 bill, and pointing to the old woman said, "For her." The clerk nodded to the officer and as Daisy Deane resumed her seat the old woman murmured, "God bless you, my dear, God bless you," and then went out.

After a while Daisy Deane was called, and she came to the bar. In obedience to orders she gently raised her veil, and turned to the court a pale, tear-stained face, and the clerk whispered, "There is something wrong with her."

The formal question, "What have you to say?" was put, but she made no answer, and the court passed sentence, "Ten dollars or ten days."

The clerk held out his hand for the fine, but she turned quietly away, lowered her veil again, and walked to the dock, and when the gate was opened, went in. The clerks, the Judge, and everybody, were astonished.

She was one of "the batch" which entered the Black Maria. She served her time, although "friends" offered to pay her fine, and after that she was never seen back of the town and was never again brought in.

The officer who arrested Daisy Deane stated one night that he had seen her in the early morning while on his way home, on a quiet street up town, with that old woman. He said, "You would hardly know her, she was so neatly and yet so poorly clad, and was so tender with the other," and he expressed the belief that the old woman had found her daughter.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SCALPED.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE FROM THE BLACK HILLS.

There arrived here on Friday evening's Kansas Pacific train a party of three persons, direct from Deadwood city, the new mining town in the Black Hills. Learning that one of the party had been shot and scalped by Indians a reporter sought them out, and from Mr. A. P. Woodward, formerly of Boston, but latterly of Custar, obtained the following interesting facts relating to a recent massacre about seventy miles north of Fort Laramie. Mr. Woodward was accompanied by T. S. Gates, of St. Louis and Herman Ganzio, of Milwaukee, the latter wounded and suffering from a wound in the scalp which is, in fact, half gone.

It has often been said that a man can live after being scalped; but until last Friday evening no ocular proof had been produced in this city substantiating that fact. Herman Ganzio's head, from the centre of the forehead back to the crown of the head, is at present one mass of sores. The hair has been cut away by the surgeons in charge at Fort Laramie; but the pear-shaped patch made by the scalping knife is thus made all the more distinct. The fellow man has been in the hospital since the 13th of April, but his companions have stood manfully by him, and reiterated their intention to see him through to his home. In conversation with the reporter, with whom he had been previously to his mishap he said:—

"You see we were coming down into the valley of Hut Creek, on our way to Fort Laramie, when we thought we saw Indians coming down the creek to the right. Instead of camping there we thought it safer to water our stock and go on into the hills and make a dry camp in the bushes if we could not make Running Water Creek, where a large camp of freighters were reported.

"I had been sent on ahead up the hill, just where the big stone hut stands by the road, and with a boy named Koontze, from Omaha, and sat down to wait for the wagons, which were slowly coming up out of the valley.—When the wagons reached us I started on alone through the rocks and pine bushes to seek a good camp. A few hundred yards further on I looked down a ravine to the right and saw five mounted Indians ride across the valley. I started to go back to the train, when at least a dozen Indians ran at me out of the brush, and you bet I ran and hollered for help. In a minute more two or three of them shot at me. I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my left leg, and another in my left shoulder, and I fell. Then they were upon me in a minute, and one of them put his knee in my back, while another hit me a clip with a club or a butt of a gun. I don't know which, as I had no time to think. All I knew was I was being scalped; my hair was held tight. I felt a hot, red-hot, stinging sort of pain all around the top of my head, being torn out by the roots, it was too much; I couldn't stand it. I died at least I thought I did. But my scalp was saved just as it was being torn off. The boys at the wagons had seen me running; saw the Indians and came on, thirteen of them, and got up just in time to prevent the red devils finishing their work. The Indians, as well as my friends, thought I was dead. But I came to again and my scalp was laid back again. It was only half torn off, as you will see, and is growing again nicely."

The poor fellow was taken to Fort Laramie and received every attention, and as soon as he was able, started for his parents' home in Milwaukee. He is the first white man who has felt the "Injun's" hand in his hair this year who has lived to come home and tell how it feels. The Black Hillers spent yesterday in the city, and last evening continued their journey eastward.—*Kansas City Times.*

New Advertisements.

CAUTION.—

All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or negotiating a note given by the undersigned to Charles Peters, due May 1st, 1877, and calling for one hundred and eighty-two dollars. As I have not received any value for the same, I will not pay it unless compelled to do so by law. P. CURLEY.

Williams Grove, June 21, '75-3t.

CAUTION.—

All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or in any way meddling with the following property now in the possession of Levi Stroup, viz: All the goods in the store, including fixtures, also 1 black mare, 1 bay mare, 2 set of harness, and 1 spring wagon, as the same was purchased by me at Sheriff's sale on the 12th of June, and is left with him on loan only, subject to my order at any time. JAS. McGEEHAN.

Anesville, June 21, '76-3t*

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of HANNAH B. EVANS, deceased, late of Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa., all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOSIAH EVANS,

Curwensville, June 28, '76-3t* Executor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of HESTER LUKERE, late of Bradford twp., Clearfield Co., Pa., deceased, having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay. S. P. WILSON,

Woodland, June 14, 1876-6t. Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of CATHERINE BARGER, late of Bradford township, Clearfield county, Pa., dec'd, having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay. S. A. CALDWELL,

Williamsgrove, June 7, '75-6t. Adm'r.

Miscellaneous.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN

SECOND STREET,

CLEARFIELD, PA.,

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS!

MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS!

PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFF

VARNISHES,

BRUSHES,

PERFUMERY,

FANCY GOODS

TOILET ARTICLES,

OF ALL KINDS.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS,

for medicinal purposes.

Trusses, Supporters, School Books and Stationery, and all other articles usually found in a Drug Store.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. Having a large experience in the business they can give entire satisfaction.

J. G. HARTSWICK,
JOHN F. IRWIN.

Clearfield, December 15, 1874.

BIGLER, YOUNG & REED,

(Successors 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 Pulley 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, Soap 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.

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,

april26tfOwer P. O.

S. P. GULICH. S. M'CORKLE. D. HEILBRON.

GULICH, McCORKLE & CO.'S

(Successors to John Gulich),

POPULAR

FURNITURE ROOMS,

Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

We manufacture all kinds of Furniture for Chambers, Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.

If you want Furniture of any kind, don't buy until you see our stock.

UNDERTAKING

In all its branches. We keep in stock all the latest and most improved Coffins and Caskets, and have every facility for properly conducting this branch of our business.

We have a patent Corpse Preserver, in which bodies can be preserved for a considerable length of time.

A member of the firm has his sleeping apartment at our ware-room, where he can be found by any person who come at night for the purpose of procuring coffins.

GULICH, McCORKLE & CO.

Clearfield, Pa., May 18, '76-1y.

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. aug5

Clearfield Nursery.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the 'Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,

J. D. WRIGHT,

sep26-68-y Curwensville, Pa.

Hotels.

THE MANSION HOUSE.

Corner of Second and Market Streets,

CLEARFIELD, PA.

THIS old and commodious Hotel has, during the past year, been enlarged to double its former capacity for the entertainment of strangers and guests. The whole building has been refurnished, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render his guests comfortable while staying with him.

The 'Mansion House' Omnibus runs to and from the Depot on the arrival and departure of each train. W. C. CARDON,

July 12-76-tf Proprietor.

ALLEGHENY HOTEL—

Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,

Wm. S. Bradley, formerly proprietor of the Leonard House, having leased the Allegheny Hotel, solicits a share of public patronage. The House has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished, and guests will find it a pleasant stopping place. The table will be supplied with the best of everything in the market. At the bar will be found the best wines and liquors. Good stabling attached. WM. S. BRADLEY,

May 17, '76. Proprietor.

SUSQUEHANNA HOUSE,

CURWENSVILLE, PA.

NEWTON READ, Proprietor.

Having become proprietor of this Hotel, I would respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. House pleasantly and conveniently situated; newly refitted and refurnished; good sample rooms attached. All railroad trains stop at this house. jan26-75

SHAW HOUSE,

(Cor. of Market & Front streets,)

CLEARFIELD, PA.

The undersigned having taken charge of this Hotel, would respectfully solicit public patronage. jan1'75 D. S. FULLERTON.

WASHINGTON HO