THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.
The largest Circulation of any Newspaper [illegible]

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G. B. GOODLANDER,
NOEL B. LEE,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.
PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.
VOL. 51—WHOLE NO. 2,519. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1877. NEW SERIES—VOL. 18, NO. 18.

Cards.

WM. M. McCULLOUGH. FRED. O'L. BUCK
McCULLOUGH & BUCK.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office on Second street, in the Masonic building. jan10,'77

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
Clearfield County, Penn'a.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:30'74

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,
11-12'73 Clearfield, Pa.

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:1:76

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

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. jan1'76

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 the Court House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street, opp. Court House, Jan. 5, 1874.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb 28:'63:tf

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
1:1' 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.

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,'65-tf

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

WILLIAM M. HENRY, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. 21jy'71

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
april4'75-tf

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also manufacturer of
All Kinds of Articles in Human Hair.
Clearfield, Pa. may 19, '75.

D. M. DOHERTY,
FASHIONABLE BARBER & HAIR DRESSER
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Shop in room formerly occupied by Naugle Market street.
July 14, '76.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

Cards.

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch29, '76.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [jy19'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

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:lypd

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,
8:10'73 Clearfield, Pa.

WARREN THORN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
In the shop lately occupied by Frank Short, one door west of Allegheny House.

ASHLEY THORN,
ARCHITECT, CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
Plans and Specifications furnished for all kinds of buildings. All work first class. Stair building a specialty.
P. O. address, Clearfield, Pa. jan.17-77tf.

R. M. NEIMAN,
SADDLE and HARNESS MAKER,
Rumbarger, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Keeps on hand all kinds of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, and Horse Furnishing Goods. Repairing promptly attended to.
Rumbarger, Jan. 10, 1877-tf.

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.

J. R. M'MURRAY
WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE. COME AND SEE. 8:5:73tf
NEW WASHINGTON.

MARBLE AND STONE YARD.
Mrs. S. S. LIDDELL.
Having engaged in the Marble business, desires to inform her friends and the public that she has now and will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of ITALIAN AND VERMONT MARBLE, and is prepared to furnish to order TOMBSTONES, BOX AND CRADLE TOMBS, MONUMENTS, &c.
Yard on Reed street, near the R. R. Depot, Clearfield, Pa. je14,'76

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.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE,
At the end of the new bridge,
WEST CLEARFIELD, PA.
The proprietor of this establishment will buy his liquors direct from distillers. Parties buying from this house will be sure to get a pure article at a small margin above cost. Hotel keepers can be furnished with liquors on reasonable terms. Pure wines and brandies direct from Seeley's Winery, at Bath, New York.
GEORGE N. COLBURN.
Clearfield, June 18, 1875-tf.

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.

BROWN'S MEAT MARKET.
The undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a MEAT MARKET at the old stand on Market Street, where he will keep regularly on hand all kinds of
F-R-E-S-H M-E-A-T-S,
and will guarantee satisfaction in prices as well as in the quality of meat offered.
Clearfield, Nov. 22, '76-tf. EZRA BROWN.

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,
sep20 '68-y Curwensville, Pa.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
and all kinds of
HORSE FURNISHING GOODS.
A full stock of Saddlers' Hardware, Brushes, Combs, Blankets, Robes, etc., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices. All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.
All kinds of hides taken in exchange for harness and repairing. All kinds of harness leather kept on hand, and for sale at a small profit.
Clearfield, Jan. 19, 1876.

JOHN H. FULFORD,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Represents all the leading Fire Insurance Companies of the country:

Queen	$10,000,000
Royal Canadian	6,000,000
Home, New York	5,754,214
Lycoming, Muncy, Pa.	5,529,452
Franklin, Philad'a.	3,300,856
Phoenix, Hartford	1,852,392
Hanover, New York	1,126,055
Home, Col., O.	315,368
Atlas, Hartford	606,642
Providence, Washington	612,000

Persons about effecting an insurance on property of any kind, should call at my office, on Market street, opposite the Court House, and see my list of companies and rates before insuring.
JOHN H. FULFORD.
Clearfield, Pa., Oct. 27, '75-1y

MYSTERIES OF THE EARTH.

SUBTERRANEAN RIVERS AND LAKES OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY—WORK FOR AN UNDERGROUND EXPLORER.

Wonderful and inexplicable physical facts are not confined to the lowlands along the route of the Mississippi, and stranger than the works of primeval man, consisting of mounds, canals and fortified strongholds, are cavernous depths, within which rivers flow from the mountains to the great drain of the continent. Fourteen miles southeast of Bowling Green, Ky., is a cavern more extraordinary and wonderful than Mammoth Cave. Not far away, on a stone at the entrance of the latter, the wonder of a country bumpkin is inscribed in words once quoted in the Senate of the United States.

> The Mammoth Cave! what a spot!
> In summer cold, and winter hot,
> Ye powers above! Great God! I wonder!
> Andrew Jackson! h—ll and thunder.

The entrance to the more mysterious pit is on the front of a perpendicular height, made almost inaccessible by vines, brambles and densely growing forest trees. Trammel's enters Drake's Creek just above the strange aperture to unknown depths and impenetrable darkness below. This adytum is ten feet long and four wide, and the chasm seems to yawn and its great mouth is horrible to contemplate.

Rude people in the vicinity call it "Hell's Mole," or the "Indian's Pit." From the measureless abyss there issues, ceaseless as the lapse of hours, days and years, a volume of mist. On cold, clear, frosty mornings it rises in spiral columns far above the tree tops, and whitened as it ascends and gleaming in the sunlight, it floats away and is lost in the clouds. At some unknown period in the world's history mother earth breathed heavily, and great boulders, worn round and smooth as if ground by friction when unheld by currents of air, and falling back again and again, lifted up and rubbed by other stones, cover the hillside and have rolled from the cavern's mouth into the valley below. People dwelling near by tell that in fall and winter the heavy stentorious breathings from the cavern are much warmer than sharp blasts sweeping the deep gorge, while in summer the misty vapor from within is cooler than the exterior atmosphere. This fathomless pit grows wider in its downward course, and nothing living or inanimate that has entered ever found exit. Not the faintest echo was ever heard when great stones have been rolled into the awful depth of this *descensus Averni*. It such massive boulders had encountered any object within miles of the entrance the sound produced would have been surely borne to listeners above the strong steady air current.

The impression fixed from childhood to age, that the solid earth must be forever immovable beneath our feet as surely and immovable as the sun and stars and blue vault above our heads, is rudely shaken when one stands in the presence of such demonstrable hollowness and emptiness as this. Very much the same sensations are excited when standing at the pit's mouth as when an earthquake shakes land and sea and makes men and women shudder.

When, not long ago, it was sought to ascertain the depths of the chasm, a heavy weight was attached to a strong cord, the lead went down, down, till the line of the plummet had measured the greatest possible depth, but no sound came back to tell of the end of unutterable hollowness below. The weight, when withdrawn, was unsoiled, and by the moisture on the surface showed that in its descent and ascent it touched nothing but mist and darkness.

The very hollowness of life and its evanescent pleasures are almost illustrated in physical facts discovered everywhere in Kentucky and Tennessee. The river, down in the depths of Mammoth Cave if it find its way to the green fields and sunshine, is never recognized above as the stream noted for its eyeless fishes below the earth's surface, and though the great cavern has been explored twelve miles from its entrance, those who have traversed its depths and labyrinths concur in the assertion that there are other caves beyond the remotest yet explored, and grander and deeper than those that attract the curious from all lands.

Near Union City, in Tennessee, and near the southwestern confines of Kentucky, is Reelfoot Lake. Here the roof of a mighty cavern was shaken down by the earthquake of 1811–12. Lofty forest trees, the tallest that tower above the lowlands, disappeared with the land on which they grew, and a sea, broader and deeper than that of Galilee, was outspread in crystal clearness in the midst of the lowlands. Ducks and geese fleck its surface and trout abound in the modern lake that had never reflected the sun's face in its fathomless depths till the bridge of soil and trees and cane was broken down by the earthquake's resounding foot-steps.

Where the railway from Nashville to Hickman, Ky., on the Mississippi, crosses that from Mobile to Cairo and Chicago stands the town of Union City. It is ten miles from this lake. It has been stated that when heavy locomotives and heavily laden trains come rushing by, hotels and station-houses quake, candlesticks are shaken from mantles and tables, and that hollowness in which the forest disappeared which bridged Reelfoot Lake, extends, it has been alleged, beneath the town and railway. The water of this lake is not that of the Mississippi. It is of crystal clearness, such as distinguishes that river in the depths of Mammoth Cave, while the great river above ground, bearing alluvium from north western mountains, is tawny in its yellowness and impervious to vision. When the earthquake of 1811–12 was most violent and the night was of extraordinary darkness, the Mississippi flowed backwards, and flatboats in the vicinity of Hickman drifted backwards forty miles towards Cairo. A mighty volume of the river's flood-tide receded into measureless caverns beneath the country's surface, and nowhere were the lowlands submerged.

There is a "Dead Sea" of murky water hidden beneath the earth's surface in the vicinity of Cairo and New Madrid, and broader and deeper than the fathomless Reelfoot Lake dug by the genii of earthquakes. The visible lake of our time may be the receptacle for the bright waters that flow through Mammoth Cave, and if the Devil's Pit with its emptiness were sounded, it would be discovered that its depths were carved out by a great river which through countless ages has been coroding its pathway of limestone towards the southwest to find a debouchment in Reelfoot Lake.

These are vague and indefinite speculations, and only defensible when we reflect that the Mississippi river does not merely percolate the soil in the lowlands, but absolutely underflows the country. Cat-fish from the river have been caught in wells dug on plantations in the swamps, and the water in these wells rises and falls with the flood tide of the river.

It may be proper to state that the late Wappenockes (Longfoot) W. D. Furguson, with whom Abraham Lincoln sojourned as a wood-chopper in the early years of the current century, often recounted the terrible incidents of the earthquake that destroyed New Madrid, below Cairo, in 1812, and the writer of this has often heard Mr. Furguson and the father of Charlie Morris, of Atlantic Place, on the Mississippi, relate many facts here recited.—*N. Y. World.*

FAST YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. FRED BELL.

We often hear the phrase, "a short life and a merry one." It sounds pretty. There's a dash in it, and hints of thrill and excessive enjoyment, but it's a very expensive one. I do not now mean merely in a pecuniary point of view, although when you come to count the cost, it is so in this way too.

It costs more, by all odds, to go to perdition "second class," than the other way, "first class," and have all the luxuries thrown in. A man will spend in a night's dissipation more than would be necessary to insure him a year's religious privileges in the average fine, comfortable church in our large city.

But, in addition to all this, it is expensive, in bodily vigor wasted, brain force blunted and dissipated manhood discounted at a tremendous interest, the heart made sick, sad and degraded, the life cursed, and the future blighted. The man of the "merry life" don't live out half his days. He don't have the best kind of mirth even during the half-time allowance he is put on. Take out the time spent in sleep, in aching awakenings after a carousal, in regrets, remorse, and self-accusations, and how much of life is left to be merry, and what kind of mirth is it? Mirth with pangs in it, mirth with an undertone of apprehension in it, mirth soon withered, mirth casting long shadows before and behind it. How exceedingly merry it must be. It is a farce of two parts, opening like a comedy, ending with a tragedy.

Often during my midnight visits in the slums of New York I had seen a young man who attracted my attention. He looked like one who had seen better days. (You can always trace the refined relics of a better life in fallen men and women. Human character is like soft clay in the beginning; education is the potter, giving it form, beautiful or rude; habit hardens it and when clay or character be once set, it retains shape; it in some parts will show the beautiful modeling, or the rude.) This young man had been well wrought. I saw it, though we never exchanged a word. One night, when leaving a mission in one of the lower wards of the city, I saw this young man asleep on some whisky barrels. While I paused a moment, wondering whether I should not arouse him, speak to him, take him with me if he would go, and care for him and try to save him, and thinking how it was best to approach him, in came the proprietor of the place.

Of most men I have met, this man was the greatest brute—he was brutal in looks, he was cruel in action—he had a brute's voice and paw.

After going behind the bar and taking a drink of his own vile liquor, he wiped his lips on his coat sleeve, and turning around, saw the young man asleep.

With a terrible expression of brutality upon his face and the most horrid oaths upon his lips, he half staggered, half ran over to where he lay, and taking him by the coat, he roughly dragged him to his feet, and actually kicked him out into the street.

What cared he! He had got his money, and he cared no more for the ruined, besotted man than a child for the orange peel after the orange was gone. Oh, how this made my finger ends tingle! I wanted to yell out savagely: "Wretch! Brute! Take that, and that, and that!" until he was whipped, pounded into submission. It would have been a means of grace to me, but it would have been impolitic. My influence would have been ruined.

In about two minutes I followed, hoping to find the poor fellow, and take care of him. I searched thoroughly for him, but he was gone. I did not find him.

I got to my room at 3 o'clock A. M., but did not sleep. I was too much roused for that. At 7 o'clock, the police sent for me to come to the station-house and see a man they had taken in some time during the night. I went and looked upon the blanched corpse of this man. He was quiet enough now, and was not refused shelter, and he cared little whether, it was the icy pavement or the stone floor of the station-house. He felt not and feared not —he was dead! I learned his history, which was in substance, as follows: He was a young man, well reared, of a good family in one of our country towns. He came to the city with a few thousand dollars in his pocket, to see life. He saw life in all its grades downward, and brought up in this vile den, from whence he was kicked to freeze in the chill night.

It was a short life, but not a merry one. It never is true that mirth is light-hearted enjoyment; the short life gives sodden care. It guilds pain up and calls that mirth. That kind of mirth is a short life and a fast one.

TRANSMUTED LAZINESS.

A New England agricultural journal is in a depressed state of mind because of southern people and the "low tone of public sentiment under a southern sun." It is continually in the receipt of letters from hardy young New England farmers who, dissatisfied with the bleak head-lands and charming interiors of their native State, have packed up their traps and gone to Texas in hopes of a wider existence, only to find that "apples cannot be grown here, and while cabbages and potatoes grow luxuriantly, they will rot within two weeks after being taken out of the ground." This is so melancholy a condition of affairs that the hasty generalizer of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, the journal spoken of, makes it the text of a sermon in which contempt is poured with unsparing hand upon all southern and tropical lands, where there is "no winter to brace up the the languid system, no cold to put life and vigor into the blood." It will be seen that the editor takes a wide view of things, and in method at least agrees with the late Henry Thomas Buckle in attaching great importance to the effects of the aspects of nature upon the mental and moral condition of man. "Even no farther South than North Carolina," says he, "a Governor can openly justify repudiation and still be popular," so plain is the connection between the equator and unsound doctrines of finance.

Doubtless it is true that the struggle of man with his environment, whether of palm trees and tigers or garden truck and cows, is one of the most important conditions of that grand process of trying instead of enjoying which goes by the name of progress. Certainly some northern people grow squat and fat and yellow, like the Lapps, or tall and blonde, like the Norwegians, while under a tropical sun men become long and lank, like the Feejee Islanders, or short and corpulent, like the Diaceas of Central Africa, of whom Mr. Bayard Taylor has given a graphic account, but this may be because they struggle with their environment in different ways, and measure themselves against external nature from different points of view. When the Lapp measures himself against a large and luscious chunk of walrus fat, there is little left to be desired if we are to compare his horrible taste with the delicate palate of the Arab, who delights in dried dates, which the other would only touch in a scurvy season.

The systematical thinkers are in error, however, when they roundly assert that there is much more struggling done and manly endeavor put forth by the hardy sons of the north than by the so-called languid children of the south, upon whose naked or nearly naked bodies the sun forever pours his life-giving rays, which are laid away in the mind as the solar heat is stored up in coal, to be brought out again after the lapse of ages for the benefit of mankind, even as Max Muller and the Pennsylvania colliers are now bringing them to light, each after his kind. Potatoes and cabbages have their undoubted value; the New England man shall have his say, but we must affirm with a boldness equally robust that the transmuted laziness of the Hindoos is quite as valuable as the biggest cabbage in the world, and that those Eastern people are often most profitable coal-beds to work, the deposits being large and the veins not easily exhaustible.

But as to more aspects of nature and the things with which the physical struggle is conducted in northern or more southern lands, there is something to be said for the latter. To conduct a successful chase before a grizzly bear or after a runaway mule implies high qualities, it is true, but not higher than those that are implied in skipping out of the way of a man-eating tiger or being calm when, as Mr. Vinton, a missionary to India, said in this city the other day once occurred to him, one happens to wake in the morning and find that he has shared his bed with "seventy serpents, which he then kept quiet only through the exercise of his personal magnetism and electricity." It is something to measure ones self against a tropical thunder-storm or the deadly sirocco, or to stand up manfully in the face of an earthquake and bid it do its worst. To harrow the soil is one thing, to be harrowed by it is most decidedly another, and of the two it requires the greater patience and equanimity in trying circumstances. To be frightened by the report of Stanley's elephant-gun shows great pusillanimity, we admit, in a pack of naked savages; but does not the hardy New England child often frighten his grandma nearly to death by the sudden and unexpected exhibition of an excavated pumpkin cut to the semblance of an ogre's face and with a lighted candle within? Even physically to live in a tropical land implies an amount of "git up and git" of which the haughtiest Californian who has just now disposed of his thirty-fifth Chinaman need not be ashamed.

So we take it that, after an exhaustive survey of the whole field, every right thinking man must come to the conclusion that because the southern or tropical *homo* differs from his northern friends he is not necessarily his inferior. As the Man in the Moon looks upon us all he probably says in his lunar, caustic way, and after the manner of our country cousins: "I'm sure, if you put 'em all in a bag and shook 'em, there is no tellin' which would come out first."—*New York World.*

OUR FEATHERED MINSTRELS.

With the advent of spring come flowers, but faster than these come the birds. Before the blue patches of violets are visible on the hill side, and ere the gold of the marsh marigold is seen scattered along the brook margins, comes the bird that Tennyson calls

> "The sea blue bird of March,"

the blue bird, forerunner of the violet, which nestles in the grass and birdlike

> "Curves her throat
> Just as if she sat and sung."

Then comes robin redbreast, hopping up and down the garden-walk, and then high up in the leafless tree-top, out of a snow-cloud sometimes, you hear the song sparrow's tuneful carol. The winged songsters gather in throngs with gay or tender ballads, each so different from the rest—wren, swallow, linnet, thrash, oriole—and none of them dearer or merrier than bobolink, the Robert Burns among bird poets, whose warble follows the track of the plow and ripples along the edges of the corn-field. The presence marks the departure of winter and the advent of out-door life. But when do they come?

THE COMING OF THE BIRDS.

This question was recently answered by Mr. A. D. Lamberton, of Rochester, N. Y., who kept a record of the arrival of birds for some years past. He says that in 1872 the robins were observed there March 28. Wild geese were going north March 29, and snipe were found April 17. That was a backward year. In 1873 robins came March 13, sparrows 17, blue birds 18, pigeons 19. Snipe and woodcock were found at Victor, March 27. In 1874 blue birds arrived March 18, and snipe were shot March 24. In 1875 the first robins were seen March 11, and snipe were found April 7.

GALLANTRY OF THE SONGSTERS.

It is found by ornithologists that the male song birds migrate north about a week before the hens, and when not disturbed in a nesting ground, will return to the same place for years. Ever green swamps are the localities in which the birds are generally to be found first, as they are warmer than other regions, and there are some instances of robins remaining all winter in this latitude in dense swamps. Oriole and bobolinks are the last birds to arrive, and do not greet us with their song until about May 8th.

RANGE OF THEIR FLIGHT.

It would seem at first sight that no barriers could limit the range of birds, and that they ought to be the most ubiquitous of living things. This, however, is far from being the case; many groups of birds are almost as strictly limited by barriers as the mamalia. The petrals and the gulls are among the greatest wanderers; but most of the species are confined to one or two of the great oceans, or to the Arctic or Antartic seas. The sandpipers and plovers wander along the shores as far as do the petrals over the ocean. Great numbers of them breed in the Arctic regions and migrate as far as India and Australia, or down to Chili and Brazil; the species of the Old and the New Worlds, however, being generally distinct. Mountain chains and even large rivers like the Amazon, limit the range of many birds.

WHY BIRDS MIGRATE.

Birds migrate from lack of food, and not on account of cold weather, for those water-birds which, like the gull, are able to catch fish in deep water, stay with us through the whole winter. The lower great lakes—Erie and Ontario—are so wide and deep that they usually freeze only around the shores, and the gulls have plenty of open water on which they can fish. Sometimes, however, the winters are so very cold that these lakes are covered with ice as far as the eye can reach, and the gulls then gather in great numbers upon the open water of Niagara river, below the falls, and live upon the fish which they find there.

GUARDIANS OF EARTH AND AIR.

The swallow, swift, and night-hawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would over-load it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chick-a-dee-dees, are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers, crows, thrushes, and larks, protect the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its own respective duty to perform in the economy of Nature; and it is an undoubted fact that if the birds were all swept off the earth, man could not live upon it; vegetation would wither and die; insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks.

THE ROBIN'S WINTER HOME.

Toward the middle or latter part of September, generally, the robin, which has heretofore been merry and jubilant in song, becomes silent and finally disappears. If the weather continues cold he remains away, but the first warm day brings him and his comrades out in force. His favorite resort is the thick growth of high brush in some low lands or swamp. Here he remains in a very quiet state, seeking for what food he can find, and waiting for the warm days to come when he can fill his empty maw. The two or three notes that he utters are feeble and lonesome. Later in the season the robins congregate in flocks, and either retire south or remain in the swamp woods until spring. Thus their sudden appearances and reappearances are accounted for.

DEATH OF A NOTED GAMBLER.

"JACK" NILES DIES IN POVERTY—A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

"Jack" Niles, one of the best known gamblers in New York, died on Sunday, April 8th, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. He was at one time quite rich, his fortune being estimated at about $100,000, but at his death he was impoverished, and depended to a great extent upon those who knew him in prosperous days. When he made a sum of money at the faro bank or at poker, he spent it with reckless prodigality. He never hesitated to "get the best" of any one who was foolhardy enough to test his skill at gaming, and he frequently engaged in bar-room fights, in which knives and pistols were freely used. He had, however, a number of good qualities. His word when given was inviolable, and he was honorable in business transactions. His pocket-book was open to everybody in distress who appealed to him when he had money, and he often took care of his "professional" brethren when disabled. Niles began life as a butcher, and worked also with his father on a Hudson River steamboat. He was born in the neighborhood of Washington Market, and he was fifty-eight years of age when he died. He was a widower, and left a son and daughter. In 1853 he became prominent as a partner of Danser, the millionaire gambler, who died about a year ago, and the greater part of whose fortune, given to his daughter, was left on her death recently to charitable institutions. The game of faro which he and Danser ran together was situated on the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets, and was called the "Jew game." He was also a partner of John Morrisey shortly afterward. Bill Poole, who was murdered at Stanwix Hall, on Broadway, near Prince street; Harrington, John Ling, Tom Hyer, "Paudeen" John Morrisey, and Lew Baker, were at this time noted as "sporting men" and pugilists, and Niles was nearly as well known as any of them. His operations were not confined to New York. He figured as a gambler in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and Washington, and in the latter city kept one of the largest "hells" there, leading Congressmen patronizing his place, and meeting him upon terms of social equality. He came back from Washington rich after the war, and maintaining a summer residence on Long Island, where he kept fast horses and entertained his friends in princely style. He began to lose his money heavily in 1869 and 1870, and had been steadily going down hill until his death. A subscription was being taken up to bury Niles, but his son, a young man, who has been educated by his father, and is now following a legitimate business, interfered and paid the funeral expenses himself.

LIFE.—It glows in the lily-bell; it warbles forth from the throat of the nightingale. It it departs the lily is dead, and the bird is silent. It tosses the ocean and tints the sea shell. It comes on the sunbeam and only lingers in the shade. It rests on the grand old mountains, and sighs with the wind through the solitude of the forest. Where it is there is beauty and perfection; and where it is absent there is dreariness and desolation. It is to this that nature owes her charm; her everlasting life, perfectly indestructible.

Wonderful and mysterious is the life that pervades our bodies; that links the material and immaterial. It throbs at the heart, bounds at the pulse and speeds through the brain. It gleams in joy and dulls in sadness. It either flashes or subsides with love; a strange mixture of perfections and imperfections. It is beautiful in truth, despicable in falsehood; glorious in faith and most sad in despair.

It is not the human portion of those that are dear to us we love, but the life that animates and is in itself beyond price.

DEATH OF A HERMIT.

LIVING FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS IN A CAVE—A VERY STRANGE STORY.

All who have read a Pennsylvania newspaper during a few years past have heard of Austin Sheldon, the Pike county hermit. On Friday, the 30th day of March last, he was found on the top of one of the mountains, dead, in a ten-foot snow-drift. He had lived over forty years in a cave in the rocks, near the entrance of which his body was found. Sheldon was nearly 72 years old. He was discovered in his cave thirty years ago by hunters.

He said he had been living there ten years, and had not seen any human beings to that time. His cave was nine miles from Dingman's village. About a year ago a brother and sister of the hermit, from Connecticut, both wealthy, went to his abode and endeavored in every way to get him to return to his friends. It was of no avail.

Sheldon had lost his wife after a brief married life, and disappeared on the day of the burial. He was not heard of until last year. Before he took up his abode in the Pike county cave, Sheldon says he roamed for five years through the woods of Connecticut, Vermont and New York, shunning civilization. At last he found a cave in which he concluded to live the rest of his life. He did not know its locality at the time, but found afterwards that it was among the Moosic Mountains, in Wayne county, Pa. The great forest that surrounded his cave soon attracted the attention of the lumbermen, and he fled deeper into the wilderness. After three months of wandering he found the cave in the wild region where he died. For over forty years he lived in this hole in the rocks. Sheldon lived on game, fish, roots and berries. At the time of his death his form was much bent. The clothing that hung in rags and tatters from his person had been donned twenty-two years ago and never taken off. It was held together by hickory withes. He never washed. A thick, gray beard, that hung almost to his waist, and hair of the same color hanging over his shoulders, was matted with burrs and twiggs and had not been touched with a comb or brush for forty-five years. He never went far away from his cave. A long staff and an ancient Bible—the latter hanging from his belt—were his constant companions.

Several times his cave had been surrounded with forest fires, and almost every avenue of escape cut off, but he calmly remained in his retreat, reading his Bible, until removed by woodsmen thoughtful of his safety. Nearly every winter for years he has been rescued from freezing and starving. He never made any effort to save himself, saying he was in the hands of God. Sheldon was an educated man. His family is among the leading ones of Connecticut.

HABITS OF INSECTS.

Many insects prove that their parental instinct is strongly developed by taking care of their young after they are hatched. Of this kind are several solitary insects, as bees, ants, some wasps, etc. The mason wasp buries a living caterpillar with its eggs, but does not leave it to take its chance. After the maggot is hatched and has devoured the first caterpillar, the wasp returns, opens the hole, pushes in another and again closes the hole, and this is repeated until the young animal is able to get its own living. The field-bug has a family of thirty or forty young ones which she conducts about as a hen does her chickens, beating her wings rapidly at any attempt to disturb them. If you disturb a nest of ants by digging, you will perceive the inhabitants much less intently occupied with providing for their own safety than in the conveying of certain little white bodies to a place of security; these are the young, and to effect this purpose the whole community are in motion, and no danger can divert them from attempting its accomplishment. A cruel observer having cut an ant in two under these circumstances the mutilated animal did not relax its affectionate exertions; with that half of the body to which the head was attached it contrived before expiring to carry off ten of these white masses into the interior of the nest. Insects seem to live especially for the nutrition of their young. When we consider the exertions of these little animals, apparently so disproportioned to their size, and the constant labor in which they are occupied, one might be apt to think the pleasure of their existence were outweighed by its pains. But what strikes us as wearisome toil is probably their delightful occupation, and, like human parents, they are never so happy as when actively engaged in advancing the interests of their young.

AN HONEST CONDUCTOR.—A conductor on an Eastern railroad was approached by a seedy-looking individual, who wanted a free ride, as he didn't have any money. "All right," said the conductor, "go forward into the smoking car, and I'll fix you all right." Soon afterward the conductor appeared in the smoking car to collect fare from the passengers. He took up fare from everybody except the dead-beat and another man, who happened to be the Superintendent of the road. The Superintendent noticed that he had overlooked this man, and asked him why he had done so. "Why, that's a conductor," was the reply. "His appearance does not indicate it. Look at these clothes," said the Superintendent. "Well," said the conductor, "he can't help that. He's a conductor on a Western road, and he's one of those fellows who are trying to live within their salaries, and that's what he has come to." This was satisfactory to the Superintendent, and the man obtained his ride without further inquiry.

Let him not imagine who aims at greatness that all is lost by a single adverse cast at fortune; for if fortune has at one time the better of courage, courage may afterwards recover the advantage. He who is prepossessed with the assurance of overcoming, at last overcomes the fear of failure; whereas, he who is apprehensive of losing, loses in reality all hopes of subduing. Boldness and power are such inseparable companions that they appear to be born together; and when once divided they both decay and die at the same time.

Mrs. Partington says that just before the late war circumstances were seen around the moon nightly, shooting stars perambulated the earth, the desk of the sun was covered with black spots of ink, and comics swept the horizon with their operatic tal[illegible]. Everybody said that it profligated war; and, sure enough, war did come.

STOPPING A SURPRISE PARTY.

An afflicted correspondent writes to the Chicago *Tribune* to know how she and her husband can manage to repel the pirates who, at this season of the year, organize expeditions to prey upon their hapless neighbors, and call their forays "surprise parties." It is not easy to advise her. Some people have found it effectual to keep a bull-dog of satisfactory ferocity; grease on the front steps is good; some stubborn cases have yielded to the application of a powerful electric battery to the bell wire, and the fomentation of a few pails of water is not without its effect. A small-pox placard will sometimes work a cure, when other remedies have been exhibited in vain.

A gentleman on West Adams street has invented a heroic method of treatment, and which was tried last Thursday in the presence of a large surprise party, proving successful beyond the fullest expectations of the ingenious inventor. He unhitched the bell wire from the pull, which he riveted on the inside of the post; then he got a chisel and a screw driver and removed all the fastenings of the door post, so that while it looked like a solid door way, with a securely fastened bell-handle in it, it is nothing but a thin veneer of moulding, ready to yield to the touch of an infant's hand. These arrangements completed, he and his wife turned down the gas and watched at the blinds till their unsuspecting victims entered the ambush—the front yard that is. The forlorn hope was headed by a jovial old man, whose boast is that he is as young in heart as his grand-children. This gentleman's ordinary weight is about 255 pounds. This devoted man marshalled his forces and advanced nimbly up the steps. Immemorial custom has prescribed as an absolute rule that when a house is attacked by a surprise party, the pirate at the head of the besiegers shall pull the bell as vehemently as if the residence were that of a doctor, and the stormer the prospective father of a first baby. Accordingly the old gentleman gave the bell a fearful tug, throwing himself back so as to get the luxury of a fall purchase. To his surprise he seemed to pull the whole front out of the house, and with a wild whoop of astonishment and terror, he (accompanied by the door post) threw a back summersault down the steps into the midst of the festal party. He fell on the hireling musician; the hireling musician fell on the fiddler; the door post knocked a couple of guests over the balcony railing into the rose bushes, and the whole party knocked each other down like a row of bricks on a card house, amid a perfect pandemonium of shrieks, smashing of dishes, bottles and the like. The surprise party made good their retreat, carrying their wounded with them without molestation by the triumphant garrison. The ingenious inventor thinks that he has only ommitted one detail—he should have tried it first with his mother-in-law to see that it was in perfect working order.

A LADY'S MILLINERY BILL.

A case of considerable interest to fashionable modistes doing business with the fair upper tendom of the metropolis was tried before a jury in the Marine Court of New York. The plaintiff, Madame Ernestine Chevalier, a French modiste and importer of French goods required in her peculiar line of business, sued Mrs. Hannah R. Kohnstamm, of Fourteenth street, for goods furnished and dresses made and supplied, claiming therefore $1,360.50, balance of a larger sum. The plaintiff testified that the defendant visited her place of business in September, 1876, and ordered some goods to the amount of over $60; that these goods were sent as directed, with instructions to the messenger not to leave the same if not paid for at the time, or satisfactory reference given. The goods were not accepted by Mrs. Kohnstamm, who next day called on Mme. Chevalier and stated that she was temporarily in the city awaiting a settlement of her deceased husband's estate, that if she had supposed reference was required she could give every satisfaction in that line, and she expressed her own ability to pay for anything that she required; that she had an income besides expectancies in her own right, and a house in Amity street. Plaintiff testified that she, upon these representations, furnished other costly supplies of ladies' wear to the defendant, itemizing them in a long account, which was sworn to in Court. Here are some of the items: One bonnet, silver trimmed, $65; two chemises, $60; a set of mosaque, $30; two handkerchiefs, $10; a satin-trimmed cloak, $115; one robe de chambre, trimmed with satin and torchon lace, $175; hat, trimmed with silver and plume, $30; baby's cloak, $40; one slate-colored silk and velvet costume, $375; white Chamberry gauze dress, $65; and a long list of smaller but all costly articles, amounting in all to $1,815. These goods were all furnished during October and November, the first bill for $60 being incurred on the 30th of September. Three payments had been made, amounting to $455, leaving the balance due and now sued for $1,360. The defense set up did not deny the purchase of the goods as stated in the complaint, but admitted that the account was true and just except as to one item—the slate-colored silk and velvet costume, $375—which defendant contended she purchased for $300, and disputed the overcharge of $75. The principle defense was that goods were bought and sold on a running account which would not expire until April, 1877—it being understood that the defendant should, from time to time, as she felt able, make payments thereon until the expiration of said credit. Upon this state of facts the case was given to the jury, who, after a brief absence, came into Court with a verdict for the plaintiff in the full sum, with interest.

FARMERS' HOMES.—At a late convention in Wisconsin, Mr. J. M. Smith read a paper on "How to make Farmers' Homes Attractive." His attention had been called to this subject by hearing an Illinois schoolmistress declare that she would never marry a farmer; their homes were too dull, plain and unpleasant. The speaker thought if this is so, a reform is needed. He defined what he meant by a home, and urged that with only moderate means, by cultivating flowers, setting out shrubbery, purchasing a few books and subscribing for papers, homes could be made cheerful and pleasant. He described with much feeling the trials and hardships of some over-worked house-wives, and believed that both farmers and their wives, in many instances, do much more and harder work than is necessary, because they do not do enough planning. They should make use of more mental and less manual labor.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

—When is a fish like a bird? When it rises and takes a fly.

—False eloquence is exaggeration—true eloquence is emphasis.

—That is a most wretched fortune which is without an enemy.

—Moses was a civil engineer. He surveyed the promised land.

—Mean souls, like mean pictures, are often found in good looking frames.

—The devil never yet tempted a man [illegible]

—By affliction, God separates the sin which he hates from the soul which he loves.

—Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

—Christian piety annihilates the egotism of the heart; worldly politeness veils and suppresses it.

—Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever? Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?

—The most ridiculous of all animals is a proud priest; he can not use his tools without cutting his fingers.

—Naturality means either want of conviction, or want of courage to act according to conviction, and neither case can be defended.

—Those who openly confess the truth and cheerfully suffer for it, must have a believing spirit and a firm hold upon invisible realities.

—Without a belief in personal immortality, religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar—like a bridge ending in an abyss.

—The angels are beautiful, because they are good, and there is no true, enduring beauty that is not goodness shining through the face and form.

—Bald-headed men are so numerous in Chicago that an audience in that city is said to look, when viewed from above, like a cobblestone pavement.

—Ignorance is the mother of fear, as well as admiration. A man intimately acquainted with the nature of things has seldom occasion to be astonished.

—"Women," said the contemplative man, "are as deep as the blue waters of yon bay." "Aye, sir," rejoined the disappointed man, "and as full of craft."

—When flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

—The man who returned from the Centennial Exhibition without a medal is confident that he could have taken one if they had not been so carefully guarded by policemen.

—Ill-humor is nothing more than an inward feeling of our own want of merit, a dissatisfaction with ourselves which is always united with an envy that foolish vanity excites.

—"Six feet in his boots!" said Mrs. Partington; "What will the imperance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

—To put up with the world is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads us to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life, misery, or death.

—As in the body, so in the soul; they are oft more desperately sick who are least sensible of their disease; whereas, he that fears each light wound for mortal seeks a timely cure, and is healed.

—Hope is the last thing that dies in man, and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are traveling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.

—For general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but half to be employed on what we read.

—It is a blessed thing for any man to share what he may have with others who stand upon a lower social and financial plane than he does. But it is still more blessed for him to go to work to earn money, expressly that he may have it thus to share with others. This is intensifying his benevolence, and dignifying it from what might have been a mere incident of good nature, into a principle and a passion controlling the life, which it makes lovely and illustrious.

—Goethe said that the thought of endless life was sometimes oppressive to him, because there must be a period when further progress was impossible. But he was reassured on this point when he looked up to the stars. The poet felt that in revealing such depths of space to him they hinted at intellectual distances which no soul can outtravel. In the same spirit Kant said; "Two things fill me with perpetual awe—the moral law and the starry heavens."

—Is not God's chastisement of his children often spoken of in the Bible as one of the marks of their sonship? Does this thought make us quiet under affliction, and help us to bear trouble with humble and submissive faith? Does it not sweeten the bitterness of trial to know that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth? If life were unclouded, and God's chastening hand were never felt, might we not with reason doubt whether we were indeed his children?

—If the most virtuous are those who pretend to have been strongly enticed by their vices before submitting, we could better say that the soldiers who suffered all the agony of terror, and finally fled before the enemy, is more worthy of esteem than the soldier who, without fear and without resistance, remained firm at his post. The bravest is he who does not hesitate to do what is right. How, then, in any other circumstance, the most virtuous would be he who has struggled before succumbing, and not he who remained pure?

If one note in the organ be out of key or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony; but the one defective reed destroys the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune this reed makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out into every other note. And so on sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A boy or girl may be obedient, filial, industrious, and honest; but ill-temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection and every thought, and every word and every action, be right; then there is music in the life.

—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature that, when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so soon forgotten.