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

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

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JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Office in Court House. ap 25,'77-1y

WM. A. WALLACE. FRED. C. 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. 75y

THOS. H. MURRAY. GEO. GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:3074

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov1'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding.)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-1273 Clearfield, Pa.

JOSEPH B. 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. jan1:76

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.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:1:73 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. 3, 1874.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'73:tf.

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

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

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. n171

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug16'76

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 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 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

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. 23jy'73

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr1'73-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

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. [*]y1672

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. my23:1ypd

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

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1973 Clearfield, Pa.

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

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

J. R. M'MURRAY
WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE. COME AND SEE. (3.3.73:)
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 Vinery, at Bath, New York.
GEORGE N. COLBURN.
Clearfield, June 16, 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.

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,
sep26-6t-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	5,244,814
Lycoming, Money, Pa	5,159,452
Franklin, Philad'a	3,366,656
Phœnix, Hartford	3,832,502
Hanover, New York	1,436,955
Home, Col., O	815,268
Atlas, Hartford	806,542
Providence, Washington	616,060

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

THE CAUSES OF THE EASTERN WAR.

In the Baltimore *Sun* of a recent date, we find the following:

"It has been observed that the declaration of war by Russia against Turkey expresses as a cause of the quarrel only a sentiment—the deliverence of the Christian subjects of Turkey from the alleged oppressions of that power. All the troubles which have ever existed between Russia and Turkey were primarily of a religious nature, though the Eastern question in its development has gradually become a political problem, involving the existence of some nations and the commercial supremacy of others. Constantine, the first Roman Emperor who made the Christian religion the official religion of Rome, made Constantinople the Capitol of the Roman Empire, and it became the chief city of the Greek Church and the seat of government. It was captured by the Turks in 1453, the last Byzantine Emperor, Constantine XIII, losing his life in its defense. The Turks are a Tartar or Mongol race, of Japhetic extraction, and having been driven by Tartar hordes from Turkistan, they spread themselves over Asia Minor and Syria and overthrew the Empire of the Saracens, with whom they are often ignorantly confounded. The Turks were at one time Buddhists, afterward disciples of Zoroaster, but readily embraced the faith of Islam, with its sensual and fatalist features. They have now been encamped in Europe for five hundred years, and have never to this day become one with the nations whom they have conquered; have never given them just or good governments, and have never reformed, and it would seem as if it were very difficult for them to reform, because the principles of their religion are a hinderance in that direction. The Christians of the northern sections of the country found a friend in Russia, which, under Vlademir the Great, who was baptized in 988, and had married the sister of the Emperor Constantine, embraced the doctrines of the Greek Church. She became the champion of the Greek faith, and, from the beginning, her aim was to recapture Constantinople and to repossess and round out the boundaries of the Eastern or Greek Empire. It is not to be denied that commercial and political ascendancy were embraced in her purposes, and consequently the commercial nations of the West shaped their policy to oppose such a consummation.

A review of the political history of Russia will show that the religious sentiment has always been an element of her policy towards Turkey. The sympathy she has shown with every insurrectionary movement in Turkey has been because the rebels were Christians of the Greek Church. When she conquered Moldavia and Wallachia she compelled Turkey to grant concessions to the Christians of other Northern provinces. The English historian, Kinglake, contends that the origin of the Crimean war in 1854 was a quarrel between the Greek and the Latin churches as to privileges at Jerusalem. Turkey favoring the Latin Church, Russia took up the old quarrel of the Greek Church, and claiming that existing treaties had been violated, invaded Turkey. England and France formed an alliance with Turkey in the interest of Western Europe. The result of the defeat of Russia in that war was the treaty of Paris, in which the Eastern question was taken out of her hands and committed to the great powers of Europe. It must have been observed that Russia, throughout the controversy of words with Turkey in the present dispute, has spoken of the question as one in which Europe was as much committed to the protection of the Christians as herself. Servia itself was a creation of the treaty of Paris, and was placed under the protection of European powers. The Herzegovinian insurrection of two years ago was the rebellion of the Christians of that province against Turkish taxation and persecution. European interference actually led to the adoption by Turkey of a new constitution and an announcement of her intention to carry out reforms herself, but Russia held that this was a mere promise and demanded that certain plans should be followed, which Turkey rejected. Meantime, however, a Turkish Parliament under the new constitution, has met, with a minority of Christian delegates in it. Russia, being still dissatisfied, proposed a protocol suggesting a basis of peace, which Turkey also rejected, denying the right of Europe to dictate absolute policy to the Turkish government. Russia then proceeded to enforce by the sword the demands for reform made by herself, or rather to enter upon the forcible protection of the Porte's Christian subjects. In every European province of the Turkish Empire except Prissend and Scutari and the Metropolitan district the Mohammedans are in a minority. The ancient Turkish policy was to crush and virtually enslave the conquered Christians. It gave them neither toleration or consideration. The interference of Russia has secured a modification of this policy, but she is not satisfied with the sincerity of Turkey in her promises of reform. About six millions of these Christians in Turkey belong to the Greek Church.

It is strange that a religion whose cardinal principle is the forgiveness of enemies should be so commonly perverted by nations, sects and individuals into an instrument of strife. The depravity of human nature never had a more forcible illustration than this. At the same time, while religion is the only motive assigned in the Russian declaration of war, and is no doubt uppermost in the minds of the Russian people, no one can suspect that the main design of the Russian government is any other than to extend its territory and power—perhaps by first securing the independence of certain provinces.

IN A SHAPE TO BE ANSWERED.—In one of the courts in this city, two or three days ago, there came up for trial a case in which a Chinaman was the complaining witness against a white man. During the impanelling of the jury one of the attorneys questioned closely the men summoned as jurors, to ascertain their views on the Chinese question. He asked one of them: "Would you believe a Chinaman under oath?" The witness responded in the affirmative. "Would you believe a Chinaman as quickly as you would a white man?" "Well (hesitatingly), I would believe him as soon as I would *some* white men." "That isn't an answer to my question. I now ask you, and I desire a categorical answer, would you believe a Chinaman as soon as you would believe me, or the attorney for the defense, for instance?" "Oh, yes, sir; certainly!" The attorney did not appear to feel much better after he found out.—*Sacramento Union.*

JOE'S HEAVY CATCH.

The stream that Daniel Webster loved was famous for trout, and he was famous for catching them. Often he would sit for hours on a moss-covered stone in a retired nook, his line dangling in and above the water, but never a bite, and if there had been, the fish was safe, for he was entirely unconscious of all around and about him. One warm and sultry morning in July, while thus absorbed, he was aroused by hearing over the stream:

"Hullo, there! hullo, I say! How are ye? Nice morning this! Got any fish? Have any bites? How d'ye get over there? I've been fishing two hours; nary bite. I see you have long boots on; what'll you take to carry me over? Don't want to get my feet wet. I'll pay you well; what'll you take?"

Here he paused long enough for Mr. Webster, who had all this time been surveying the speaker (a slight-built, dandified youth), to ask:

"What will you give?"

"Well, a quarter; that's enough, ain't it?"

"Well, sir; I suppose it is."

So, quietly laying down his rod, he took his way to our Boston boy, Joe D., who, by the way, was as good a fellow as ever sold tape; he was now on a three days' furlough, and bound to crowd all the fishing, sea-bathing, and sight-seeing seasons into the allotted three days' time, and one was rapidly passing away. Mr. Webster seated himself on the bank, Joe mounted his shoulders, and, like Cæsar, whom Cassius from the raging Tiber bore, so Joe upon the god-like shoulders safely crossed the stream. The quarter quickly changed hands. Mr. Webster quietly settled into his accustomed seat, while Joe, on further pleasure bent, hastened up the stream.

Tired and hungry, he returned rather late for dinner, and passed into the dining hall, where the guests were engaged in the last act of the drama. Our Bostonian, however, fell to with an appetite sharpened by his morning exercise, and with a full determination to make up with speed what he had lost in time. So intent upon his own affairs was he that he took no notice of those around the table, until some one requested Mr. Webster to relate his morning adventures. Joe looked up, and followed with his own the direction of all other eyes, he beheld his morning Æneas. Turning to his nearest neighbor, he asked:

"Who is that?"

"That? Why that's Dan'l Webster!"

He found no further use for his knife and fork, and was silently leaving the table, when Mr. Webster now recognized him; with a look or nod (Joe could never tell which), he detained him and requested him to take wine. Joe took the wine with a trembling hand, and, with a look of earnest entreaty, begged Mr. Webster not to relate the circumstance which occurred in the morning.

Mr. Webster replied: "You should not be ashamed of the adventure, since there is no young man in this country, however lofty his aspirations, that will be likely to attain the position you this morning occupied."

Joe left the table and the house, and on the first train left the town, satisfied he had done enough for one season. In the evening Mr. Webster related the whole affair to the assembled guests, and to this day Joe enjoys the sobriquet of "Dan."—*From the Golden Rule.*

A RUN FOR LIFE.

A THRILLING STORY OF A CONFEDERATE LIEUTENANT'S ADVENTURE.

(Major McClellan, Confederate, in Philadelphia Times.)

[The Frank Stringfellow, whose adventure is described in this extract, has since the war entered the Ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was Gen. Jeb Stuart's favorite servant.—ED.]

The second adventure which I have promised to relate occurred when the Federal army occupied Culpepper Court House, and the Confederate army lay in Orange county, Virginia. General Lee desired certain information which it seemed could best be obtained by an individual scout, and Stringfellow was selected for the service. It was necessary he should penetrate the enemy's camps, remain concealed as long as possible, and return when he had collected the desired information. His operations were to be conducted mostly at night. He wished to be accompanied by two men, one of whom, Farrish by name, had his home in the immediate vicinity of the enemy's camps, and being intimately acquainted with all the country, could accurately guide him from place to place in the night as by daylight. The expedition was undertaken on foot, as the distance was not great, and concealment was of prime importance. The men were clad in their own uniform as scouts, not spies. The country was a difficult one for the operations of a scout. From the long and frequent occupation by both the contending armies the land had been almost entirely denuded of its timber, and only here and there a few thin clusters of trees remained standing. One day had passed since they had entered the enemy's lines, and with nightfall they commenced their wanderings among the hostile camps, mainly with the purpose of locating the different corps, and of ascertaining whether any troops had been detached from the Army of the Potomac. The night had been nearly consumed in this way, when reaching one of the clusters of trees, of which I have spoken, they laid themselves down to catch a few moments' rest. A single blanket covered the three men. Treacherous, fatal sleep! Their fatigue was greater and the night was further spent than they had supposed, and the sun was shining bright in their eyes, when a party of six Federal soldiers, with their muskets in their hands, pulled away the blanket which covered them, and saluted them with a humorous "Good morning, Johnny Reb! Wake up!" Springfellow, lying upon his back, was the first to arouse and to comprehend the situation. Knowing that an open attempt to seize his arms would draw upon himself instant death, he feigned to be only half awakened, and much to the amusement of his tormentors, turned upon his side, muttered and grumbled at being awakened, telling them to go away and let him alone. But by turning upon his side he gave to himself the opportunity of placing his hand, unobserved, upon the handle of his pistol, and in another second he sprang upon his feet and opened fire. His companions joined in the attack, and for a few moments the firing was rapid and fatal. The Federal soldiers stood their ground, but at such close quarters the musket was no match for the revolver. There was no time to reload under the quick eye of Springfellow, and once discharged the muskets were useless. A few seconds terminated the encounter, in which Springfellow found himself the sole survivor of his party. Farrish was killed; his other comrade had disappeared, he knew not how; four of the Federal soldiers lay dead at his feet; and the two others, having thrown down their empty guns, were running for their lives.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

But though victor in this fight, perils multiplied themselves around him. The trees among which he stood were surrounded on every side by open fields dotted quite thick with the enemy's tents, some close at hand. Concealment was quite impossible, and he must run for his life; but run in what direction he might, enemies would be sure to intercept his course, for the adjacent camps had been aroused by the firing, and the soldiers who had escaped would be sure to return with others to avenge the death of their comrades. At a distance of a few hundred yards, a little branch made its way through the open fields toward the river. Its banks were fringed with bushes, and while it offered only an utterly forlorn hope, Stringfellow turned toward it and ran. He was seen by those who had already started for his capture; seen to cross the open field; seen to enter the bush on the bank of the stream. And now vindictive shouts announced that the enemy felt secure of their prey. But not so! Entering the bed of the stream, a kind Providence guided him to a spot where the waters had hollowed out for him a hiding place, behind the roots of an old stump. Underneath the bank and behind those roots he forced his body, having hastily collected what driftwood was within reach still further to conceal his person; and there he lay, half covered with the water and mud, and awaited the result.

From every direction men were hurrying to the spot with the perfect assurance that the daring enemy would soon be within their power. For long, long hours did scores of searchers continue to examine every foot of the brush that lined the stream. Many times did hostile feet pass directly over Stringfellow's body, and once a man, more inquisitive than the others, stopped, while walking in the bed of the stream, to examine the very spot where he lay. But the driftwood which he had skillfully arranged for his concealment deceived the man, and he passed on without making the discovery. Toward afternoon the search slackened, and by nightfall it was abandoned. But not until the noise of the camps was hushed in slumber did Stringfellow dare to leave his retreat. Then following for some time the course of the stream, he passed in safety out of the enemy's line, swam the Rapidan between the pickets, and, thankful to God for his deliverance, found himself once more among his friends.

THE COSSACK.

The Galatz correspondent of a New York paper contains the following sketch: The Cossack is not a very savory gentleman, and Galatz is a fine place for taking the edge off one's sensibilities regarding smells, and we can get to windward of the Cossack if we wish to inspect him, which is more than we can do in regard to the Galatz drains. Friend Cossack is a little chap, about five feet five, even on his high heels, but at once sturdy and wiry. His weather-beaten face is shrewd, knowing and merry. His eyes are small, but keen; his mouth large and between it and his pug nose—rather redder than the rest of his face—is a tuft or wisp of straw-colored mustache. His long, straight hair matches his moustache in color, and is cut sheer round by the nape of his neck. He wears a round oil-skin peakless shako with a knowing cock to the right, to maintain which angle there is a strap around his chubby chin. Below the neck the Cossack is all boots and great coat, which is of thick gray heavy blanketing, comes down below his knees; his boots come up to them. He is more armed than any man of his inches in Europe, is our little Cossack friend, and could afford to lose a weapon or two and yet be an averagely dangerous customer. Weapon number one is the long black flagless lance, with its venomous head, that seems itching to make daylight through somebody. He carries a carbine, slung in an oil-cloth cover, on his back, the stock downward. In his belt is a long and well-made revolver in a leather case, and from the belt hangs a curved sword with no guard over its hilt. Through the chinks of his great coat are visible glimpses of a sheepskin undercoat with the hair worn inside—today at noon the thermometer was over 70 in the sun. His whip completes his personal appurtenances; he wears no spurs. He rides cocked up in a high saddle, with a leathern band strapped over it, a wiry little rat of a pony, with no middle piece to speak of, with a ewe neck and a gaunt, projecting head, ragged flanks, loose hocks, limp fetlocks, shelly feet, and a general aspect of knackerism—the sort of animal, in fine, for which a costermonger would think twice before he offered "three quid" for it at the northern Tattersall's on the outskirts of the Metropolitan Cattle Market on Friday afternoon. But the screw is of indomitable gameness and toughness—lives where most other horses would starve—is fresh when most other horses are knocked up—and is fit to carry its rider across Europe, as Cossack ponies have done before to-day.

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT FOR THE HEATHEN.

The other day, when the wind whistled sad-toned jigs around the Battery, a little old man entered a saloon in that vicinity and asked the barkeeper if he could leave some tracts there.

"A whole car-load, if you want to," was the prompt reply, and the little old man placed a package on a beer table and softly said:

"There's no nobler cause than the cause of the heathen. We should all contribute a small part of our worldly wealth to shed the Gospel light across the seas."

A pair of boxing gloves were softly reposing on a table, and the little old man felt them and went on:

"It makes me sad to see such sinful things lying around when the cost of one glove might save a dozen souls in Africa."

Three or four of the boys had dropped in, and the saloon-keeper winked at them and replied:

"Do you want to earn $5 for the heathen?"

"Verily, I do."

"Put on the gloves with me and knock me down and I'll ante up cash enough to convert a whole regiment of African sinners."

"The cause is noble, the inducement great," mused the little old man, as he toyed with the gloves.

The boys encouraged him to go in, desiring to see him knocked wrong end up, and he finally got out of his overcoat with the explanation:

"It can't be a sin to box for the cause of the heathen."

The saloonist meant to lift him over one of the tables at the first blow, but the blow was warded off handsomely, and the little old man sighed:

"Ah—um! The heathen walk in wickedness and they have souls to be saved!"

"Look out now!" cried the saloonist, as he got in a left-hander.

"Verily, I will, and I will give thee one in return—for the heathen."

He struck a staggering blow, and the saloonist didn't feel quite so enthusiastic as on the start. He took the defensive, and he soon had all the work he could do.

"That's another for the ignorant minds on the far-off shore!" as he knocked the saloonist against the wall.

There wasn't any "science" about him, but he struck to kill, and his arms were flying around like the spokes of a wagon-wheel.

"Don't crowd a feller," called out the saloonist as he was being driven back, and he got mad and put in his hardest licks. He meant to smash the little old man's nose as flat as window glass, but he could not do it. He got in two or three fair hits, and was beginning to regain his courage when the aged stranger sorrowfully remarked:

"My friend, the heathen call, and I cannot tarry much longer. Take this one, and may it broaden your views on the heathen question. Receive this one in the spirit tendered, and you may be sure the $5 shall be a beacon light as far as it will go."

He delivered two sledge-hammer blows, right and left, and the saloonist got the last on the car as he dodged the first. He went over in beautiful style, and as he slowly regained his feet he felt in his vest pocket for the wager.

"If you'll come around here to-night and do that again I'll double the money!" he growled, as he paid the wager.

"My road points towards Bosting," softly replied the old man, "and I cannot tarry. Let us part friendly, for I only boxed thee for the heathen's sake. I gave to thee, thou hast given to the heathen, and now, farewell!"—*San Francisco Call.*

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MEAT BALLS.—Chop very fine cold meat of any kind, and soak the same quantity of bread-crumbs; mix them together with an onion chopped very fine, if the flavor of onion is liked; season with salt and pepper, a little nutmeg and allspice; mold together with one egg; form into balls and fry in boiling fat.

CORN BREAD.—Take one pint of sifted corn meal and stir into it one teaspoonful of saleratus and half teaspoonful salt, then add two well-beaten eggs, one pint sour milk, and three tablespoonfuls sour cream; beat about five minutes, and put about half an inch deep in the pan to bake; if you have no cream, use about a tablespoonful butter or lard; bake thirty-five minutes.

LEMON CREAM PIE.—One quart of milk, three cupfuls sugar, yolks of four eggs, one cupful flour; mix the flour with some of the milk, then boil the rest and mix this with it; flavor with grated rind of a lemon; bake; make a frosting of the whites beaten to a froth with a cup of sugar and juice of the lemon; brown in a hot oven. This makes two pies.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Purchase a small piece of shin, with some meat upon it; put into the vessel that you make the soup in four quarts of water, with salt, boil three or four hours, then add a teacupful of rice, one carrot grated, one turnip cut in pieces, one leek, cut a stalk of celery, little pepper; just before serving for the table, take out the shin, removing the meat, which you cut in small pieces, put the meat into the tureen and pour the soup over it; send to table to be eaten with catsup or spiced sauces.

CURRANT JELLY.—Take ripe cherry currants, place on the fire to get thoroughly heated. When cool enough, strain through a coarse crash towel till the seeds are dry. Measure the juice into a clean porcelain pot, let it boil five minutes hard, then pour over the sugar, which has been previously measured into a stone jar large enough to hold sugar and juice. Stir constantly while pouring on the syrup, and from the bottom, till every particle of sugar is dissolved. Use granulated sugar, one pound to a pint of juice. Have the jelly-glasses all ready, as the jelly often forms while stirring. This makes splendid, clear jelly, very firm, and will keep two years. Make it about 4th of July.

BOYS WANTED.—Men are wanted. So they are. But boys are wanted—honest, manly, noble boys. Such boys will make the desired men. Some one has declared, and truly, that these boys should possess ten points, which are thus given: 1. Honest. 2. Intelligent. 3. Active. 4. Industrious. 5. Obedient. 6. Steady. 7. Obliging. 8. Polite. 9. Neat. 10. Truthful. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some most important points, but they will soon be vacant. Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thought suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts, the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night.

"Have you any boned-turkey?" asked a hungry-looking customer in a Nevada restaurant. The proprietor laid his hand on his revolver, and cried: "No insinerations here, young man; we're honest here and don't bone nothin'."

GARDEN TOPICS

I have often transplanted grape vines as late as the 1st of June, after the leaves were as large as a dollar, and they did well. The leaves will wilt and drop off, but new ones will grow speedily; and in the fall the vines are apparently as good as if set earlier; but the proper time to set them is in May before the vines have leaved out. Never buy old vines, thinking to obtain a crop of fruit a year or two earlier than from those two and three years old, the limit in age that vines should be reset. Cuttings set to produce young vines should be shaded a little with hay or grass till they take root, which is not till late in June. When the thermometer is in the nineties in the shade, the heat of the sun will often kill the buds of cuttings that have not taken root. As the canes to your old vines grow, so as to be in danger of being broken off by high winds, they should be tied to the trellis; and a watch kept on them till July, tying the new canes as needed. Most vines overbear, and if the smallest clusters be cut out, so as to leave about two-thirds of the fruit that set, the remainder will be better in quality, and equal to the whole quantity, if none had been cut out.

Beans, melons and squashes may be planted as late as July 1, and will produce good crops. The succession of peas and green corn should not be neglected. Plant corn every two weeks till July, and peas till the middle of June, and they should be planted considerably deeper in hot weather than in the spring. Good crops may be grown in rows three feet apart without any bushing, but they yield better by bushing. Make the drills so that the peas will cover a width in the drills about three inches wide. Winter cabbages should not be set before July 1st, and it should not be grown two years in succession in the same place. If your currant bushes are attacked by worms, as they are in many localities, white hellebore is a sure remedy. A spoonful dissolved in a pail of water and sprinkled upon the bushes from a watering-pot will be effective; but be careful that this solution does not go upon your strawberries in fruit, as it is a strong poison. You can kill the slugs on your dwarf pear trees by the use of this current-worm remedy. Paris green operates in about the same way. When you have done cutting your asparagus it should be allowed to go to seed, and not disturbed till fall. It is advisable to grow all of your own seeds, and then you have what you can depend on. A part of a row of peas should be saved for seed or a few hills of corn, and a single cabbage, carrot, beet, parsnip, turnip, &c., will supply all the seed needed in an ordinary garden. Tomatoes are much benefited by bushing them to keep the vines off the ground. Cut brush about two feet high when set, and stick down four of them when your tomatoes begin to need support quite close to the plants, and you will see how finely the plan operates. If you have celery plants, it is not necessary to set them in trenches, as was the old custom, but they may be grown on the surface of the ground; and at the proper time the earth may be banked up against them, as is done by market-gardeners by running a double mould-board plough between the rows. In working your garden "take time by the forelock," and don't allow the weeds to get ahead of you. A clean, well cultivated garden is an ornament to a place, and the garden is generally an index to the habits of its owner. T. M. MINER.

Linden, N. J.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Cleopatra's Needle is to be removed at last from Alexandria to England, and the following account of the method to be adopted is given by the London *Times*:

"The sand is to be cleared away and the obelisk set square parallel with the existing sea wall. An iron cylinder finished off to a chiseled edge, with sufficient diaphragm to give it strength, is to be constructed round the obelisk, which is to lie in the long axis of the cylinder, and to be wedged and calked where it passes through the diaphragms so as to divide into water-tight compartments.

"The cylinder is to be ninety-five feet long by fifteen feet in diameter, and will have a draught of nine feet of water when afloat. All being water-tight, it will be rolled into the sea, and across the sandy bed of the water till it floats. It will then be turned over and the man holes at the top opened and about thirty tons of ballast put in to keep the ends vertical, so as to act like stem and stern. It will then have two bilge keels, a rudder, light spar deck, mast and lug sails attached, and be provided with an anchor and good chain cables, and, if necessary, a pump in case of leakage. The cylinder ship will then be fit to go to any port of the world with its freight and in any weather.

"The cost of this operation will amount to about $15,000. The obelisk in its case will be towed over during the summer months and laid aside the Thames Embankment on a platform properly prepared and lifted high enough to clear the parapet, and the bilge keels and other additions being stripped off, the cylinder will be rolled to the proposed site and then stripped off the obelisk, which will be ready to be elevated to its pedestal, an operation which will be simply effected by means of a few balks of timber and two small hydraulic rams. The whole cost is not to exceed $50,000, and that of the obelisk at Paris is said to have been $400,000."

Tyndall the scientist, dwells in the Alps and prosecutes his studies from a lofty eyrie. By next season he will have built himself a 'mountain home' among his beloved peaks and glaciers. The spot he has selected is in the centre of a region of unrivalled beauty and interest. From the Bel Alp, hard by the upper valley of the Rhine, and not far