THE
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CLEARFIELD, PA.
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CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.
PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.
TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.
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JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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All legal business promptly attended to. Office on Second street, in the Masonic building. jan10,'77

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
e26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

S. V. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office one door east of Western Hotel building, opposite Court House.
sept.5,'77. CLEARFIELD, PA.

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. jan'7 '[illegible]

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WREDLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'77 Clearfield, Pa.

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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. jan1'77

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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,
o11.1'73 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

REED & HAGERTY,
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, FARM IMPLEMENTS,
Tinware, Nails, &c.,
aug1,'77 Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.

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

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug1076

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.

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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,
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OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 19, 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. 2Jly'72

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr14'75-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.

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 19,'75.

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

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.

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. [*jy10'72

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. my29:1ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
8-1'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

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

WARREN THORN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
In the shop lately occupied by Frank Short, one door west of 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.17-71tf.

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.

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

J. R. M'MURRAY
WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE. COME AND SEE. (2:5:73y.)
NEW WASHINGTON.

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.

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.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.
The undersigned would inform the public that he has removed his Boot and Shoe Shop to the room lately occupied by Joe. Dearing, in Shaw's Row, Market street, where he is prepared to attend to the wants of all who need anything in his line. All work done by him will be of the best material, and guaranteed to be first-class in every respect. Repairing promptly attended to. All kinds of Leather and Shoe Findings for sale.
JOHN SCHRIEFER.
Clearfield, Pa., July 18, 1877-6m.

Clearfield Nursery.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep26 '68-y Curwensville, Pa.

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.

E. WARING'S
LAW BLANKS
For sale at the Clearfield REPUBLICAN office.
The most Complete Series of Law Blanks published.
These Blanks are gotten up in superior style, are of uniform size, and furnished at very low figures for cash.
Call at the REPUBLICAN office and examine them. Orders by mail promptly filled.
Address, GOODLANDER & LEE,
July 25, 1877-tf. Clearfield Pa.

JOHN TROUTMAN,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
MATTRESSES,
AND
Improved Spring Beds,
MARKET STREET, NEAR P. O.
The undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Clearfield, and the public generally, that he has on hand a fine assortment of Furniture, such as Walnut, Chestnut and Painted Chamber Suites, Parlor Suites, Reclining and Extension Chairs, Ladies' and Gents' Easy Chairs, the Perfected Dining and Parlor Chairs, Cane Seats and Window Chairs, Clothes Bars, Step and Extension Ladders, Hat Racks, Scrubbing Brushes, &c
MOULDING AND PICTURE FRAMES,
looking Glasses, Chromos, &c., which would suitable for Holiday presents.
dec10'72 JOHN TROUTMAN.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Life is full of ups and downs—
Valleys, plains and mountains;
Not forever are our tents
Pitched by pleasant fountains.
Sometimes in the burning sun,
Sometimes in the shadow;
Now we climb the rocky steep,
Now we tread the meadow.

Life is full of ups and downs—
Made of gains and losses;
Flowers that grow on prickly stems,
Crowns that hang on crosses.
Summer breezes fan our cheeks,
Wintry blasts affright us;
And when snow's white mantle rends,
Spring's fair sights delight us.

Murmur not at ups and downs,
They are needful changes;
He can never err in aught
Who thy lot arranges.
Seek not as the highest good
Thy content and pleasure;
Wings have they to fly thee still—
Seek a better treasure.

Wouldst thou make life's ups and downs
Easier seem and brighter,
Share thy fellows' heavy load—
Thine shall be the lighter.
Smooth the pillows of the sick,
Sweet shall be thy slumber;
Blessings shall it bring to thee—
Blessings without number.

Who would dread these ups and downs,
Since they bring us nearer
To the outer wall of life,
Where the light grows clearer?
Nearer to the heart of him
Who, with gentle guiding,
Leads through all life's weary ways,
Unto peace abiding.

Love can take from ups and downs
All the pain and trouble;
For the joy we gave away
Comes back more than double;
Love to Christ and love to man,
And a heart forgiven,
Make the ups and downs of life
Just a path to heaven.

—*The Gettinger and Artisan.*

MARK TWAIN'S WAR RECORD.

HE TELLS IT ALL IN A SPEECH AT THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE BANQUET AT HARTFORD.

I wouldn't have missed being here for a good deal. The last time I had the privilege of breaking bread with soldiers was some years ago with the oldest military organization in England, the Ancient and Honorable Artilley Company of London, somewhere about its six hundredth anniversary; and now I have enjoyed this privilege with its eldest child, the oldest military organization in America, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, on this their two hundred and fortieth anniversary. Fine old stock, both of you; and if you fight as well as you feed, God protect the enemy. I did not assemble at the hotel parlors to-day to be received by a Committee as a mere civilian guest. No; I assembled at the headquarters of the Putnam Phalanx and insisted upon my right to be escorted to this place as one of the military guests. For I, too, am a soldier. I am inured to war. I have a military history. I have been through a stirring campaign, and there is not even a mention of it in any history of the United States or of the Southern Confederacy. To such lengths can the envy and malignity of the historian go. I will unbosom myself here, where I cannot but find sympathy. I will tell you about it and appeal through you to justice. In the earliest summer days of the war, I slipped out of Hannibal, Mo., by night, with a friend, and joined a detachment of the rebel General Tom Harris' (I find myself in a great minority here) army, up a gorge behind an old barn in Ralls county. Col. Ralls, of Mexican war celebrity, swore us in. He made us swear to uphold the flag and Constitution of the United States, and to destroy every other military organization that we caught doing the same thing, which being interpreted means that we were to repel invasion. Well, you see this mixed us. We couldn't really tell which side we were on. But we went into camp and left it to the God of battles. For that was the term then. I was made Second Lieutenant and Chief Mogul of a company of eleven men who knew nothing about war—nor anything, for we had no Captain. My friend, who was 19 years old, six feet high, three feet wide and some distance through, and just out of the infant school, was made orderly sergeant. His name was Ben Tupper. He had a hard time. When he was mounted, and on the march, he used to go to sleep, and his horse would reach around to bite him on the leg, and then he would wake up and cry and curse and want to go home. The other men pestered him a good deal, too. When they were dismounted they said they couldn't march in double file with him because his feet took up so much room. One night, when we were round the camp-fire, some fellow on the outside in the cold said: "Ben Tupper, put down that newspaper; it throws the whole place into twilight, and casts a shadow like a blanket." Ben said: "I ain't got any newspaper." Then the other fellow said: "Oh, I see; 'twas your ear." We all slept in a corn-crib; on the corn, and the rats were very thick. Ben Tupper had been carefully and rightly reared, and when he was ready for bed he would start to pray and a rat would bite him on the heel. And then he would sit up and swear all night and keep everybody awake. He was town-bred and did not seem to have any correct idea of military discipline. If I commanded him to shut up, he would say, "Who was your nigger last year?" One evening I ordered him to ride out about three miles on picket duty, to the beginning of a prairie. Said he, "What, in the night, and them blamed Union soldiers likely to be prowlin' around there any time?" So he wouldn't go, and the next morning I ordered him again. Said he: "In the rain? I think I see myself!" He didn't go. Next day I ordered him on picket duty once more. This time he looked hurt. Said he: "What, on Sunday; you must be a d——d fool." Well, picketing might have been a very good thing, but I saw it was impracticable, so I dropped it from my military system. We had a good enough time there at that barn, barring the rats and mosquitoes and the rain. We levied on both parties impartially, and both parties hated us impartially. But one day we heard that the invader was approaching. So we had to pack up and move, of course, and within twenty-four hours he was coming again. So we moved again. Next day he was after us once more. Well, we didn't like it much—but we moved—rather than make trouble. And this went on for a week or ten days, and we saw considerable scenery. Then Ben Tupper's patience was lost. Said he: "War is not what it's cracked up to be. I'm going home if I can't ever get a chance to sit down a minute. Why do these people keep us humpin' around so? Blame their skins, do they think this is an excursion?"

Some of the other town boys got to grumbling. They complained that there was an insufficiency of umbrellas. So I sent around to the farmers and borrowed what I could. Then they complained that the Worcestershire sauce was out. There was mutiny and dissatisfaction all around, and, of course, at such a time as this, the invader, must come around pestering us again; as much as two hours before breakfast, too, when no one wanted to turn out, of course. This was carrying the thing too far. The whole command felt insulted. I detached one of my aids and sent him to the Brigadier and asked him to assign us a district where there wasn't so much bother going on. The history of our campaign was laid before him; but instead of being touched by it, what did he do? He sent back an indignant message and said: "You have had a dozen chances inside of two weeks to capture the enemy and he is still at large. (Well, what of that!) Stay where you are this time or I will court-martial and hang the whole of you." Well, I submitted this brutal message to my battalion and asked their advice. Said the Orderly Sergeant: "If Tom Harris wants the enemy, let him come here and get him. I ain't got any use for my share, and who's Tom Harris anyway, I'd like to know, that's putting on so many frills. Why, I knew him when he wasn't anything but a darned telegraph operator. Gentlemen you can do as you choose. As for me, I've got enough of this sashaying around so'st you can get a chance to pray, because the time is all required for cussing, so off goes my war-paint. You hear me!" The whole regiment said with one voice, "That's the talk for me." So there and then, on the spot, my brigade disbanded itself and tramped off home, with me in the tail of it. I hung up my own sword and returned to the arts of peace, and there were people who said I hadn't been absent from home yet. We were the first men that went into the service in Missouri; we were the first that went out of it anywhere. This, gentlemen, is the history of the part which my division took in the great rebellion, and such is the military record of its Commander-in-Chief, and this is the first time that the deeds of those warriors have been brought officially to the notice of humanity. Treasure these things in your hearts. And so shall the detected and truculent historians of this land be brought to shame and confusion. I ask you to fill your glasses and drink with me to the reverent memory of the Orderly Sergeant and those other neglected and forgotten heroes, my footsore and travel-stained paladins who were first in war, first in peace and were not idle during the interval that lay between.

ATTEMPT OF NAPOLEON TO CROSS THE RIVER DANUBE IN MAY, 1809.

The immediate problem which has to be solved by a General who attempts to carry an army across a river which is defended by the enemy is how to throw over, at some point or other, before the adversary shall have had time to make dispositions to prevent him, such a force as shall be able to hold its ground and beat off attack until the whole army shall be safely transported across the river in rear of the screen thus formed. The time, therefore, required by large bodies of troops to file over a bridge becomes an important element in the calculation, and, consequently at the present moment the following details of the actual passage of a large army across the Danube will not be without interest. In May, 1809, Napoleon determined to crossthe Dannbe and attack the Austrian army, which, having been defeated on the right bank, had retired to the north of the river. Various considerations, political as well as military, induced him to select Vienna as the town in the neighborhood of which the attempt should be made, and the actual spot chosen by him was where the river is divided into two branches by the island of Lobau. Of these two arms the more southern is the wider, the northern one having an average width of 120 yards. The force at the disposal of Napoleon amounted in round numbers to 90,000 men, while the opposing army under the command of the Archduke Charles was about 100,000 strong. Keeping his design secret, Napoleon was able to occupy the Island of Lobau without opposition. Bridging materials had been prepared, and in three hours, on the 20th of May, communication was established by means of fifteen pontoons between the island and the left bank. Before dark a division of light cavalry under General Lasalle, a division of infantry under Molitor, and a division of voltigeurs under Boudet, in all 13,500 men, had filed across, and, as the enemy had not become aware of Napoleon's enterprise, were able to take up a strong position without being molested. But now the bridge gave way. The whole night was spent in the work of repair, and it was not until morning that the passage of the river could be resumed. During the early part of the forenoon of the 21st, Mazulax's cavalry, Espagne's cuirassiers, Legrand's division of infantry, and some artillery, in all about 9,000 men, crossed over; when again the bridge broke. The Danube, which had risen three feet on the 20th, had risen four feet more during the forenoon of the 21st. In a few hours, however, communication was again established, and in the evening St. Cyr's division and St. Germain's cavalry were brought across, so that by nightfall Napoleon had altogether 30,000 men on the enemy's bank of the river. By this time the Austrian commander had received information of Napoleon's movements, had assembled 36,000 of his troops, and already, at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, had begun an attack upon the French advanced guard. This latter was disposed in a strong position in the villages Essling and Aspern, and until these were captured it was impossible for the Austrians to penetrate between them and reach the head of the bridge. For five hours the French defended themselves with the utmost obstinacy. Half of Molitor's division, which held Aspern, had fallen. The survivors were beginning to waver, when, lucky for them, the Archduke Charles, seeing that no more French troops came up from the bridge, which had not yet been repaired, and thinking that he had done enough in staying the debouche of the enemy, and that he could more easily and more certainly crush them on the morrow, when his own force should have received reinforcements, gave orders to camp-firing; and during the night the prospects of Napoleon were in truth gloomy. For the the third time the bridge leading from the right bank of the river to the island of Lobau broke, the Danube having risen yet another seven feet, or fourteen feet in all. The damage was, however, once more repaired, and before daybreak Oudinot's two divisions, the guard, St. Hilaire's and Demot's troops, in all 30,000 men, had begun to cross. By noon on the 22d Napoleon had 60,000 men on the enemy's bank. But by this time the Austrians also had been reinforced, and, advancing to the attack, pressed the French hard. At this critical moment the news reached Napoleon that once again, and for the fourth time, the bridge from the right bank to the island had been swept away, being this time so much damaged that there was but little prospect of being able to restore it. Thus the Emperor found himself deprived of any chance of receiving further reinforcements; the force of artillery across was but small, ammunition was running short, the men were suffering severely from the Austrian onslaughts and heavy fire, and St. Hilaire and a host of his officers were killed. All that remained to be done was to endeavor to save his army from complete annihilation by withdrawing it across the small arm of the river to the island of Lobau. Lannes was ordered to cover the retreat, and lost his life in fulfilling his task. The Austrians made no vigorous pursuit, and by the morning of the 23d the French had once more placed the northern arm of the Danube between themselves and the enemy, having lost 16,000 men in the two days' fighting.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

PRAISE AND FLATTERY.

There is no one who does not like to receive the approval of others. The young and old, the rich and poor, those who are educated and those who have no education, are sensible of its influence and stimulated by its bestowal. Praise may sometimes be mistaken for flattery, and flattery for praise; but they are as different from each other as the purest diamond from the basest imitation. True praise springs from a candid feeling of admiration of a worthy deed or act of merit. It comes from the heart, and has an existence there before it issues from the lips. It is an honest expression, and generous tribute of pleasure in what is of value. There is no relation in life when honest praise is not of benefit.

On the other hand, flattery is a decided harm. Flattery is the expression of what was never felt, a hypocritical attempt at approval, and a base endeavor to accomplish some selfish end. It is easily distinguishable, and is alike degrading to him who stoops to give it and him who bends servilely to receive it. Yet, let no one mistake praise for flattery. If the one is despisable, the other is noble and generous. Words of love and approval have brightened and gladdened many a life that would otherwise have been passed in loneliness and discouragement.

Many who have made a mark in the world would have risen to still higher greatness if words of praise had been bestowed to cheer and strengthen them in their struggle, and not kept back until after they had passed where they were of no benefit. How much better would it be to lavish some of the praise on the living that so often rises to the lip, than to wait until after death, when it is too late to encourage or to inspire to new efforts. A truly generous and high-minded man is quick to recognize and willing to acknowledge every real excellence in those with whom he mingles.

There is no telling how much good is lost to mankind by the gloomy spirit that keeps praise and outspoken approval from those who are truly deserving of it. A father and mother, husband and wife, or brother and sister, do not refrain from expressing their displeasure when felt, whether felt justly or unjustly; but when an effort is made on the part of another to give pleasure, or after some act of filial or fraternal self-sacrifice, or service cheerfully rendered, how seldom are loving thanks or expressions of appreciation bestowed as a reward.

Such employers frequently find fault on many trivial occasions, but scarcely ever heed the daily cases of fidelity and energy that come under their observation. Such indifference often does a great deal toward impairing the fidelity and depressing the energy that might have been strengthened and confirmed by a few timely words of approval. There is no relation in life when honest praise sincerely rendered will not produce rich fruits of happiness by spreading the sunshine of gladness and encouraging new efforts in the performance and duty.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.—Several weeks ago, a lady, with a bright face and a pleasing manner, elegantly dressed, arrived in Columbus, O., and after tasting at a hotel, went to a station-house to apply for a lodging. She was given a cell on the first floor, with the privilege of the prison, and she immediately began to brighten the lives of the poor prisoners. She made a decisive onslaught on the cockroaches and the bedbugs by scrubbing her cell again and again. When the woodwork was as neat as soap and water could make it, she hung some pictures on the walls, and every day she has a bouquet of fresh flowers. She has books in her cell, and sometimes she takes a short walk, but whenever there is anything to be done for any prisoner, she is ready to do it. When a drunken woman is brought in and laid on the floor, the strange lady busies herself during the night in bathing the poor creature's head, rubbing her hands and feet, and bringing her to her betterself. The expense to the city of keeping this ministering angel in its prison is not great. She lives on bread and water.

PLAIN TALK TO A GIRL.—Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz: A mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hairbrush, nail and tooth-brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner hour is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may, or may not be, anything better than calico, but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

When Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prop the fallen credit of one of his acquaintances, he replied: "The man was my friend when my friends were few, and I will be his now that his enemies are many."

CONGRESS GOES TO A HORSE RACE.

The Senate and House adjourned over Wednesday of last week, the 24th inst., because neither body was exactly ready for business, and besides that some the members wanted to have a little sport.

The progress of Old World civilization in the Western Hemisphere, writes a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, was never so strikingly illustrated as it was here in Washington to-day (Tuesday, Oct. 23d), when the House of Representatives adjourned over until Wednesday, in order that the members might attend the great four-mile race to-morrow at Baltimore, between Ten Broeck, Tom Ochiltree and Parole. The Senate was prepared to do likewise, notwithstanding its grave and reverend character, and Senator Cameron had a special car at the depot to take over the Senatorial party at ten o'clock in the morning, when word was received that the race had been postponed for twenty-four hours. Even within a year or two the American people have been astonished at the adjournment of the British Parliament to attend the Derby. What must now naturally be their surprise to learn that the resolution of adjournment was the suggestion of both Democrats and Republicans, and was designed to give the members an opportunity of witnessing the great contest between the rival horses of the East and South. The conversation in the Senate chamber was even more hilarious than on the floor of the House. Imagine the grave and dry Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Judge Edmunds, of Vermont searching for a Senator with whom he could pair to-morrow, that he might go to Baltimore on some private business, and when he found the Senator who would pair with him, expressing surprise that so many Senators had business in Baltimore on the same day. It was jocularly remarked that it was election day, and the Senate was going to colonize voters. Mr. Cox, of New York, said he had been invited to go over and help support Dr. Mudd, one of the candidates for the Maryland Legislature, and he was inclined to go over, but not for that purpose, however, because the politicians would be sure to throw mud at him in after years. Like Senator Edmunds, he had a little business which he wanted to transact. A member of the Senate Judiciary Committee was appealed to not report the nomination of General Harlan for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

"What!" exclaimed the Senator, "transact business while Tom Ochiltree is trying to beat Ten Broeck! What are you thinking about?"

The friend of the General merely replied: "I have a little business in Baltimore to-morrow, and I don't want to be absent when his name is reported."

"Rest easy on that subject, I am looking for a pair," said the Senator with the red bandana, "that I too may attend to similar business. It is astonishing how many Senators have business in Baltimore."

Senator Cameron had his special car not only stocked with refreshments, but it was to be switched on to the Northern Central line and run close to the race track.

"What did they ever name a horse Tom Ochiltree for?" asked an old-fashioned Senator. "He was once a United States Marshal in Texas. Was he fleet of foot?"

The answer of a Kentucky horseman settled the question. "Did you ever hear the expression, 'He can lie as fast as a horse can run?' Well, that was Tom Ochiltree's forte, and hence the belief that no horse named after him could be beaten. How much will you bet?" Being of the Colfax school of statesmen he declined to take any bet or accept the invitation of Senator Cameron to journey to Baltimore.

SHEEP AND TURNIP HUSBANDRY IN ENGLAND.

Hand-in-hand the husbandries have done more for agriculture than aught else since the world was civilized. It is the immense quantity of turnips, mangel wurzel, and swedes eaten by sheep on the land, that chiefly keeps up the fertility of the arable soil, and causes the yield of wheat, barley, oats, beans, and peas to increase to double the number of bushels which were formerly grown. This has been done, too, while in the United States exactly the opposite has been accomplished, for here the yield of wheat, barley, and oats has become less than half what was grown in days of yore. The housing of sheep by night, in Summer, is a great detriment to the pasture they feed on, and the severity of the Winters in the North, making it necessary to take the turnips off the land where grown, to be eaten in barns is a drawback to the chief benefit of the crop for improving and renovating the soil.

Ingenuity is a characteristic of the American nation, and the men who shall invent a movable sheep pen, affording shelter so that sheep can be kept daily moved all over the fields, as the crop is eaten, will be a benefactor to his country, have his name handed down to posterity, and as a still sharper spur to ingenuity, gather in the shekels abundantly; for, although the manure is good when made under cover, yet there is loss of urine, loss of time in hauling the turnip crop, and again in carting the manure. When this is made practicable, the swedes can be put into heaps of a load or two, on the field, just as is done in England, and covered with earth sufficiently thick to keep out the frost. Then, with a crowbar or like implement, it will be easy to break into the heaps, cut them up with a machine, and feed exactly as is always done in England, in the open field.

The South will, doubtless, eventually be the great sheep producing place, and there turnips can be grown and consumed by the sheep; but, by improving the grass land and contriving to have food pastures opened to them in Winter, and encouraging the best varieties of grass for a permanency, very little roots of any kind would be necessary, as any quantity of mutton and wool may be produced from stimulation by corn, peas, or grain. Nevertheless, a heavy crop of swedes given to a flock of sheep intended for the butcher, will bring them out in the Spring riper by a good deal, and not only will there be better and more mutton, but the wool will be correspondingly improved.

Sheep and turnip husbandry must be generally adopted in the United States to save the country from becoming a barren wilderness, for to such a condition it is, in reality, coming slowly but surely.—*George Gardner in the Rural New Yorker.*

"An Arkansas tombstone is ornamented with a six-shooter." Probably the deceased wanted to make sure to have some weepin' o'er his grave.

WILD MEN AND DOMESTICATED SNAKES.

In the Island of Rhio the resident assured me there were wild men who lived in trees and had no language but cries; and in Sumatra, the resident of Palembang said there were men who lived in the forests, with whom not only the Europeans, but even the Malays, could have no intercourse. He himself had never seen one. Yet, strange to say, they have a petty trafic with the outer world, yet not through the medium of speech. They live in the woods and live by the chase. They hunt tigers, not with the gun, but with arrows which they blow out of a tube with such force, and which are so keen of point, and touched with such deadly poison, that a wound is almost immediately fatal. These tiger skins or elephant tusks they bring for barter—not for sale—for they have no anything, for money is about the most useless thing they could have. They cannot eat it, or drink it, or wear it. But as they have wants they exchange; yet they themselves are never seen. They bring what they have to the edge of the forest, and leave it there, and the Malays come and place what they have to dispose of and retire. If the offer is satisfactory, when they return again they find what they brought gone, and take what is left and depart. If not, they add a few trifles more to tempt the eyes of these wild men of the woods, and so at last the exchange is effected, yet all the while the sellers keep themselves invisible.

But it these (elephants) are uncomfortable neighbors, there are others that are more so—the reptiles, which abound here as in India. But familiarity breeds contempt, or indifference. The people are not afraid of them, and hardly notice them, but speak of them in an easy sort of way, as if they were the most harmless things in nature—poor innocent creatures, which might almost be pets in the family, and allowed to run about the house at their will. Soberly, there are certain domestic snakes which are indulged with these liberties. Said Mr. K.: "I was once visiting in Sumatra, and spending the night at the house of a friend. I heard a noise, and asked, 'What is that?' Oh, nothing they said; 'it's only the serpent.' 'What! do you keep a family snake?' 'Yes,' they said; 'it was a large black snake which frequented the house, and as it did no mischief and hunted the rats they let it roam about where it liked.' Thinking this rather a big story, with which our friend might practice on the credulity of a stranger, I turned to the resident of Palembang, who confirmed it. He said this domestication of serpents was not uncommon. There was a kind of a boa that was very useful as an exterminator of rats, and for this purpose the good Dutch housekeepers allow it to crawl about or to lie coiled up in the pantry. Sometimes this interesting member of the family was stretched out on the veranda to bask in the sun—a pleasant object to say strangers who might be invited to accept hospitality.—*Dr. Field, in the Evangelist.*

SUCCESSFUL BEE CULTURE.

Those persons who expect to make bee-keeping a success should keep a watchful eye on their colonies, and provide them with receptacles for storing surplus honey. Careless bee-keepers often lose much by neglecting to do this in season, thus condemning their colonies to a very unwilling idleness. Some bees work in boxes readily, while others do not. Those last mentioned may be induced to do so by giving them boxes containing comb, with the bees and comb in it, and put it on the lazy hive. This will generally have the required effect, for "example is more powerful than precept." As fast as the receptacles are filled and the honey capped they should be removed, so that the delicately white comb may not be soiled by the travel of the bees. All pieces of white comb should be put into the sample boxes; it can be easily fastened by putting the edge of the comb against a warm griddle until it melts, and holding the boxes upside down, sticking it to the top. Where no extractor is used, the best use that can be made of the white drone comb is to cut it up and use it in this way.

Too much space for surplus should not be given at once; the bees may not have heat enough to utilize it. Put on one box, and see if that is well-filled with bees before putting on another. At night, by putting the ear against a hive, we can easily ascertain whether the bees are making much honey; if they are satisfied with their day's labor we shall hear the sweetest of all music to an apiarian—the happy, satisfied hum of plenty and contentment—and the apiary smelling of the sweetest perfume—an elixir composed of the nectar of ten thousand flowers—

"Native perfumes and whispers whence they stole those balmy days."

Pains should be taken to prevent the bees from raising an excess of drones. All the old combs that are to be given to new colonies should have the drone comb cut out and workers put in its place. This can be easily done by first cutting out the drone comb, then laying the frame upon the worker comb, cutting it to fit the place where the drone comb was cut out. If it is cut a very little larger, and gently pressed into the place, it will remain without fastening. I once had a swarm that would persist in building a drone comb. I did not want so many nurseries for

"The lazy fathers of the industrious hive."

I would cut it out, and by the next day it would be built again. As a last resort I took away the worker combs, confined them to a small space in the hive, and then to save their own existence they built the worker combs.

The season thus far has been favorable for agriculture, and now our hives are teeming with industrious workers. If Professor Tice's weather prediction does not go back on us we may expect fair returns, and "all will be merry as a marriage bell."—*Prairie Farmer.*

A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a-half years. Drawing her upon his foot stool, he imagined himself both the engine and the conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after "Patterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top! I des I'll dit out here." A cute sister.

It is told of a young lady in Newark, that her jealous admirer sent back her letters,