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

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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G. R. GOODLANDER,
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Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 52--WHOLE NO. 2,555. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1878. NEW SERIES--VOL. 19, NO. 3.

Cards.

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. [6jy18'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,87

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

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,
9:16'73 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. Slate building a specialty.
P. O. address, Clearfield, Pa. jan.17-77tf.

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. (8:h:72y:
NEW WASHINGTON.

WEAVER & BETTS,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Saw Logs,
AND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
Office on Second street, in rear of store room of George Weaver & Co. [jan9 '78-tf.

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

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 25, 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 Jos. 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 SCHIEFER.
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,
sep20-6m.3 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 Perforated Dining and Parlor Chairs, Cane Seats and Windsor Chairs, Clothes Bars, Step and Extension Ladders, Hat Racks, Scrubbing Brushes, &c
MOULDING AND PICTURE FRAMES,
oaking Glasses, Chromos, &c., which would suitable for Holiday presents.
4mo19'72 JOHN TROUTMAN.

Cards.

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Court House. ap 25,77-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. y:pd

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House [jy11,'67

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
a26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Old Western Hotel building, corner of Second and Market Sts. [nov21,66.

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

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. jan1'7

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

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Fitz's Opera House, second floor. 9:19'74

CHARLES C. LEIDY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Osceola Mills, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Legal business of all kinds attended to. Particular attention paid to the procuring of bounties, pensions, &c.
Nov 21, 1877 1y.

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

WM. M. MCCULLOUGH, PRES. G'L. BUCK.
McCULLOUGH & BUCK.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office on Second street, in the Masonic building. jan16,'77

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

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.

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:'73tf.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug1876

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 5 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Meat, Feed, etc., etc.
apr1'75-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.

"WONDER WHO THEY'RE FOR?"

My ma's been working very hard,
And also very sly,
And keeps her sewing out of sight
Whenever I am nigh.
I asked her once what made her stop
Her work when I came in;
She said she only stopped to get
A needle, thread or pin.

The bureau drawer next to mine
Is locked both night and day,
And when ma wants to open it
She sends me off to play.
I stole a peep one afternoon,
Although it was not right;
But, oh! the little things I saw
Were such a pretty sight!

The cutest, nicest little clothes—
Just big enough for doll;
But then I know they're not for her—
She needs them not at all.
I know they're not for ma nor pa,
Nor me nor brother "Tim,"
For we can't wear such little clothes;
I wonder who they're for?

—*Phil'a Times.*

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

There is no question about facts in the case we are going to relate, wonderful as they may appear to the incredulous. By more than one competent witness who knew the parties and the circumstances they can be authenticated. They read like a romance, and would form a capital foundation for a first-class sensational novel. They remind one forcibly of the trite adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and seldom has the truth of the proverb been more strikingly illustrated. Cases of mistaken identity are not uncommon, but instances where the deception is so complete in all the minute details of voice, features, form, manner, &c., are indeed rare. There have been many instances where an accidental general resemblance has temporarily imposed upon persons to whose loss and injury it was used, but generally the imposter has been discovered and punished. The story we are about to relate is not of that character. It is true that the imposter was at last exposed, but so close was the resemblance of the party to the one he impersonated, in every particular, that even the most intimate relations with him developed no suspicion that all was not right. We believe that there is but one case of the kind on record, of which we shall speak anon. In the following narrative we avoid the real names of the parties referred to, we assure our readers it is not because we do not know them, and can not, if we would, verify the statement at once by the publication of the names in full, but for the other, and to us sufficient reason, and among which is the fact that there are other incidents of the story we have been unable to get, and in giving the names we would inevitably spoil future developments of the most interesting character connected with this remarkable case.

About seven years ago there lived in Lewisburg, a suburb of Covington, a loving wife and a devoted husband. Their little home was happy and comfortable, but work grew slack, and in search of better employment in a larger and more inviting field, the husband bade adieu to his cozy cottage, kissed his wife a reluctant good bye, and started for Chicago. He left with a hopeful heart, and strong in the belief that his fortune waited him in the Garden City, but what appeared to him as the most promising venture of his life proved to be his bane and ruin.

It was the most unfortunate journey he ever took, and he arrived at its end at the most unfortunate time he could have selected. The great conflagration was at the time raging in the doomed city, and everything was in commotion. People were flying terror-stricken from homes, and goods of every description were scattered in the highways and byways of the city.

Falling in with a man whose resemblance impressed and attracted him, the twain went over the scene of destruction together. Our Covingtonian was, in common parlance, "hard up," all kinds of goods were lying around him in profusion and apparently neglected, and the temptation was too strong for him and his companion. They appropriated some of the articles to their own use and were discovered and arrested.

In due time their trial came off, and they were convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, one for six years, and the other, the stranger, for four. In pursuance of their sentence, they were sent to the State Prison, and, arriving there together, convicted together, for a crime committed together, they were naturally assigned to the same cell. Here, during the weary months of confinement, they solaced each other by cultivating a more intimate friendship, and in the course of time they became almost as one, family, history and the secrets of each others life being exchanged, until one knew as much about the other as though they had lived all their lives together. Little did the Covingtonian know to what this intimacy would lead, or probably, much as he loved his new friend, he would have cut out his own tounge rather than have given him an iota of the information that prompted him to plan and enabled him to successfully carry out his subsequent imposture.

At the end of four years the stranger was released and shortly afterwards appeared at Covington. A single inquiry sufficed to direct him to Lewisburg, and he soon found the anxious family of the man whom he left in the Illinois penitentiary. She had almost given him up for dead, not having heard from him for so long a time, when the stranger came before her and claimed her for his own. She was startled, of course, but the likeness inclined her to admit his claim, and facts he mentioned that none but she and her husband could know were still further proof of his identity. Still, she was cautious, and was not averse to punishing him a little for his neglect of her. Her relatives, therefore called in, and a family consultation was held. The result was what might have been expected. The wife was told that she ought to know her husband better than anybody else, and, if she thought the person then laying claim to her wifely duty and love was the one to whom she had pledged them at the sacred altar, she should go with him; unless, indeed, she felt so aggrieved by his long absence without communicating with her that she felt she could no longer love him and live in happiness with him. "Why had he not written?" The answer was prompt and plausible—that he had, during his entire absence been very sick in a Chicago hospital. That was a reasonable excuse, especially among people of limited means, and the wife, at length, abandoned all of her feminine objections, and, as she supposed, took again to her bosom the one to whom she had sworn conjugal fealty.

Time passed, the stranger under the husband's name occupying the husband's place; a child was born to them, and to all their life seemed reasonably blest. Did he count the months, the days, till the release of the other should bring his imposture to light? There is no way of ascertaining what his thoughts and plans were, but it is evident that, whatever they were, they were put all "agee" by the arrival of the detained convict sooner than was expected. He had, probably by good behavior, earned a month or so of his time, and was released that much sooner than the time at which his termwould regularly have expired. Suddenly he, the real husband, appeared upon the scene. The result may be imagined, what one who finds his sacred rights thus usurped would create, and a wife would expect, though innocent of intentional wrong. Yet, though deceived and betrayed, she could not cast off at once and with bitterness the father of her own child, and the one to whom she had already learned to look for help and comfort; and on whose strong arm and affectionate care she had learned to depend. Placed side by side, she distinguished the true husband from the false; and knew and acknowledged her duty; but she could but stand between her companion of the two happy years and the vengeance that was due to his imposture.

There were criminations and recriminations, of course, and threats, that almost grew to blows; but at length the turbulent spirit that the fraud had excited in the injured husband's breast subsided, a calmer feeling succeeded the rage of passion, and the matter was talked of freely and fully by all three. There was the child's reputation to save, and then the wife's—and the husband's too, for that matter. What the result of all the consultations was we are unable as yet to say. We only know that all parties suddenly moved to Cincinnati. A hurried flitting across the river, and there we lose the thread of our history, though we are promised that it shall not end at this point.

We gather these facts, as we have before stated, from authority that is not to be questioned, and we are satisfied that the story is substantially true. As further confirmation, however, a reporter of the Commonwealth yesterday evening visited Lewisburg and heard from the lips of friends of the parties the most of the story repeated as given above. He also learned of the too sudden departure to the Buckeye State.

Cases of mistaken identity are among the most wonderful records of the history of jurisprudence, and perhaps the one most remarkable of the history of jurisprudence, was the famous French case that was developed in the trial of the case of "The Emperor against Arnand du Tihl." In this case the close resemblance of two persons came near baffling a most severe and protracted judicial scrutiny. The dispute lay between Arnand du Tihl and Martin Guerre, and the trial was had in 1580. Martin Guerre married a woman of Artigues in 1850. Having afterwards a dispute with his father, he saw fit to leave his family, and absented himself for eight years, without giving them any information as to where he was. At the expiration of that time a person afterwards asserted to be Arnand du Tihl, appeared, and represented himself to be Martin Guerre. So closely did he resemble the absent man, in features, stature and complexion, that he imposed effectually upon Guerre's wife as her husband, and lived with her for over three years, during which time she had children by him. For the same length of time he succeeded in deceiving four sisters and two brothers-in-law of Martin's, so that no suspicion was entertained of his identity.

At length circumstances led one Peter Guerre, an uncle of the real man, to suspect the real character of Arnand du Tihl, and he was arrested and tried. During the trial, sixty witnesses declared that so strong a resemblance existed between the real and fictitious Martin Guerre that it was impossible to say which the prisoner was. There were forty witnesses who testified that the prisoner was Martin Guerre, and they based their belief upon intimate acquaintanceship and association since infancy with him. Over one hundred questions were asked du Tihl on the trial, and he answered each one correctly.

The Judge pronounced the sentence of death upon the prisoner, from which sentence the prisoner appealed to the Parliament at Toulouse, who order.d the accuser and accused to be confronted in the open Court. A great number of new witnesses were introduced, and a majority testified that it was the real Guerre, while others were unable to say certainly whether it was or not. The prosecution proved by twenty-five witnesses that it was not Martin Guerre, but Arnand du Tihl, which, they said, they were better enabled to do because they knew both persons intimately. On the other hand there were thirty-five just as positive that it was the real Guerre, and not du Tihl, because they had known both intimately, and had eaten and drank with each other. Among the latter were four sisters of Martin Guerre, and two of their husbands.

The most of the witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre had two strokes under his right eyebrow, and that his left eye was bloodshoot; that the nail of his first finger was crooked, and that he had three warts on his right hand and another on his little finger—all of which marks were visible on the prisoner.

The Parliament began to doubt, and was about to reverse the decision of the inferior court, when the real Martin Guerre appeared on the scene. The prisoner at first treated him as an impostor, and did it with such effrontery and boldness, saying that the man had been hired by the prosecution, that the question was still one of doubt. At length, however, du Tihl acknowledged himself the impostor, and before his death made a long confession, from which it appeared that while abroad he had been taken for Martin Guerre, had determined to take advantage of the error, and it was from the person who first mistook him for the other that he obtained all the minute particulars concerning Guerre and his relatives which enabled him to personate the absent man so successfully, and to sustain the searching examination to which he was subjected, without failing in a single particular. This case will be found in "Burrill on circumstantial evidence," 646, 647 and 648

This is probably the most remarkable case of mistaken identity on record, although we have had several cases in the modern times, notably the very recent one of the Tichborne claimant, where the mother of Sir Roger Tichborne herself identified the impostor as her son.—*Covington Commonwealth.*

THE LEGEND OF CURTIUS.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

It was a summer day in Rome. The lurid sun shone angrily through the thick air. A feeling of distress and languor oppressed the souls of all.

In the West a black mass of cloud lay piled heavily. It had been creeping, like some fierce beast, slowly and stealthily up the sky since morning.

Now, like some huge thing of evil, some demon or afrite of the air, it stood above the Forum and gloomed sternly down upon the heart of Rome.

That heart was beating more fearfully than was its wont, for the old men said: "It is like the stillness that precedes an earthquake.

"Or like when Etna vomits forth its red-hot lava, and Vesuvius flings up its ashes and scoria, as if it would desolate the world."

The people left the open spaces of the Forum; they clustered in the vaulted basilicas, and under the arches of triumph.

And in the sacred temples of the gods; for though they worshipped blindly, they also really worshiped the One Father, seeing Him in many images, as through a clouded glass.

But the All Father rejects the sincere worship of no human soul: He accepts the gift, even when offered through ignorance in the name of Jupiter and Apollo.

Suddenly a bolt of lightning shot from out what seemed the right hand of the cloud demon, and the statue of Romulus, the founder, tumbled from its pedestal

Then the city was shaken with the shock of earthquake; the triumphal arches and the temples quivered.

The people hastened from their houses into the streets. They implored with cries and prayers the mercy of the gods

And in the forum a great chasm was seen to open. When they gained courage to approach its sides and look down they could discern no bottom.

And from the chasm ascended a vapor of sulphurous smoke, as if it might be the forming crater of a volcano.

Then the Senators of Rome gathered together, and they asked of the Augurs and Soothsayers what these things could mean.

And how the terrible chasm could be closed, that it might not grow into a volcano belching forth fire and lava and ashes.

And the Diviners and Soothsayers took counsel together, and thus they made answer:

"The gods are angry with us, oh Conscript Fathers, because we have neglected to pay them due homage.

"Now, let the most precious thing in Rome be thrown into the chasm, and we shall thus appease the wrath of the great gods."

Then the question ran from mouth to mouth, "The most precious thing in Rome? What is the most precious thing in Rome?"

And some said it was the public treasure. But others said it was the fairest woman—Julia, the only daughter of Marcus Curtius.

And the people smiled approvingly. "Yes, the sacrifice of a beautiful virgin had ever been the most precious gift that could be offered to an offended god.

"Thus, Hesione, the daughter of Laomedon, King of Troy, had been offered by her father to the sea monster, to assuage the righteous wrath of Neptune.

"For Neptune had built the walls of his city, and yet he refused to pay him his just due.

"And Iphigenia had been offered up by her father Agamemnon, when the Grecian fleet lay idle, becalmed at Aulis, that the offended goddess Diana might be appeased."

But the father of Julia, Marcus Curtius, reputed to be the bravest man in Rome, giving a short sigh, stepped forward, and thus addressed the people:

"No, my fellow-citizens and Romans! neither is the public treasure, nor a fair, weak girl, the most precious thing in Rome.

"That thing is surely the most precious which Rome could not be Rome a single year without.

"It is not the gold of Rome; were that wrested from us, our strong arms could easily procure us more.

"It is not our beautiful maidens, for were they all dead, the sons of those who took the Sabine women could not long want for wives.

"The most precious thing in Rome must be its noblest citizens; distinguished above all the rest for wisdom or for daring."

And the Augurs said: "He has spoken truly. The bravest and noblest citizen of Rome is the most precious thing within its walls. And thou, Marcus Curtius, art the man."

And the people all joined in the verdict, shouting, "Thou hast spoken truly; and thou, Marcus Curtius, art the man."

Then Marcus Curtius looked on his daughter, and smiled a triumphant smile.

And as she fell back senseless, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her, and bade his servants bear her to their home.

Then he arrayed himself in his finest suit of armor, and took his sword and his shield, and mounted his favorite war horse.

And, uttering a prayer to the gods, with a proud, sweet smile on his face, he rode up to the chasm, and forced his horse to take the fatal spring.

Down he plunged into the unfathomable gulf. One moment he was there, and then he had utterly vanished.

Only those who stood nearest, as the hero descended, heard a clear voice ringing up from the abyss:

"*Dulce et decorum, est pro patria mori!*" How sweet and glorious it is to die for one's country!

They crowded fearfully to the sides of the yawning chasm, and looked down into the seething vapor. But they could see nothing but that curling winding sheet of death.

The sacrifice, however, was accepted; for the sides of the abyss drew slowly together, and the chasm was no longer seen.

And the spot where that chasm opened, in the centre of the Forum, may be viewed by the curious stranger to this day.

Shall we of America disbelieve the legend, when we, too, have had our chasm open before all eyes?

Not as with Rome, did it open only in the forum. It gaped wide also across a continent.

Neither would our chasm close again without its costly tribute of the most precious possession of the land.

Not one Curtius only, but tens of thousands, as brave and grand as he, leaped, in complete armor, into its terrible depths.

So it is always in the history of nations. The fabric is kept together by the prayers of the good and the sacrifices of the brave.

Our abyss has closed up; but where are those who leaped into the chasm and gave their lives gladly that their land might live?

Let us not forget what our country has cost us, nor deal with its destinies lightly, as if a great nation were the chance product of an idle hour.

Let us remember what multitudes of noble and chivalrous souls have plunged into the unfathomed abyss of death, "that governments of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A CURIOUS DEATH.

A MAN KILLED BY A PIECE OF FLYING STEEL THE SIZE OF A SPLIT PEA.

On Friday last about noon, a man named John Hevel, while working in the quarries near the Henry Clay Furnace, was seen to stagger by his fellow-workmen and then fall. He was picked up, and seemed all right, and said that he had been hit in the neck by a piece of stone. He then fell down again, and became unconscious. The workmen did not know what was the matter with the man and on examining his neck they found only a mere scratch, but discovered that the veins began to swell. Dr. H. E. Norris was summoned, and he had the man taken to his house, which is in the rear of Engwicht's hotel on Front street.

The doctor saw that Hevel was past all human aid, but summoned Dr. Craig, of Columbia, for consultation, and after lingering until 1 o'clock on Saturday morning Hevel died.

Deputy Coroner E. D. Roath summoned Messrs. Abram Summy, J. K. Fidler, John Naylor, F. K. Curran, Sohn H. Fidler and Samuel F. Frey to act as jury, and appointed Drs. Norris, Craig, Houston and Withers to hold a post mortem examination. They found that while Hevel was engaged in breaking stone, he was struck on the right side of the neck by a piece of flying steel, the size of a half a split pea, from the hammer of a fellow-workman. It penetrated the neck about an inch and a half obliquely forward below the angle of the jaw, just escaping the main trunk of the jugular vein, penetrating to the carotid artery, which it pierced, making an incision about the fifth of an inch across that vessel. The elasticity of the artery caused the bit of steel to deflect its course, in which it severed a number of the branches of the jugular. Passing on, it struck the clavicle, or collar-bone. It was arrested about an inch below the clavicle and beneath the skin, from which place it was removed by Dr. Norris as soon as the patient was seen. The hemorrhage was entirely sub-cutaneous and sub-muscular, none appearing externally. The blood from the severed veins soon filled the loose cellular tissue of the whole neck, distending it enormously, while that from the wounded artery formed a sack, or pouch, pressing fearfully against the trachea, or wind-pipe. Drs. Houston and Craig were called to a consultation and the conclusion was reached that the case was beyond the help of medical skill. The wisdom of this diagnosis was fully established by the post mortem examination.

The jury then rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death "by being struck in the neck, accidentally, with a piece of flying steel from the hammer of a fellow-workman, at the quarries at Chickies, cutting a number of branches of the jugular vein, causing strangulation from inward hemorrhage."

Mr. Hevel was a man about sixty-eight years old, and leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his loss.—*Marietta Times.*

PLANS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

Next to knowing how to do things, the most important part of housekeeping is in arranging for them to get done. Many women accurately acquire the arts of sewing, cooking and housework, and can meet thoroughly well any one of their several requirements; but the true housekeeper is she whose mind is always in advance of the thing she has in hand—who sees her whole week's or her whole season's work before her, and whose domestic machinery appears to run by itself, simply because everything has been so admirably provided for beforehand that there are no stops, no hitches and no friction.

Such women as these are the housekeeping geniuses, the domestic Napoleons of their respective circles. It is no use for them to sniff at other women, and declare that they could do the same if they only chose to. They *couldn't!* and for the simple reason that they have not the organizing faculty to the degree which such housekeeping implies. There are natural housekeepers, just as there are natural musicians or natural mathematicians, and the merely "made" housekeeper is no more the same thing than is the made musician the equal of the spontaneous one. But one great function of people of genius is to create the standard for the people of talent, and what many housekeepers would never have done out of their own heads they can imitate after having had their attention called to it.

When, for instance, the warm May and June days come upon Mrs. B——and find her still struggling with her Spring and Summer dresses, and with nothing really suited to the season to appear in, if her serene friend, Mrs. C——comes in to pay a call, looking as fresh as a rosebud in all the bravery of cool fabrics and delicate colors, and the very latest cut in overskirts, our behindhand friend must remember the contrast next season and engage her dress-maker and seamstress a month earlier. If, again, Mrs. B. has company to dinner and fails to do everything that *can* be done about it the day before, so that on the day itself she is sure to find she has left too many little odds and ends to be attended to, and is barely able to scramble into her dress before her guests arrive, the next time she will begin her preparations two days, instead of one day, before the dinner and thus allow herself ample time for rest and toilette on *the day* itself. And so she may go through life, finding out by little and little that *nothing* in her small kingdom can be trusted to take care of itself, but that everything, without exception, that makes its appearance there *successfully* must first have passed through the alembic of her brain. It is no less unjust than it is bad taste to scold and blame servants and children because things do not go right. No doubt the temptation to do so is very great, for it does seem sometimes as if they *might* have remembered—as if they *might* have reflected! But, in fact, it is not their business to "think." Their province is only to obey, and the woman has yet to begin to be that wonderful artist, a "good housekeeper" who does not realize that she, and she alone, is responsible for all the thought and planning that goes to make a family comfortable.

BOILED FISH.—Clean the fish thoroughly and put it into a kettle of boiling water, on a tin strainer or a plate. (There should be sufficient water just to cover the fish.) Salt the water well, put on the lid, and let the fish simmer gently on the side of the range for from twenty minuets to three-quarters of an hour, acording to the size of the fish. Skim it occasionally, and when the skin of the fish is cracking it is done. While the fish is boiling make the sauce as follows: Put a dessert-spoonful of corn starch into a small saucepan, and mix it into a smooth paste with a little cold water. Add to it half a pint of the water in which the fish was boiled, place on the fire and stir briskly until it boils and thickens. Take it off of the fire and flavor it with a teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice (the latter is the nicer), and season with pepper and salt to taste. If brown sauce is preferred, brown a little sugar by melting it over the fire in an iron spoon, and stir it into the sauce. Serve the fish on a hot dish, and pour the sauce into a sauce-boat to go up with it.

COD OR HADDOCK, STUFFED AND BAKED.—Wash a cod or haddock clean in cold water and dry it in a cloth. Grate some bread-crumbs, wash a sprig of parsly, dry it and chop in finely. There should be about a desert spoonful. Take a small sprig of thyme and marjoram, strip from the stocks and chop up finely. There should be about a teaspoonful. Mix all the herbs with two tablespoonfuls of the bread-crumbs Season with pepper and salt, and add to it two ounces of finely chopped suet. Stuff the fish with the mixture and sew it up. Break an egg into a plate, brush the fish over with it and roll it in bread crumbs, covering it well all over. Put some clarified dripping into a tin pan and lay the fish into it. Bake it for from half to three-quartes of an hour, *basting it frequently* with the dripping.

AMENITIES OF WAR.

HOW M'CLELLAN AND CUSTER TREATED AN OLD WEST POINT COMRADE.

In the Summer of 1862 when Generals McClellan and Joe Johnson were commanding the two opposing armies in the attack and defense of Richmond, a freak of fate or decree of destiny ordered a singular coincidence in the situation of the Northern and Southern cadets. Custer was acting on General George B. McClellan's staff and his former friend on that of General Joseph E. Johnston, each as aid to the commanding Generals of the Northern and Southern armies. On the day of the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, the Confederate commander was severely wounded by a shell, and his place afterward filled by General Lee. The same day Johnston's young aide was captured by the enemy while in the discharge of his duty, and taken to McClellan's headquarters as a prisoner of distinction. He had been known to the Federal general when at West Point, and being courteously recognized was treated with much consideration. Here, too, he met several young officers who had been cadets at the same time with him, by whom he was welcomed with much cordiality and glee—kindest and most cordial was Custer. It was a singular, a striking scene; one that merits description among the incidents of a sectional war. The blue jackets greeting the gray, foes meeting as friends, hands clasping kindly that were armed in deadly strife against each other. Just a small green spot in the dreary desert of war. To Custer's care McClellan especially consigned the young Confederate officer, with the charge, given in a serio-comic tone, that, "The prisoner should not be treated very severely, but allowed a cigar and other refreshments occasionally." So that night there was rather a jollification in one of the headquarters tents which the party occupied. Rehearsing scenes at West Point in which they had mingled, "skylarking" at Benny Haven's, and other hap-hazard frolics, stories of study and drill, and mutual inquiries for friends scattered South and North amid the ranks of the contending armies. Afterward, when the Confederate prisoner was ordered to be sent to Fort Delaware, in parting with his acquaintance again, Custer, his generous guardian, suddenly struck with a kind thought, exclaimed impulsively; "You must have some money, Jim; those pictures in your pockets (Confederate currency) don't pass up there;" and in spite of the earnest protest of his friend, who assured him he could readily draw on relatives in Baltimore for needed funds, finding it impossible to persuade him to take the money he offered, stepped up and stuffed some notes in his vest pocket, *nolens volens.* Such acts are only prompted by a noble heart. During his detention at General McClellan's headquarters, while one day the Federal and Confederate officers were seated together under a tree, an itinerant artist seized on the striking effect of the singular situation and promptly portrayed them in a photograph. As an amusing and appropriate addition to the scene, Custer had a negro boy seated at their feet; putting, as he said, laughingly, "the irrepressible conflict between them." This picture attracted much notice from the press at the time with the singularity of the circumstances and incidents attending upon the meeting of the two young men.—*Philadelphia Weekly Times.*

HOUSE PLANTS.—Dust, insects, dry air and over-watering are the principal difficulties they have to contend with. By arranging some light covering to put over them while the room is being swept, and an occasional syringing in the bath tub, kitchen sink, or elsewhere, supplemented by sponging the leaves of all smooth-leaved plants, this great enemy to plant health may be kept under.

Insects may be mainly kept off by hand picking and a brush; if needed apply tobacco water, or arrange a box or barrel in which they may be thoroughly fumigated with tobacco smoke.

Over-watering kills more plants than dryness. Pots in the house, especially the handsome glazed ones, should be provided with abundant drainage—broken pots, cinders, oyster shells, anything to make an open layer at the bottom; then a layer of moss, to keep the earth from washing down, and then a soil made so open by sand that it will always allow the water to pass through. With these precautions there is no danger, but where the surface of the soil is muddy an hour after watering, there is something wrong, and plants will not thrive.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE DOUBLE STANDARD.

When one picks up the leading Eastern dailies, he sees the assumption set up that gold alone is the currency in the most general use throughout the world. This may be a matter of ignorance with some of them, but with others it is a false statement made knowingly. The following table, which was prepared by the *Stockholder*, a leading financial publication, tells a very different story:

Under Gold:	Population.
Great Britain	32,000,000
Canada	4,000,000
Australia	2,000,000
Portugal	4,250,000
Turkey	20,500,000
Persia	5,000,000
Brazil	10,000,000
Argentine Republic	1,800,000
Egypt	8,000,000
German Empire	41,000,000
Sweden	4,250,000
Denmark	1,800,000
Norway	1,750,000
Chili	2,100,000
Japan	33,000,000
Total	189,450,000