THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
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The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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VOL. 52—WHOLE NO. 2,562. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1878. NEW SERIES—VOL. 19, NO. 10.

Cards.

JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES—We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty-five cents: mail a copy to any address.

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Clearfield, Pa.

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CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House.

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

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Court House.

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

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

WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding.)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Office in Fleming's Opera House, second floor.

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Legal business of all kinds attended to. Particular attention paid to the procuring of bounties, pensions, &c.
Nov. 21, 1877 ly.

McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank.

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

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 Fie's Opera House.

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; had with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28, '73-tf.

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

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 13, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr1'66-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.

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

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Krider's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Wines, Fresh ales, etc.

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 to suit.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 19-'75

Cards.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb27'78

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. [*]y16'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. ap'r4,'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.
8.772 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
Dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards, SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1073 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.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'72 CLEARFIELD, PA

J. R. M'MURRAY
WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE. COME AND SEE.
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. 1,10-71

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 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 SCHIVER.
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, Asiatic Cruab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep20 6:-) 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 24, 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, Cribbes Sofas, Step and Extension Ladders, Hat Racks, Scrubbing Brushes, &c
MOULDING AND PICTURE FRAMES,
of all sizes and patterns, Looking Glasses, Cornices, &c., which would make valuable and lasting presents.
JOHN TROUTMAN

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay;
We would pause, when now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling,
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring,
We would hasten with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us,
Closely pressed to say good bye,
Which among the lips that kiss us,
First should 'neath the daisy lie;
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears;
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew that lives are darkened
By some thoughtless word of ours,
Which had ever lain among them
Like the frost among the flowers,
Oh! with what sincere repentance,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
Would we cry—*forgive, forget.*

If we knew—alas! and do we
Never care or seek to know,
Whether bitter herbs or roses,
In our neighbors' garden grow?
God forgive us, lest hereafter,
Our hearts break to hear him say,
"Careless child, I never knew you,
From my presence flee away."

[Communicated.]

EQUALIZATION OF TAXES.

The County Commissioners are frequently asked—"How does it come that the harder the times are, the higher the taxes are?" I presume this question is not prompted so much by a conviction that the taxes are really higher than they formerly were, as by the fact that the questioner finds it *so much more difficult to pay his taxes*, whether they be more or less than they were in good times. Having had an inside as well as an outside view of this subject, and being one of the parties interrogated, I feel that I am justified in giving a public answer to a question of public interest. Taxation is at all times a burden, but it is a "necessary evil," and must be borne as patiently as possible. So long as society exists it has a right to protect itself, and to this end governments are necessary. Governments, State, county or municipal, cannot be organized and administered without revenue, and this must be derived from the property of the citizens. But those who administer the government should see to it that the taxes for that purpose are assessed equally, collected impartially, and disbursed judiciously.

I. Are the county taxes higher than they were in good times? There are some reasons why they should be as the following comparison will show:

	1870.	1877.
No. of crim'l cases enter'd	68	155
No. com'ted to Co. prison	40	110
Cost of maintaining prisoners	$2,050.91	$4,474.86
Com'th costs paid by Co.	782 69	5,105.71
Grand & traverse Jur's fees	4,708 24	5,598.35
Counsel assigned prisoners to C.	$7,940 97	$15,178. 2
No. of mulct in tax fold	10	5

So it would appear that the harder the times are the more it costs to preserve the peace.

II. Are the taxes assessed *equally?* I am compelled to answer in the negative. One reason is that the law on the subject is defective. Another is that the law as it is, *is not complied with.* It is an unpleasant fact to contemplate, but it is nevertheless true, that the law as it stands, virtually exempts the rich, and throws the burden of taxation upon those least able to bear it. I will mention a few examples. The rich man may convert his property into government bonds and escape taxation entirely, or he may turn banker and pay one per cent. on his capital, or, under the law of April 4, 1868, he may invest it in mortgages on real estate and escape taxation in that way. There are several other ways that the same thing may be accomplished, but the above is sufficient to indicate my meaning. *The Assessors do not do their duty.* First, In reference to State tax. On assuming the duties of their office they obligate themselves to "use their utmost diligence and ability to discover and ascertain all the property within their districts, take accurate account of the same, and honestly and justly assess and value all property according to the laws of this Commonwealth," and the law directs them to "assess all salaries and emoluments of office, * * * all mortgages, money owing by solvent debtors, articles of agreement and accounts bearing interest, * * * all household furniture above $300 value, all stock and shares in any bank, * * * all loans or investments, on interest, buggies, carriages, watches, &c., &c." The Assessor then goes to Mr. "A," who has the reputation of having money at interest, bonds, fine furniture, watches, &c., and asks him if he has any such, and the prudent financier blandly tells him that he has "just disposed of the same." The obliging Assessor then passes on to Mr. "B," who, with nine children, and two old horses, is trying to scratch a living out of a hillside, and faithfully lots down both horses and the cow that gives milk for the poor man's children. That I may not appear to do the Assessor injustice—and I would not willingly do so—I refer to the Triennial assessment for 1877. We find the whole value of furniture and plate in the county returned at $7,757.00—$6,151.00 of that being returned from Clearfield borough—the balance from Curwensville. Now, who believes that there is so *furniture outside of Clearfield and Curwensville?* Again, we find but 91 gold lever watches returned, and 44 of them from Clearfield and Osceola boroughs, and but 47 from all the balance of the county. We also find but 71 silver lever watches, while 22 boroughs and townships, representing 4,566 taxables and 18,000 population, do not return a single watch of that kind, and only 65 of any kind—only three watches to a township—while one township of 602 taxables returns but two watches, and one of 608 taxables and about 2,500 inhabitants does not return a single watch of any kind.

Who is so "child-like and bland" as to believe for an instant that such figures constitute a "true and correct return according to law?" The result of such assessment is that the county, in 1877, only received $544.79 revenue from that class of property, from which the State tax is supposed to be raised. The State officials knowing this to be the case, assessed this county for State purposes $2,190.00 in the lump. Now, law requires that the State assessment shall be paid at once out of the funds provided for that purpose, but if no funds are provided, then *it shall be paid out of any money in the Treasury.* So that there is about $1,645.21 tax each year taken off the luxuries of life and added to the necessaries by this system of negligent assessment.

Second, As to county tax. An unfounded, and it seems to me a foolish notion, is abroad that the less *valuation* the less *tax.* This mistaken idea has given rise to a pernicious system of valuation as devoid of manliness as it is suicidal in practice. It consists in giving property a fictitious valuation—one-third, one fourth or one-fifth its true value. Each Assessor seems to imagine that through this chicanery *his* township will escape with *a little less* county tax than his neighbor's. He then makes his return to the Commissioners and says, "Our people are perfectly satisfied with the assessment as it stands, but they will not be satisfied if you change it"—utterly ignoring the fact that the law compels the County Commissioners by oath and under penalty of a fine to equalize and harmonize if possible these illegal and wild assessments. (At the last Triennial assessment farms in Bell township were valued at about their full worth, and in Girard at about one-tenth of their value.) The result of the attempt of the Assessors to undermine each other, is that the County Commissioners, in equalizing assessments, reach *a low average for the county.* They are then compelled to lay an extra mill or two on such low valuation in order to raise sufficient revenue to defray the expenses of the county for the next year. This brings the Assessors just where they started. They have made endless trouble for themselves, the Commissioners, collectors and taxpayers, and gained no advantage after all.

Another difficulty arises in the valuation of unseated lands. Non-resident owners of land are continually complaining that their timber and coal lands are taxed higher than farms adjoining, and intimate that the Assessors are unjustly discriminating against them. Whether this is true or not I do not know, but it appears to me that when a land owner will not look at $100, or $150 per acre for his coal or timber lands, he ought not to complain if it is assessed at twenty or twenty-five dollars per acre, especially as for the twenty years preceeding the last five he paid almost no tax on the same lands, and it is only simple justice that he is now called upon to pay his due proportion of the county taxes. But the fact his taxes are onerous now to *what they were,* causes him to threaten to strip the land and then abandon it to the county.

There is just one straight, honest road out of all this difficulty, and that is—*assess everything at its actual value*—just what the law requires—*and then, and not until then, will the burden of taxation be borne equally.* The writer of this has long deplored the evils of the present system, (or rather lack of system) and in his official capacity used his influence to correct the wrongs growing out of it, and would, if he had the power, correct them at once.

III. Are the taxes collected impartially? I fear not. Taxes in this county are collected under a special act passed March 18, 1870, which makes the Treasurer Collector, and obliges the Constables, under a penalty of fifty dollars, to collect the residue after the Treasurer has skimmed the cream off. The trouble is that the Constables are often responsible persons, and either do not collect the money, or else fail to pay it into the Treasury when collected, and when the county attempts to force collection, the Constables' bail is found to be worthless, and thus the delinquent taxpayer often escapes, throwing the burden on him who *does* pay. To remedy this evil the County Commissioners have petitioned the Legislature to repeal the special law under which the taxes in this county are collected.

IV. Are the county funds raised by taxation judiciously disbursed? I confidently assert that they are. It has been the aim of the writer to hold the balance even between the man who pays the taxes and him who presents a claim upon the Treasury. This has often proved a difficult and delicate task. I regret to be compelled to say that frequently bills of the most extortionate and illegal character have been presented for payment, persistently pressed, and even legal aid sometimes called in to carry the point. Under these circumstances the Commissioners have been obliged to closely scrutinize all bills presented, and frequently incur the displeasure of the parties presenting them by cutting them down to lawful and reasonable limits. This has probably been done to the extent of twenty-five per cent. of the total amount of bills presented, and has been the cause of much complaint, but the Commissioners acted conscientiously and believe that the taxpayers will sustain their action.

Any extended remarks, however, on this point, are not necessary, as the County Auditors have passed upon this subject and published their report, while the Commissioners confidently offer in comparison with that of any other county in the State.

Recognizing the right of the taxpayer to ask the question at the head of this article, I have tried to answer it candidly, and trust I have done so satisfactorily. HARRIS HOOVER.
CLEARFIELD, PA., March 4, 1878.

AFFECTING SCENE IN A SALOON.

One afternoon in the month of June, 1870, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a little child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N——. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and prompted by curiousity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar, and addressing the proprietor, she said:—

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am not able to work."

He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place, begging, but, without asking any questions, gave her some change, and turning to those present, he said:—

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you help her a little."

They cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was made up and put into her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir," said the lady, "I know it isn't a proper place for a lady to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you, in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the counter labelled "whisky,"—that is what brought me here—whisky. I was once happy and surrounded with all the luxuries wealth could produce, with a fond, indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist the temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home was forever desolate, and the kind husband and the wealth that some called mine, lost—lost, never to return; and all by the accursed wine cup. You see before you only the wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child;" and weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisit loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued:—

"Sir, the reason why I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in this deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Do you know the money you take across the bar is the same as taking the bread out of the mouth of the famishing? That it strips the clothing from their backs, deprives them all of the comforts of this life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime and desolation into their once happy homes? O! sir, I implore, beseech and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself, but to your fellow-creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery, the unhappiness and suffering it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered, in a voice husky with emotion, "but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the little girl—who, mean time, had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen want me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"

They all joined in the request, and placing her in the chair, she sang, in a sweet, childish voice, the following beautiful song:—

Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam;
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
No one cares for me, no one would cry
When I pour little Bessie should die.
Weary as I tired I've been wandering all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small, they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head;
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble began;
Mother grew pale, and wept every day;
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Oh why they faded, till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white
Then with big tears slowly dropping, I said,
"Father's a drunkard and mother is dead."

Oh! if the temperance men could only find
Poor, wretched father, and talk very kind;
If they would step him from drinking, then
I should be very happy again.
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread;
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

The game of billiards was left unfinished, the cards thrown aside, and the unemptied glass remained on the counter; all had pressed near, some with pity-beaming eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and from her lips sunk deep into the hearts of those gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her shoulders, and looking so trustingly and confidingly upon the gentlemen around her, the beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of this earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother, and entreaties of friends to strive and lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both hands in his, while tears streamed down his cheeks, exclaimed, in deep emotion:—

"God bless you, my little angel. You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there are angels on earth, you are one! God bless you! God bless you!" and putting a note into the hand of the mother, said:—

"Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay; and remember, whenever you are in want, you will find me a true friend;" at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but, pausing at the door, said:—

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any one could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed:—

"Gentlemen, that lady was right, and I have sold my last glass of whisky; if any one of you want any more you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drank my last glass of whisky," said a young man who had long been given up as sunk too low ever to reform, and as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare.—*Sel.*

THE TRAMP INHERITANCE.—Eighteen years of Radical misgovernment has bequeathed to us an inheritance never dreamed of by anybody while the Democratic party ruled the State and the Union. To illustrate: Mr. E. O. David, Superintendent of the Crawford county Poor House, relieves himself in very plain English on the tramp question. He says in his annual report to the Directors:

"Tramps are getting to be an intolerable nuisance. There is scarcely a night but we have more or less; sometimes as high as fifteen or sixteen dirty, lazy, lousy, able bodied tramps; and as there is no place provided for them, we are obliged to admit them into the house with the lawful inmates. We have no place for them to sleep but in the sitting room, and as most of them are lousy, it is impossible to keep the inmates clean. They are worse than a pestilence. They crowd an already overcrowded house. They demoralize the inmates fearfully with their dirty songs and smutty stories, and their very presence is an insult to honest poverty, and they never should, under any circumstances whatever, come in contact with the inmates of the Poor House. My opinion is that if we had a small house on the farm for tramps, and had them arrested under the vagrant act of 1876, and sentenced to five or ten days labor, it would not be long before tramps would be scarce around these parts. At least it would not be very expensive to give it a trial."

UNION PACIFIC R. R.—A GREAT MONOPOLY.

It appears that notwithstanding the charter obligations of the Pacific Railroads great injustice is being done to millions of our citizens by the refusal of the Union Pacific to pro-rate with the other connecting roads. The road now known as the Union Pacific is a line 1,032 miles long, extending from Omaha to Ogden, and it assumes to control traffic, being a connecting link and the only means of communication for a distance of about half its length. Its discriminating charges are simply outrageous and intended to bankrupt other roads, while it most seriously abuses the people, grossly violating its charter.

Hon. J. B. Chaffee, of Colorado, in his place in the United States Senate, recently discussing the course of the Union Pacific Railroad and its branches at considerable length, directed attention to the fact that these roads were built with the means lavishly furnished by the Government; and he made among others the following surprising statements:

"The obligations imposed by Congress have been and still are totally disregarded by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and in retaliation for self defense, the Kansas Pacific Company has used the Denver Pacific to shut out the main line from the State of Colorado. While these companies are quarreling over this question the people of the country are still compelled to pay these exorbitant rates. The young and vigorous State which I have the honor to in part represent in this Chamber, is practically embargoed by the refusal of these roads to comply with the law. No article of commerce raised or manufactured can be transported west of Cheyenne without paying more for freight, even for 57 miles, than is charged from Omaha to Ogden, a distance of 1,032 miles. I select a few examples of discrimination from late tariff rates by the car-load of ten tons: On bacon, the charges from Cheyenne to Ogden exceed those from Omaha to Ogden $45; for beans, $88; for mess beef, $81; coal oil, $81; grain, $88; hides, $212.51; lard, $71.50; lumber, $70; powder, $108; sugar, $81. Excess of charges in a single train of fourteen cars for 516 miles over 1,032 miles is $1,054.49. Neither Kansas, Colorado, nor Missouri can ship bacon, mess-beef, grain, live stock, &c., via Cheyenne, to any of the Western States or Territories, and all are entirely shut out from the markets of Utah, Montana, Nevada, and other regions. Like discriminations are made by the Union Pacific Company in freight traffic by the hundred weight.

"The commerce between California and Colorado is already large and is constantly increasing, notwithstanding these villainous discriminations in freight by the Union Pacific Company. During the years 1875-'76, the crops in Colorado were nearly all destroyed by grasshoppers, and our people had to depend on California and other States, to supply the deficiency. Potatoes were purchased in Texas and shipped to Denver, a distance of over 2,000 miles, cheaper than they could be had from Ogden, in Utah, about one-quarter the distance.

On cabbage by the car-load the charges from Sacramento to Denver are $515, distributed as follows: Sacramento to Ogden, 743 miles, $195.50; Ogden to Cheyenne, 516 miles, $229.50; Cheyenne to Denver, 106 miles, $90. One firm in Denver purchased in California last year 160 car-loads of fruit, the freight rates being more to Denver than to Chicago. In car-load lots the rates from San Francisco per 100 pounds to Chicago are $1.50; to St. Louis, $1.50; to New York, $1.50; to Cincinnati, $1.60; to Denver, $1.94, or 44 cents per 100 pounds more to Denver, being 1,000 miles less distance than the nearest of the other points named. The rate on bottled beer from Chicago to San Francisco in car-load lots is $2 per 100 pounds, via the Union Pacific Railroad, distance about 2,400 miles. On one car-load of ten tons this would amount to $400. This is the published tariff rate of the Union Pacific Railroad Company; yet we find them charging for one car-load of bottled beer, in May last, $315 freight from Cheyenne to Laramie, only 57 miles west of the former place. This car-load came from the Kansas Pacific Railway and was delivered to the Union Pacific at Cheyenne. I hold in my hand the original freight receipt of the Union Pacific Company, to show the truth of this statement. These illegal and outrageous discriminations are made to compel all shippers west to traverse the entire line of the Union Pacific Company. Although the Union Pacific skirts our northern boundary nearly 400 miles and the Kansas branch traverses the State over 300 miles, the people of the State are thus, in open defiance of law, deprived of all its benefits of a through line, and to all persons traveling across the Continent Colorado is a forbidden land.

"During the month of July last it became necessary for the Government to send the Second Regiment of Infantry from Georgia to San Francisco. They went via the Kansas Pacific road to Cheyenne. From Cheyenne to Ogden, 516 miles, the Union Pacific Company charged $46.50 per capita, or nine cents per mile, being the same rate for 516 miles as for 1,032 miles. This account is unadjusted, and the papers are in the Quartermaster General's Office now pending settlement."

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

A noticeable feature of the late discussion of future punishment was the complacency with which many assumed that Christianity is bound up with austere dogmas which the liberalism of the time has remanded to the limbo of things obsolete and useless. This was because it is known to them only in the formulas of belief, and never studied as a distinct and independent entity. Christianity is a life, not a creed. Dogmas, changing with every burst of new light, are but expressions of that life as it ripens from age to age and grows to richer fruition. The man who assaults a system of these, thinking to strike Christianity prostrate, is more than Quixotic. He has not the knight of La Mancha's excuse for his folly, since the experience of thousands should have taught him better. A creed, as popularly understood, is a convenience, not a necessity. Bread is bread under any name or no name, and so is Christianity. Be it called what it may, the thing remains with eternal steadfastness in the midst of every revolution of opinion, yesterday, to-day and and forever the same. Life's forms alter, not its essence. Just what is this life? It is known by its fruits, and needs no definition. If the gentlemen who have been telling the public that Christianity is fast following mediæval Satan on his way to oblivion, would but open their eyes to what it is doing around them, they would not be so free with their information.

What is it doing? It is making the policy of conciliation possible. The elder Adams told the Abbe Mably not to attempt a history of the Revolution until he had mastered the church system of New England. The advice was wise. Religion in this country has always been hand in hand with politics. The church member is in a preeminent sense a citizen. And upon him the spirit of brotherhood descended when the smoke of battle fled away. The fraternal movements among the sects, North and South, ushered in our day of peace and good will, and it is the Christian principle which inspired those that now hold factions in check. Let us hear no more absurd insinuations that the religion of the Nazarene is perishing in the bright light of science. Deep down in the nation's heart it flourishes in immortal vigor. The policy of conciliation is the triumph of that spirit which came among men with the advent of the Galilean teachers, and not a stroke of statesmanship.

What is it doing? Besides moulding the character of a great people here, it is cutting its way through ignorance, prejudice and barbarism, to the heart of empires that were gray with age before the Genoese dreamed of a western world. The missionary zeal of the American churches is the best evidence of their abounding vitality. At a time when financial disaster has swept the country like a tropic storm, and men have all been driven to the self-denial of anchorites, money has been found to maintain the cherished cause of civilization, with which go the ideas and the hopes and the aspirations which have made us a great people. To China, to India, to Japan, to Turkey, to the land of Confucius and Buddha and Mahommed, to wherever man suffers and woman weeps, the American churches stretch their helping hands. If we measure a work by the grandeur of its object this of lifting the race to self-respect and honor and freedom stands alone in stately splendor. And that is the smallest of all small minds which allows itself to be deceived in this by satires on the weakness of some engaged in it.

These satires are generally prompted by the inexcusable supposition that distant heathen monopolize the charity which should be bestowed on those at home. Inexcusable, because agents of this wide mission work are found in every haunt of degradation throughout the land. Not the least energies of the churches are expended within sound of their Sabbath bells, in rescuing the orphan and the outcast from want and shame. And while missionaries in foreign lands are left to self-support in the developed fields, those among the blacks of the South and the pioneers and Indians of the West received money without stint; not for themselves, but for their undertakings, for schools and churches and hospitals, and whatever else is necessary to success. An equally false supposition prompts satires quite as caustic upon denominational differences. Men who trust more to their wit than to their knowledge have not learned that these differences are far less of doctrines than of methods. Within the sweep of Protestantism their is all the unity consistent with activity of thought. The era of dogma and denunciation belongs to the past. Above the fog of metaphysics has risen the unchangeable truth that Christianity means the life of God in the human soul.

Christianity is a life, not a creed. This explains it all. It is the secret of the patriotism, the benevolence, the self-sacrifice, the tireless industry in enterprises of charity, of education, of religion, which especially characterize the American churches, and which never put them to a more fiery and triumphant test than during the years still green in memory.

A WICKED BARGAIN.

Some weight is to be attached to the testimony of Mr. E. V. Smalley, as to tenor of the repeated understanding between the Louisiana Commissioners of Mr. Hayes and the Nicholls leaders prior to the withdrawal of Federal support from the Packard Government. It is a surprise, therefore, to find Mr. Smalley bearing witness to the extraordinary statement that this understanding involved a positive agreement that there should be no prosecutions for certain felonies notoriously alleged to have been committed in the election of 1876 by officers sworn to the honest discharge of duty in connection with the voting and canvass of votes. If this was true the Nicholls leaders, whose names are not given by Mr. Smalley, and the Hayes Commissioners, General Hawley and Messrs. MacVeagh, Lawrence, and others, were guilty of a high crime of which the country has been unwilling to accuse them, and the fact that they were not authorized by their principals to treat for the compounding of felonies, and that no such agreement is binding in any way, being illegal and prejudicial to good morals, does not acquit them of responsibility to the people for so great an outrage. Mr. Smalley makes the charge in unmistakable language, and, of course, the burden of proof is with him; but surely the gentlemen whom he implicates will see the necessity of explaining it by telling what agreement, if any, really was made. Unless this charge is dissipated the world will be uncharitable enough to think that Mr. Hayes sent certain worthy gentlemen to Louisiana for the express purpose of obtaining immunity for the men whose crimes brought the Presidency within his reach.—*Times.*

HEATING A TOWN BY STEAM.—A telegram from Lockport, N. Y., says the experiment of heating that city by steam, by the "Holly system" initiated there at the beginning of the Winter, has proved successful. By three miles of pipe, covered with non-conducting material, and laid under ground, through some of the principal streets, about fifty dwellings and other buildings, including a large public school, have been thoroughly warmed all Winter by steam thus distributed, and turned on or off as required by the tenant with the facility of water or gas. It is stated that dwellings more than a mile distant from the steam generator have been heated as readily as those next door. Steam metres are provided, so that the consumer pays only for what he consumes, and the rates, it is asserted, do not exceed the cost of coal and wood under the old system of heating by fires. It is claimed that the system can be developed so as to furnish steam "fifty pounds pressure, transmitted through twenty miles of pipe, thus supplying power for engines and manufactories, and steam for cooking and laundry purposes, for extinguishing conflagrations, for cleaning streets of ice or snow, or protecting hydrants from frost."

COMBATIVENESS OF BIRDS.

By a fiction of the poets birds all sing praise, if they sing at all, to the great Creator. Of course, this sounds well, and may have some moral foundation; but I can come as near proving that a catbird curses, and