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

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1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
2 squares.....15 00 | ½ column..... 70 00
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G. R. GOODLANDER,
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Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 52—WHOLE NO. 2,567. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1878. NEW SERIES—VOL. 19, NO. 15.

Cards.

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

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. 3 pd

G. R. & W. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

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

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

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Court House. ap 25,'77-1y

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

WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'77 Clearfield, Pa.

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

McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan:1:76

McCULLOUGH & BUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office on Second street, in the Masonic building.
jan10,'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. jan1'78.

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.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'76

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

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

DR. H. R. 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,'78 Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr14'78-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 store.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 19,'75.

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 market Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep28.68.y Curwensville, Pa.

THE TELEPHONE.
The world stood still for a thousand years,
And crept for a thousand more—
This wonderful world with wings for ears,
Like the Messenger god of yore—
And winged feet and winged wand,
And a wing on its either hand;
And more than Mercury wore.
It bridles and rides a furnace's foal,
With iron and hammer for sire;
Great clouds of white from their nostrils roll,
And it feels its horses fire!
They are blooded stock—the engines swift—
Beneath their heels the distances drift
Like snows from the Arctic Pole!
They rattle across the meridian lines,
And down the parallels play;
They marry together the palms and pines,
A thousand miles in a day.
The world has trained a wonderful wire,
A nerve of a route for articulate fire,
And taught the lightnings to say:
"Dear Mary, be mine!"—"Car load of swine"—
"One ton of cheese"—"Maria dead"—
"Joy! it's a boy!"—"I'm coming to dine"—
"Send soap"—"She's married to Fred!"
The humblest of words like angels fly
A thousand miles in the flesh of an eye,—
You hear before they are said!
What happened at ten you know at nine—
And you away in the West;
They distance along the lightning line
The sun in his golden rest.
They talk to-day in audible tone,
The telegraph turns the telephone,
And parted lovers are blest!
Think of a girl in a lonely hour!
No team in forty miles!
She sits by the tube of the talking power,
She thinks a minute, and smiles!
"I'll call my John," you fancy her say,
"He lives but a hundred miles away,
And banish the weary miles."
Behold them at the ends of the lines,
This John and his black-eyed boon;
His head and her's to the wire incline,
And she sings him "Bonny Doon."
He sighs for the only thing amiss,
He has no voice, but then he can—kiss!
He might as well be in the moon!
For emptier than an east wind's laugh
Is a lover's kiss by telegraph.
—Rev. F. Tagler in Syracuse Journal.

THE SENATE.

THE CHANGE OF A BRIEF DECADE.

But Two of the Old Land-marks to be Found.

THE BLUE AND GRAY MIXED.

The editor of the Phila. *Times* made a run over to Washington last week, by way of recreation, of course, and while there he went into the gallery and took a birds-eye view of the United States Senate, which he describes as follows:

WASHINGTON, April 6th, 1878.

What a change a decade has wrought in the United States Senate. Since the close of the memorable reconstruction battle with President Johnson, I have rarely been a visitor to the National Capital, and I painfully realized the havoc time had made among the statesmen of the Republic, as I spent an hour yesterday in the gallery, surveying the body whose records in its better days are among the brightest of the annals of free government. Quite half the faces were strange to me, and those which were yet famililiar, have all been more or less shadowed by the flight of years. Of the great leaders in the struggle for the preservation of the Union, Hamlin and Anthony only remain. True, Conkling and Blaine have seen continuous service in the councils of the nation since the war began, but neither was in the Senate until the struggle had ended. In vain does the visitor of ten years ago look for Sumner, Fessenden, Wilson, Wade, Trumbull and their compeers who were the authors of the measures which made freedom the jewel of a free people, and equality before the law for every condition and race the irrepealable mandate of the Republic. Hamlin left the floor of the Senate to enter the Vice President's chair at the opening of the war, and he and Anthony now sit in the body solitary and alone, of the men who witnessed the departure and the return of the Senators from the rebellious States. Although bowed in form and rudely furrowed in face, the venerable Senator from Maine is vigorous and active in the discharge of his public duties, and is one of the most intolerant partisans of the body. Anthony is fat and feeble; the fire of his eye is dimmed and his step is slow and measured. He entered the body in 1859, and is the oldest member in uninterrupted service, although Hamlin scores more years of Senatorial experience. Howe entered the Senate with the inauguration of Lincoln, but he has been a follower, not a leader, and he will retire without leaving his impress upon the policy or statutes of the country. He is well preserved and his tall, slender form, with its silver crown, looks as if time and the cares of state had united in gentleness toward him.

PEN-PICTURES OF SENATORS.

The notable feature of the Senate, to one who has been familiar with the body ten years ago, is the many new faces to the extreme right of the chair. There are Gordon and Ransom and Maxey and Morgan and Hill and Lamar and Butler and Withers, all ex-Confederate chiefs, now legislating for the government they rebelled against, and they rival their opponents on the opposite side of the chamber in conservative national views. The magnetic men of the body evidently are Blaine on the Republican side and Gordon on the Democratic side. Both are of the nervous temperament, genial in intercourse, keen at repartee and always ready for the fray. Blaine, Gordon and Lamar are sitting in a group, the great Republican leader leaning over the desk of the Georgian warrior on one side and Lamar bending to both from the other side, chatting in a manner so friendly and jovial that the devotee of the bloody shirt would chill in his hero-worship of Blaine, could he see how fraternal the blue and the gray can be in the amenities of the Senate. Conkling enters from the rear of the chair and his finely chisled features, graceful bearing and unconceal-ed sense of superiority could not fail to arrest the attention of the visitor. His golden hair has lost its lustre as the frosts have been busy at their work, and he lacks the ruddy freshness he brought into the Senate, but he is unimpaired in vigor and imperious as only a Conkling can be since the days of Clay. He beckons the youthful looking Allison, of Iowa, to a private talk, and the two take a good old-fashioned country lean against the door-jam while Conkling tells his story and pares the nails of his exquisitely-modeled fingers. Dick Oglesby, the rollicking campaigner of Illinois and one of the bravest of warriors from the prairie land, sits quietly in his seat. His head has whitened like the unsanned snow, but his face is yet fresh and unplowed by age or care. Ferry steps in from the eastern door like a dancing-master, strokes his long, glossy beard as he struts along the aisle, pauses to give ample time for the play of the admiration of the galleries, and then takes his chair with self-satisfaction written all over his by no means strong face. Patterson comes in with hurried, defiant step, his head thrown back over the perpendicular line, and drops into his seat unnoticed. His wealth of golden hair is deeply silvered now and his features are sharp and pale as if they knew little of health or content. Off to his right is the round, dusky face of Bruce, of Mississippi, the youngest Senator, I believe, and the only representative of the colored race in the body. He is a light mulatto, stout, self-possessed, intelligent and graceful in all his movements. Lamar, his colleague, looks sluggish beside the restless Gordon, but he is able to cope with any in the debate. Burnside came in without his skull cap, displaying his shining bald crown and now snow-white Burnside whiskers. He has grown uncomfortatrbly stout, and waddles about the Senate duck-fashion, although his stateliness of form and faultlessness of attire remain with him. Cameron is absent—off to New York to prepare for his coming marriage with the beautiful and cultivated Miss Sherman, of Ohio, but Wallace is in his place and looks from the gallary like the youngest of the members. His quiet, dignified reserve well becomes the Senate, and he is now one of the leading party oracles in directing the Democratic side in all emergencies. Thurman is esteemed abler, but he is sluggish and only once in a while is great. He moves about lazily and swings his red silk handkrchief awkwardly as a well-to-do country farmer. The Senate is quite thin, most of the Republicans being absent, and Sargent, of California, has the floor on some naval bill that is undergoing amendment, and the only participants in the work are the Senator and the Vice President, who declares Sargent's vote to be the vote of the Senate. Wheeler presides with little grace and wears an uncomfortable look, but it may be that Washington life does not agree with him. He lacks the ability of Colfax and Wilson as a presiding officer.

THE LOBBY IN THE SENATE.

The time was when the lobby was a stranger to the United States Senate, but to-day it is the favorite field of the jobber who can come with the resources of a Huntington or Gould. The recent protest of Edmunds and Thurman against the encroachments of the lobby in the Senate, and the startling disclosures they made on the floor, have disabled the lobby somewhat, but it was strong enough yesterday to carry an adjournment over Thurman on the railroad funding bill. The House, with all its many sins, has thus far escaped the contamination of the lobby, and it is admitted that Thurman's funding bill, requiring the Pacific Railroad punderers to pay the government what they owe it, will pass the popular branch if the Senate will send it there. Gould and Huntington wander through the corridors of the Senate and look upon the performances of their dependents from the galleries every hour the body is in session, and if they shall be routed, it will be a signal triumph for public integrity. They are now employing the millions they have plundered from the treasury to defeat a competing highway across the continent and to prevent the passage of any bill requiring them to pay their honest debts to the government.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

I could add nothing to what I telegraphed last night relative to the political situation. I heard the administration side of the issue from the President and several members of his Cabinet, and the views of the implacables are on their sleeves all the time. If President Hayes has one sincere supporter in either the Senate or the House I have been unable to see or hear of him. The policy of the Republicans is settled to ignore the administration, and Blaine will lead the party away from Hayes as Clay led the Whigs from Tyler, the only difference being that the Republicans will not denounce Hayes, but pass him by as no longer a factor in the political struggles of the day. Whether it will win, is the problem to be decided when the frosts and hoarse murmurs of November shall have come.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE AUCTION.

It has become quite generally known that statistics show that marriages and deaths bear a definite relation to the population in any given locality during any series of years, the former dependent for its slight variations upon the price of corn, the latter upon the sort of weather "Old Probs" doles out, and that in any of the larger cities one can predict within a very small margin the number of murders which will be committed next year. But it may not be so widely known that the aberrations of memory are also marked by this general character of necessity and invariable order. The returns from the London, Paris and New York postoffices show that year after year the same proportion of letter writers forget to direct their letters or give unintelligible or incorrect directions. It is bad enough that persons should take the trouble to write a letter and buy a postage stamp to send a communication to some one, and then forget to direct, or misdirect it, but one would suppose that very few, if any, would send articles of value by mail without assuring themselves positively that they would reach their destination. Such is not the case, however. About 50,000 articles, in about 10,000 packages, through aberrations of memory, have accumulated at the Dead Letter Office during the past year, and will be sold at auction on Wednesday next to the highest bidder, in bulk or by the piece. This seems an enormous number, but Assistant Postmaster Hazen says 1877 wasn't much of a year for dead letters after all. What 50,000 things are there, you will ask yourself, that can be sent by mail. Well, there is almost everything that one can mention, from a needle to a wagon-axle, a spool of thread to a diamond, a book-mark to a whole library, a butterfly to a stuffed elephant. From this collection of unclaimed articles, a man could provide for himself and family everything they would want for a decade, except, perhaps, a house to put over his head, fresh provisions and fuel. First, there are clothes of every description and in any desired quantity, from calico to silks and India shawls, from Swiss muslin to Ulster cloth. These are by the piece, wholesale, as it were, but if one wants wearing apparel, one has simply to walk into the next department and choose between a Prince Albert suit and a Breton, a morning wrapper and a lavender silk, all of course warranted to fit. Then to complete the outfit, there are shoes, high and low, cloth and kid; stockings—think of their being displayed in the Dead Letter Office!—ringed, striped, streaked and speckled; drawers—plain, ruffled and with lace; aprons for the old and young, for Biddy and for the bride. Then of the lesser paraphernalia of lovely womanhood there seems to be no end. Handkerchiefs—an assortment of about 3,000—neckties, scarfs, edging, beads, ribbons, charms, collars, netting, veils, gloves, rosaries, hair (warranted to be just the shade wanted), hats, bonnets, cuffs, buttons enough to pay the National debt, if Congress would only label each one "This is a dollar," tatting, laces, frizzettes—what in the world are frizzettes?—spectacles, guitars, tooth-brushes, bows, two very different varieties, pocket-combs, pocket-books and satchels. For babies there are bibs, tidies, socks, caps, dolls, dresses, skirts, and napkins *sans nombre*. A whole company of soldiers could be dressed fit to attend an inauguration ball, everything furnished, and in the best of style, except a partner. But we forget the house furnishing. For this there are pins, rugs, needles, mats, rugs, cards, clocks, ornaments of every description, chromos, oil and water color paintings, engravings of S. J. Tilden—whoever he may be—porous plasters, musical instruments of all kinds from a jews-harp to an organ—an Administration organ of course,—tobacco, cigars, and all the accompaniments a lover of the weed could want for comfortable smoking; sets of tools, kitchen furniture, flowers, tables, car slippers, spoons, knives, forks, glassware and crockery, carpets, flags, fishing and sporting implements, thermometers, pin cushions, scissors, bedding, feathers, sewing machine attachments—no other attachments of course in a Dead Letter Office—tables, chairs, and indeed everything that could be needed around a house.

The amount of jewelry for which no owners can be found is simply astonishing. There are gold and silver watches and chains, gold breastpins, necklaces, rings, plain and with diamond and other costly settings, medals, Masonic emblems, studs, cuff-buttons, fifteen pairs of diamond ear-rings, and less valuable ones in proportion, celluloid and coral jewelry, full sets of gold ditto—there are a great many dittos in the schedules—a cross of wood from Mt. of Olives, napkin rings, I. O. O. F. pins, lockets of beautiful design, brooches, cameos, agates, pearls, garnets, shells, cane handles and jewelry boxes, and toys and trinkets too numerous to mention.

It would be hard to find a more universal library than the 2,000 and odd volumes which will soon pass into other hands than those for which they were intended. To give a few of them just as they come in the catalogue will give one a fair idea of the generality and promiscuity of books that are sent by mail. There is "Moody and Sankey," "Patent Law," Bibles, "Helen's Babies," "Æsop's Fables," "Lessons in Hairdressing," "Bought at a Price," "Smith on the Kidneys," "Every Day Topics," "Is Davis a Traitor?" 100 Tracts, "Comic Speeches," "The Herbalist," "Milk for Babies," "Poultry," "Betsy and I Are Out," "Yesterday, To-day and Forever," "The Detective," "In Search for Truth," "Nine Little Goslings," "Off on a Spree," "Let No Guilty Man Escape," "Napoleon's Dream," "Hearts Bowed Down," "From Ocean to Ocean," "Thou Art Ever Dear to Me," "George Washington," "Paine's Works," "On the Foot of the Cross," "Shakespeare," "Lost and Won," "Mark Twain," "Under the Red Cross," "The Rumseller's Daughter," "Round and Round," "Night Scenes Hedged In," "The Nursery," "Footprints of Time," "The Wedding," and so on *ad libitum*. Can there be any excuse for all this wasteful carelessness? The moral is plain enough. Don't send things of value unless you know where to direct them. Write your directions distinctly, mark each and every letter or package "return if not called for," and if you cannot comply explicitly with these necessary regulations, don't send anything, or if you must, carry it yourself. That is the surest way.—*Pittsburgh Evening Telegraph.*

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

The increase of crime throughout the country is appalling to the reader of the daily press. Our jails and penitentiaries are filled to overflowing. A few years ago their capacity was thought to be sufficient for any emergency; but the increase in the number of convicts from time to time, has demanded either new additions to already large structures, or the building of new ones. The ordinary methods of punishment appear too inadequate for the repression of crime or the diminution of criminals. Executions for murder do not lessen the number of murderers; severe and extended sentences fail to decrease the army of thieves, forgers, embezzlers, and kindred wrong doers. The question thrusts itself upon the public mind. "What is to be done under these circumstances? Must not some other modes of punishment be invoked to cure the evil? Some new tortures, some new disgrace? Shall the barbarous whipping-post of Delaware be set up as one of the remedies to aid in diminishing crime?"

McGregor Steele, before a New York audience the other evening, advocated that the country would find instant relief from crime if the whipping-post was in more general use; that "the race would be benefited if there were fewer churches and more whipping-posts, for the latter rather than the former contained all the elements of true reform.' No matter how strong the temptation to commit crime, after a single lashing, the memory of it would rise like ghosts in the night and would stay the deed." The lecturer said he believed that there was need of a law that would appeal to the mental capacity of the people; that to pity criminals was to assist and encourage them, and that nothing but the remembrance of physical pain would act as an effective check upon loose morals. Crime has increased to such an extent that the public has grown indifferent to descriptive accounts of it, except to study the skillful, scientific and humanitarian way in which it was committed. He predicted that if posts were at the corners of business streets there would be fewer defaulters; if in front of savings banks, that there would be fewer children crying for bread, and if in front of the municipal buildings there would be fewer politicians and more men. He further argued that if this mode of punishment was adopted, municipal officers would be able to dispose of all criminal cases, and thus save a great deal of money annually to the municipality or the county as the case may be.

We are not in love with Mr. Steel's proposition for relieving the public of the pressure of crime everywhere prevailing, but simply put his views on record to show what modes of punishment the average reformer would institute for the purpose of diminishing crime and the number of criminals. His fling at the churches is objectionable; but this class of reformers generally, in the advancement of their ideas, cannot resist the temptation to exact the character of Joab. A stab at something better than himself is convenient, and because an occasional scoundrel hides beneath the cloak of church membership, it does not argue against the reformatory power of the church; it is nothing more than the case of Judas as one among the twelve re-enacted. The Catholic and Protestant churches of to-day have all the "elements of true reform" within them, and it is seen in the lives of men on every hand. They are a standing reproof to the vicious, and their diminution would only be the forerunner for an increase of whipping-posts. But there is food for reflection in the sentence that "after a single lashing the memory of it would rise like ghosts in the night and would stay the deed." A public whipping, thirty or more lashes, "well laid on," is the most disgraceful of punishments, and whether it would have a tendency to lessen the evils which afflict society is a matter open for grave discussion. We have not the statistics at hand to show what effect the barbarous practice of Delaware has in repressing crime in that State; but notwithstanding all the reproach cast upon the people of that diminutive commonwealth they cling to their whipping-posts with death-like tenacity. The subject of crime and its repression is one which must, sooner or later, awaken wide spread attention, and demand some other methods of punishment by which society may be relieved of its frequency, and be protected against its consequences.—*Altoona Tribune.*

GUESSES ABOUT MARS.

The brilliant discovery of the two satellites of the planet Mars is as yet so recent that only approximate calculations have been made of their periods of revolution, distances from their primary, or mass and weight; but the immediate results are so suggestive as to induce a layman to hazard a few rough guesses concerning them. The first thing that strikes the attention is that it completes the symmetry of our planetary system. When it was thought to have no satellite, it stood as a break in the series. Now, the series has an almost regular progression. Venus, who lies within our orbit, has no moon; next comes the Earth, with one moon; next Mars, with two; Jupiter, with four; Saturn, with eight, and its satellite rings. The series here reaches its maximum and declines, Uranus having four, like Jupiter, and Neptune is so remote that its system of satellites is not perfectly known. The seeming regularity of this progression may give a new impulse to the study of the problem of satellite formations, and of the conditions of mass, motion, density, fluidity and period of revolution under which they come into being. Another suggestive fact is the rapidity with which the satellites sweep around the planet and their proximity to him—The outer satellite travels around in about thirty hours, the inner in about eight hours. Our moon makes its circuit in a month, the inner moon of Mars goes around three times in one day. In fancy one can almost feel the whiz of this mighty projectile, as it draws nearer and nearer to the planet. If it be true that the ether of space opposes any resistance to the motion of the heavenly bodies, the satellites of Mars being comparatively small bodies would yield first to that resistance, and, by losing their original tangential force, yield to the attraction of the planet, gradually draw in spirally, and at last fall upon it—like a ball swung at the end of a string which winds on the finger with the whirl. The time must come in the remote future—the near future, as astronomical events are measured—when the satellite will come within the resistance of the atmosphere of Mars, and, losing still more rapidly its tangential force, descend with a cosmic crash upon the planet. The vast momentum and motion transmuted into heat by the shock will set fire to both. They will grind on each other for a few revolutions, and, like two drops of water, melt into one—an incandescent mass, or, perhaps, pass beyond that, into luminous vapor like the sun. A new star blazing with insufferable brightness will appear in the heavens—a phenomenon by no means unprecedented—that will be visible as far off as Orion. Mars is considered now as a dead planet. Like our moon, he is probably past the life-sustaining age. His atmosphere is attenuated, his oceans sinking into the crust, his internal heat gone, incapable of bearing life in such forms as we know it. But in the mass and motion of these dead orbs lie the promise and potency of life which yet may be. First will come the concussion and grind, in which planet and satellites will flash into supreme brightness; then the glowing incandescent nucleus, gradually cooling into a crust; then the crystalline era of rock formation, and the precipitation of the oceans, from the union of the oxyden and hydrogen, the formation of stratified rocks, the upheaval of continents and the generation and development of life—repeating the grand cycle of creation worked out at the fiat of the Almighty. But all these events must take place many millions of years hence, and comparatively few of us will live to see them.

SLAVES OF DEBT.

It would be a curious speculation to inquire how long the people of Europe will be likely to endure the enormous load of debt under which they are now groaning. No one believes that the principal of the European debts can ever be paid, and the war system goes on year by year adding to both principal and interest. If these frequently recurring wars do not soon come to an end it will be impossible to pay even the interests of these debts. Then the great powers of the world will be reduced to the condition of Turkey and be compelled to repudiate, and, if they go to war at all, carry it on in a crippled and inefficient way. The only use of their intolerable debts, that any one can see, is to compel the Nations, finally, to keep the peace.

At present, however, the people of Europe are slave of debt. *All the fruits of their toil go to pay the interests on the enormous National obligations.* A condition of debt like this is oppressive to all true freedom and manliness. *There is no form of slavery more oppressive to Nations or individuals than that of debt.*

The American people should take timely warning from European examples. The National debt which now exists here should be paid off as soon as possible. We should see to it, also, that no form of debt shall again be allowed to press upon the people. For this purpose let us avoid, as we would slavery and ruin, the perpetuation of sectional animosities by the fanatics and malignant politicians whose evil counsels, if followed up, would involve us again in sectional and perhaps civil war.—*Baltimore Sun.*

HORSE BREEDING, TRAINING AND MANAGEMENT.

BY JOHN E. RUSSELL, ESQ.

Horse breeding in New England, said he, as a business is not successful. It is not the legitimate work of the farmer, and is carried on only for the amusement of those who can afford to breed without respect to profit. For twenty years past it has been not only without profit but discreditable, because the great proportion of the horses produced have been of poor quality. The object seems to be to breed a horse that can make a track record at its second best gait.

People seem to be dazzled by the great prizes carried off by the Lady Thorns and Dexters. This trotting business is a complex one, and the procuring of the horse is only the vestibule of a vast temple of expense. It is the rule of these ventures that the colt is a failure. But if he prove the exception and develop speed, then he must be taken to the track, entered with care and managed in accordance with the tricks of the track. It would be a recompense if those horses could be transferred into some legitimate pursuit, but they are not fit for such. The chance of getting a first-class trotter out of a number of horses reminds one of a remark made by a Frenchman concerning the chance of getting a good wife in Paris society. He said it was like grabbing for an eel in a barrel of snakes.

While attention is devoted to the raising of trotters, it is true that fine carriage horses never were scarcer than they are at present, though the perfection of a carriage horse can be raised with less trouble and cost than are expended on horses meant to be trotters, but which in all probability will prove failures. What available race is there which is so established that it is capable of reproducing a like quality. If we in New England are to breed with credit and for profit, we must employ the services of selected thoroughbreds. In selecting a thoroughbred we should not take a weedy horse because he has made quick time on short tracks. He should be 15.3 or 16 hands high, without long legs. He should have strong mental qualities, for the horse must be intelligent, brave, patient and generous. And now as to the mares to use.

Looking about New England it is easier to tell what not to use than what to use. The theory is wrong that the foal should follow the qualities of the sire alone. It is well settled that the dam must be the equal of the sire. Blood and quality can be raised so much quicker through the male line, that with dams of first-rate quality the highest class of horses can, perhaps, soonest be produced. If a man has not a first-rate mare and a fine thoroughbred stallion he would better let horse-breeding alone. A stallion should be kept in moderate flesh. His box-stall should be where he could have the company of other horses, or be in sight of his mares. He should have a paddock in which to run; should have sufficient exercise, and occasionally a sharp run to give a good sweat. A colt, after it has been weaned, should not be turned back to pasture, but should be kept in a paddock and fed on sweet hay and bruised grain, the latter in spite of all that is said against it. During this time careful attention should be given to every part of him, especially of feet. A colt properly reared is fit for work, and should have it regularly when he is two years old. Every breeder should be fond of associating with animals, and should accustom himself to their habits and diseases. Horses for profit must be sold young, unless they are actually earning their living from day to day and adding to their value.

Leave speculation to jockies and sell as soon as you can. The best time to sell is before he is foaled, to somebody who is in love with the dam. The next best time is when they are weaned, for in the common eye the weaning will make a beautiful horse. It is much the same as with babies. The greatest folly is to submit a horse to a stupid, ignorant and sometimes drunken mechanic for shoeing. Few of our horses live out half their days, because of diseases of the feet, caused by ignorant horse-shoers. In closing Mr. Russell protested against the present mode of granting premiums at agricultural fairs, where speed alone is considered.—*Boston Post.*

PREMIUM AND DISCOUNT.

The editor of the Philadelphia *Times* in elaborating on this subject remarks: The issue of the United States legal tender notes was first authorized by an act approved February 25, 1862, and very soon after these notes came into circulation—that is, in the following April—they began to fall below their par in gold, the discount increasing with every fresh issue, until, on July 11, 1864, United States notes were worth but 35 cents on the dollar. This was the lowest point they ever reached, and after various fluctuations the greenback has now come back to within one percent. of par, gold having sold on Saturday at 101. The usual method of expressing the discount upon paper has been by the premium of gold, which reached its heighest point, 285, on the date before mentioned. It must be remembered, however, that the premium on gold is compound, being made up of two elements. One is the natural premium, which corresponds with the discount on paper, increasing with an increased volume of the latter and diminishing with its contraction; the other is the commercial premium, which depends upon the demand for gold for the time being, either for use in commerce or as an article of merchandise. This commercial premium, as was repeatedly shown a few years ago, was subject to speculative influences, like the price of any other commodity of which the supply is limited. On the famous Black Friday, for instance, it was driven up more than twenty-five per cent. in one day and fell again as rapidly. It was also subject to more legitimate influences, as at times when there were large importations and a consequent demand for gold, not only for exportation, but for the payment of duties, such demand being, of course, the base of speculation. The recent act of Congress, however, making customs duties payable in silver, has destroyed one main element of this basis, and its tendency is to abolish the commercial premium upon gold, which has lately been very low, by reason of the reduced importations. Just now, indeed, there is no especial demand for gold at all, and the premium consequently represents more nearly than it has heretofore done the discount upon United States notes, uncomplicated by commercial considerations. The course of these figures from this time on depends very much upon the action or non-action of Congress, which is obviously extremely uncertain.

CODFISH ARISTOCRACY.

AN EXAMPLE OF IT IS SEEN IN TOLEDO.

Not long ago there came to the Future Great City a family from one of the outlying towns, the inhabitants of which look upon Toledo as their Mecca. The father had, metaphorically speaking, struck ile. "Like many another fortunate man with frugal, hard-working wife, he had earned and saved, until he had arrived at that stage when, in the town where he lived, he was called "rich." In a city, however, he would have been termed well-to-do. An ambitious man was he, and his wife partook of the same characteristic.

As before stated, the family removed to Toledo, and reached that seventh heaven which they had been struggling to attain by hiring a house with a silver mounted door-bell, a bay window and gas. Nay, more; they did what but few of the most wealthy Toledoans do, viz: hired a colored waiter to tend the door and carry in the cards of callers on a silver (plated) tray. They adopted all the customs practiced by those who are immensely rich, and who reside in the largest cities where aristocracy exists in all its glory. They were in comfortable circumstances, but put on airs that a millionaire would not have attempted to assume.

And their daughter, bless us! their daughter who had been to boarding school, who hired a dressmaker by the year, wrote on note paper perfumed with musk, left all the "r's" out of words etc., etc., Why she was the joy of their hearts and the old man had made up his mind that she should marry a rich man, and a great man. She observed that the daughters of one of their wealthy neighbors purchased all the household supplies. The family aped every habit of the wealthy and refined, and the daughter aforesaid began to purchase the family groceries. Now the grocer was one of the Toledo's finest and handsomest and best young men, who moves in the best and most aristocratic society, an entrance into which would have been denied the daughter of the codfish aristocrat. His father at one time held the highest office within the gift of a municipality. Every day the daughter traded with him. An acquaintance sprung up. She even smiled upon him, and at times made her pointed face look sweet. Little did he dream that she was practicing for future conquests and heart winnings.

"I will call upon her," said the young grocer to himself one day. He longed for amusement of some sort and, being an apt student of human nature, he surmised that he would see some of the antics of those most amusing characters, the codfish aristocrats. He called. A colored servant in livery answered the bell.

"I wish to see Miss ——" said the grocer.

"Your card, sah!" demanded the waiter, imperiously. He, too, had become stuck up.

The card was sent in and the young man waited for the lady to come. He looked at the old photographs in the family album; they were pictures of hard working honest ruralists, the uncles and aunts of the lady whom he had called to see. After an hour's tedious waiting he heard the rustle of silk.

"It is she," said he to himself as he sprang into a graceful attitude at the east end of the piano.

The door swung open but it was a strange lady that entered, one wearing a rich silk dress and a queer little cap.

She bowed stiffly and grandly and the glare from her dish-water colored eyes was saddening in the extreme.

"Is this Mr.——?" asked she.

"It is" he replied bowing very low. He did not know that he was addressing one of the servants of the house or he would have answered "you bet!"

"Well," said the woman, curling her lip with a degree of scorn seldom attained by a dish-cloth slinger; "you are laboring under a hallucination. Mies —— never receives calls from the family grocer."

The young man went away laghing heartily, and going a block farther he call upon the daughter of a wealthy Toledoan whose annual taxes amount to more than all the cod-fish aristocrat's possessions.—*Toledo Democrat.*

MRS. HICKS IN LONDON.

Most things American are a puzzle over here just now, writes Mr. Jennings, from London. We cannot make out the Hicks-Lord affair, and some of the people who gave great parties in honor of the lady have puzzled over the affair until they are all in tatters. Mrs. Hicks was not exactly the "fashion" in London last season, but she was taken up rather enthusiastically by some distinguished leaders of society, and at one time she seemed likely to carry the town by storm. A noble lord invited her to pretty nearly all his parties, and it was not at all bad to see her extinguish the people who were only invited to come *after* dinner. "How do you do?" she would say; "Just come, I suppose? *I* have dined here—a small party of six." Another noble lord was undoubtedly going to marry her, but something occurred to break off the match. The course of true love never did run smooth. The ladies, of course, did not half like it. "Who is she?" "Oh, no one knows—I believe an American lady, immensely rich—worth millions, they say?" And *other* American ladies did not seem to admire what was going on, and made various remarks which were perhaps prompted by jealousy. Then came the grand afternoon party at Claridge's, given by Mrs. Hicks-herself, for which a royal Prince was almost, but not quite, secured—a party quite in the New York style, or one of the New York styles, with all the windows closed to shut out the light, and the rooms illuminated with wax candles. And now are we to be told that there was no money except that which came from good old Mr. Lord in New York? No wonder Lord —— looks rather cross when you ask him if he has heard from Mrs. Hicks lately. The other night at the Beefsteak Club he was nearly driven out of the room by these pressing inquiries. Some people have so little consideration!

More than a few distinguished men in the world owe much of their success in life to their wives. Mrs. Benjamin Wade was her busy husband's secretary, assistant, reader, and may almost be said right hand. Mr. Wade had an almost invincible antipathy to putting pen to paper. He had an almost equal disinclination to search books. This drudgery Mrs. Wade cheerfully assumed. When her husband had a speech in hand it was her who furnished him with the materials, which he afterward arranged, assimilated and systematized. Great things are told of her skill in this respect—of her tact, industry, patience.

THE MISSING LINK.

"Nip," one of the two chimpanzees that so puzzled the New York customs officers recently, died of consumption at the aquarium on Thursday last. The post mortem examination, at which no [illegible] afternoon, and drew together an interested body of medical and scientific gentlemen, among them being Prof. Hammond, Porf. Smith, Dr. James R. Wood, Prof. Valentine Mott, Dr. Little, Prof. Sayre, Dr. Bates, Prof. Darling and Dr. Janeway.

Dr. E. C. Spitzka, assited by Dr. J. R. Taylor, laid Nip's physical anatomy bare, and found that the cause of death was enteritis, with general tuberculosis of brain and lungs. The physicians