THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN"

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CLEARFIELD, PA.

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n1:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. ypd

G. R. & W. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 26, 1876.

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

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. je26,'73-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
e26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 7ly

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

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Fie's. Opera House.
June 26, '78tf.

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

F. O'L. BUCK. A. A. GRAHAM.
BUCK & GRAHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office in Graham's Row—rooms formerly occupied by H. B. Swoope. july24, '78-tf.

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

JOSEPH B. M'NALLY. 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. jan:1:76

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. jan1'76.

J. P. McENRICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office opposite Court House, in Masonic Building, second floor. aug14,'78-1y.

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. 28:83tf.

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

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. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
july31,'78-tf.

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,'68-tf

DR. A. T. SCHRYVER,
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN
AND
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.
Office at the Leonard House, near the depot, Clearfield, Pa.
Has made the diseases of women and children a specialty for years, and will attend to all calls, night or day, in the borough of Clearfield. Examinations and advice free for one month, at his office only. july24, '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.

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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. ov28

HENRY BRETH,
(OSTEND P. O.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 8, 1878-1y*

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. 12jy'72

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

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

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 18—'75.

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. [*jy16'72

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

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. april,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. my25:1ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
3-772 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

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

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 23, 1874.

New Marble Yard.
The undersigned would inform the public that he has opened a new Marble Yard on Third street, opposite the Lutheran Church, where he will keep constantly on hand a stock of various kinds of marble. All kinds of
TOMBSTONES, MONUMENTS,
Posts for Cemetery Lots,
and all other work in his line will be promptly executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at reasonable rates.
He guarantees satisfactory work and low prices. Give him a call. J. FLAHARTY.
Clearfield, Pa., March 27, 1878-tf.

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.

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INSURANCE AGENCY.
PENTZ & BROCKBANK, Agents.
(Successors to Murray & Gordon.)
The following first-class companies represented:
North British & Mercantile Fire Ins. Co., of England.....$25,000,000
Scottish Commercial Fire Ins. Co., of England.....$10,000,000
North America, of Philadelphia..... 4,700,000
Fire Association, of Philadelphia..... 3,100,000
Watertown Fire, New York, insures farm property only..... 200,000
Mobile Fire Department Ins. Co..... 275,000
Persons in the country wanting insurance, can have it promptly attended to by addressing us in person or by letter. Lowest possible rates in first-class companies. No discounts. Office in Fie's Opera House.
ANDREW PENTZ, Jr.,
S. T. BROCKBANK,
Clearfield, May 1, 1878-1y. Agents.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 52—WHOLE NO. 2,586. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1878. NEW SERIES—VOL. 19, NO. 34.

FAMOUS CROWNS.

The oldest of the crowns of Europe is the Iron Crown of Lombardy, now restored to its resting place of centuries in the Cathedral of Monza, the sunny little town which, from the Alpine slopes, looks down upon imperial Milan, whither many a time its treasure was borne to be placed on the brows of a German kaiser at his second coronation. His first was at Achen, by the tomb of Charlemange, where he received the silver crown of Germany; his second at Milan, his third at Rome, where the Pope conferred on him the golden crown of the empire. But the iron crown was the most venerable of all. For 1,300 years the iron crown has held the foremost place among the diadems of Europe, for it was formed by the skillful hands of Roman goldsmiths in the sixth century, and sent by Pope Gregory the Great to the Gothic Queen Theodolinda, when she had freed Lombardy from the Arian heresy. The form is simple, as one might expect from its ancient date. It is a flat ring or diadem of gold, adorned with enamelled flowers and precious stones not cut into facets, as in modern jewelry, but emeralds, sapphires, and rubies in their rough uncut form as they came from the mine. But inside this circle of gold and jewels is a thin band of iron, from which the crown takes its name, and this iron, tradition asserts, is one of the nails of the true cross hammered out into a ring. Long and angry have been the battles fought by antiquarians on this point. Those who deny its authenticity, headed by Muratori, certainly being weighty arguments to the support of their view; but the tradition has survived all their learned folies; gallant champions have fought pen in hand in its defense, and still in the language of the people the crown of Monza is called *il sarco chiodo*, "the holy nail." It graced the imperial front of Charlemange and a long succession of German Emperors, ending with Charles V. But the last sovereign who wore it was Napoleon I. In May 1805, he assembled at Milan the dignitaries of the empire, the representatives of his royal and imperial allies, and a splendid circle of Marshals and Generals, and in their presence he placed it on his head, repeating the proud motto of the iron crown: "God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it!" In 1859 the Austrians, retreating from Lombardy, took the iron crown with them to Mantua, and subsequently to Vienna. There it remained until, by the treaty which ceded Venetia to Italy, in 1866, it was restored to its old home in the sacristy of the cathedral at Monza, and there it rests today, amid the other treasures of Theolinda—her jeweled comb, her golden hen and seven chickens (the symbol of Lombardy and and its seven provinces,) and the crown of her husband Agilulph. Next in age to the iron crown, but far exceeding it in value and beauty or workmanship, are the crowns of the old Gothic Kings of Spain, discovered seventeen years ago near Toledo. They were found in some excavations which were made in an ancient cemetery at Fuente di Guerrazar, two leagues from that city. They are eight in number, and their intrinsic value is estimated at 2,000 pounds sterling. The largest, splendid circle of gold one foot in diameter, bears the name of King Receswinthus, who reigned in the middle of the seventh century. This diadem is adorned with fine rubies, pearls, and saphires, and round it runs a row of little cross of cornelian and gold.

Of the modern crowns of continental Europe perhaps the most remarkable is the well-known triple crown of of papal tiara, or perhaps we should say tiaras, for there are four of them. The tiara is seldom worn by the Pope; it is carried before him in procession, but, except on rare occasions, he wears a mitre, like an ordinary Bishop. Of the existing tiaras, the most beautiful is that which was given by Napoleon I. to Pius VII. in 1805. It is said to be worth upwards of £9,000. Its three circlets are almost encrusted with saphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds; and the great emerald at its apex, said to be the most beautiful in the world, is alone valued at 16,000 francs.—*Chamber's Journal.*

THE TRUE CINDERELLA.

Many of the best stories in our story-books are the reproduction of some very ancient bit of history or myth; and the finest of all English nursery tales, "Cinderella," was once the delight of the children of Egypt in the palmy days of the Pharoahs.

We will tell you how it happened; and we think that you will say that the old story is quite as clever as the new, and much more probable; for in the true Cinderella history there are no fairy god-mothers, no mice and no pumpkins. A wise old eagle takes all the management of the slipper, and we can in fancy see him carrying it over the silver sands and dark pyramids of Egypt, without greatly taxing our belief.

Rodolphe—a pretty name, to begin with—was the fairest lady in all Egypt. She had a dainty foot, and wore jeweled slippers, and all the people gazed upon her with delight when she walked as though she were a goddess or a fairy.

She went out to bathe one day among the white lilies of the Nile. While she and her maids were sporting in the water, a great shadow passed over them, and they saw an eagle alight on the bank where their clothes had been left. Presently it arose with something in its talons, and wheeling through the golden hazes, became a speck in the clear sky.

When Rodolphe came up the bank, she found that one of her jewelled slippers had been carried away, and she said to her maids, "The eagle has taken it."

And the maids said—"Then it will bring you good luck. The eagle is a bird of good omen."

So Rodolphe hobbled home with a light heart, one of her slipperless feet crushing the lotus blossoms. Her maids laughed at her, but she said—"It is good luck, for an eagle has taken it."

Far away up the Nile lay Memphis, with her bright-winged temples and palaces; a city seventeen miles in circuit, the seat of the Pharoahs for nearly a thousand years, at this time the capital of Egypt. Here were the splendid temples of Isis, Serapis, and of the sun, and the throne was now filled with a Pharaoh who had overthrown eleven other Egyptian kings.

His name was Psammeticus. His son, the Pharaoh Necho, slew Josiah, king of Judah, B. C. 610. (See 2 Kings 23).

He was sitting in a cool portico of his palace toward evening. The crimson sun was blazing low on the hot sands of the desert, but cool winds tripped with light feet along the dimpling waves of the Nile, and fanned the king as they passed. He arose, walked into an open court, when a great shadow passed above him.

He looked up, and beheld with delight and awe an eagle descending, and wheeling above his head, with something sparkling in his talons. He looked upon the bird as a messenger from the sun.

He lifted his arms for joy. Just then the eagle began to ascend, dropping the glittering treasure from his talons into his bosom.

It was Rodolphe's jewelled slipper.

The next day Psammeticus issued a proclamation which caused all Memphis to wonder. Whoever would find the mate to the jewelled slipper, which the eagle had brought to the palace, should be loaded with riches, and taken into the service of the king.

Rodolphe heard the great news. She believed that the eagle was indeed a messenger of the gods to point out to her her destiny. So she came to magnificent Memphis, to answer the proclamation of the king.

With one slipperless foot she ascended the grand porticoes of the Pharaohs, and stood before the king with downcast eyes, lifting her dress just above her dainty feet—a perfect vision of beauty. Of course Psammeticus immediately fell in love with her, and married her, and made her queen of all Egypt.

There was great joy in all the dazzling temples of Memphis when the marriage was consummated—there was dancing and music, and strewing of flowers. All Egypt was happy.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH MR. PAYNE WROTE THE SONG.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, in reviewing Howard's life of Payne, says: Mr. Payne, on one occasion in 1835, while at New Orleans, when questioned on the subject of the music of "Home, Sweet Home," told his personal friend, Mr. James Reed, of Philadelphia, that the air was not wholly original with Mr. Bishop, and related the following pleasant anecdote concerning it. He said: "First I heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning, as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl, who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables.

"This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity, that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moment's conversation, I asked her for the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was the air that suggested the words of 'Home, Sweet Home,' both of which I sent to Bishop at the time I was preparing the opera of 'Clari' for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to words."

This statement is fully sustained in the letters of Mr. Payne to Mr. Bishop, which are introduced in the volume.

There have been many ridiculous statements as to the circumstances under which Mr. Payne wrote the words of his celebrated song. "Some," says his biographer, "have stated that he was residing in London at the time, without a shilling in his pocket; others have stated that 'on a stormy night, beneath the dim flickering of a London street lamp, gaunt and hungry, and without a place to shelter his poor, shivering body, he wrote his inspired song upon a piece of ragged paper picked up from the sidewalk.'"

This was not so. The letters of Mr. Payne above quoted, prove directly to the contrary. We see by his acknowledgement to Bishop of the receipt of £80, that he was comfortably situated when preparing "Clari" for the stage. We admit that Mr. Payne never, at any period of his eventful life, accumulated any considerable amount of wealth, but those who knew the state of his circumstances know that he never was a street pauper. In a still later communication to Bishop is another acknowledgement for £50 on the sum of £250 which he was to receive for the three dramas entitled "Ali Pacha," "The Two Galley Slaves," and "Clari," all of which were produced at the Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Mr. Charles Kemble.

Mr. Payne has never been "let alone;" almost everything he ever did had been doubted, and it is somewhat surprising that his consulship at Tunis has not been denied him; but what of that? Fools have been found who doubted that Shakespeare wrote his own plays, and that Poe was the author of the "Raven," and, with all their mooting of the question, they never could find any one else who did perform the works. At one time it was stated that Mr. Payne did not write the words of "Home, Sweet, Home." The assertion called forth inquiry. Washington Irving was applied to on the subject, and his reply was that he had been unable to discover who else did, and he could see no reason for doubting the authorship.

THE PANTHEON.

ITS FAULTLESS BEAUTY—THE CHANGES WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE.

Curtis Guild thus describes the Pantheon: The impression of its faultless beauty came over me as I stood in the centre of the perfect circle of this great temple to all the gods, a rotunda 142 feet in diameter and 143 feet high. There are no windows, but a perfectly circular aperture in the top of 28 feet in diameter admits a light that lights the whole, and through which the blue Italian sky and fleecy clouds are seen. Around on all sides are now Christian altars, and the great niches are vacant that once held marble figures of heathen deities, the magnificent bronze plates that sheathed the most perfect dome in the world are stripped away, nay, even some of the stone and marble work is whitewashed or otherwise disfigured, and yet you cannot stand upon the floor of this magnificent old temple to the gods, built twenty-seven years before Christ, without involuntary expressions of admiration at its perfect beauty of proportion.

What must it have been in its prime, with its magnificent front, not as now sunken, as modern Rome or as successive modern Romes have heaped their soil up over the old city till now you step down into the Pantheon! Eighteen centuries ago its magnificent portico, with its grand front of over one hundred feet supported by sixteen Corinthian pillars thirty-six feet high (which still remain), was above the level of the street, and was approached by a flight of six marble steps and the vestibule, a beautiful vista of white marble plasters; the pediment above was ornamented with glorious bas reliefs (you may see the holes in which the bolts holding them were placed, to this day), and the roof was sheathed with bronze, which Pope Urban VIII. not only was vandal enough to strip and melt down for bronze columns and cannon, but perpetuate the act that there should be no mistake as to who the dispoiler was, by recording it in a Latin inscription over one of the doorways. Then he increased the outrage by adding two ugly bell towers to the dome ("asses' ears" they are very justly called), and another Pope, Benedict XIV. who was Pope from 1740 to 1758, tore away beautiful marbles from the upper part of it to adorn buildings he was erecting.

But despite all this the grand and perfect beauty of the temple could not be destroyed, and we can imagine, standing here upon what was once the elegant pavement of porphyry and and marble, that the pagan altar reared its height beneath the then perfect vault of bronze, the smoke of ascending sacrifice rose through the great opening direct to the nostrils of the mythical Jove himself, and in these now empty niches, fifty feet above the pavement, stood looking down upon priest and people the colosal sculptured figures of Jupiter, warlike Mars, and majestic Minerva, Appollo, with bent bow or with lyre in hand, and Vulcan pausing o'er his thunderbolts.

The sides of the vast circle glittered with polished marbles and elegant carving; the attic or roof gleamed with sculptured silver and bronze, and was upheld by carvatides of Syracusan bronze; statues of Rome's Emperors and Senators peopled niches at the entrance or in the porticos, and Marcus Agrippa's temple to the gods was one of the glories of old Rome. The ancient bronze doors remain, and the Corinthian pillars of red granite with marble capitals, roughened and blackened with the breath of eighteen centuries, will continue to command attention, extract admiration, and remain the student of the architecture of classical times; but all around the interior in the different recesses he will find the modern altars of the Roman Catholic Church, with their florid and often tawdry ornaments, tinsel, and frippery, which ill accord with the ancient surroundings. The building is said to be a species of brick-work, and was coated and veneered with marble, but the exterior coating was stripped off by the spoilers of modern times. So also was plundered the sculptured silver on the interior of the roof by successive vandals.

M. NOVERRE ON DANCING.

Female dancers were first introduced in the ballet at an entertainment given at the court of Louis XIV. in 1681, and at length the art was brought to its greatest perfection by the celebrated M. Noverre, who was connected with several of the royal courts of Europe as *maitre de ballet* during the latter part of the last century, and who not only produced an immense number of ballet pantomimes with the greatest success, but has left voluminous writings on the subject. According to him, few occupations would seem to be so important in this world as that of dancing.

He makes it appear necessary for a ballet master who aspires to anything like eminence in his profession to possess nearly every accomplishment and virtue possible to man. He mentions mythology, ancient poetry, and chronology as forming the primary studies of such a person, and suggests that he ought to possess a genius for poetry and painting.

In addition to these, he ought to have a slight knowledge of geometry, so that he may be able to calculate the proportions, &c., of his figures. He should be an expert mechanician, and capable of making small models of any machinery he may require. He ought to be acquainted with anatomy, to be able to draw, and to be proficient in music.

After all this, one is not surprised to find that M. Noverre rates the value of his art very highly. He says, indeed, that a ballet should be a "complete pantomime, and through the eyes speak, as it were, to the very soul of the spectator."

"Explanatory speeches will become useless—a mute but powerful eloquence will be substituted to much better effect—each motion will be a sentence—every attitude will betray a situation—each gesture will convey a thought each glance a new sentiment—and every part will please, because the whole will be a true and faithful imitation of nature."

And again: "The mere figured dances, without meaning, without the representation of any one subject, unsupported by a regular and sensible intrigue, being no part of the drama, but wondering, if I may so, how they came there, are, in my opinon, as I have declared before, no more than divertisements or recreative dances, wherein nothing is observable but the studied exhibition of the mechanical difficulties of our art."

It must not be supposed that Noverre was altogether an unpractical enthusiast. His success in carrying out his theories was so great that on one occasion he was publicly crowned upon the stage. In any case he does not stand alone in his estimate of dancing; other writers on the same subject having expressed themselves in equally glowing terms.—*Timsley's Magazine.*

POISONED SPEARS.—In an interesting series of letters to the London *Field* from the Nem Hebrides, a group of islands north of Australia belonging to the Praguan group, whose inhabitants are extremely savage and think nothing of making a meal of a missionary, Mr. M. Layard describes the dreadful poisoned spears of these islanders, made with long carved points of human bones. These points are made from the leg-bones of either friends or enemies, a thigh-bone being split into four points, while a shin-bone suffices for only two. The natives are very particular about the selection of them. They say that the bone of a person under twenty is too weak and spongy; from twenty to forty they are at their best. After that age they become too brittle. Some spears have as many as two hundred and fifty points and splinters fastened on them—three or four vastly exceeding the others in size, being in fact the main points. A fragment of one of these remaining in the wound is almost sure to produce fatal results, as the cellular structure of the bone is, of course, impregnated with the virus of the body that has decayed around it. They are used for arrows also, barbed for the purpose of being fixed in the wound, long enough for the poison to mingle with the blood.

THE INVENTION OF PUNCTUATION.

Punctuation is peculiar to the modern languages of Europe. It was wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and the languages of the East, although they have certain marks or signs to indicate tones, have no regular system of punctuation. The Romans and the Greeks also, it is true, had certain points, which, like those of the languages of the East, were confined to the delivery and pronunciation of words; but the pauses were indicated by breaking up the written matter into lines or paragraphs, not by marks resembling those in the modern system of punctuation. Hence, in the responses of the ancient oracles, which were generally written down by the priests and delivered to the inquirers, the ambiguity, doubtless intentional, which we want of punctuation involved, saved the credit of the oracle, whether the expected event was favorable or unfavorable. As an instance of this kind, may be cited that remarkable response, which was given on a well-known occasion, when the oracle was consulted with regard to the success of a certain military expedition: "Ibiss et redibis nunquam peribis in bello." Written, as it was, without being pointed, it might be translated either, "Thou shalt go, and shalt never return, thou shalt perish in battle;" or, "Thou shalt go and return, thou shalt never perish in battle." The correct translation of it altogether depends on the placing of a comma after the word *nunquam*, or after *redibis*. The invention of the modern system of punctuation has been attributed to the Alexandrian grammarian Aristophances, after whom it was improved by succeeding grammarians; but it was so entirely lost in the time of Charlemagne that he found it necessary to have it restored by Warnefried and Alcuin. It consisted, as first, of only one point, used in three ways, and sometimes of a stroke, formed in several ways. But as no more particular rules were followed in the use of these signs, punctuation was exceedingly uncertain until the end of the fifteenth century, when the learned Venetian printers, the Manutii, increased the number of the signs, and established some fixed rules for their application. These were so generally adopted, that we consider the Manutii as the inventors of the present method of punctuation; and although modern grammarians have introduced some improvements, nothing but a few particular rules have been added since their time.—*Freeman's Journal.*

ORIGIN AND SECRECY OF INVENTIONS.

A century ago what a man discovered in the arts he concealed. Workmen were put upon oath never to reveal the process used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, visitors rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by thick set fences of empirical pretentions and judicial affirmation. The royal manufactories of porcelain, for example, were carried on in Europe with a spirit of jealous exclusiveness. His Majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his people, he would not abate kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter the tabooed walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the Dresden porcelain—that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen the like—was manufactured for 200 years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of the operatives ever revealed it. Other discoveries have been less successfully guarded, fortunately for the world. The manufacture of tinware in Europe originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron; dip it into a bath of boiling tin and remove it enveloped with the silvery metal to a place for cooling. In practice, however, the process is of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly a half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the channel, insinuated himself master of the secret, and brought it home. The secret of manufacturing cast steel was also stealthily obtained, and is now within the reach of all artisans.

GARDENING ABOUT PARIS.—There are over 6,000 men, women, and children engaged in growing early asparagus, lettice, carrots and the like, in and around Paris. The rent of the land varies from $180 to $240 per acre, according to the situation and irrigation plant. These market gardens are of comparatively small dimensions, and vary from 1½ to 2½ acres in extent. Taking the smaller size, the plant necessary to carry on the business costs nearly $2,500, including large and small bell glasses, straw mats, grazed lights, frames, tools, baskets, horses, carts, and other necessary materials. The regular workmen, it is said, earn an average pay of about forty cents a day, with board and lodging, all the year round. Extra men receive about seven cents per hour, women five cents. Most of the men come from other sections, not so much for the sake of the wages, which are low for France, but in order to learn a business which they can turn to profitable account when they return to their homes after two years service.—*Boston Cultivator.*

SUMMER RESORT CONVERSATION.—It would seem that a Summer resort is not a very good school, if the conversation overheard by the editor of the Baltimore *Every Saturday* is a sample of the daily talk carried on at those oplaces, viz:—

1.	2.
"I heard it!" "Who told you?"	"Lord help us!" "Poor creatures!"
"Her friend." (?) "You don't say!"	"So artful!" "So sly!"
"To dreadful!" "Yes, awful!"	"No beauty!" "Quite thirty!"
"Don't tell it, I pray."	"Between you and I!"
3.	4.
"Good gracious!" "Who'd think it?"	"I'm going!" "Do stay, love!"
"Well! Well! Well!" "Dear me!"	"I can't!" "I'm forlorn!"
"I've had my Suspicions!" "And I, too, you see!"	"Farewell, dear!" "Good-bye, sweet!" "I'm so glad she's gone!"

"Ah!" sighed a hungry tramp, "I wish I was a hoss; blame if I don't. He's nearly always got a bit in his mouth, while I haven't had a bit in mine for two days."

A Minnesota father, who has five grown-up daughters, has sued the county. He claims that his residence has been used as a court-house for the past two years.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN A HOLLOW TREE—THE SEQUEL.

The Edenburg (Clarion county) *Herald* tells the following story: For several years past a notion peddler named Goodman, has made periodical visits to this county, and during that time has staid over night several times at the residence of John Logue, a resident of Perry township. In fact his visits have become so frequent of late that Mr. Logue looked on him as an old friend. One night last week the same individual came came round and took lodging as usual. Next morning he related a singular dream which he had had during the night, to the effect that he had found a hidden treasure in a tree which stood on Mr. Logue's farm. The peddler staid in the neighborhood for two or three days, and made his headquarters at Mr. Logue's house. For three successive nights he claimed to have dreamed the identical dream, and on the morning of the third prevailed on Mr. Logue to accompany him to the spot. In a dense wood the peddler pointed out a large oak tree as the one he saw in his vision. It was apparently sound at the butt, but about twenty feet up a limb had been broken off. Mr. Logue did not feel like humoring what he supposed to be a superstitious whim, but the old fellow seemed to have so much confidence in his vision that he offered Mr. Logue one-half of the spoils if he would help him to cut down the tree. He done so. When the tree fell there was a rattle of coins near where the limb had been broken off, and a small hollow was found there. By a little chopping a larger cavity was found, and ensconsed therein was "loads of silver." Both seemed to be wild with delight, and on counting up found the pile amounted to $5,000. The peddler expressed his unwillingness to carry around so much silver in his pocket, and inquired where he would be likely to get greenbacks for his share. Mr. Logue, having considerable money in his house, immediately transferred to the peddler $2,500 in paper money and took charge of the entire bulk of silver. The peddler went off and has not since been heard from. On endeavoring to pass some of the silver it was found to be counterfeit of the poorest kind. Mr. Logue is $2,500 out, and the story ends. It was a clever job of a gang of counterfeiters which probably inhabit this county.

PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality is proverbially not a feminine virtue, yet most necessary to those who seek for employment. As regards gaining it, the whole fortune of a woman's life may turn on her punctuality.

Some persons have a most mistaken notion of punctuality, and fancy that it consists in never being later than the time appointed. With this loose idea they are quite content. But to come before the time fixed for an appointment is an equal want of punctuality with coming too late, and is often quite as inconvenient to the other person or persons concerned.

Be punctual both in keeping engagements and in your fulfillment of work. Let the one be scrupulously finished on the day promised, let the other be kept to a minute. Let experience teach that your word may be thoroughly relied on.

Not a word can be said in excuse for those who are late in keeping engagements, or who promise what they can not perform in the time specified. They are utterly inexcusable. In them zeal and discretion are alike wanting; either they have undertaken what they can not do, or they are so wanting in energy, and so dilatory, that they will not exert themselves to do it. In either case, much to blame; in the latter, deserving of whatever ill may befall them. You will do well rather to overestimate than underestimate the time you require for work. This is an error you can easily remedy. But err once or twice on the other side, and you will find it hard ever to establish a character for punctuality. And unpunctuality is a fault which, in self defense, an employer can not overlook.

EATING HABITS.—The most universal cause of dyspepsia is eating too often, too fast, and too much. The general rules should be:—

1. Eat thrice a day.
2. Not an atom between meals.
3. Nothing after 2 o'clock but a slice of cold bread and butter and one cup of hot drink.
4. Spend half an hour at least in taking each meal.
5. Cut up all meats and hard food in pea-sized pieces.
6. Never eat enough to cause the slightest uncomfortable sensation afterward.
7. Never work or study hard within half an hour after eating.

The most universal and infallible invication that a person is becoming dyspeptic is some uncomfortable sensation coming on uniformly after each meal, whether that be in the stomach, throat, or anywhere else. The formation of wind in the stomach, indicated by eructation, belching or otherwise, demonstrates that dyspepsia is fixing itself in the system. Then there is only one course to pursue, and that is infallible; eat less and less at each meal, until no wind is generated and no uncomfortable sensation experienced in any part of the body. No medicine ever cured confirmed dyspepsia; eating plain food regularly and living out of doors industriously will cure most cases.

The doctrine that the necessity of labor is a blessing, and not a curse, cannot be insisted upon too strongly. It is to this very necessity that mankind owes not only its first redemption from the savage state, but every step of its advance in a civilization, from which, we trust, a great deal more may be expected still.

The other day, as two newly-arrived Irishmen were walking along a street in Philadelphia, a pavement trap-door opened, and a Chinese store-porter emerged. "Be gorra!" said one of the Paddies, "if the haythens haven't got a tunnel clane thro' from Chinee, bad luck to them!"

NOT TO BE FOUND IN BOSWELL.—"Is it wrong Doctor, to believe in Ghosts?" "No, sir; no more wrong than believing in you. It may be foolish; but there being no substance or foundation for the belief, the folly, sir is quite immaterial."

"I didn't know," said an old lady as she laid down her newspaper, "that thieves were so scarce they had to advertise for 'em, and offer a reward for their discovery."

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

ON THE WING—NO. 4.

Monday morning, Aug. 19th, we left Curwensville, in company with Mr. John A. Gregory, for Pennville.

Penn and Bloom were programmed for the day above specified, being the first appointment for the fourth week of our tour. On the hill overlooking the town stands the school house, beautifully located in a grove of thrifty pines. At 8 o'clock a. m. we began to examine applicants for certificates.—Twelve candidates registered their names, and all