THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
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CLEARFIELD, PA.
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G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

Cards.

H. W. SMITH,
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Clearfield, Pa.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House.

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

BUCK & GRAHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

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

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

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.

J. P. McKENRICK,
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.

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.

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.

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

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

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods.

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.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in the Opera House.

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.

ROLAND D. SWOOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.

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

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
Clearfield, Pa.

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

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.

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.

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

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

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

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.

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.

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to.
April 23, 1874.

Great Western Hotel,
Nos. 1311, 1313 and 1315 Market Street,
(Directly opposite Wanamaker's Grand Depot.)
Philadelphia, Penn'a.
Terms, $2.00 per day.
This Hotel is near the new Public Buildings, new Masonic Temple, U. S. Mint, and Academy of Fine Arts.
T. W. TRAUCK, Prop'r.
OPEN ALL NIGHT.

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

WEST BRANCH
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..... 700,000
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 assessments. Office in Pie's Opera House.
ANDREW PENTZ, Jr.,
S. T. BROCKBANK,
Agents.
Clearfield, May 1, 1878-1y.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

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DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollars hard to get;
But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
Never so others may.
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan;
They don't just say, but mean it,
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or comes a little late;
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer, if you're married
You know the reason why.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try,
For other people take it,
And, printer, so must I.
I, too, must keep up posted,
And know what is going on,
Or feel, and be accounted
A fogy simpleton.

Then, take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know.
But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather dock my sugar,
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown,
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down,
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly,
Its welcomed benison.

EDWIN M. STANTON'S FATE.

In the thirteen years since the assassination of President Lincoln and the hideous vengance wreaked upon the supposed accessories to the crime, many attempts have been made to trace the motives that led to the murder and the influences that operated in the so called judicial proceedings that followed it. Some of these have contained hints of the ghastly truth, but little more. None of the participants in the murder plot save one, survived the terrible retribution visited on innocent and guilty alike who had been in any way associated with the ill fated Booth, and that one by his own treason to all principles of manhood and justice has been for ever doomed to popular execration and distrust. The parties to the fouler plot by which an innocent woman was deliberately put to death to appease the passionate cry of a terrified multitude for blood, kept their secret well, till remorse had driven them one by one to madness or unnatural death, and even then only one told even in part the terrible secret. Party policy had shielded the participants in the conspiracy to murder Mary Surratt, and the terrible pathos of the remorseful death of Edwin M. Stanton has long delayed the exposure of the crime that drove him to suicide, and the rendition of justice to the memory of his victim.

The American people have long been convinced that an innocent woman was put to death when Mrs. Surratt was hanged for participation in the murder of of President Lincoln, but no authentic account of the conspiracy of which she was the victim has ever been made public. A gentleman now living in Washington, and who was connected officially with the War Department, and personally intimate with Secretary Stanton at the time of the tragedy, is, I believe, the only person now living who knows the whole inside history of the plot. From Secretary Stanton's own lips he had the confession that Mrs. Surratt was deliberately murdered, and from Stanton's own lips, agonized with remorse, he heard the story of the terible punishment which followed him and finally drove him to self-destruction. He was one of the very few who could talk familiarly with the War Secretary, and he knew from first to last the secrets of the strange series of crimes. On his authority the following facts of the case are now for the first time disclosed:

A few weeks before the fatal Good Friday night, Booth had conceived the wild idea of abducting President Lincoln and taking him to Richmond, where he might be held as a prisoner, with the view of the termination of the war. This crazy vision was known to most of Booth's personal friends, among them Weichmann, Payne, Atzerot and Harold. But the plan adopted would not work, and fell through, so far as Booth's companions were concerned. Booth, however, had not quite given up his insane idea when the news reached Washington that Richmond had fallen. It was then that Booth concluded to kill Mr. Lincoln. His plan in detail was only communicated to Payne, Atzerot, Harold and Weichmann. The people arrested at the theatre knew nothing whatever of his plans or movements, but were simply the innocent victims of the dreadful tragedy. It was but a few hours before the murder that Booth conceived the idea of killing Mr. Lincoln, and of his plans or his intentions Mrs. Surrat was as ignorant as was his victim.

After Booth had shot the President and made his escape from the theatre, pursuit was made by Col. L. C. Baker, the War Department detective and others, who failed to get any information as to the route taken or the whereabouts of Booth or his companions. Baker and his men returned to Washington utterly without a clew and baffled in their search for the assassins. The gentleman who informed me of the facts here narrated was then detailed to the work of hunting down Booth and the other conspirators. He had not gone far in his work when he was waited on by Zadoc Jenkins, a brother of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, who lived some miles out of Washington, and who imparted to him the information which led to the overhauling and death of Booth and the capture of his companions. Booth had stopped in his flight to have his leg set (which had been fractured in his fall at the theatre), and hence Jenkins became aware of the direction he had taken in his flight. This information of Jenkins to my informant was imparted to the latter under a solemn written and verbal promise from no less a person than Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, that the Surratt family, including Mrs. Surratt herself, should not be molested, harmed or injured in any manner. Jenkins' story bore such strong internal evidence of the entire innocence of his sister and his family that his indemnity was cheerfully given to him by the Secretary of War. Maj. Jinkins demanded this promise because at the time excitement was very high, and it was well known that Booth had been a visitor at Mrs. Surratt's house as an acquaintance of her son. After the information was obtained by my informant it was sent to L. C. Baker, and resulted, as I have stated, in the death of Booth and the capturing of his companions.

When Mr. Stanton was informed of the death of Booth and the capture of his companions, he ordered the arrest of Mrs. Surratt, and secured and destroyed his written promise (then on file in the War Department), of protection to the Surratt family, both of which orders were carried out by Col. Lafayette C. Baker, the detective of the War Department at that time. Mrs. Surratt was dragged from her home by Baker's men, and hooded and ironed, and thrown into a cell in the old Penitentiary at the arsenal grounds. She was denied counsel, and every torture, mental and physical, that human brutes could invent, was this poor woman made to suffer.

Edwin M. Stanton knew that Mary E. Surratt was innocent. My informant went to him, reminded him of his promise, and vouched for the innocence of this lady. Stanton had the most implicit confidence in him. My friend appealed to the Secretary to spare the innocent woman and not have her murdered, but to all his appeals this man of iron turned a deaf ear, and only said, "Policy demands her death." When Mrs. Surratt was on trial before a military court-martial, a trial unexampled in American history, my informant again went to Stanton and asked that he should be allowed to testify in her behalf; but his request was not granted, and he was powerless to assist her. He again went to Mr. Stanton and begged him, nay implored him, not to harm this innocent woman. Said he, "Mr. Stanton it will come up against you in the future." And it did come up to make Mr. Stanton's life one of remorse.

The chief witness against Mrs. Surratt was Weichmann, who boarded at Mrs. Surratt's house. He was a constant companion of Booth's, and in full confidence in all his plans to abduct Mr. Lincoln; and he also was aware that the attempt would be made that fatal night to kill the President. This scoundrel, who was implicated, in order to save himself, went to Baker and offered, if he should be granted immunity from prosecution, to give information that would convict Mrs. Surratt. Of course, being an insignificant person, he was allowed to turn State's evidence. Up to this time not one shadow of evidence could Baker or Stanton get to connect Mrs. Surratt, directly or indirectly, with the killing of Mr. Lincoln; they therefore eagerly accepted this fellow's story as a pretext to murder her. Weichmann stated to Baker that Mrs. Surratt was a party to the murder, and perfectly familiar with all Booth's movements and plans, and with this information the hellish work of the Secretary and his tool, Baker, was inaugurated. Baker taught Weichmann just what he was to swear to before the commission that was to try Mrs. Surratt, and in the presence of that court, if court it could be called, Weichmann charged Mary E. Surratt with a crime that she knew she was innocent of. He swore that she was a party to the murder plot, and on his evidence she was convicted and hanged.

When Secretary Stanton was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States my informant was making things lively for George S. Boutwell, Grant's Secretary of the Treasury. Boutwell believed Mr. Stanton had sufficient control over my informant to stop the latter's attacks on him, and invoked Stanton's interposition. Mr. stanton sent for my friend to call at his house, as he wanted to speak with him on an important matter. When he entered the ex-Secretary's room he found Mr. Stanton propped up on a divan with some pillows, looking very much excited and almost ghastly. After greeting him my friend said: "Mr. Stanton, you sent for me; what can I do for you." Stanton replied, calling my friend familiarly by his Christian name:

"Have I not always been your friend? Have I not always taken your advice and done as you requested me to do for you and your friends? I want you to stop this war on Mr. Boutwell, and let him alone. I have not yet seen my commission as Justice of the Supreme Court, and I never will see it unless you will stop this fight on Boutwell."

To this my informant replied: "Mr. Stanton, I would as soon be guilty of wronging one of my own children as wronging you; but while I have life I will never cease to fight Boutwell while he is in political position. He has wickedly and cruelly wronged me, and you sir, know how well I am able to make him regret his cowardly action to me."

After awhile the conversation drifted to the subject of Mrs. Surratt's execution, on which Stanton showed extraordinary sensitiveness. He asked my friend about Baker's death, and whether he had made any dying declaration in regard to Mrs Surratt. My informant then told him that shortly before his death Baker had made a dying declaration that by order of Edwin M. Stanton, he (Baker) had destroyed the written promise of protection to the Surratt family, and that he had subpœnaed Weichmann as a witness against Mrs. Surratt, and manufactured the false testimony which that scoundrel gave against her.

Stanton, pale and excited in the highest degree, sprang up from his couch, and said:

"Great God! did Baker make that revelation? Do you still say that woman was innocent? Oh, God! that thing comes back to me now as it cannot come to you who do not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, besides you urged and prayed for mercy to her. I know it, I confess it; I wish I had taken your advice at that time. Oh! how much I would have escaped."

Thus, the ex-Secretary, at times almost incoherent with his strong feelings, continued to rave and ejaculate. At last, with the tears streaming down his face, Mr. Stanton fell on his knees and implored my friend not to reveal Baker's dying declarations during his (Stanton's) lifetime. He readily gave Mr. Stanton the promise he so excitedly sought. Stanton, during the latter part of the scene, was crying like a child. And there alone in his room, a prey to remorse and despair, not many days after this interview, did Edwin M. Stanton, in order to get rid of the ghost ever haunting him of Mary E. Surratt, cut his own throat and die the death of a suicide.

When the news of his death was noised abroad, I called on my informant and told him there was a rumor that Stanton had commited suicide. I could get no reply from him at that time, but he was one of the few persons who saw Mr. Stanton after his death, and he has since communicated to me the facts here stated, and told me that Stanton did indeed cut his throat.

All who knew Baker are aware of his wretched life, his remorse and miserable death. Before his death he left as a slight atonement the dying declaration referred to above. Weichmann was living some time ago in Philadelphia, hated and scorned by every one who ever knew him, or has read of the murder of Mrs. Surratt. Senator King, in a fit of despair, drowned himself. Jim Lane blew out his brains. John T. Bingham, whom Benjamin F. Butler publicly charged with having caused the hanging of an innocent woman, now lives in Ohio, a drunken sot, who dares not trust himself for one moment alone. Thus nearly every one of those who took part in the deliberate murder of an innocent woman, has died a violent and horrible death, or lives abhorred and despised to expiate in remorse and shame the foulest crime that blots the annals of the Republic.—*N. Y. Star.*

A GOOD HORSE.

"I can't explain what a real good horse is," said one of the best natured dealers in the street. "They are as different as men. In buying a horse you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything, any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay, there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads; but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head—that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad, full place below the eyes. You can't trust him. Kick? Well, I guess so! Put him in a ten-acre lot, where he's got plenty of swing, and he'll kick the horn off the moon."

The world's treatment of man and beast has the tendency to enlarge and intensify bad qualities, if they predominate. This good-natured phrenologist could not refrain from slapping in the face the horse whose character had been so cruelly delineated, while he had nothing but the gentlest caresses for a tall, docile, sleek-limbed sorrel, that picked her ears forward and looked intelligent enough to understand all that was being said.

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fulness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well cut under the jowl, with jaw-bones broad and wide apart under the throat-tie.

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long-legged, stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high and the shoulders well set back and broad; but don't get them too deep in the chest. The fore-leg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind-leg with the hock low down, short pastern joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly, graceful, good-natured and serviceable. As to color, tastes differ. Bays, browns and chestnuts are the best. Roans are very fashionable at present. A great many grays and sorrels are brought here for shipment to Mexico and Cuba. They do well in a hot climate, under a tropical sun, for the same reason that you find light colored clothing most serviceable in summer. That circus-horse behind you is what many people call a calico-horse; now, I call him a genuine piebald. It's a freak of nature, and may happen anywhere."

ROMANCE AND THE WEATHER.

The great wave rolling over us from the home of the frost king brings with it a suggestion. Those taking the trouble to do so, have observed that the poets and novelists almost invariably have their heroes and heroines make love in summer. And there is philosophy beneath the fact. A love scene is never complete except when set off by the beauty of the world in bloom. Love, as it appears in letters, is essentially a tropic passion. The institution of chivalry, whose inspiration was love, flourished only in Southrn climes. The dramatic fervor of knight and lady had its origin in hot blood. PETRARCH's passion for LAURA came from glowing Italian skies. More than this, the pretty traits of woman and the generous traits of man are best revealed under the soft clouds of the growing season. Nothing in the common flow of life puts character to a severer test than the weather. Selfishness, meanness, weakness, slovenliness—all the disagreeable features of character which have come down to us from our savage ancestors are put in play by the chill of winter. An ardent lover happens on his sweet-heart as she walks out at early sunrise of a July morning, her slippered feet welcomed by the springing grass of the lawn, her rosy cheeks kissed by the warm wind as it toys with her tresses, and his happiness is supreme. He happens on her again at a similar hour on a morning like that of last Friday, for instance, as she comes down stairs with her shoes untied, her hair done up in a wad about as big as a biscuit, with a shawl over her shoulders, which are noticeably humped on the occasion, and watches her push the other aside to get the best chance at the fire, though they may need it most, and his illusion is clean gone. Taken all in all romantic courtship does not thrive in weather like this. But if a man wants to know the bottom of a woman's character as to neatness and considerateness and those other qualities which go to make up the mental and moral furnishing of such an one as he wants for his wife, let him be grateful for this weather as for a god-send. This is his opportunity. And it is only fair to say the same to the woman who expects the great question of her life. A man who keeps his temper and his person and his duties well in order when the water freezes on the mantel piece, is generally worth having. That is an evidence in his favor which ought to out weigh many which are usually more considered.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A barefooted little boy stepped on a bee, and soon after said to his mother: "Ma, I didn't know that bees had splinters in their tails."

MAMMON IN THE PEW.

A learned bishop, in commenting recently upon the change that has taken place in the relations between the Christian Church and the world, remarked that Mammon now rents a pew and helps to conduct the establishment. It would be an interesting experiment if some one would take the book of the Acts of the Apostles and try, just for amusement, to imagine how the narrative would have read if it had been written as a record of the movements of the church and the church people nearly two thousand years later. The contrast between the condition of things when Mammon was persecuting the Church and when Mammon is holding a pew and helping to pay for the choir would, perhaps, be rather startling. Even more interesting would be an attempt to conceive the present condition of things as existing in the Apostolic age. Suppose, for example, that such a record should contain information like the following: Peter went to Joppa to carry the gospel to Cornelius, but upon arriving at his destination he discovered that he had accidentally left all his sermons behind him at Jerusalem, and as he did not know how to speak extemporaneously he was obliged to postpone the intended Sunday service until he could send and fetch his manuscripts. The brother of Onesimus came to hear Paul preach, but as he was a person of very humble birth and all the pews upon the ground floor were rented by wealthy people, he was shown to a back seat in the gallery. The church edifice at Antioch cost $375,000; two-thirds of which remained as a mortgage upon the building. The brethren strove earnestly to reduce the debt, and with this intent they held a fair at which pin cushions and ice cream were sold, and during which there was much excitement over a raffle for a cake. The gold-headed cane, that was offered to whichever clergyman obtained the greatest number of votes, was awarded to Paul, who had 381 votes, while only 270 were given to Peter, and 111 scattering. The attempt to raise the money having, however, failed, the edifice was sold by the Sheriff, and was purchased by a Roman, who fitted it up for a circus. Apollos having been attacked with a light form of bronchitis, went to Melita for the benefit of his health, and the church to which he administered was closed all summer, repairs being conducted in the interval. Philip, having for many years performed pastoral duties faithfully in a parish of Ethiopia, a number of members of the congregation grew tired of him and they cut down his salary to get rid of him. When he resigned, a younger man was called, and as nobody extended a call to Philip, he was admitted to the Home for Decayed Clergymen, where he ended his days. Paul preached at Corinth with power and fervor, and at the conclusion of his sermon he asked that a hymn should be sung. It was given in an artistic manner by the choir, the solos for the soprano and alto being unusually brilliant, while Paul was especially pleased with the extraordinary left-hand playing of the organist during the performance of the florid accompaniment. A Gentile from Alexandria who attempted to sing was requested by the sexton not to interrupt the music. When Paul visited Ephesus, he was entertained by Alexander the coppersmith, who, although not a believer, held a pew in the middle aisle of the church, belonging to the vestry, and contributed so liberally to church objects that he was more highly regarded than any of the converts whose circumstances were not so good. Paul, while in the pulpit, preached with force against sin; but, of course, carefully avoided saying anything that might hurt Alexander's feelings. While at Lystra, Paul encountered a cripple who had been robbed of the use of his limbs by rheumatism. He advised the unfortunate man to read carefully the patent-medicine advertisements in the religious newspapers in the hope of being directed toward relief.

And so forth. A narrative which should treat such a subject in such a manner might be open to a charge of undue levity; but such an accusation could not fairly be made by those religious persons who approve of the things upon which the travesty is based. The Christian church to-day sanctions, to a greater or less extent, these very things; and it is not any more shocking to imagine St. Paul approving an effort to reduce a church debt by the help of a raffle, than it is to regard the fact that such methods are actually employed. The church of to-day is a power for good, and it contains tens of thousands of good people. It is doing noble work and doing it earnestly; but Mammon does sit in the pews and help to pay the expenses; and there are few ministers who have courage enough to stand up in the pulpit and to tell the rich sinner in the pew the honest truth about his conduct. It is respectable to go to church, and those people who go because it is respectable, have become so necessary as contributors to the expenses that the preacher suffers frightful embarrassment when he desires to do his duty. The modern preacher is in a sense in the position of the sportsman who could fire straight at his prey while the prey was far apart from him, but who was deeply perplexed what to do when a bird which he wanted to shoot came and perched on the barrel of his gun.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

TWELVE GOLDEN MAXIMS.

BY BISHOP HALL.

1.—ON DRESS.

In thy apparel avoid profuseness, singularity and gaudiness; let it be decent, and suited to the quality of thy place and purse. Too much punctuality and too much morosity are the extremes of pride. Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it, nor too precisely in it. What custom hath civilized hath become decent; until then it was ridiculous. Where the eye is the jury, the apparel is the evidence, the body is the shell of the soul, apparel is the husk of that shell, and the husk will often tell you what the kernel is. Seldom does solid wisdom dwell under fantastic apparel; neither will the pantaloon fancy be inured within the walls of grave habit. The fool is known by his pied coat.

2.—ON CONVERSATION.

Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation; in the one thou discoverest too much darkness, and in the other too much lightness; he that speaks from the understanding to the understanding doth best. Know when to speak, lest, while thou showest wisdom in not speaking, thou betray thy folly in too long silence. If thou art a fool, thy silence is wisdom; but if thou art wise, thy long silence is folly. As too many words from a fool's mouth give one that is wise no room to speak, so too long silence in one that is wise gives a fool opportunity of speaking, and makes thee in some measure guilty of his folly. To conclude, if thou be not wise enough to speak, be at least so wise as to hold thy peace.

3.—ON BEARING ADVERSITY.

Hath fortune dealt thee ill cards, let wisdom make thee a good gamester. In a fair gale every fool may sail; but wise behavior in a storm commends the wisdom of a pilot. To bear adversity with an equal mind is both sign and glory of a brave spirit. As there is no worldly gain without some loss, so there is no worldly loss without some gain. If thou hast lost thy wealth, thou hast lost some trouble with it; if thou art degraded of thy honor, thou art likewise freed from the stroke of envy; if sickness hath blurred thy beauty, it hath delivered thee from pride. Set the allowance against the loss, and thou shalt find no great loss. He loseth little or nothing who keepeth the favor of God, and the peace and freedom of his conscience.

4.—ON ANGER.

Beware of him that is slow to anger. Anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes and the longer kept. Abused patience turns to fury. When fancy is the ground of passion, that understanding which composes the fancy qualifies the passion; but when judgment is on the ground, the memory is the recorder and this passion is long retained.

5.—ON SECRET ENEMIES.

He that professes himself thy open enemy, arms thee against the evil he means thee; but he that dissembles himself thy friend, when he is thy secret enemy, strikes beyond caution and wounds above cure. From the first thou mayest deliver thyself, from the last good Lord deliver thee.

6.—ON LAW AND PHYSIC.

If thou study law and physic, endeavor to know both and to need neither. Temperate diet, moderate and reasonable labor, rest and recreation with God's blessing, will save thee from thy physician; a peaceful disposition, prudent and just behavior, will secure thee from the law. Yet, if necessity absolutely compel, thou mayest use both; they that use either otherwise than for necessity soon abuse themselves into weak bodies and light purses.

7.—ON INCONSTANCY.

Be not unstable in thy resolutions, nor various in thy actions, nor inconstant in thy affections. So deliberate that thou mayest perform; so perform that thou mayest preserve. Mutability is the badge of infirmity.

8.—CHARITY ALLEGORIZED.

Charity is a naked child giving honey to a bee without wings. Naked, because excuseless and simple; a child, because [illegible] honey, because pleasant and comfortable; to a bee because a bee is industrious and deserving; without wings, because wanting and helpless. If thou deniest to such thou killest a bee; if thou givest to other than such thou preservest a drone.

9.—ON DIET AND REGIMEN.

If thou desirest to take the best advantage of thyself, especially in matters where the fancy is most employed, keep temperate diet, use moderate exercise, observe seasonable and set hours for rest, and let the end of thy first sleep raise thee from thy repose; then hath thy body the best temper; thy soul the least incumbrance; then no noise shall disturb thine ear; no object shall divert thine eye; then if ever shall thy sprightly fancy transport thee beyond the common pitch, and show the majorim of high invention.

10.—HOW TO USE PROPERTY.

So use property that adversity may not abuse thee. If in prosperity thy security admits no fear, in adversity thy despair will afford no hope; be that in prosperity can foretell a danger can in adversity foresee deliverance.

11.—ON BELIEVING AND COMMUNICATING NEWS.

Let the greatest part of the news thou hearest be the least part of what thou believest, lest the greatest part of what thou believest be the least part of what is true; and report nothing for truth, in earnest or in jest, unless thou know it, or at least confidently believe it to be so, neither is it expedient at all times or in all companies to report what thou knowest to be true; sometimes it may avail thee if thou seem not to know that which thou knowest. Hast thou any secret, commit it not to many, nor to any unless well known unto thee.

12.—ON CONDUCT TOWARD A FRIEND.

Hast thou a friend, use him friendly; abuse him not in jest or earnest; conceal his infirmities; privately reprove his errors. Commit thy secrets to him, yet with caution, lest thy friend become thy enemy and abuse thee.

DAN RICE'S FAMOUS HORSE.—The Erie *Herald* says: "On the 17th of last month at the stables of Mr. Jesse Arnot, in St. Louis, Dan Rice's world-renowned blind horse "Excelsior, Jr.," died, having attained to an age of something over twenty-eight years. Mr. Rice was telegraphed at Girard of the event and immediately directed Mr. Arnot to lay away the remains of the old horse until he could have an opportunity to have them brought to Girard, where it is proposed to have them interred and a monument erected to their memory. Excelsior entered the ring at the age of one year and nine months, went blind at two years, and has been before the public since then up to the time of his death, as Colonel Rice says, with the exception of such times as he was very sick or in the hands of the Sheriff. The horse was highly educated and had during his day made for his proprietor a large amount of money. Mr. Rice says he died as he had lived, pure and unadulterated, the only thing in the show business that ever did."

AN OVERBEARING TEMPER.—Nothing shows a greater abjectness of spirit than an overbearing temper appearing in a person's behavior to inferiors. To insult or abuse those who dare not answer again, is as sure a mark of cowardice as it would be to attack with a drawn sword a woman or a child.

A New York evening paper is rather alarmed with an idea of its own that the burglars will steal the police soon if they don't look out. This is an unnecessary fear, as some recent events seem to indicate that the police are never around where the burglars can get their hands on them.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

OUR COUNTY INSTITUTE.

The great educational event of the year is past and gone. To say that it was a success, is only expressing the sentiments of all who attended its sessions. Surely it has marked a new era in the educational affairs of our county. Having but little space to devote to the publishing of the proceedings, we will endeavor to give our readers a short summary of the leading events of the week, promising, however, to furnish the proceedings in full to the teachers, directors and friends of our common schools throughout the county, in a short time.

On Monday, December 30, we opened the Institute with encouraging prospects. Eighty-five teachers being enrolled—quite unprecedented in the history of Clearfield county. Prof. Barlow, of Easton, and Prof. Raub, of Lock Haven, being present, gave some very cheering words to our teachers.

Monday evening the Opera House was filled to overflowing. The exercises were especially interesting.

On Tuesday the number enrolled exceeded one hundred and fifty, and the sessions were very interesting. One thing that characterized the work was the help given by our teachers. Every one present seemed desirous of contributing something to strengthen the work of the Institute. Good order on the part of the teachers was a commendable feature of the occasion. Regular attendance another. The roll at the close of the week, showed an attendance of one hundred and eighty-five teachers actually engaged in teaching in the county. This, added to the list of those who are not at present teaching, makes an aggregate of near two hundred and five. When we consider that there are but two hundred and twelve schools in the county, it is indeed gratifying to receive so good an attendance. We cannot commend too highly those teachers who manifest so much interest and care in the labors of the week, and we believe that their reward is in the near future, for indeed it is evident that directors are awakening to the importance of selecting those who are alive to every emergency that has for its end improvement and honor.

We cannot refrain from censuring at this time that dormant class of teachers that pass the means thus provided for their improv