THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

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Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House.

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(SUCCESSOR TO P. O.)
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FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 8, 1878-1y

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Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House.

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Office in Opera House.

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

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

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

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Office in Pie's Opera House.

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(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor.

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Real Estate and Collection Agent,
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JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.

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HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on First st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.

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CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

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JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
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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.

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Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
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Collections made and money promptly paid over.

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Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
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House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
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Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

JOHN A. STADLER,
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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
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Office on Second street, in rear of store room of George Weaver & Co.

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

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REAL ESTATE BROKER,
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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.
OPEN ALL NIGHT!
T. W. TRAUCK, Prop'r.

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, 1870.

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.....$28,000,000
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 commission. Office in Pie's Opera House.
ANDREW PENTZ, Jr.,
S. T. BROCKBANK,
Clearfield, May 1, 1878-1y. Agents.

THE CITY OF CONSTANTINE.

[When Mohammed II, after the fall of Constantinople, entered the palace of the Byzantine Emperor "in melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness forced itself on his mind, and he repeated an elegant distich of Persian poetry: 'The spider has woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab.'"—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*]

I.
Four hundred years have passed away
Since the Turkish torrent poured
Over thy walls, Byzantium,
With the Koran and the sword;
Four hundred years since Constantine,
Last monarch of his race,
Fell like a king before the foe,
Contending face to face—
And passed away from history's page,
That Empire famed of old,
As a lamp is blown out by the wind,
And a story that is told.

"For the spider has woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

II.
They dragged the fallen Emperor
From 'neath the heaps of slain;
Of all his broad and purple robes
No traces now remain.
Only the golden eagles bright
That on his sandals shone,
Told this was mighty Constantine,
The great imperial one.
With savage zeal they smote the head
From the body of their foe,
And at Mohammed's feet they laid
The ghostly trophy low.
Nor seem nor grief the Moslem felt;
It was his fate to die;
Man is but dust in thy great scales,
All-conquering Destiny!

"For the spider has woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

III.
The gorgeous palace halls, ablaze
With prophyry, gems and gold
Where the proud Emperors of the East
Lavished their wealth untold,
Now lay deserted lone and still,
As came the Conqueror there,
And echoed to his heavy tread
High arch and marble stair.
The Moslem paused—o'er face and eye
A shadow seems to fall;
"Such, then, is earthly pomp and power,
A sunbeam on the wall;
To-day we reign in prosperous pride,
To-morrow we are dead;
Ah, true as are the Prophet's words
Are these the poet said:

"For the spider has woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

IV.
Four hundred years have passed away—
The Moslem bulwark now—
The mighty city of the East—
Wears ashes on her brow.
The Crescent pales its falling fires,
And Islam suppliant stands
Before the monarchs of the West
With clasped, imploring hands.
Her time has also come to yield,
And pass away, and die,
As pales the moon, when, strong and red,
The sun ascends the sky.

"For the spider has woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

—*Henry Peterson, Philadelphia.*

A CHINESE WEDDING.

A NOVEL SERVICE DESCRIBED.—A MOW AND A LOVELY DAUGHTER OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM MARRIED IN SHANGHAI—CELEBRATED BY FEASTING AND FIRECRACKERS.

[From the Shanghai Herald.]

The interesting ceremony of a Chinese wedding was performed in the presence of large numbers of foreigners of both sexes. The bridegroom was the second son of A-mow, the well-known storekeeper on the French settlement, and the bride was the daughter of a family of some estate residing in the native city of Shanghai. They are only seventeen years of age. The decoration of the premises for the occasion was carried out on an extensive scale, and, as the wedding took place at 5 o'clock in the evening, the effect was much heightened by the inevitable Chinese lantern, of divers colors and shapes, suspended from bowers of evergreens and flowers, arranged upon trellised bamboos. Several rooms in the store were prepared for the accommodation of the guests, and a stand outside was erected for the convenience of the musicians and singers.

The bride was attired sumptuously in a parti-colored brocaded satin overgarment, which was of course surmounted by the red cotton bridal veil covering the whole head and face and hanging some distance down, being, however, slightly open at the sides to permit of easier breathing. The fashion of this attire was that of centuries ago—the top of the head-dress bulging out in form very similar to that seen in ancient pictures of Israelitish priests. Around this she wore a golden coronet, studded with pearls, amethysts, and rubies, while pendant from it were numerous strings of long glass beads of several colors, the whole presenting a novel, if not altogether charming effect.

The bridegroom was clad in the embroidered silk robes of a white-button Mandarin. He betrayed not the slightest anxiety to lift the veil that concealed the bride's face, but, with a stolidity remarkable in one so young, allowed the ceremony to proceed and himself to be guided by the old women go-betweens with much resignation. They placed the bride to the right of the family altar and the bridegroom at her left hand, both kneeling.

It may not be amiss to explain how the bride reached her father-in-law's house, where the nuptials are always celebrated. On the day which has been found by the fortune tellers as being propitious for the event, the bridegroom sets out for the house of his prospective father-in-law; but he is always met on the way thither by an emissary, who entreats him to return to his own home, and not waste his time in seeking the root of so humble a personage as his future wife's father. At length, persuaded of this, he returns home and sends the bridal chair, accompanied by four, eight, twelve or sixteen groomsmen, as the case may be, to ask for the bride. The bridal chair is a *sine qua non* of the wedding ceremony. While the groomsmen are being feasted, the bride is subjected to a little martyrdom of having some of her front hair pulled out and her forehead expanded to that matronly form which is often seen in the case of snakes.

The groomsmen having urged the impatience of the groom, and the longing with which he is looking forward to the happy hour, they take their departure, and the bride is led forth to her parents' family hall to worship her ancestors—those lares of the Chinese family religion—and her parents, the deities incarnate of this cult. At the termination of these simple rites, she enters the bridal chair. The music, the lanterns, the torches, the red umbrella—imitation of a Mandarin's turnout—the numerous boxes and trunks, bed clothes, and utensils indescribable, all shining bright and red, that form the make up of a bridal procession, are familiar to every foreign resident. At the bridegroom's house, the family altar, as above stated, had been prepared. Two candles, the nuptial tapers, one covered with green and the other with red crape, were lying on the altar front, the object of which will be presently explained.

The bride was received at her new home with a salute of firecrackers and music; and the chair was deposited, with its devoted occupant, inside the entrance to the hall, but at the rear of the altar. The chair poles were then removed, and the female bridal attendants, a class of women who, in China, make weddings a matter of trade, took their station at the door of the chair and assisted the groom's mother in examining the door itself. The origin of this examination was the custom (long since exploded) of sealing the gate of the chair to make sure that the bride bargained for had not been changed during the transit from her house to that of her husband, and an inferior specimen of womankind substituted. In the wedding under notice, the supposed seals being found uninjured, the mother retired, the nuptial tapers were lighted, and the bridal attendants led the bride to the right-hand side of the altar, and the groom was informed she had left the chair.

In obedience to the call of the Master of Ceremonies, the pair knelt and worshipped first heaven and earth—the Chinese ideal of a wedded union from which all things have been born into existence. They then worshipped the ancestors of the bridegroom; next his parents; each in their turn shadowing forth the nearer or more remote fountain of existence, like the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters.

The second act was begun by two of the groomsmen (both of whose parents must still be alive, as otherwise they are not qualified) taking the nuptial tapers to light the way, the groom gently drawing the bride by the red and green pieces of crape referred to before to the bower that had been provided for her. Arriving in the nuptial chamber they both sat on the edge of the bed, and the bridegroom softly lifted the edge of the bridal veil, and so obtained the first peep at his wife's features. The female attendants then immediately put the veil altogether aside, and the bridegroom immediately resigned his bride to the care of the female attendants who took off the veil and bride's coronet and antique dress, and proceeded to array her in the garb of a fashionable lady of the present day. The fresh toilet completed, the bridegroom once more led her forth unveiled to be inspected by parents, relatives and guests, after which she retired to the bridal chamber, and the groom remained behind to attend to the wants of the vistors.

Feasting then became the order of the evening, champagne, shamshu, and other liquors flowing in abundance. Many of the guests visited the bride in the nuptial chamber, where she received them seated on the bed, which was a very handsome piece of furniture. The proceedings were kept up till a late hour, and were resumed on Wednesday and Thursday nights, though not to such an extent; but we are credibly informed that, taken altogether, there were not less than 600 guests present.

THE MILLERS' STATE CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of the Millers' State Association was held in the city of Lancaster, January 14th. The proceedings were of an interesting character. Many of the millers were of the opinion that Fultz wheat was not, as a general rule, so good to make flour of as many other varieties of wheat. The Fultz wheat yields well enough as to quantity of flour, but the quality of the flour is inferior—as it is darker than the flour made from the Mediterranean wheat, and consequently makes darker and rough bread. Some millers said that by taking one-third Fultz, one-third Red and one-third Amber, and grinding them together, a good quality of flour can be obtained; hence, it is to the interest of millers to encourage farmers to raise the Red and Amber, or such other kinds of wheat as yield well for the producer, and at the same time make a good quality of flour. The Lancaster *Intelligencer*, in its report of the proceedings, says:

A member from Philadelphia stated that the chief recommendation of the Fultz wheat was its fine appearance. He regarded it as far inferior to the Red Mediterranean and several other varieties for all purposes, except for shipping. For export it grades as Amber, and brings a good price, but when used by our bakers is sure to cause complaint. In the Philadelphia market Lancaster county flour, which formerly held very high rank, was now held in light esteem, and he believed this was because of the introduction of Fultz wheat.

The above view was endorsed by a number of the millers present. Mr. W. Latimer Small, of York, thought the Clawson wheat even worse than the Fultz, and would like to know how they may be got rid of. He suggested that millers should refuse to pay as much for these varieties as for others that are better. Mr. Levan, of Lancaster, said the trouble was that shippers were paying four cents per bushel more for Fultz wheat than they paid for Red Mediterranean—its fine appearance recommending it. Of course, our millers were willing to let them have it; but as long as it was in demand it would be grown. Mr. Small recommended the Mediterranean, the Blue Stem, the Shoemaker, and the Canada White, as better than any others with which he was acquainted for making superior flour. Another member stated that in his neighborhood Fultz wheat was largely used and the flour highly esteemed by bakers. As much as 372 pounds of good bread was made from a barrel of flour. It was further said that although our home millers undervalued it, it was sought after by foreign buyers. He suggested that perhaps the faults complained of lay not so much in the wheat as in the machinery by which it was prepared; it was said that the Fultz wheat could be ground into good flour by subjecting it to a steam heater before it is put on the burrs; the process was described.

Finally the matter respecting which varieties of wheat were best for flour was referred to a committee of five millers. This committee at the evening session of the Convention made the following report:

Resolved, That this Society will discourage the growing of Fultz and Clawson wheat. For milling purposes, they are not desirable and have been the cause of much of the complaint of our flour. We suggest Lancaster, Old Mediterranean, Boughton, Shoemaker, Diehl, Visk and Canada White.

The *Intelligencer* says the sentiment of the Convention seemed to be very decidedly against the Fultz and Clawson wheat, and the above resolution was almost unanimously adopted.

A man who by begging gets a favor and then uses that favor to the injury of the party that generously bestows it, is an ingrate of more than usual meanness.

THE STOLEN TELEGRAMS.

The Potter committee has not gone very far in its investigation of the cipher telegrams, but it has gone far enough to indicate clearly that whatever of obloquy there may be on one side is well balanced by a series of well-planned rascalities on the other. The unblushing confession of Brady, who occupies the position of Second Assistant Postmaster General, establishes all that, and, accustomed as people have become to the various phases of moral deformity as developed in the conspiracy which led to the theft of the Presidency, they must think with horror from some of the revelations of this government official. Not alone did men high in department authority conspire to commit one of the greatest crimes of the age, but they lent their personal aid and threw their subordinates into the work until a Southern State was invaded not only by wily politicians, but by government officials ranging from an Assistant Postmaster General down to special agents of the department, with wellfilled pockets, ready for any emergency. Descending to this level and becoming thus a part of the crime itself it was the most natural thing that the highest of these officials should afterward become an accomplice in the theft and in the suppression of the evidence of guilt in the transaction.

Nothing is needed beyond the disgraceful story which Brady tells to satisfy honest men of the character of the whole business, if any were left not already satisfied. When the Senate committee had come into possession of the political telegrams the Republicans who were concerned had the fullest opportunity to go and select the dispatches dangerous to them. Brady personally secured those which had passed between him and Postmaster General Tyner, and when there was a lull in this neat work of discrimination the messenger of Morton's committee, one Bullock, stole a carefully assorted lot and turned them over to Brady, who had them copied by clerks in the Post Office Department; some he sent for publication and others he turned over to William E. Chandler, who had no more business with the stolen matter than Brady had. It was all in the line of their business, however, for these were the Democratic ciphers, and it was desirable they should be given publicity, the Republican evidence of crime having been destroyed. What the Republican dispatches were can, of course, never be known, unless some conscience-striken participant in the outrage should be moved to a confession, and then he would be certain to have to face the contradiction of all his fellow-conspirators. No one will have the hardihood to claim that those telegrams were innocent in their character; had they been so they would have been preserved with the greatest care, as their value for purposes of vindication must have been recognized. But having been destroyed there can be but one suspicion in the public mind regarding the motive for such a desperate resort. Nor does that complete the evil. Evidently the value of the cipher dispatches as inculpating evidence is destroyed by this stealing of such of them as would have implicated one side, and so far as the investigation is further concerned it will never be able to clear the skirts of one party while besmirching the other. There was no better way to show the iniquity of the Democratic cipher telegrams than by contrast with the Republican dispatches had the latter been innocent and honest. The opportunity to do this has been lost by the crime of those who abstracted the Republican documents, and it will always remain to be remembered that while one side, with all its ciphers, failed to hold that to which it was entitled, the other side got that which did not belong to it by a process known only to its plotters and their destroyed telegrams.

It was worth while to call President Hayes' attention to the fact that he has appointed to a position abroad one of the men who was most active in the theft of the dispatches from the committee room. That is Bullock, former messenger of Morton's committee but now United States Consul at Cologne. If the President knew of Bullock's crime he is as guilty as Bullock; if he did not know it then he will make himself guilty by permitting his continuance in office as a representative of this government, since the sworn confession of the Assistant Postmaster General makes Bullock but a thief. He should be summarily dismissed if the President is to be respected. It would seem that there has already been quite enough of this sort of business to satisfy the ambition of an administration which started on a reform basis.—*Philadelphia Times.*

AGRICULTURAL.

PROFITABLE CORN AND WHEAT RAISING.

For some years I have been cultivating corn and wheat with a view, all the while, of making the most and best seed from a given extent of land, at the least cost, in the shortest possible time and with the least permanent injury to the soil. Discarding all old fogy ideas, I persistently pursued their culture on almost purely scientific principles. In the first place, the natural laws that govern vegetation were complied with, the habits of the plants, their demands and wants were carefully attended to. In the second place, the nature of the soil, its elements and adaptation to the growth of the plants were analyzed, and where deficiencies occurred, elements were supplied, and where too much stalk food predominated, materials were applied to neutralize the excess and secure the proper proportion of the various elements of the plant food.

For instance, low, alluvial land always produces too much stalk and too little grain. To make less stalk and more grain, lime, salt, ashes, etc., may be used to great advantage and profit. In the vegetable, as well as in the animal world, there are good, bad and indifferent specimens. Stockmen have them all, and it is only by close breeding, careful study and intelligent application to Nature's own laws, that they finally succeed in producing pure and valuable breeds. Just as much attention should be given to the selecting and saving of seed corn and wheat. The largest and best looking ears taken from the crib do not by any means make the best seed. The best seed corn is always found in the field on the top ears of those stalks that bear more ears than one and ripen earliest. Seed corn should always be selected in the field, not from the largest stalks, but from those that are the best formed and have the finest stover.

Seven years of experimenting, working on one variety, have given me one that is almost invaluable in almost every respect. It is very prolific, having on each stalk several ears, each yielding from five to eight ounces of grain. My best specimen of a stalk had fourteen ears and shelled sixty-three ounces. My best 100 stalks selected from off an acre, shelled 170 pounds, and my best acre on highly improved land made me 102 bushels shelled. I merely state these facts to show what can be done by way of improvement in our cereals.

A word about the physiology of the plant may not be out of place right here: It is the largest of the grasses. It is monœcious and susceptible, perhaps, of greater improvement than any other. My opinion is that, in its original and primitive state, every joint that has a groove bore an ear. One may see on examination an ear or an embryo ear on every node from the roots to within six or seven of the tassel. Then I ask, why do not all develop as does that on the last joint generally about two-thirds of the way up? I find an ear can be made by careful selecting and saving the seed, feeding and proper culture.

Wheat, too, can be wonderfully improved by picking by hand the center heads of the largest tillers, that ripen earliest. This insures pure seed, reliable and free from every foreign variety, as well as from all cheat, cockies, etc. I do not mean that a farmer should pick all his seed, but I do say that he should pick a bushel or two which, when sowed on a choice, clean acre or two, will produce his seed for the next season. This picking should be done every year, so that the wheat may not deteriorate.

The most reliable preventive for the rust, and perhaps one of the best top-dressings, is a mixture of salt and ashes—half and half. By mixing in December, or early in January, and keeping it stirred twice a month, it becomes in two months one of the best of fertilizers. Put it on in February or early in March. Four or ten bushels to the acre will pay any one twice the amount of expense and labor expended. —*Rural New Yorker.*

A HOTEL OFFICE.

EVERYDAY SCENES IN THE CLERK'S LIFE.

A reporter of the New York *Graphic* gives a bird's-eye view of the inwardness of a hotel office. He remarks:

I stood near the office of one of our large Broadway hotels a few evenings since for exactly ten minutes. Besides being intently engaged in regulating a mass of books and bills, the Clerk attended to the following programme of business:—

Man with small red satchel apparently just departing—"Can I leave this in your care for a few minutes?" Clerk—"Certainly, Mr. Jones," and the valise goes over the counter.

Another guest—"Will you favor me with pen and ink?" Guest accommodated.

Gent (in great haste)—"Is Mr. A. in?"

Clerk (to waiter)—"James, take this card to 329." Ethiopian flies up three steps at a time.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling. This bell produces a negro and coal scuttle again.

Clerk—"Lyman, make a fire in 234."

Messenger boy approaches—"For Mr. A.," laying down a letter.

Ding dong!

Clerk—"Take this to 442." Ethiopian vanishes up the stair-case.

Messenger boy—"Please sign for this, sir." Clerk signs.

Gent (in long ulster)—"Mr. Whiting has gone, hasn't he?"

Clerk—"Just left two minutes ago."

Broad chested gent approaches. Clerk—"Letter for you, Doctor." Doctor receives the letter.

Ting-a-ling. Clerk—"203." Another Ethiopian disappears in the intricacies of the stair-case above.

Another guest—"I wish the key of 305." Clerk hands over key.

Ding dong! Fireman's bell again. Clerk—"Lyman, build a fire in 230."

Large, imposing guest, with gray mustache, army hat, distinguished in appearance—"If any one asks for me tell 'em I'm in No. 13." Clerk—"All right, Mr. B."

Man in check ulster—"Will you put this card in Mr. A.'s box?" Card goes in one of the vast system of small pigeon-holes holding keys.

Boy from the cigar stand in restaurant—"Change a $10 bill, sir?" Clerk changes bill and never ceases checking bills and adding up figures.

Boy places a large bundle on the office counter. Clerk to waiter—"Take this bundle to No. 6."

Another messenger boy with letter. Ding dong. Clerk to waiter—"Take this to 402."

Messenger boy—"Forty cents on this, sir." Clerk pays and boy leaves.

Small man in large ulster—"I'll pay my bill, if you please." Clerk to Assistant—"Make out Mr. C.'s bill."

Stout young man—"My key, please—305." Key handed over.

Ting-a-ling! "James, 260!" Ethiopian flies upward.

Enter traveler; old patron of the house; hands heavy valise over the counter. Clerk—"How do you do, Mr. Varnum; just get in?" Mr. V. glad to see Clerk. Mr. V. nods to the waiters, registers his name, and then goes to interview the bar.

The ten minutes are up. The omniscient Clerk is inspecting his books and bills as serenely as Emerson would write an essay in the retirement of his study. He is not disturbed. He is at home. He does this sort of thing all the time. It will go on in the same way for hours—one steady string of questions, answers, keys, bells, fires, messenger boys, bundles, and fresh arrivals. Within thirty feet of him fifty guests are talking and tramping about, porters are staggering under trunks, ladies are going down stairs on their way to the theater, children are spinning tops on the marble floor, the front door opens and shuts, and shuts and opens, unintermittingly, a telegraph indicator is clicking, a man behind a news stand is selling papers, another cigars, the run on the bar is steady and constant, people are eating in the adjoining restaurant, waiters are coming and going; and amid the busy concentration of life in a nutshell that Sturtevant House Clerk keeps as cool as an iceberg while adding up figures, answering questions and giving orders.

"OPENED BY MISTAKE."—Congressman Frank Jones, of New Hampshire, lives with his family at a certain Washington hotel. The other day a letter addressed in a dainty feminine hand was sent to his room. Mrs. Jones, who answers her husband's letters, opened it, and lo! it proved to be an invitation to "My dear Frank to call" at such a place at such and such an hour. Mrs. Jones, being a sensible lady, at once concluded that there must be another Frank Jones around, so she sent the letter down to the office, marked: "Opened by mistake." And so is was, for another Frank Jones did live at the hotel. Moral—but a moral isn't necessary.

ANCHOR OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE OLDEST RELIC IN EXISTENCE OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

On the night of the 2d of August, 1498, the little fleet of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America (he being then upon his third voyage), lay at anchor just off the South-west point of the island of Trinidad, off the mainland of South America, which he had seen that day for the first time. "Being on board of his ship," says Washington Irving, in his history of the great navigator (Vol. II., Book X., page 123), "late at night, kept awake by painful illness and an anxious and watchful spirit, he heard a terrible roaring from the South, and beheld the sea heaped up, as it were, into a great ridge of hill, the height of the ship, covered with foam, and rolling towards him with a tremendous uproar. As this furious surge approached, rendered more terrible in appearance by the obscurity of the night, he trembled for the safety of his vessels. His own ship was suddenly lifted up to such a height that he dreaded least it should be overturned or cast upon the rocks, while another of the ships was torn violently from her anchorage [leaving, it was hardly necessary for Mr. Irving to add, her anchor behind her.] The crews were for a time in great consternation, fearing they should be swallowed up; but the mountainous surge passed on, and gradually subsided, after a violent contest with the counter-current of the strait. This sudden rush of water, it is supposed, was caused by the swelling of one of the rivers which flow into the gulf of Paria, and which were as yet unknown to Columbus."

So far Washington Irving, who, of course, founds his text upon that of the old authorities, and especially upon the "Vita" of Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the great Admiral. The words of Ferdinand, in reference to the loss of the anchor aforesaid, in the original Italian, are as follows: "Ma placque a Dio che passo di sotto, e per dir meglio che gli levo in alto, senza fargli danno, *anchorche ad un navaglio levasse le anchore di terra*"—"Although one of the ships left her anchor behind her!"

The anchor was lost on the night of August 2d, 1498—nearly four hundred years ago!—from one of the ships of Columbus, off the Southwest extremity of the island of Trinidad—Point Arenat, as Columbus named the spot, *ride* Irving—has recently been recovered by Senor Argostino, the gentleman who now owns the point of land in question. It has the rare and thrilling merit of being the oldest relic extant of the great navigator and of the discovery of America.

As would be expected from the age of this relic, it is an anchor in its simplest form of expression. The shaft is round, and nine feet eight inches in length. At the head of the shaft is a round ring, nearly a foot in diameter, to which the cable was fastened. The flukes have a spread of about five feet. Its total weight is 1,100 pounds.

But the strangest part is to come. This anchor was dug up by Senior Argostino, in his garden, from a depth of six feet, at a distance of three hundred and twenty-seven feet from the nearest beach of the sea. His first supposition was that he had stumbled upon a relic of the Phœnicians, or of the ancient Nations who have been supposed by many to have visited the coasts of America thousands of years ago. But an attentive examination of local facts and authorities soon convinced him that a portion of his garden now occupies *the very spot* at which the ships of Columbus lay at anchor on the night of August 2d, 1498. The land is constantly rising from the sea and encroaching upon it along this entire coast, as has been shown by Humboldt, Findlay, and scores of others who have written upon this subject, and the rate of this encroachment is known to have been quite sufficient to turn in 400 years the anchorage of the great fleet into the garden of a private citizen. There is no doubt, therefore, at the end of the rigid inquiry that has been made, that the anchor recently found by Senor Argostino is really and truly the lost anchor of Columbus.

INCONVENIENCE OF FASHIONABLE CLOTHES.—Mrs. Stowe has an article in the February *Atlantic* called "The Modern Martyrdom of St. Perpetua," in which she describes most feelingly and graphically the tortures endured by a good and noble woman who was compelled by her fashionable daughter to wear a fashionable costume. Poor woman! She couldn't raise her arms and she couldn't take a long step, and she thought her bonnet was coming off all the time, and her face got sunburned, and the light hurt her eyes, and people stepped on her train—and yet she endured it all for the sake of her daughter's wishes. Mrs. Stowe says of her demeanor in church: "In time she learned to divide her sacred thoughts in church with the care of her bonnet and tie-back, and never in any ecstacy of devotion to forget she was mortal. As to the pain her clothes gave her, the sense of compression, the weariness, she learned to endure that in the spirit of sacrifice. If St. Perpetua of old could maintain a heavenly ecstacy when tossed by a wild cow, might she not hope in time, by spiritual forces, to rise above the sense of bodily torture. At all events she tried it, and was the meekest, sweetest-looking saint ever sacrificed on the altar of fashion."

The logical capacity is one of the most beautiful and touching things to be seen in the modern small boy. At the conclusion of a festival last summer, an excellent teacher, desirous of administering a trifling moral lesson, inquired of the boys if they had enjoyed the feast. With the ingenuous modesty of youth they all responded, "Yes, sir." "Then," asked the excellent teacher, "if you had slipped into my garden and picked those strawberries without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?" Every small boy in that stained and sticky company shrieked, "No, sir!" "Why not?" "Cause," said little Thomas, with the cheerfulness of conscious virtue, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

RESTORED.—Fort Wayne, Ind., has had a case of romantic courtship. Because the father of Miss Mary Harmon objected to her marriage with young Calvin Cogwell, young C. C. became insane and had to be taken to the State Asylum. The other night he escaped from the Asylum and she from her father's abode. They were married, and Cogwell is once more in his right mind.

The Washington *Post* wants the money paid by the New York *Tribune* for the cipher dispatches to go the Morton monument fund.

THE RED MAN'S OPINION.

While General Sheridan and Secretary Schurz were interchanging sarcasms as to the fitness of the military or of the Indian Bureau to take charge of the Indian problem, the Cheyennes were showing by desperate fighting and heroic deaths their views of the question. It is difficult to imagine a more scathing rebuke of the iniquities and swindles of our so-called Indian policy than that the Cheyennes preferred death to again coming under the fostering care and protection of the white man and his "Indian Agencies" and "Reservations." They fought until the last man was killed and after their ammunition was spent they rushed with knives on the troops. They had taken refuge in a pit that formed a sort of fortification and which gave shelter to their women and children. From this defense they opened an effective fire on the troops, but as their ammunition gave out our troops closed around the pit and fired down into the defenseless savages, but no cry for mercy came from them. In short, it presented that unpleasing spectacle of a massacre, in which our troops were the butchers and the dauntless savages the heroes. In the pauses of the firing, while the smoke was too thick to permit the soldiers to see the agonies of the Indians, their death songs could be heard. The haughty braves were chanting their last defiance. When all were dead but three, these three came up out of the pit and charged the line of soldiers with their hunting knives, and of course, fell riddled with bullets. Then the victors went down into the pit and found that the squaws and their children were nearly all dead, by the bullets of the soldiers. Thus ended one of the "Indian problems." It was solved and will not arise again.

The lesson which it teaches is the fierce scorn and hatred of the whites which have been bred in the Indian breast by the long-repeated swindles and wrongs put upon them by the Indian agents, civic and military. It may be well to know what General Sherman thinks of the Indian question, what Carl Schurz thinks, what Phil Sheridan thinks, but it is also well for the country to know what the Indians themselves think. The Cheyennes have given in their answer. It is that they have been defrauded of their lands by treaties never meant to be kept; that they have been swindled by agents, fed with rotten meat and defrauded with rotten blankets, cursed with the white man's whisky and his diseases, goaded into desperation by wrongs of all kinds and tre