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

Terms of Subscription.
If paid in advance, or within 3 months....$2 00
If paid after 3 and before 6 months..... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

Rates of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Estrays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 2 00
Professional Cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year.... 5 00
Local notices, per line..... 20
YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
2 squares.....15 00 | ½ column..... 70 00
3 squares.....20 00 | 1 column.....120 00
G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

Cards.

JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES
We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty-five cents, mail a copy to any address. my29

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. 28jy'73

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb27'71tf

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1073 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. apr4,67

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 19,'75.

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.

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, '78.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'72tf.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Collars, and Horse-Furnishing Goods.
All kinds of repairing promptly attended to. Saddlers' Hardware, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price. [March 19, 1879.

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. my26:1ypd

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.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
GLEN HOPE, PENN'A.
THE undersigned, having leased the commodious Hotel, in the village of Glen Hope, is now prepared to accommodate all who may call. My table and bar shall be supplied with the best the market affords.
GEORGE W. DOTTS, Jr.
Glen Hope, Pa., March 26, 1879-tf.

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. [*jy18'72

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8-772 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

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, 1871.

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,
sep26-68-y Curwensville, Pa.

MEAT MARKET.
F. M. CARDON & BRO.,
On Market St., one door west of Mansion House,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Our arrangements are of the most complete character for furnishing the public with Fresh Meats of all kind, and of the very best quality. We also deal in all kinds of Agricultural Implements, which we keep on exhibition for the benefit of the public. Call around when in town, and take a look at things, or address us
F. M. CARDON & BRO.
Clearfield, Pa., July 14, 1875-tf.

Clearfield Insurance Agency.
JAMES KERR. CARROLL L. BIDDLE.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's

Companies.	Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br.	$4,597,879
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plans....	3,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn.....	2,624,083
Insurance Co. of North America.....	6,423,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br..	1,752,863
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch....	679,145
Watertown.....	764,815
Travelers (Life & Accident).....	4,595,434

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 4, '79-tf.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 53--WHOLE NO. 2,635. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1879. NEW SERIES--VOL. 20, NO. 33.

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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

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

ROLAND D. SWOOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.
oct. 9, '78-tf.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in the Opera House. oct9, '78-tf.

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

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

HENRY BRETH,
(LATE U. S.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 9, 1878-1y*

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. je26,'78-tf.

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

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

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
1611'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

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

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

A. A. GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY-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.

FIELDING, BIGLER & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House.

MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9.30'74

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

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House. jan1'76.

J. F. 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. aug14,'78-1y.

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. aug1079

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 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 RESIDENCE, CORNER OF FIRST AND PINE STREETS.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Weeks. [apr4,'66-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.

"NO HARM IN THAT, YOU MUST CONFESS."

When I was young, when I was gay,
I was so glad the lifelong day;
I threw all petty cares away
And only thought of song and play.
I kissed the girls and squeezed their hands,
And taught the darlings how to dance;
And I was kissed and squeezed no less—
No harm in that, you must confess!

They were so cute, they were so sly,
They were so awful sweet, Oh, my!
They had such roguish, cunning art
That always captive would my heart.
But neither did they go scot free,
"Heart for a heart," that suited me;
I, too, could love and could caress—
No harm in that, you must confess!

The years went by with lightning speed,
The flowers faded, went to seed;
The gay flirtations of the past
Are gone, and but the memory lasts
Of those sweet loves of bygone days,
Of stolen meetings, hidden ways,
Of tender musings, which I bless—
No harm in that, you must confess!

THE STORY OF A VAGABOND.

THE BEGINNING OF A LIFE OF VAGRANCY—A THRILLING EXPERIENCE AND A SINGULAR DENOUEMENT.

He was a tramp, and even aside from his general make up, there was a peculiar something about him that would have proclaimed him as such, had he been dressed in broadcloth. He was an intelligent tramp, however, and the attention of the reporter was arrested by his ready flow of sharp logic, as he discussed political economy with a Penn avenue Alderman. He was also communicative, and after awhile, when the Magistrate was called away on business, the writer sought the vacated chair, whereat the Bohemian seemed rather disappointed. Possibly he feared that the chances of a "lift" were not so bright as they had been a moment before. However, he was palling at a cigar presently, as the result of the reporter's interest in him, and later, he was talking on as though no interruption had occurred whatever. After awhile he mopped the perspiration from his face with an old black cloth, settled back into his bundle of rags and remarked sententiously:

"It's just twenty-four years ago."

The remark seemed strange after the conversation of a moment before. The reporter was on the alert for further information.

"Mebbe you want to hear about it?" inquired the stranger. "Do, eh?" There was another whiff from the cigar, a preliminary clearing of the throat, and then the man said: "Well, it was in the old coaching days, the recollection of which has, in a manner, almost dissolved and died out of the minds of many persons under the influence of this latter day of civilization. At that time, I, James Wilson, tramp and outcast, was a lad of fifteen, and—Heaven forgive me! never once believed that I should come to such a pass as this." The wanderer heaved a heavy sigh, stared blankly for a moment at the little wooden sign which creaked above the Magistrate's door, and then proceeded: "I've changed, though; the people said I was a bright, smart boy then, but there must have been a mistake somewhere, else I shouldn't be here. You see, sir, what spoiled me, mister, more than anything else was flash novels."

This was an honest confession, certainly, and the reporter casually mentioned that the bloody chronicles had done their work only too well. "You're right, sir; I remember how I used to read them; they were never out of my sight. They filled my only too willing mind with the thirst for adventure and excitement. I wasn't like other boys who spent their money in a more useful way. Mine went in those days for trashy literature, and I have since come to believe it was the first precursor of a life of vagrancy and worthlessness." Here the moralist lit a second practical evidence of the reporter's increasing interest, and then resumed: "I lived near Parkersburg, in Virginia, where my parents were thrifty farming people, and although they were loving and kind to me and I had all the comforts that human nature could desire, somehow these blessings assumed the character of restraints in my deluded brain, and by the time I was fifteen, I had concluded to start out for myself. The notion took possession of me in the winter time, but I had sufficient good sense to delay the day of my departure until June of the succeeding year. It was well I did so—but says—I started out to tell you something else—something that at the time was so vividly impressed upon my mind that even time can never efface it. I'm getting off. It came as a warning, sir. I knew it did, but sir, I—I was too young and foolish then to realize it fully. I have since though, and Heaven only knows what misery the thought has brought to me. I went from home—stole away at dusk, when not a living soul knew aught of my departure. The thought of sorrow which would naturally result when my strange absence had been discovered, never once occurred to me then. I was too young and giddy to think of it. I was more anxious to evade the possibility of detection, and so I hurried to the village, fearing that each moment of delay might be the last of liberty. My traps were few, but I had $36 in cash, the savings of many months, and the sum seemed like a small fortune. The old Clarksburg stage left at seven o'clock, and I fairly rushed to the little tavern from which it started, in the fear that it should depart without me. I was in sight of the quaint old hostelry presently, but, at the same instant, I was ready to sink to my knees in agony. The familiar outlines of the aged and cumbrous vehicle, and the raw-boned nags, which I had watched so often were not to be seen; the stage had gone! They told me that I was half an hour too late when I reached the tavern, and my great disappointment must have been mirrored in my face, for the people commenced to ask me questions. I started off down the dusty road in confusion, and didn't stop until I left the old village far in the rear. Then I paused to think. What was I to do; go back or forward? Was the departure of the stage a dispensation of Providence in my behalf, or was it a mere accident? Heaven was far away from me then, and so I settled upon the other theory, and cursed myself that it was true. I started ahead, and with the enthusiasm of a youth, swore that I should never turn my face toward home again until I had achieved both wealth and fame. Don't laugh, sir; I was in earnest then, but my energy was sadly misdirected. My thoughts were buoyant enough, as I traveled briskly along, but I had plodded only a few miles further, when I began to notice that the evening twilight had changed into darkness, and knew that presently night would soon settle down over the country. Still I hurried on, and at times my steps quickened into a run, as thoughts of the lonely road went fleeting through my head. I was of a highly imaginative temperament, and you can therefore see that I was somewhat troubled by evil forebodings. Distorted fragments of bloody encounters bristled up before my eyes, and the exciting incidents became magnified by the influences of my strange position. I had traveled about fifteen miles in this manner, when it became so dark that I could scarcely see twenty feet ahead of me. I was at a disadvantage, too, for we had only been living in that part of the country a few years, and I was not as familiar with the place as I might have been. Still I walked over the dusty planks, futilly trying to dispel the gloomy thoughts which came and went, and thus another hour was passed, and I had become so fatigued that I could scarcely pull one weary foot after the other. It was nearly midnight now, and the thought sent an additional tremor through me, as I eagerly peered forward, through the heavy darkness for the light of some friendly farmhouse. I had passed two or three on the road, but the nearest one of these was miles behind. As though in answer to my prayer, my eyes finally detected a light about half a mile ahead of me, and I hastened on with redoubled energy, feeling almost ready to drop in the pathway. Whether the light came from a dwelling or was produced by some strange cause was presently settled, as I went forward and found that the former was the fortunate fact. You may rest assured that I didn't stop long in asking—begging—for assistance. Even in the darkness I noticed that the house was one of those rambling old two-storied structures, so peculiar to the country. It stood back about fifty feet from the straggling fence in front, and the intervening space was barren of either life or vegetation. The feeble light from a candle streamed out from the window, and shed a fitful glare around for a hundred or so, as I approached the spot, and the rickety gate creaked upon its rusty hinges, and swung to with a noisy crash as I gently pulled it open and passed into the deserted yard. My intrusion was challenged by neither dog nor other watchguard. I knocked at the door, and presently the light disappeared from the window only to be seen again in the hands of an untidy-looking female, however, who withdrew the latch, and in a moment more stood in my presence in the open doorway. She had vixenish look, I thought, and snapped but a negative reply when I asked her for lodged for the night. I told her I was belated and would pay. She stared at me for a full half minute, and then, as though satisfied that a mere boy could do her no injury, she invited me inside and then carefully bolted the door again. As you can probably imagine, I was too sleepy and tired to be in a humor for talking, and accordingly I told my hostess that I should like to retire at once, which was a declaration in which she evidently coincided perfectly. The woman went to a little pantry in an obscure corner of the long apartment, and procured therefrom a candle, which she lit and handed to me. Then, as though to satisfy herself further as to my honesty, she scrutinized me from head to foot for nearly a minute.

"Umph!" she said brusquely after awhile. "There's the steps; you'll find your bed in the attic—left-hand corner."

I thanked her, and started up the unwieldy ladder which led to the apartment above. Here, for the first time, I took a survey of the interior of the establishment. The room in which I found myself was a long, close apartment, and, save a pair of primitive looking beds which stood in opposite corners at one end, and a few well-worn chairs, was destitute of furniture. A heap of potatoes and some barrels were lying in one corner, and there was a large number of bundles, and numerous other articles of a hybrid description, scattered about the floor. Articles of clothing and more bundles were suspended from the rafters of the roof, and in some places hung so low that I was compelled to stoop in passing under. About twenty hams and other pieces of bacon also hung from hooks in the roof, and altogether the place was not the most inviting sleeping apartment that could have been desired. However, I was too greatly fatigued to care much, and was accordingly under the coverings of the bed in almost less time than it takes to tell it. The bed was comfortable enough, and—well, I was soon embraced within the arms of welcome Morpheus. I knew not how long I had been sleeping, but at any rate, I awoke with a start, while it was yet dark. My sudden fright was due to a horrid nightmare, in which I had realized that I was just about to be killed. In my dream I imagined that the scene of the dread affair was in the very apartment in which I was then lying, even the smallest characteristics of which had been visibly pictured before me. Having assured myself that I was fully awake, I took a good survey of the room, but in the general darkness which prevailed nothing was discernible. My mind finally wandered back to the terrible vision of the moment before, and strive as I could, I was unable to turn my thoughts into another channel. Could it be possible that the dream was a premonition of something about to occur? The idea came into my mind with great suddenness and force, and made me shiver with alarm. It hardly seemed probably, though. Why should anybody try to murder me—a mere boy who had never harmed the smallest child? These and a hundred other thoughts quickly came into my head, and in a few minutes I had unconsciously worked myself into a perfect fever of excitement. In the midst of my ugly reflections I suddenly became aware of the sound of voices, evidently in the yard below. The words were not intelligently heard, but from the mere fact of their use in the vicinity, the speakers were not far off. The voices came nearer, and presently appeared to be directly under the back window. Once in awhile there would be the sound of a dog barking, but in a few moments all the noise suddenly ceased. Here was a new cause for alarm. Who were these people, and what were they after at that hour of the night? In affright, I hastily jumped out of bed, swiftly darted to the window, and peered out into the night. About thirty feet from the house I saw four men standing under the roof of a low shed. One of them carried a lantern, by the light of which I noticed that each of the party wore dark flannel shirts, slouch hats, and had their pants tucked into their boots. They seemed to be a very hard looking crowd, and from the coolness with which they conducted themselves, they evidently belonged to the house. As I took in the strange situation, my terror increased in proportion. Could I unwittingly have gotten into a nest of cut-throats and thieves? As I thought of this, the peculiar conduct of the old hag below came to mind, and I became more and more impressed with the fact that I was in a most perilous predicament. I still remained at the window while these thoughts were darting through my brain, and presently I saw the strangers leave the shed and approach the house. One of them knocked at the door, but it was not until the rap was repeated for a second or third time that the old woman was aroused from the sleep into which she had evidently fallen. The party was finally admitted, however, and as I retired from the window I heard the tread of their heavy footsteps on the lower floor. Some words passed between them and then all was quiet for a time. My agitation had become wrought to a terrible pitch, meantime, and I looked about for the means of escape from the danger which seemed to me to be so imminent. I hastily donned my clothing, and running to the windows looked out into the yard below. They were fully thirty feet above the ground, however, and I knew some broken bones must result if I attempted to secure safety by a jump. This was out of the question, and as there was no other exit except by the stairway by which I had come, all avenues of escape seemed to be closed against me. The perspiration came out in large drops as I realized this terrible state of affairs, and a moment later my heart leaped almost into my throat at accidentally overhearing the fragment of a remark made by the woman in the room underneath.

"Take the big knife, Bill, and cut straight across. Be careful not to waken *him!*" Those were the exact words used, and they have rang in my head for almost a quarter of a century. At the moment of their utterance a thrill of agony passed over me, and feeling assured that my last hour had come, I again ran to the window, determined to jump therefrom at whatever cost. My feelings can be imagined at the moment I was about to make the attempt, when I discovered that a pack of half a dozen dogs were prowling about below, they having been evidently placed there to cut off all chances of escape. I gave up in despair, and with a murmured prayer for help, sank back on the bed almost exhausted by my strong excitement. I had only lain there for a minute or so, when horror! the heavy boots of one of the men were heard tramping up the stairs, and at the same moment a light from a candle in his hand began to throw a dull glare through the opening in the floor. Fascinated by the sight, I was unable to move from my position on the bed, and, like the victim of the serpent's charm, awaited in a daze the coming evil. Presently the man's head appeared, then his shoulders, and finally a portion of his body. He wore a red shirt, and his face appeared all inflamed, and more like that of a demon than a man. In his right hand the villain held the candle, while in the other he clutched the handle of a large and horrible looking butcher-knife! The time had come. I closed my eyes, and ——"

"Heavens, how horrible!" interrupted the writer, and the ejaculation was echoed by a chorus of ten or twenty other voices at his elbow.

"Well," continued the narrator, "my fears were groundless. The intruder's intentions were pure and honest. He had come up stairs for the purpose of cutting off a piece of bacon from one of the hams suspended from the rafters. That was all. My silly fears had been groundless, and caused only by a distorted mind. It seems, as I learned from the people when I regained consciousness in the morning, that the party which had been the means of my terror was made up of farmers of the neighborhood, who had been out fox hunting. They had returned about two o'clock in the morning, after a successful expedition, when they sat down to partake of an early breakfast, as is customary in the country on such occasions. The party laughed heartily when I told them my story, and I have often done so to myself since, when the absurdity of the situation was brought to mind. Aside from this, however, it was the greatest fright ever experienced by me before or since, and heaven knows my life has been prolific enough in adventurers and exciting incidents. It was a terrible warning, though, sirs, as I said before; but I failed to see it then, and I have wished a thousand times that such had only been the case. Thank you, sir. Thank you—you and you—"

The dimes and nickles poured into the old battered hat of the humble vagabond, and then the crowd, which, during the recital of his strange adventure, had increased from one to thirty persons, slowly departed, the reporter last of all.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

THE COLORED RACES IN AUSTRALIA.

The colored races of Australia are of three principal varieties. The aboriginal is black, the Chinaman is yellow and the Polynesian may be of any tint from copper to black. Since the conclusion of the Maroi was in New Zealand the aboriginal has not attracted any attention beyond the limits of Australia. The colonists, however, especially in the north, have by no means heard the last of him. The fine race of New Zealand are rapaidly declining through the combined influence of too much rum, and, apparently, too little fighting. Drink and inactivity co-operate toward the same result. Peace is now maintained between the natives and the settlers, and the former are more considerately treated than of yore; but alike in peace or war, whether drinking rum or cutting throats, the native New Zealander goes down before the advance of civilization. The aboriginals of Tasmania are extinct. On the Continent their condition becomes more degraded and hopeless in proportion as they are remote from the sea. The coast natives are so far superior to those of the inland districts. The former are capable of continuous industry, and display a considerable amount of intelligence. Some specimens that I saw about Moreton bay (the entrance to the river Brisbane) were remarkably fine men. In the north of Queensland—in the peninsula of Cape York and round about the Gulf of Carpentaria—the native is of an entirely different race, and probably migrated originally from the islands of the great Indian Archipelago. He is athletic, intelligent, ferocious, untamable, and is credited with an appetite for human flesh. Traces of cannibalism have also been found in the western interior, but nothing exact is known of the natives of that unexplored region. The most degraded of the aboriginal tribes have proved less unteachable than might have been inferred from the accounts of early travelers; but nowhere have these races been so advantageously affected by civilization as to afford any hope of their escaping that natural law which dooms the weaker race to disappear before the stronger. The blacks will occasionally work for the squatters, and work well; but they soon grow tired of remaining in one place. Continuous application seems beyond them. They are useful in tracking malefactors—a business for which most of them have qualified by a long training as evil-doers on their own account. In some places areas have been set apart for them, and homes have been established under the care of white officers. Here the aboriginal has acquired a little knowledge of agriculture and some of the simpler arts; but it is noticeable that women or old and infirm men mostly seek these institutions, which thus do little to leaven the lump of able-bodied savagery. In Northern Queensland the relationship between the whites and the blacks is one of war to the knife. The savage uses his spear, the settler his rifle, whenever an opportunity presents itself. Nothing is attempted in the way of negotiation, overtures for peace, or reclamation. The latter is pronounced to be an impossibility; but no effort has been made to establish a *modus vivendi*. It is said—and probably with too much truth—that the irreconcilable hostility of these northern savages was first provoked by atrocities on the part of the early settlers; but it is not at all certain that the blacks could not be propitiated.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

AN OIL FIRE.

IMPRESSIVE AND VIVID SCENE.

A CONFLAGRATION THAT WILL LIVE LONG IN THE MEMORY—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF AN EYE WITNESS.

A correspondent at Parker, writing about the fire at that place on the 17th, informs the Pittsburgh *Telegraph*, as follows:

To one who has never seen a great petroleum fire in the Oil Region such a conflagration is incomprehensible.

People who have lived in the oil producing country for any length of time are very much afraid of these fires, for they are not only unquenchable, but they are so treacherous and carry destruction so widely, that it is difficult to say when you are safe in the vicinity of one of them. On Saturday morning, shortly after the explosion of Grant, Weller & Co.'s twenty-two thousand barrel tank, I clambered up the steep hill above the Allegheny Valley road with a view to going above and around the conflagration. I did not know anything about the geography of the place, but I soon reached the basin in the ravine where the great tank stood that caught fire on Friday night. A large crowd stood near, watching the burning tank, which was still half full of oil, at the edge of the basin, and within twenty-five yards of the tank, were two small frame dwellings. The occupants had removed all their household goods and had gone to a place of safety—at least all had gone save the heads of the two families. With a tin pail and a small cup they carried the water from a spring a hundred yards away and dashed it on the sides of the buildings. Wishing to see what there was to see, I went as close to the tank as possible in company with an old oil producer, who had seen many an oil fire and who thought he knew all about them. The thick iron plates at the top of the tank were crumpled and waved and wrinkled backward and forward like an old shirt on a clothes line in a September breeze. About half way up from the ground to the surface of the boiling oil, was a deep black rim. This told the depth of the oil that remained unburned. Presently there were a number of rapid, sharp reports, like shots from a revolver. It was the snapping of the heavy rivets which held some of the plates together. Then the upper part of the tanking curled over gracefully into the fire for about a foot and a half—being white hot it fell of its own weight. As soon as this occurred there was a grand stampede by the crowd and a frightened yell of "There she goes! Look out! Take care! Run, run. She's boiling over again!" Sure enough the tank was boiling over again. The oil came streaming over the iron boundaries that had previously held it and it spread in every direction. The wind was blowing directly up the hill, and it carried the flaming oil and dense smoke with it for over a hundred yards. My companion and I started for fresh pastures as soon as there was any sign of a "movement" in oil. It was more exciting than trying to catch the last train home from camp meeting when it has fifty yards start on you. The hill was covered with brush, fallen timber and huge rocks, and it would have taken a good mountaineer half an hour to get down the place that we went up in a half a minute, with that infernal bubbling, snapping flood after us. We got on a high bank at last, and sat down to get our breath. In a few seconds the smoke was carried off from around us by the wind, and I saw the most remarkable sight. The oil had run down upon the river and had almost crossed to the Parker shore. From the outer edge of the fire line on the water, to the top of the mountain on which we were there hung one huge cloud of smoke—blacker than shoe polish. The woods to our right, the river, the base of the hill, the houses in Parker on the bluff, and the sky itself were all hidden from sight by this sublimely death-like canopy.

It seemed as though a terrific thunder storm was in progress. The great black columns of smoke twisted and fought each other, and now and then, as they would get tangled and coiled together, a flash of fire would shoot up through them and die away. Occasionally the wind would shift the clouds and the top of some tall tree, all ablaze, could be seen standing out bright against the background. The most remarkable incident which came under my observation was just before the smoke began to pass away. A stranger puff of wind than usual struck the outside of the smoke cloud and tore a hole right through it. Straight in front of me was an opening about thirty feet wide, through which I could see a house and the steeple of a church on the Parker bluff. The sky was as blue sapphire as and perfectly cloudless beyond the steeple, and shrouded as it was by the inky frame of the smoke it was beautiful beyond the descriptive powers of man. As the clouds came quickly together and shut out the little picture, a pointed peak of flame could be seen on the extreme upper edge of the smoke. It did not shoot up from the base of the clouds and it seemed to have no support at all but to be dancing about on the edge of the clouds and feeding itself on whatever nourishment it could obtain from the smoke itself.

When the oil, which had run down on the hill and on the river, had all burned away, I walked back to the tank and to my astonishment the two little wooden houses of which I have spoken were still intact, preserved, apparently, by the devotion of the smoke-blackened, exhausted and breathless men who were still throwing tiny cupsful of water on the homes that were so dear to them. How the men escaped death by suffocation or by the flames is an unanswerable problem to me. I crossed the ravine where the oil had flowed down the first day of the fire (Thursday). Where a row of neat dwelling houses were a week ago, the ground is perfectly level, and there is not so much as a charred piece of wood to show where they once were. A field which had been newly ploughed just before the fire, was baked into little black hillocks, and when I touched one of them with my foot and broke the crust which had formed over it, I found that the earth was cooked into fine dry powder as soft as wheat flour. On the brow on a small knob just across the ravine and about fifty yards from the burning tank, the other 22,000 barrel tank, which had exploded an hour before, had stood. All that was left of it was the iron bottom and a few sheets of the siding. One of the employers of the Pipe Line told me he had gone to the side of the tank nearest the fire about twenty minutes before it exploded, to see how hot it was. The iron was not very warm, although he could not touch it with his hand. The tank did not have a particle of fire about it, but exploded of its inherent cussedness together with the tightly confined gas which the heat generated. A piece of tank iron weighing three or four hundred pounds, was blown out into the middle of the river nearly half a mile away, and fragments of planking were found in neighboring fields with the ends buried two and three feet in the ground.

The track of the Valley Road was badly damaged for some distance.—Just at the place where the oil crossed on its way to the river, the rails, ties, and even part of the road-bed itself, were swept down the steep bank into the river. The passengers on the through trains were taken over to Parker, and transferred across the river in boats, and the train which left Pittsburgh at 8:40 A. M. brought the western bound passengers into town.

Mr. King, Superintendent of the Valley Road, was on hand all day and worked hard in getting the passengers comfortable and repairing the track.

To-day the fire has quieted down. The track has been rebuilt and trains are again running.

The twelve thousand barrel loading tank, at the foot of the ravine, is still burning. The summary of losses, as far as I could learn are as follows:

The losses, as estimated here by the owners of the property destroyed, were as follows: Munhall & Co., $18,000; Graham Oil Co., $6,000; United Pipe Line, $45,000; L. Lessey & Co., $1,000; P. & K. C. R R., $1,000; Graham & Jackson's mill, $1,500; A. L. Wier, $1,500; W. H. Piper, $1,000; J. McNerny, $500; Fenton, $5,000; Yingling, $100; A. V. R. R. $1,000; W. Dee, $300; grand loading rack, $500; Parker merchants, broken glass, $1,200. The insurance on the property of the Pipe Line, which is said to be very light, was placed for the most part by the Ætna.

The loss on the oil is paid on the "general average" system. Each producer is assessed a pro rata amount based on the amount of oil he has in the care of the United Lines. If, for instance, the loss is ten per cent. of all the oil in the line, then each producer pays ten per cent. of whater oil he has in the charge of the line.

One storekeeper on River avenue lost $600 by having his plate glass windows broken by the explosion on Saturday morning.

FURIOUS STORMS.

A FEARFUL TALE OF DESTRUCTION BY VIOLENT TORNADOES.

YACHTS, STEAMERS AND SCHOONERS WRECKED AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—CHURCHES IN BOSTON DAMAGED—THE STORM ELSEWHERE.

A dispatch from New York, dated August 19, says: The storm which yesterday morning was central near Cape Hatteras has moved in a northeasterly path, developing greatly in energy, and is now central near Eastport, Me. Heavy rain has fallen in New England and the Middle Atlantic States. Newburyport experienced a storm this morning that was the severest experienced in ten years. The wind blew a hurricane, wrecking four yachts, badly wrenching steamers and schooners in the harbor, and scattering about twenty small boats. Fruit trees were stripped, and tents on the beach were leveled or blown into the sea.

At Newport between twenty and thirty sail boats are sunk or damaged. The "Wanderer" and "Murrell," of the New York yacht squadron, parted chains and went ashore. Three yachts sunk at the wharf, while others dragged their anchors, fouled and were damaged.

The crew of a schooner ashore at Cape May deserted the vessel in the evening, their boat was capsized, and the men washed ashore in an exhausted condition. The Captain remained on board, and a life-saving crew got a line out, and remained on duty all night. The velocity of the wind at Cape May was 64 miles. Total rainfall, 8 and 46-100 inches. The crew of a schooner ashore at Atlantic City were taken from the rigging at 3 this morning by the life-saving crew. The vessel will be a total loss.

Norfolk had the severest rain storm and tornado it ever experienced. Many buildings were unroofed and flooded. Trees were uprooted and the shipping damaged. Many vessels were dragged ashore.

The Boston Steamship Company's warehouses have been severely damaged. The wharves, all along the river front, have been flooded and many of the warehouses were flooded. The tide was heavier than ever known. The vicinity of Water street was only accessible by boats. The sight was one unexampled even to the oldest inhabitants. The handsome spire of the Freeman Street Baptist Church was blown down. The slating on Christ's Episcopal Church and cornice and steeple ornaments of St. Mary's Catholic Church were torn off, while the beautiful grounds of old St. Paul's are badly wrecked. Great anxiety prevailed during the prevalence of the storm, and the Mayor ordered out the entire police force and fire department. The loss is estimated at from $200,000 to $300,000. The damage to growing crops in the counties adjacent to Petersburg is very great. In Surry county alone the damage to corn is estimated at fifty per cent.

Ocean Grove camp-ground, below Long Branch, suffered severely.

At Gloucester, Mass., several vessels were dragged ashore last night. At other points on the New England coast vessels were beached, but thus far no loss of life is reported.

The storm at Moorehead City, N. C., was the most violent which ever visited that place. At 6 A. M. it blew a hurricane from the southeast, and at midday hauled to the southwest, a change which saved Beaufort and Moorehead from entire destruction. The Atlantic House, the largest hotel in that part of the country, is demolished, not a vestige being left. There were 150 guests in it, and there was not a particle of clothing saved by any of them. People did not begin to leave until the waves were literally breaking the hotel to pieces, then there was a stampede.

Young men saved all the ladies and children at the danger of their own lives. All the baggage, furniture, etc., went to destruction. John Hughes, son of Major Hughes, of Newb