



GEORGE B. GOODLANDER, Editor.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUG. 27, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
DANIEL O. BARR,
OF ALLEGANY COUNTY.

Reader, if you want to know what is going on in the business world, just read our advertising columns. The fullest columns in particular.

MAXIMS FOR THE DAY.

No man worthy of the office of President should be elected who is not a native-born citizen, and who has not been a resident of the United States for at least seven years.

I could never have been reconciled to the election of a man who is not a native-born citizen, and who has not been a resident of the United States for at least seven years.

I would rather have the endorsement of a quarter of a million of the American people than that of the Louisiana Legislature, and of the Louisiana Legislature, and of the Louisiana Legislature.

These are the principles of the Democratic Party. Let it be understood that the party will not be elected unless it is elected by a majority of the people.

Address of Democratic M.C.'s.

One hundred years of human depravity unrepented and unrepented in a crime of crime. Ever again in five hundred years will they have an opportunity to repeat the wrong.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1879.

Mr. General Reynolds, whose husband was killed at Gettysburg, was in York, this State, and rides daily the horse that bore her husband when he fell.

Governor Croswell, of Michigan, a widower of fifty-five, who has no children, is about to marry Miss Lizette McGrover, of Charlotte, in this State, a rich and pretty woman still in her twenties.

THAT SALVAGE.—The Radical papers of New York, friendly to Rome Conkling, expressed the opinion that Sprague's shotgun didn't hit him back any, so far as his control over the Republican party in that State is concerned.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—As several of the candidates for Sheriff are not subscribers to the REPUBLICAN, it would be well enough for some of their neighbors who do take it, to inform them that their cards appear in this issue.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.—There will be a meeting of the Democratic State Committee at Bolton's Hotel, Clearfield, on Wednesday, the 10th of September, at 2 o'clock P. M. A full attendance is requested.

Geo. W. MILLER, Chairman.

SENATORIAL RELIEF.—An exchange remarks: "Immediately after leaving Narragansett Pier, Mr. Conkling proposed to New York and shut himself up with a sand-bag weighing 100 pounds—the exact weight of ex-Gov. Sprague. The seductive Senator practices on this sand-bag three hours each day, without fatigue."

GOING UP.—This was "the off-year" in Kentucky. The Democratic only expected from 36,000 to 40,000 majority, but it has run up to 44,000 already, with fifteen counties more to be heard from, which will swell the majority considerably. The returns are not bad for an "off-year."

ALL-IN.—As this issue of the REPUBLICAN is the last one in which the names of candidates for office can be announced the current year, according to our party rules, the voter can now make his choice for each respective office, and on a primary Election day, cast his ballot for the man who will fill the office the best. This is the main in the proper view for Democrats to take.

"Thouest men in the country."—Chairman Smith's Address.

This figure of self-laudation was evidently cribbed from the true records of the Paritians, who.

Resolved, That none but the people should be elected to any public office.

Resolved, That we are the people of God, etc.

Would it not be advisable when the Greenback County Committee meets again to adopt the foregoing, or words to that effect.

"When it was announced that Nelson Grant Sartoris was dead, there was a great outburst of grief throughout the United States. It was a great loss to the country, and the death of a great man. In both appears the profound regard felt for the daughter of our great Captain—William Sartoris Postle, see Bulletin.

If the editor of that high-toned "moral" journal will allow him to be printed in an honorable position in the columns of the Bulletin, we may occasionally notice him, but we detest ambush work with a pen or gun. It is cowardly.

NO HOOM THERE.—The Kentucky Democrats have cast a deluge of cold water over the priming of a big gun which the Ohio Republicans had been loading for campaign use. Every one expected that, between Democratic apathy and Republican activity, Governor Blackburn's majority would be so greatly reduced that the Republican orators could "point with pride" to the repudiation of Democracy by the State of Beck, Blackburn and Carlisle. The returns thus far indicate that the heaviest losses have been experienced by the Republicans, from whom the Greenbackers have drawn most of their strength. While in some ninety counties Blackburn's vote only runs 2,700 behind that of McCrory in 1875, Evans' fall short by 10,000 of the vote of Harlan.

THE LAST LIGHTNING ROD DODGE.

An exchange dilates on this annual fraud in this way: "Four or five hundred years hence, when the generations that come after us dig into the ruins of our present habitations, among the most mystifying wonders to them will be the use to which we put the great coils of metal rod that we buried beneath the soil at the risk of sides and corners of houses and barns. We are not so sure that there are many good people nowadays who could not explain the thing if called upon. For their information, then, let us say that it is the last lightning rod, and the farmers in other sections may understand it, and be ready to sign the first paper presented by a stranger promptly and without detaining him, we will give the modus operandi. First comes a smooth-tongued clipper, dapper, genteel-looking fellow, who explains the danger from thunder-bolts in general and the necessity of proving sure and rapid transit for the subtle fluid. In order to protect the house, there should be a rod here and a point there, and all it would cost is the trifling matter of \$10 or \$20, or something like it, 'very difficult to tell exactly until the work is done.' A contract is signed, 'only a mere matter of form, you know,' and the sharper leaves. This is the first act, and should be labelled, 'How and when I was struck by lightning.'"

In due time the other section of the catastrophe arrives, and begins work by erecting a hole in the ground, and filling it up with coal after coil of rod. Perhaps the owner of the property protests against this apparent waste of material, but as he promises it all goes on for the same price, he quietly acquiesces. The job finally finished, the pay time comes, and so does a court that looks bigger than a barn-door, to our country friend, when he fully comprehends its almost illimitable proportions, for it binds the party of the second part to pay forty-six and one-half cents per foot for the rod required, and five dollars for each vane. It is vain for him to kick, they won't come down a single rod, and rather than invest in a lawsuit, he comes to the wicket and the bill is paid. Some of the farmers in the northern part of Highland have been mulcted in sums ranging from \$30 to \$250, and still they bite."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

A GROWL.—The Heliofante Watchman of last week remarks: "The Democrat of this week announces the appointment of a new Court Reporter, W. F. Reber, Esq., which, it says, was made some time ago. If he be true, it is news to us. Will be also to the present incumbent, Mr. J. H. Vosburg, who has received no notification that his services are to be dispensed with. We have no objection to new men, efficient ones, but common fairness ought to have induced the Court to have given Mr. Vosburg time to get ready to leave. It is a mistake of State, with a family to support and a rented house on his hands, and will now find himself out of a position, if the Democrat's paragraph is correct. How the Court could be so forgetful of ordinary courtesy as to deprive Mr. Vosburg of his place, without reasonable notification, is more than we can understand, and will surely meet with the censure of our citizens and the people generally."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

THE "MORAL IDEA" CANDIDATE.—More than twenty years ago the Rev. Isaac S. Kallough, who was the city of Boston what Beecher has been to Brooklyn, was driven out of his pulpit, out of respectable society, out of the State of Massachusetts, by the force of public opinion. He had affected all the saintly qualities and put on all the airs of holiness. But accident revealed that he was a vile man. We will not go into the details of the filthy scandal. It was infinitely disgusting. Driven from the East, Kallough has divided his time between Kansas and California, and has not given evidence of reform. This man is now the Kentucky candidate, and nominee for the office of Mayor of San Francisco, and is the latest recruit from the Republican party. If Kallough is elected Mayor, Hayes should be assigned to England and Conkling should be assigned to Plymouth Church.

A "BUTTER MAN."—The worst enemy of the Democratic party now living is Wendell Phillips, of Massachusetts. His hatred for our party is notorious. Lately, however, he has taken to talking very plainly about his own party. In alluding to Hayes' administration, he says: "While this administration of corrupt bargain and sale—a willing prostitute—lasts, I blush to be an American citizen, and to be a Republican party itself he says: 'A minute and our history has ever fallen from such a height, or to such depth of disgrace. I have watched politics for fifty years, and my judgment is that the fault of this party is one-third ignorance and two-thirds knavery.' If that is not a clincher, we would like to see one."

THE NOMINER.—The Democratic County Convention of Clinton county met on Tuesday of last week, and after a harmonious session, renominated George W. Batchelder, Esq. for Prothonotary, James W. Clark for Register, and Dr. Mader for Coroner. A. C. Chatham, of Crawford township, was nominated for Jury Commissioner, and Col. W. A. Simpson was elected Chairman of the County Committee. Hon. H. L. Dieffenbach was made Chairman of the Convention.

NO BULL DOGS, O NO!—The Rhode Island aristocrat never whacks a man's head off with a backhack. He doesn't tell his employes to "vote the Republican ticket or get." Nothing so rough as that would be tolerated. But the blue-blooded proprietor issues a polite circular in which each employe is informed that "Our interests imperatively demand harmony of political action between us and our working people."

REINTEGRATED DEPOSED OR.—We learn that George W. Paxton, the defaulting Register of Chester county, was sentenced on Monday to three years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$10,116, that being the amount of his embezzlement. The man who robs his neighbor is an insignificant thief, but the one that robs all his neighbors is a compound scoundrel.

THE LAST LIGHTNING ROD DODGE.

An exchange dilates on this annual fraud in this way: "Four or five hundred years hence, when the generations that come after us dig into the ruins of our present habitations, among the most mystifying wonders to them will be the use to which we put the great coils of metal rod that we buried beneath the soil at the risk of sides and corners of houses and barns. We are not so sure that there are many good people nowadays who could not explain the thing if called upon. For their information, then, let us say that it is the last lightning rod, and the farmers in other sections may understand it, and be ready to sign the first paper presented by a stranger promptly and without detaining him, we will give the modus operandi. First comes a smooth-tongued clipper, dapper, genteel-looking fellow, who explains the danger from thunder-bolts in general and the necessity of proving sure and rapid transit for the subtle fluid. In order to protect the house, there should be a rod here and a point there, and all it would cost is the trifling matter of \$10 or \$20, or something like it, 'very difficult to tell exactly until the work is done.' A contract is signed, 'only a mere matter of form, you know,' and the sharper leaves. This is the first act, and should be labelled, 'How and when I was struck by lightning.'"

In due time the other section of the catastrophe arrives, and begins work by erecting a hole in the ground, and filling it up with coal after coil of rod. Perhaps the owner of the property protests against this apparent waste of material, but as he promises it all goes on for the same price, he quietly acquiesces. The job finally finished, the pay time comes, and so does a court that looks bigger than a barn-door, to our country friend, when he fully comprehends its almost illimitable proportions, for it binds the party of the second part to pay forty-six and one-half cents per foot for the rod required, and five dollars for each vane. It is vain for him to kick, they won't come down a single rod, and rather than invest in a lawsuit, he comes to the wicket and the bill is paid. Some of the farmers in the northern part of Highland have been mulcted in sums ranging from \$30 to \$250, and still they bite."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

A GROWL.—The Heliofante Watchman of last week remarks: "The Democrat of this week announces the appointment of a new Court Reporter, W. F. Reber, Esq., which, it says, was made some time ago. If he be true, it is news to us. Will be also to the present incumbent, Mr. J. H. Vosburg, who has received no notification that his services are to be dispensed with. We have no objection to new men, efficient ones, but common fairness ought to have induced the Court to have given Mr. Vosburg time to get ready to leave. It is a mistake of State, with a family to support and a rented house on his hands, and will now find himself out of a position, if the Democrat's paragraph is correct. How the Court could be so forgetful of ordinary courtesy as to deprive Mr. Vosburg of his place, without reasonable notification, is more than we can understand, and will surely meet with the censure of our citizens and the people generally."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

THE "MORAL IDEA" CANDIDATE.—More than twenty years ago the Rev. Isaac S. Kallough, who was the city of Boston what Beecher has been to Brooklyn, was driven out of his pulpit, out of respectable society, out of the State of Massachusetts, by the force of public opinion. He had affected all the saintly qualities and put on all the airs of holiness. But accident revealed that he was a vile man. We will not go into the details of the filthy scandal. It was infinitely disgusting. Driven from the East, Kallough has divided his time between Kansas and California, and has not given evidence of reform. This man is now the Kentucky candidate, and nominee for the office of Mayor of San Francisco, and is the latest recruit from the Republican party. If Kallough is elected Mayor, Hayes should be assigned to England and Conkling should be assigned to Plymouth Church.

A "BUTTER MAN."—The worst enemy of the Democratic party now living is Wendell Phillips, of Massachusetts. His hatred for our party is notorious. Lately, however, he has taken to talking very plainly about his own party. In alluding to Hayes' administration, he says: "While this administration of corrupt bargain and sale—a willing prostitute—lasts, I blush to be an American citizen, and to be a Republican party itself he says: 'A minute and our history has ever fallen from such a height, or to such depth of disgrace. I have watched politics for fifty years, and my judgment is that the fault of this party is one-third ignorance and two-thirds knavery.' If that is not a clincher, we would like to see one."

THE NOMINER.—The Democratic County Convention of Clinton county met on Tuesday of last week, and after a harmonious session, renominated George W. Batchelder, Esq. for Prothonotary, James W. Clark for Register, and Dr. Mader for Coroner. A. C. Chatham, of Crawford township, was nominated for Jury Commissioner, and Col. W. A. Simpson was elected Chairman of the County Committee. Hon. H. L. Dieffenbach was made Chairman of the Convention.

NO BULL DOGS, O NO!—The Rhode Island aristocrat never whacks a man's head off with a backhack. He doesn't tell his employes to "vote the Republican ticket or get." Nothing so rough as that would be tolerated. But the blue-blooded proprietor issues a polite circular in which each employe is informed that "Our interests imperatively demand harmony of political action between us and our working people."

REINTEGRATED DEPOSED OR.—We learn that George W. Paxton, the defaulting Register of Chester county, was sentenced on Monday to three years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$10,116, that being the amount of his embezzlement. The man who robs his neighbor is an insignificant thief, but the one that robs all his neighbors is a compound scoundrel.

THE LAST LIGHTNING ROD DODGE.

An exchange dilates on this annual fraud in this way: "Four or five hundred years hence, when the generations that come after us dig into the ruins of our present habitations, among the most mystifying wonders to them will be the use to which we put the great coils of metal rod that we buried beneath the soil at the risk of sides and corners of houses and barns. We are not so sure that there are many good people nowadays who could not explain the thing if called upon. For their information, then, let us say that it is the last lightning rod, and the farmers in other sections may understand it, and be ready to sign the first paper presented by a stranger promptly and without detaining him, we will give the modus operandi. First comes a smooth-tongued clipper, dapper, genteel-looking fellow, who explains the danger from thunder-bolts in general and the necessity of proving sure and rapid transit for the subtle fluid. In order to protect the house, there should be a rod here and a point there, and all it would cost is the trifling matter of \$10 or \$20, or something like it, 'very difficult to tell exactly until the work is done.' A contract is signed, 'only a mere matter of form, you know,' and the sharper leaves. This is the first act, and should be labelled, 'How and when I was struck by lightning.'"

In due time the other section of the catastrophe arrives, and begins work by erecting a hole in the ground, and filling it up with coal after coil of rod. Perhaps the owner of the property protests against this apparent waste of material, but as he promises it all goes on for the same price, he quietly acquiesces. The job finally finished, the pay time comes, and so does a court that looks bigger than a barn-door, to our country friend, when he fully comprehends its almost illimitable proportions, for it binds the party of the second part to pay forty-six and one-half cents per foot for the rod required, and five dollars for each vane. It is vain for him to kick, they won't come down a single rod, and rather than invest in a lawsuit, he comes to the wicket and the bill is paid. Some of the farmers in the northern part of Highland have been mulcted in sums ranging from \$30 to \$250, and still they bite."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

A GROWL.—The Heliofante Watchman of last week remarks: "The Democrat of this week announces the appointment of a new Court Reporter, W. F. Reber, Esq., which, it says, was made some time ago. If he be true, it is news to us. Will be also to the present incumbent, Mr. J. H. Vosburg, who has received no notification that his services are to be dispensed with. We have no objection to new men, efficient ones, but common fairness ought to have induced the Court to have given Mr. Vosburg time to get ready to leave. It is a mistake of State, with a family to support and a rented house on his hands, and will now find himself out of a position, if the Democrat's paragraph is correct. How the Court could be so forgetful of ordinary courtesy as to deprive Mr. Vosburg of his place, without reasonable notification, is more than we can understand, and will surely meet with the censure of our citizens and the people generally."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

THE "MORAL IDEA" CANDIDATE.—More than twenty years ago the Rev. Isaac S. Kallough, who was the city of Boston what Beecher has been to Brooklyn, was driven out of his pulpit, out of respectable society, out of the State of Massachusetts, by the force of public opinion. He had affected all the saintly qualities and put on all the airs of holiness. But accident revealed that he was a vile man. We will not go into the details of the filthy scandal. It was infinitely disgusting. Driven from the East, Kallough has divided his time between Kansas and California, and has not given evidence of reform. This man is now the Kentucky candidate, and nominee for the office of Mayor of San Francisco, and is the latest recruit from the Republican party. If Kallough is elected Mayor, Hayes should be assigned to England and Conkling should be assigned to Plymouth Church.

A "BUTTER MAN."—The worst enemy of the Democratic party now living is Wendell Phillips, of Massachusetts. His hatred for our party is notorious. Lately, however, he has taken to talking very plainly about his own party. In alluding to Hayes' administration, he says: "While this administration of corrupt bargain and sale—a willing prostitute—lasts, I blush to be an American citizen, and to be a Republican party itself he says: 'A minute and our history has ever fallen from such a height, or to such depth of disgrace. I have watched politics for fifty years, and my judgment is that the fault of this party is one-third ignorance and two-thirds knavery.' If that is not a clincher, we would like to see one."

THE NOMINER.—The Democratic County Convention of Clinton county met on Tuesday of last week, and after a harmonious session, renominated George W. Batchelder, Esq. for Prothonotary, James W. Clark for Register, and Dr. Mader for Coroner. A. C. Chatham, of Crawford township, was nominated for Jury Commissioner, and Col. W. A. Simpson was elected Chairman of the County Committee. Hon. H. L. Dieffenbach was made Chairman of the Convention.

NO BULL DOGS, O NO!—The Rhode Island aristocrat never whacks a man's head off with a backhack. He doesn't tell his employes to "vote the Republican ticket or get." Nothing so rough as that would be tolerated. But the blue-blooded proprietor issues a polite circular in which each employe is informed that "Our interests imperatively demand harmony of political action between us and our working people."

REINTEGRATED DEPOSED OR.—We learn that George W. Paxton, the defaulting Register of Chester county, was sentenced on Monday to three years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$10,116, that being the amount of his embezzlement. The man who robs his neighbor is an insignificant thief, but the one that robs all his neighbors is a compound scoundrel.

THE LAST LIGHTNING ROD DODGE.

An exchange dilates on this annual fraud in this way: "Four or five hundred years hence, when the generations that come after us dig into the ruins of our present habitations, among the most mystifying wonders to them will be the use to which we put the great coils of metal rod that we buried beneath the soil at the risk of sides and corners of houses and barns. We are not so sure that there are many good people nowadays who could not explain the thing if called upon. For their information, then, let us say that it is the last lightning rod, and the farmers in other sections may understand it, and be ready to sign the first paper presented by a stranger promptly and without detaining him, we will give the modus operandi. First comes a smooth-tongued clipper, dapper, genteel-looking fellow, who explains the danger from thunder-bolts in general and the necessity of proving sure and rapid transit for the subtle fluid. In order to protect the house, there should be a rod here and a point there, and all it would cost is the trifling matter of \$10 or \$20, or something like it, 'very difficult to tell exactly until the work is done.' A contract is signed, 'only a mere matter of form, you know,' and the sharper leaves. This is the first act, and should be labelled, 'How and when I was struck by lightning.'"

In due time the other section of the catastrophe arrives, and begins work by erecting a hole in the ground, and filling it up with coal after coil of rod. Perhaps the owner of the property protests against this apparent waste of material, but as he promises it all goes on for the same price, he quietly acquiesces. The job finally finished, the pay time comes, and so does a court that looks bigger than a barn-door, to our country friend, when he fully comprehends its almost illimitable proportions, for it binds the party of the second part to pay forty-six and one-half cents per foot for the rod required, and five dollars for each vane. It is vain for him to kick, they won't come down a single rod, and rather than invest in a lawsuit, he comes to the wicket and the bill is paid. Some of the farmers in the northern part of Highland have been mulcted in sums ranging from \$30 to \$250, and still they bite."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

A GROWL.—The Heliofante Watchman of last week remarks: "The Democrat of this week announces the appointment of a new Court Reporter, W. F. Reber, Esq., which, it says, was made some time ago. If he be true, it is news to us. Will be also to the present incumbent, Mr. J. H. Vosburg, who has received no notification that his services are to be dispensed with. We have no objection to new men, efficient ones, but common fairness ought to have induced the Court to have given Mr. Vosburg time to get ready to leave. It is a mistake of State, with a family to support and a rented house on his hands, and will now find himself out of a position, if the Democrat's paragraph is correct. How the Court could be so forgetful of ordinary courtesy as to deprive Mr. Vosburg of his place, without reasonable notification, is more than we can understand, and will surely meet with the censure of our citizens and the people generally."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

THE "MORAL IDEA" CANDIDATE.—More than twenty years ago the Rev. Isaac S. Kallough, who was the city of Boston what Beecher has been to Brooklyn, was driven out of his pulpit, out of respectable society, out of the State of Massachusetts, by the force of public opinion. He had affected all the saintly qualities and put on all the airs of holiness. But accident revealed that he was a vile man. We will not go into the details of the filthy scandal. It was infinitely disgusting. Driven from the East, Kallough has divided his time between Kansas and California, and has not given evidence of reform. This man is now the Kentucky candidate, and nominee for the office of Mayor of San Francisco, and is the latest recruit from the Republican party. If Kallough is elected Mayor, Hayes should be assigned to England and Conkling should be assigned to Plymouth Church.

A "BUTTER MAN."—The worst enemy of the Democratic party now living is Wendell Phillips, of Massachusetts. His hatred for our party is notorious. Lately, however, he has taken to talking very plainly about his own party. In alluding to Hayes' administration, he says: "While this administration of corrupt bargain and sale—a willing prostitute—lasts, I blush to be an American citizen, and to be a Republican party itself he says: 'A minute and our history has ever fallen from such a height, or to such depth of disgrace. I have watched politics for fifty years, and my judgment is that the fault of this party is one-third ignorance and two-thirds knavery.' If that is not a clincher, we would like to see one."

THE NOMINER.—The Democratic County Convention of Clinton county met on Tuesday of last week, and after a harmonious session, renominated George W. Batchelder, Esq. for Prothonotary, James W. Clark for Register, and Dr. Mader for Coroner. A. C. Chatham, of Crawford township, was nominated for Jury Commissioner, and Col. W. A. Simpson was elected Chairman of the County Committee. Hon. H. L. Dieffenbach was made Chairman of the Convention.

NO BULL DOGS, O NO!—The Rhode Island aristocrat never whacks a man's head off with a backhack. He doesn't tell his employes to "vote the Republican ticket or get." Nothing so rough as that would be tolerated. But the blue-blooded proprietor issues a polite circular in which each employe is informed that "Our interests imperatively demand harmony of political action between us and our working people."

REINTEGRATED DEPOSED OR.—We learn that George W. Paxton, the defaulting Register of Chester county, was sentenced on Monday to three years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$10,116, that being the amount of his embezzlement. The man who robs his neighbor is an insignificant thief, but the one that robs all his neighbors is a compound scoundrel.

THE LAST LIGHTNING ROD DODGE.

An exchange dilates on this annual fraud in this way: "Four or five hundred years hence, when the generations that come after us dig into the ruins of our present habitations, among the most mystifying wonders to them will be the use to which we put the great coils of metal rod that we buried beneath the soil at the risk of sides and corners of houses and barns. We are not so sure that there are many good people nowadays who could not explain the thing if called upon. For their information, then, let us say that it is the last lightning rod, and the farmers in other sections may understand it, and be ready to sign the first paper presented by a stranger promptly and without detaining him, we will give the modus operandi. First comes a smooth-tongued clipper, dapper, genteel-looking fellow, who explains the danger from thunder-bolts in general and the necessity of proving sure and rapid transit for the subtle fluid. In order to protect the house, there should be a rod here and a point there, and all it would cost is the trifling matter of \$10 or \$20, or something like it, 'very difficult to tell exactly until the work is done.' A contract is signed, 'only a mere matter of form, you know,' and the sharper leaves. This is the first act, and should be labelled, 'How and when I was struck by lightning.'"

In due time the other section of the catastrophe arrives, and begins work by erecting a hole in the ground, and filling it up with coal after coil of rod. Perhaps the owner of the property protests against this apparent waste of material, but as he promises it all goes on for the same price, he quietly acquiesces. The job finally finished, the pay time comes, and so does a court that looks bigger than a barn-door, to our country friend, when he fully comprehends its almost illimitable proportions, for it binds the party of the second part to pay forty-six and one-half cents per foot for the rod required, and five dollars for each vane. It is vain for him to kick, they won't come down a single rod, and rather than invest in a lawsuit, he comes to the wicket and the bill is paid. Some of the farmers in the northern part of Highland have been mulcted in sums ranging from \$30 to \$250, and still they bite."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

A GROWL.—The Heliofante Watchman of last week remarks: "The Democrat of this week announces the appointment of a new Court Reporter, W. F. Reber, Esq., which, it says, was made some time ago. If he be true, it is news to us. Will be also to the present incumbent, Mr. J. H. Vosburg, who has received no notification that his services are to be dispensed with. We have no objection to new men, efficient ones, but common fairness ought to have induced the Court to have given Mr. Vosburg time to get ready to leave. It is a mistake of State, with a family to support and a rented house on his hands, and will now find himself out of a position, if the Democrat's paragraph is correct. How the Court could be so forgetful of ordinary courtesy as to deprive Mr. Vosburg of his place, without reasonable notification, is more than we can understand, and will surely meet with the censure of our citizens and the people generally."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

THE "MORAL IDEA" CANDIDATE.—More than twenty years ago the Rev. Isaac S. Kallough, who was the city of Boston what Beecher has been to Brooklyn, was driven out of his pulpit, out of respectable society, out of the State of Massachusetts, by the force of public opinion. He had affected all the saintly qualities and put on all the airs of holiness. But accident revealed that he was a vile man. We will not go into the details of the filthy scandal. It was infinitely disgusting. Driven from the East, Kallough has divided his time between Kansas and California, and has not given evidence of reform. This man is now the Kentucky candidate, and nominee for the office of Mayor of San Francisco, and is the latest recruit from the Republican party. If Kallough is elected Mayor, Hayes should be assigned to England and Conkling should be assigned to Plymouth Church.

A "BUTTER MAN."—The worst enemy of the Democratic party now living is Wendell Phillips, of Massachusetts. His hatred for our party is notorious. Lately, however, he has taken to talking very plainly about his own party. In alluding to Hayes' administration, he says: "While this administration of corrupt bargain and sale—a willing prostitute—lasts, I blush to be an American citizen, and to be a Republican party itself he says: 'A minute and our history has ever fallen from such a height, or to such depth of disgrace. I have watched politics for fifty years, and my judgment is that the fault of this party is one-third ignorance and two-thirds knavery.' If that is not a clincher, we would like to see one."

THE NOMINER.—The Democratic County Convention of Clinton county met on Tuesday of last week, and after a harmonious session, renominated George W. Batchelder, Esq. for Prothonotary, James W. Clark for Register, and Dr. Mader for Coroner. A. C. Chatham, of Crawford township, was nominated for Jury Commissioner, and Col. W. A. Simpson was elected Chairman of the County Committee. Hon. H. L. Dieffenbach was made Chairman of the Convention.

NO BULL DOGS, O NO!—The Rhode Island aristocrat never whacks a man's head off with a backhack. He doesn't tell his employes to "vote the Republican ticket or get." Nothing so rough as that would be tolerated. But the blue-blooded proprietor issues a polite circular in which each employe is informed that "Our interests imperatively demand harmony of political action between us and our working people."

REINTEGRATED DEPOSED OR.—We learn that George W. Paxton, the defaulting Register of Chester county, was sentenced on Monday to three years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$10,116, that being the amount of his embezzlement. The man who robs his neighbor is an insignificant thief, but the one that robs all his neighbors is a compound scoundrel.

THE LAST LIGHTNING ROD DODGE.

An exchange dilates on this annual fraud in this way: "Four or five hundred years hence, when the generations that come after us dig into the ruins of our present habitations, among the most mystifying wonders to them will be the use to which we put the great coils of metal rod that we buried beneath the soil at the risk of sides and corners of houses and barns. We are not so sure that there are many good people nowadays who could not explain the thing if called upon. For their information, then, let us say that it is the last lightning rod, and the farmers in other sections may understand it, and be ready to sign the first paper presented by a stranger promptly and without detaining him, we will give the modus operandi. First comes a smooth-tongued clipper, dapper, genteel-looking fellow, who explains the danger from thunder-bolts in general and the necessity of proving sure and rapid transit for the subtle fluid. In order to protect the house, there should be a rod here and a point there, and all it would cost is the trifling matter of \$10 or \$20, or something like it, 'very difficult to tell exactly until the work is done.' A contract is signed, 'only a mere matter of form, you know,' and the sharper leaves. This is the first act, and should be labelled, 'How and when I was struck by lightning.'"

In due time the other section of the catastrophe arrives, and begins work by erecting a hole in the ground, and filling it up with coal after coil of rod. Perhaps the owner of the property protests against this apparent waste of material, but as he promises it all goes on for the same price, he quietly acquiesces. The job finally finished, the pay time comes, and so does a court that looks bigger than a barn-door, to our country friend, when he fully comprehends its almost illimitable proportions, for it binds the party of the second part to pay forty-six and one-half cents per foot for the rod required, and five dollars for each vane. It is vain for him to kick, they won't come down a single rod, and rather than invest in a lawsuit, he comes to the wicket and the bill is paid. Some of the farmers in the northern part of Highland have been mulcted in sums ranging from \$30 to \$250, and still they bite."

Every Democratic voter in Clearfield should bear in mind that THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, is the last day for registering for the next election.

A GROWL.—The Heliofante Watchman of last week remarks: "The Democrat of this week announces the appointment of a new Court Reporter, W. F. Reber, Esq., which, it says, was made some time ago. If he be true, it is news to us. Will be also to the present incumbent, Mr. J. H. Vosburg, who has received no notification that his services are to be dispensed with. We have no objection to new men, efficient ones, but common fairness ought to have induced the Court to have given Mr. Vosburg time to get ready to leave. It is a mistake of State, with a family to support and a rented house on his hands, and will now find