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
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1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
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3 squares.....20 00 | 1 column.....120 00
G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 53—WHOLE NO. 2,641. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1879. NEW SERIES—VOL. 20, NO. 39.

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. my28

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. 24jy'73

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

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9.10'73 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. ap14,67

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. mch20, '76.

JAMES H. TURNER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Wallaceton, Pa.
He has prepared himself with all the necessary blank forms under the Pension and Bounty laws, as well as blank Deeds, etc. All legal matters entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. May 7th, 1879-tf.

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:'73tf.

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 prices. [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. my15:1ypd

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Hackers, 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. [*jy16'72

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
3-772 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, 1874.

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,
sep26-63-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 as
F. M. CARDON & BRO.
Clearfield, Pa., July 14, 1875-tf.

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

Companies.	Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br.	$4,537,859
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plan	1,808,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn	2,874,083
Insurance Co. of North America	8,433,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,182,863
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch	679,145
Watertown	761,818
Travelers (Life & Accident)	4,165,434

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

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,
We ne'er shall see him more!
He used to wear a long blue coat,
All buttoned down before.

When e'er he heard the voice of pain,
His heart with pity burned,
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay—
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

He, modest merit joy'd to find,
And pay it its desert;
He wore no malice in his mind,
Nor ruffles on his shirt.

His heart was cheerful as the day;
His friendship warm and true;
His hair was some inclined to grey;
He wore it in a cue.

He freely lent to all the poor—
Benevolent and kind—
A hat of beaver far he wore,
The rim turned up behind.

But poor old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He never tried the world to please,
With alms exposed to view,
His hose were gathered at the knees;
His breeches they were blue.

His breast would always swell with grief
At sight of human woes,
With a Bandana handkerchief
He used to wipe his nose.

He never caused his friends to blush,
By serious base or mean,
He had an ivory-handled brush,
With which his teeth to clean.

Good people all, I pray let fall,
A tear for poor old Grimes,
As doth his cousin, Peter Small,
Who did compose these rhymes.

THE ZULU DYNASTY.

The Zulus—"Zulu" in the native language signifies "Heaven"—were described sufficiently as to their origin, characteristics and customs in these columns at the breaking out of the war with England. Some account of the dynasty, the last and by no means the least distinguished member of which has just been captured by the English, will be of interest. This is the book of the generations of King Cetewago:

UPUNGA.

Umboni.	Umakeba.
	Jama.
Usenzangacona; d. 1812.	

Dingaan; Umhlangana; Chaka; Panda; Usingwana. 1840. d. 1828. b. 1787. d. 1872. [e]ama. d. 1856.

Umhlalai; Cetewayo; Umsimu. d. 1856.

Whether Jama was the son of Umakeba or of Umbuzi, who were sons of Upunga, is not quite certain, but the weight of evidence favors the belief that he descended from Umakeba. Beyond Upunga the royal lineage of Zululand cannot be traced. Jama's son Usenzangacona was the chief of a petty sea-coast tribe, near the Umvolosi river, and lord of some thirty wives, who bore him nearly two hundred children. One of his wives was Umnandi who, because of his jealousy, had to fly to a neighboring tribe, bearing with her her son Chaka. The chief with whom they found refuge caused the youth to be educated in all the accomplishments befitting an African prince and warrior. While still in his teens, Chaka happened to meet at St. Lucia Bay some shipwrecked English sailors, who told him a great deal about the exploits and warlike fame of "Boney." The boy listened attentively, and made up his mind to become the "Boney" of Africa. Strange irony of the fate that the first Napoleon should inspire in the mind of a Kaffir chief colossal schemes of warlike enterprise, and that the fourth Napoleon, the son of the Emperor's nephew, should fall in battle with the nephew of his African admirer.

When, in 1812, old Usenzangacona died, Usingujana succeeded him as the son of the "great wife," the spouse to whose descendants a Zulu King, in advanced years, guarantees the succession. Chaka, however, claimed the throne, and speedily ousted his half-brother. Many of the Umtetwa, the tribe among whom Chaka had been brought up, followed him into the Zulu nation, and specially he recognized his army and began a career of conquest. He divided the warriors into regiments, with sub-divisions of battalions and companies and different uniforms, and revolutionized their arms and style of fighting. The Zulus, like other Kaffir tribes, had previously fought with a sheaf of assegais. Chaka pitted two regiments against each other, one armed with the weapons—blunted, of course—and the other having shields and a short stabbing assegai, thus unconsciously imitating the Romans equipment. They skirmished for a while, and then Chaka took stock of the contusions and instantly ordered the whole army to adopt the new weapon. Fighting upon the open plains, his battalions advanced in massive columns, protected by their huge shields, received the darts hurled by the enemy with but trifling loss, and getting to close quarters the instant the foemen's javelins were expended routed them with tremendous slaughter. It was as great a revolution in African warfare as that brought about in Europe by the introduction of gunpowder or the needle gun. Tribe after tribe he overcame, not to extirpate but to incorporate with his own people—copying Bonaparte again—the process of distribution and amalgamation being very skillfully carried out. With nearly sixty tribes he thus dealt during his reign. He had an Old Guard of 12,000 or 15,000 warriors always prepared to march at a moment's notice, going fifty miles without a halt and often traveling for three hours at the rate of eight miles an hour and "eat up" whatever enemy presented himself, distributed provisions and men in fortified kraals all over the country, and conquered and slaughtered and resigned till when, in 1825, Mr. Isaacs, a missionary visited him and told him of the extent of the British dominions and how King George had overthrown Bonaparte, he could afford to say complacently: "There are only two great chiefs in all the earth—my brother, King George, is king of all the whites; I, Chaka, am king of all the blacks." As the French Republicans had done, so did Chaka. An unsuccessful soldier's fate was death. Till the men of a regiment had distinguished themselves in the field they were not allowed to marry, and if they failed in an enterprise their families as well as themselves suffered. Mr. Isaacs saw 170 children slain, being beaten to death or having their necks twisted, and Umbulale ("the Place of Slaughter") took its name from the massacre there of a defeated corps and the wives and children of its members.

In 1828 Chaka marched southwest against the Amapondos, routed them, ravaged the country to the borders of British Protectorate and marched home with an immense spoil. The British and colonial troops with native allies, started after him, but encountered the Amadgwana tribe with 20,000 cattle, flying from the Zulus, and, mistaking them for Chaka's men, killed some hundreds of them and drove off all their herds. Meanwhile, Chaka had reached Umvoti, his capital, and sent his brothers Dingaan, Umhlangane with an army to the North against Usoshengane, on the shores of Delagoa Bay. The country was pestilential, and two-thirds of their army perished from exposure, disease and hunger. Enraged at their ill-success Chaka ordered the murder of 2,000 women, wives of the defeated soldiers. Among the victims slaughtered at the rate of 200 or 300 a day, were the spouses of his brothers, who between resentment and fear were moved to conspire against his life. His body servant, Umbopa, joined in the plot, and having unsuspected access to Chaka's presence struck him dead September 23, 1828. Thus died at the age of forty-one the Zulu Alexander or Napoleon. Dingaan and Unhlangane disputing the succession fought a duel in the royal kraal immediately after Chaka's burial, when the latter was slain.

Dingaan was not a warlike despot but a machiavelian tyrant. Thousands of his subjects fled to Natal, but after 1835 he negotiated a treaty with England in virtue of which the deserters were returned to him—to be brained or impaled. In 1838 Pieter Retief, a Boer, was sent to ask a grant of Natal for the Dutch immigrants, with a missionary, the Rev. F. Owen. At Umgungundhovn ("the place of the trumpeting of the elephant") he found Dingaan in a neatly built palace 20 feet in diameter, supported by 22 pillars covered with beads, in the building standing in the centre of a kraal of 1,700 huts, each large enough for twenty men. Six thousand soldiers were paraded in a mock fight and a subsequent war-dance around thousands of beautiful cattle representing the spoils of the combat; all that the Boers asked was granted them. On the 6th of February, 1838, they breakfasted with Mr. Owen and spoke of Dingaan's courtesy and good faith; then went unarmed, some seventy men in all, to sit around the King and see the farewell dance. Closer and closer whirled the dancers round the circle, till the King rose and cried angrily, "Seize the accursed wizards!" when in an instant the Datchmen were seized and dragged away. "Tell Owen," said the King to a messenger, "that I am going to kill the Boers, but he need not be frightened." He kept his word, for though Pieter Retief and his companions were brained and speared before the missionary's eyes, Mr. Owen and his family suffered to depart in safety. The Zulus swarmed over the country and literally exterminated the Boers. At a station on the Bushman's River that still bears the name of Weenen—"Weeping"—they found all the aged and feeble, women and children, whom with their leader, first Maritz, they slew—366 in all, besides 250 colored servants. The names of Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz are jointly commemorated in that of the town of Pietermaritzburg. The Boers beyond the Tugela, however, rallied and helped by the English fought through 1838 and 1839, when they succeeded in corrupting Dingaan's brother Panda. With 4,000 soldiers Panda revolted early in 1840. Dingaan's force thus weakened was destroyed, and on the 10th of February Panda dethroned and slew him, and ascended the throne.

Panda reigned till 1872. He had agreed ever to continue the loyal and devoted ally of his white neighbors, and according to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, his reign was "incomparably milder and more merciful" than that of his predecessor. He consolidated the government and administration of the country into a regular fabric, having rulers in every small district who led the people in war and administered justice in peace, owing feudal subordination to an Incuna, or provincial chief, who belonged to the King's Great Council. The laws affecting marriage and military service were severely administered, and the people suffered not a little from "witch finding," the wizard, who was promptly killed after forfeiting his property to the Crown, being invariably a well-to-do subject or a man obnoxious to the King. On the whole, however, the reign of King Panda was quiet and prosperous, and when he died, October 18, 1872, he left the reputation of a good neighbor both among the Dutch and the English.

His son Cetewayo—pronounced Ketchwhyo—succeeded him, being duly installed by Sir—then plain Mr.—Theophilis Shepstone. Chaka and Dingaan do not seem to have left any sons at all. One report makes out that they killed their male children and pregnant wives "to keep down dangerous questions connected with the succession;" another—and more probable—version is that Dingaan killed off all Chaka's heirs and Panda all Dingaan's. Panda had several grown up sons in 1856, the two most prominent of whom were Cetewayo and Umbulaze, the former a warlike young man, the latter a mild and peaceful prince, his father's favorite. Each was allowed to form a separate establishment and collect retainers to service "under the tiger's head"—and naturally parties were soon formed and civil war broke out. In a great battle on the Tugela, Cetewayo defeated and slew his brother and 3,000 warriors, and early in November, 1857, was recognized by the Incunas at a great council as heir apparent, it being understood that through the Prime Minister Masipula he should exercise the regency till his father's death. As Panda was in his old age so fat that he could not walk, and had to be lifted into and out of his wagon by six men, the active duties of kingship had devolved upon Cetewayo long before 1874, when at Panda's death Mr. Shepstone crowned him formally. The ceremony took place at Umlambongwenya, with as much artificial solemnity and decorative splendor as Mr. Shepstone's party could furnish out of their portable stores. A tent was pitched in the centre of the kraal, decked with flags, shawls and colored blankets; on a table was placed a mirror and crown or cap, while beside it was a chair of state with a scarlet and gold mantle. About 10,000 warriors were present who greeted with loud acclamations the appearance of the King in his robes and cap, a salute was fired, the band struck up and the native soldiers rattled their knobkerries in their shields, while the heralds proclaimed the new sovereign of the Sons of Heaven.

With the story of the Transvaal disputes and England's interference, readers of the *World* are familiar. When in October, 1876, the English Government sent him a warning concerning the killing of those who disobeyed the marriage laws, Cetewayo returned a haughty reply. "Why," said he, "does the Governor of Natal speak to me about my laws? Do I go to Natal and dictate to him about his laws? I do kill; my people will not listen unless they are killed. The Governor of Natal and I are equal; he is Governor of Natal and I am Governor here." When he pleaded for permission to "wash his spears," because it was the custom of his country for a King upon his accession to "flesh his maiden sword," it was refused him, and finally he was hallied into the war in which his power was broken and his throne lost, not, however, till he had given conspicuous proof that in bravery and efficiency the Zulu war machine had not deteriorated since the days of his great uncle, Chaka.

A picture of Cetewayo shown in London this year indicated no trace of ferocity—the expression of the face, indeed, was mild and almost benignant. "An Old Colonist," however, thus describes him:

His eyes were exceptionally large and brilliant, but his forehead, though broad for a Kaffir, was very receding, while the lower part of his face denoted a determined and brutal nature. He was very elaborately dressed. Over his shoulders was fastened a leopard skin *kerss* or cloak reaching down to the back of his knees; round his loins he wore a handsome *moschy*—that is, a band of tiger-cat skins, with a deep fringe of stripes of the same skins hanging downward. His wrists and ankles were decorated with rings of red, white and black beads, and his hair with several ostrich feathers. In the slit in his right ear (the distinguishing mark of the Zulus, who are all so cut in the lobe of both ears in infancy) he carried a very ornamental snuff box, made from a piece of bamboo cane, carved and decorated with beads, and in the slit in his left ear he carried a comb. The Zulu comb is about six inches long, and is made of ivory. The top of the handle is of the shape of the bowl of a spoon, and with it they measure out snuff. The lower part is elaborately carved. The teeth, of which there are only three, are fully four inches long, and resemble the prongs of a fork. In his right hand Cetewayo carried a hunting assegai, and on his left arm his shield.—*N. Y. World.*

CARELESSNESS AS A SOURCE OF POVERTY.

It is amazing to consider the extent to which losses are incurred on the one hand, and sales and occupation afforded on the other hand, by the inexcusable carelessness of people who know better and ought to do better. The fastening of a well bucket is deranged, or a hoop is loose, but the thoughtless man or woman never notices the trouble until the bucket is dropped in the well or the bottom is out. Then time is lost, the family is inconvenienced, and perhaps a neighbor gets a job of work and the pay. The gate latch is out of order; no attention is paid to it; the hogs or cows get in; the yard is rooted up; the shrubbery is destroyed; the gardener is employed and the nurseryman has an order.

A tire is loose on the wheel; the wood is rapidly wearing away, a little care would set the matter right; no pains are taken; away on the road a wheel is crushed, and the wheelwright has some employment. A shingle is out of place on the roof; one nail would mend the trouble; that nail isn't driven; the rain steals in, and soon the plasterer is paid to use trowel and brush. A bridle rein is weak; a bit is worn; nobody thinks of examining either; a horse is drawn to one side, or a horse runs away; a vehicle is broken; a carriage maker or blacksmith is profited, and perhaps a surgeon has a profitable professional engagement.

The water of a well is impure; those who use it complain, and still no proper steps are taken; the family have serious sickness; the druggist sells his medicines, and the doctor gets his fees. In some way the cellar is foul; the mephitic gasses escape thro' the floors; the blood is poisoned; the fever rages; some suffer, some die; the physician has a harvest, and even the undertaker and sexton find employment. A stove chimney is in dangerous condition; people have eyes to see, but they don't use them; the fire soon does its dreadful work, and carpenters and mechanics have a good time. So of many—very many things.

Are you innocent of such neglect? There are far better and cheaper ways to give work and profit to others. By taking care of what you have you may become able to add other and more valuable things which you desire. There is true economy in proper attention to small as well as great things.

EUGENIE'S POSSESSIONS.

London Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

The ex-Empress of France is said to be one of the richest widows in England. In addition to her Hungarian estate, she has a castle in Spain and a nice place in Switzerland. But hard cash is what comes most useful to dethroned sovereigns who hope to return, and of this the Empress has long had abundance. It is estimated in Paris that she is worth at least a million sterling. Only recently she sold a large block of house property in the Rue d'Alba, in Paris, and M. Rouher's house, a well-known political centre, at the corner of the Rue de l'Elysee, was hers, in her own right, and was sold last year for £15,000. The death of the Prince adds to her property, since he left to her a considerable amount of land property in Italy, as well as the Toulouse property, bequeathed to him by the grisly General who had been equerry to the Prince when he toddled about the corridors of the Tuilleries nearly three feet high and weighted with the miniature uniform of a Colonel in the Gent Garde. This vast property was no incumbrance to the Empress whilst yet she had a son to live and scheme for. It was drained pretty freely by the Bonapartist organs of the press in France. The *Ordre* and the *Pays* were lavishly supported by the Empress, and she also drew handsome checks in favor of the reduction of *Gaulois*. The need for keeping those fires warm is now dead. The Empress is not likely to keep newspapers alive to work for her good cousin Jerome; she will not, however, find her riches an embarrassment as long as the priests have ready access to her. A newspaper supplies large outlets for superfluous cash, but I think on the whole the church can hold its own in rivalry of this character, and a good churchwoman like the Empress will not find occasion to distress herself for means of disposing of the interest, and eventually the capital, of a million sterling.

TABLE OF ELEVATIONS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The *Village Record* clipped an item from the *Ledger* to the effect that Potter county had "the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains." And the *Ledger* took the *Record* to task in a vigorous denial. For the benefit of both journals we desire to state that Elk Hill, a short distance from Carbondale, attains to the highest altitude above the sea level in Pennsylvania.—*Scranton Republican.*

We have not been out with our tape line to measure these elevations personally, but we have culled the following altitudes from the table of elevation found in the report of the Geological survey of Pennsylvania:

Summit south of Wellsboro', Tioga Co.,	1862 ft.
Head of Plane No. 5, above Carbondale,	1805 ft.
Point between Tobyhanna and Lehigh Summit	1970 ft.
Summit of Carbon Run, Bradford Co.,	2641 ft.
Summit south of Crawford, Bradford Co.,	2148 ft.
Grade at Summit of tunnel 8 miles from Coudersport, Potter Co	2229 ft.
Hill, east of Long Pond, North Mountain, Sullivan county	2242 ft.
Crest of Allegheny Mountains, Clearfield county	2614 ft.

We are under the impression that the highest altitude in Pennsylvania is found in Somerset county, near the southern line of the State. Negro Mountain is 2843 feet, but its highest point may be a little south of the line.

The above are the highest altitudes recorded near the several points named. The following may be of interest:

Carbondale	1615 ft.
Honesdale	1083 ft.
Scranton	743 ft.
Tunkhannock	611 ft.
Montrose	1656 ft.
Towanda	758 ft.
Survey Railroad, foot of Plane	1271 ft.
Head of Plane	1734 ft.
Wellsboro'	1319 ft.

The highest point east of the Mississippi river is Mt. Buckley, North Carolina, 6775 feet. In Potter county is found one of the most remarkable water sheds in the world. Streams flow toward the Gulf of Mexico, toward the St. Lawrence, and toward the Chesapeake, all have their sources within a very small area. A knowledge of this fact conveys to some minds the erroneous impression that the highest land east of the Mississippi must necessarily be found here.—*Seward Coal Journal.*

DISTURBANCES IN JUPITER.

According to a writer in in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, there is trouble in the giant planet Jupiter, which is shining so brilliantly these cool nights. A great spot estimated to be 18,000 miles in diameter, is conspicuous on the planet's disc. It has been visible for two years, says M. Trouvelot, of Cambridge, Mass., although its appearance has not been generally known until recently. It is probable that on the first discovery of the spot the color was not strongly pronounced, or it would have been more generally observed. Dr. Swift, of Rochester, saw the spot for the first time only a few weeks ago. The only explanation, thus far given, is that there is a rent is the cloud covering of Jupiter, revealing the red hot body of the planet. This explanation hardly explains, although it is now generally conceded that Jupiter is a glowing mass, and shines partly by his own light. Many remarkable changes have recently taken place in the appearance of Jupiter. Those who search for the red spot cannot fail to notice the white, cloud-like spots between the great copper-colored equatorial belts. The great central belt seems to be broken up into white cloud masses lying at intervals along the Jovian equator. The copper color of the outer belts extends in some places across the equatorial regions, usually occupied by a bright belt of creamy white. North and South of the great equatorial belts and about half way to the poles are narrow, irregular salmon-colored belts that present a very beautiful appearance. The blue coloring about the poles seems less pronounced than usual. It is more than probable that in the mighty changes going on in Jupiter, adds the *Chronicle*, we are witnessing the phenomena of world growth, and that the giant planet is slowly undergoing, under our very eyes, the modifications necessary to fit it for habitation.

QUEEN BEES AND HOW THEIR VACANCIES ARE SUPPLIED.—In a paper read to the Quekett Microscopical Club, Mr. Hunter states that a fertile queen bee will in four years lay a million eggs. Twenty-one days are required for the production of a worker bee; "but the same egg that produced the worker in twenty-one days could, had the bees been so minded, have been bred up in a queen in six days." "The bees," continues Mr. Hunter, "only rear queens when necessity calls for them, either from the loss of their old monarch or apprehended swarming. If I remove the queen from a hive, the first of these contingencies occurs, and after a few hours' commotion, the bees select certain of the worker-eggs, or even young larvæ two or three days old. The cell is enlarged to five or six times its ordinary capacity, a superabundance of totally different food is supplied, and the result is that, in five days less than would have been required for a worker, a queen is hatched. The marvel is inexplicable! How a mere change and greater abundance of food and a more roomy lodging should so transform the internal and external organs of any living creature! The case is without a parallel in all the animal creation. It is not a mere superficial change that has been effected, but one that penetrates far below form and structure, to the very fountain of life itself. It is a transformation alike of function, of structure, and of instinct."

Reports from apiarians of various parts of the country appear to be in favor of wintering bees in cellars, instead of the old method of leaving them upon the stands where they are kept during the Summer. The bees, when protected from severe cold, eat less and come out much stronger in the Spring. But it is quite important that the cellar in which the bees are stored should be perfectly dry and well ventilated, for unless these conditions are secured the combs become moldy and the bees perish.

"You did not deign to notice me yesterday," said a beautiful fair one to a gentleman at Atlantic City. "I did not see you," frankly responded the gentleman. "You could, if you would have only turned your head." "My dear friend," gallantly responded the gentleman, "if I had done so, I feel sure it would not have been the first head your charms have turned."

Friend to scientific authority—"Doctor, how is a man to tell a mushroom from a toadstool?" Scientific authority—"By eating it. If you live it is a mushroom; if you die it is a toadstool."

A CURE FOR GOSSIP.

CULTURE THE ONLY SURE ANTIDOTE.

Everybody must talk about something. The poor fellow who was told not to talk for fear that the people would find out that he was a fool, made nothing by the experiment. He was considered a fool because he did not talk on some subject or other. Everybody must have something to say, or give up society. Of course, the topics of conversation will relate to subjects of knowledge. If a man is interested in science he will talk about science. If he is an enthusiast in art he will talk about art. If he is familiar with literature, and is an intelligent and persistent reader, he will naturally bring forward literary topics in his conversation. So with social and religious questions. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." That of which the mind is full, that with which it is furnished, will come out in expression.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip is that those who indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day in intercourse with, and observation of their neighbors. What these neighbors do, what they say, what happens to them in their social and business affairs, what they were, these become the questions of supreme interest. The personal and social life around them—this is the book under constant perusal, and out of this comes that pestiferous conversation which we call gossip. The world is full of it, and in a million houses, all over the country, nothing is talked of but the personal affairs of neighbors.

What is a cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors make enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

TOO MUCH SLEEP.

The effects of too much sleep, says the Golden Rule, are not less signal than those arising from privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled, and the sensations, the moral and intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed; the functions are exerted with less energy; the digestion is torpid, the exertions are diminished, while, in some instances, the secretions of fat accumulate to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of habitude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted, when sleep is too prolonged or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessary to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; that is they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that over indulgence be not permitted. Where the habit is for children to lie in bed until eight or nine in the morning, the last two hours, at least, do not bring sound dreamless sleep, where the hour for retiring is eight or nine P. M., but are spent in "dozing," and in fact, such excess cannot fail to insure harmful results described by the authority quoted. What is called "laziness" among children is, in very many cases, disease, and is largely due to this, as well as the other causes mentioned that undermine the foundation of health.

BALKY HORSES.—A Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully first on one side then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind doesn't cure him, the second one will be sure to do it.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go, then let him go.

4. The brains of horses seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve, if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow-knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and, after going a short distance, you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

In locating an apiary there are several points that should be considered. Perhaps water comes first, because it is something we cannot get along without. There is a great quantity used by the bees on a hot day to keep the combs from melting down, besides what is used in feeding brood in the latter part of the season. When the wind blows from the east, hot and dry, bees have been known to use a pound a day to the hive, allowing a sufficient quantity for evaporation. A bee's life is governed, we might say, by the work it does, and if it has to fly a long way for water, it cannot for his life bring the honey to his owner that it could if the water was handy. Wet sand is the best for bees to suck water from, for than none are drowned.

An English paper relates that in a farm house at Kirkcaldy, a tempting ham hung from the rafters, and a rat, with rare instinct, gnawed a hole through the woodwork directly over it, and descending, ate its way into the interior of the sweet morsel. One day the house wife started to take the ham down, when out bolted the depredator and up through its hole. The ham was a perfect shell, skin and bone only remaining to show its form, while the rat had begun to build a nest in it.

THE ASCENT OF AN ASIATIC MOUNTAIN.

Two Englishmen, Henry F. Tozer and T. M. Crowder, have recently ascended Mount Argæus, the highest mountain in Asia Minor after Ararat. In the account which they send to the *Times* (London) they state that their first tent was pitched on the mountain side 8,000 feet above the sea. At two o'clock the next morning they started under the brilliant light of the full moon, and began a climb of 1,600 feet, which was a terrible hard piece of work, as the ground was extremely steep and the face of the mountain was covered with loose stones, and masses of rock equally untrustworthy to the foot. When they were in the middle of this climb the first rays of the sun fell on the porphyry rocks above them and produced a splendid effect by turning them to a bright crimson. At last, at about six o'clock, they reached the ridge, where there was a long *arete* of snow at the head of a vast snow-slope, which formed a conspicuous object on the north side when seen from Kaiserieh. Cutting a few steps in the frozen snow, they reached a point some two hundred feet higher, at the base of the final peak, which rose about fifty feet above, and was perpendicular and wholly impracticable. This point had been reached by Hamilton, the Secretary of the London Geological Society, in 1837, and by Tchihacheff, the Russian Savant, in 1848. The view was very extensive, including the long line of Anti-Taurus to the east, the mountains that run down toward Lycaonia to the southwest, and to the north the vast undulating plains, or rather steppes, which occupy the interior of the country. But far the most remarkable feature was the mountain itself, for the loftiest pinnacles of porphyry which rose around and beneath them, vertable aiguilles, were as wonderful a sight as could be well conceived. It was strange, even in that land of Cappadocia, which is full of ancient rock dwellings, to find the rocks excavated close to the summit; and these chambers were clearly artificial, for the marks of the chisel were evident along the roof and walls, and there were niches cut in the sides.

DICKENS' DYING PRISONER.

On a recent Saturday morning an aged man went into the office attached to the iron foundry of Messrs. Adams & Story, in Philadelphia. While the attention of the clerk was attracted away from him he approached the fire-proof safe, the outer door of which was open, and unlocking the inner one with a false key, he took therefrom two $5 bills and a check for $50, together with some documents which happened handy. Before he succeeded in making off with his booty, however, one of the employes happened to gaze in his direction. "What are you doing there?" asked the detector. "Nothing," answered the detected, but the employe was not to be fooled by such a reply, and upon making an examination he found what has been related above. The aged pilferer was then nabbed and handed over to a policeman, who was soon summoned, and who took him to the Twelfth District station house, where he gave the name of David Salter. On being subsequently confronted by Lieutenant Axe, he was identified as Charles Langheimer, the man who was made famous by Charles Dickens.

When Dickens saw him he was impressed with his apparent sufferings, and the novelist devoted several pages of his "American Notes" to a description of the cell, and in particular of the "dejected, heart-broken appearance of this criminal whose life has been cruelly tortured out of him by the solitary confinement system." Langheimer had decorated his cell with colored drawings made with dyes extracted from the yarns he was working with, and the cell is still shown to visitors as one of the curiosities of the place. He had made a flower bed in his yard, which Dickens described as "looking for all the world like a little grave." According to the great novelist, Langheimer was to have died years ago from the effects of his imprisonment, but he is still hale and hearty at the advanced age of seventy-six years. When arrested he had been out of the penitentiary but two years.

Pat having been sent by his master to the postoffice after the letters, was asked on his return: "Well, Pat, what was there for me?" "Two letters and a paper, sir," replied Pat. "Well," said the master, "hand them to me; what are you standing there for?" "Indade, sir," said Pat, "you didn't tell me to bring them at all!" "What did you go to the office for?" "You told me to go to the office," responded Pat, "and see what was in the box, and havn't I done it sure?"

A firm dealing largely in coal had in their service an Irishman named Barney. One day the head of the firm, irritated beyond endurance at one of Barney's blunders, told him to go to the office and get his pay, and added: "You are so thick headed I can't teach you anything." "Begorra," says Barney, "I larnt wan thing since I've been wid ye!" "What's that," asked the employer. "That sivinteen hundred make a ton."

A fellow in a cattle show, where he made himself conspicuous by his bluster, cried out: "Call these prize cattle! Why, they ain't nothing to what our folks raised! My father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts. "No doubt of it," said a bystander, "and the noisiest."

A man who lost his good character some time ago, was severely handled by some of his former friends. "I know it, boys, I know my character's gone—lost entirely; and," he added rather pointedly, "it's too confounded bad; for it was the only one in the place worth saving."

He who climbs above the cares of the world, and turns his face to his God has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chilly and freezing to a sp