THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
11:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

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

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

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

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
x26 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,
je11'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

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

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'77 Clearfield, Pa.

Frank Fielding.. W. D. Bigler...S. V. Wilson.
FIELDING, BIGLER & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
☞ Office in Pie's Opera House. [mch5-79.

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also dealer in
Best Brands of Tobacco and Cigars.
Clearfield, Pa. may 19, '75.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
☞ Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor.
9:30'74

JOSEPH S. M'ENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
☞ Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan1:76

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,
DUBOIS CITY, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

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,
HOMŒPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
☞ Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
july31,'78 tf.

A. M. HILLS,
OPERATIVE DENTIST,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
☞ Office in residence, opposite Shaw House.
jy9,1879-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 13, 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. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

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CLEA

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Editor &

VOL. 53–WHOLE NO. 2,6

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. 28jy'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. 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 10-'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.

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. 28:63:tf,

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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,
RACTICAL 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. my25:1ypd

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Livery Stable.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing H...ses, 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 this 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,
8-1'72 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,
sep28-68-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.	$4,391,89
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plans	4,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn	2,824,083
Insurance Co. of North America	6,433,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,782,563
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch	679,145
Watertown	764,815
Travelers (Life & Accident)	4,595,454

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

ARFIELD

Proprietor.

349. CLEARFIELD, PA.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumbers from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sounds shall signify;
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain;
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later in the Summer air,
Clover and violent blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep rest
The sheeting light fall over my breast,
Nor even note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chilled through that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That recks not the sweet and sacred dread.
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with its golden hum;
Sooner or later on half poised wing
The blue-bird's warble above me ring.

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee;
Nothing his music means to me;
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later my dankling dews
Catch the white sparks in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow—
Sooner or later—oh, why not now.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S CONQUEST.

Branson Alcott, of Boston, once told Joseph Cook, and Joseph Cook told everybody he met, that he made it a regulation in his school that if a pupil violated a rule, "the master should substitute his own voluntary sacrificial chastisement for that pupil's punishment; and this regulation almost christianized the school." "One day," Mr. Alcott said, "I called up before me a pupil who had violated an important rule. All the school was looking on, and knew the rule and the penalty. I put the ruler into the offender's hand; I extended my own hand; I told him to strike. Instantly I saw a struggle begin in his face. A new light sprang up in his countenance. A new set of shuttles seemed to be weaving a new nature within him. I kept my hand extended, and the school was in tears. He seemed to be in a bath of fire which was giving him a new nature. He seemed transformed by the idea I should suffer chastisement, and ever after was the most docile fellow in the school, though he had at first been the rudest."

Now, this is very affecting and reasonable and striking. No one can read the incident and very readily forget it; and it contains a lesson that every school teacher can certainly read with profit. The incident came to the knowledge of Willis K. Stoddard, who for some years past has been teaching a district school in Flint River township, Iowa. He read this extract from one of Joseph Cook's lectures, and never forgot the great moral it conveyed. And, indeed, he privately informed a clergyman who called upon him during a critical period in his career, and with whom he was very intimate, that he didn't think he would forget it. Young Mr. Stoddard had some pretty hard boys in his school. They were big, noisy, rough and turbulent. He had reasoned with them; he had expostulated; he had begged and wept. He had whipped them until his arms ached, and the Directors had threatened to dismiss him for unnecessary severity and absolute cruelty; and the boys grew worse and worse every day. But when he was at his wits' end, and was seriously thinking of running away and losing all his back salary, rather than stay at the school another day, he read this incident and it gave his troubled mind new light. He treasured it up, and thought it might help him.

He had treasured it up probably half a day when, one bright June afternoon, Samuel Johnson, the biggest and strongest, and worst of all the big bad boys, violated all the rules of the school, one after another, as fast as he could think of them, and wound up by tearing seven leaves out of his geography. These he crammed into his mouth, and, when he had chewed them into a pulp, he took the "wad" into his hand, and propelled the whole mass with great violence into the ear of Ellis Haskell, who, although also big and bad—a little bad—was not possessed of sufficient presence of mind to look calm and unconscious under this avalanche merely because the eye of his teacher was upon him, and he accordingly signified his very natural dismay and astonishment by a tremendous howl.

And all the school howled in responsive chorus; not only because the scholars were delighted to see Ellis Haskell with his larboard ear full of *papier mache*, as though he were going to take a cast of it for the physiology class, but also because they knew the teacher would promptly, and without further ceremony or formality, give "Tecumseh" Johnson a benefit—to wit: a most awful and dreadful "lickin'." And this being a pleasant change from the monotonous routine of study, and recitation, was always hailed with demonstrations of great joy by the pupils.

Mr. Stoddard called Samuel Johnson up to his desk, and, more calmly than was his custom under such circumstances, told him to go out and bring in a switch. The pupils noticed that there was something unusually gentle in the teacher's manner, and it struck Samuel Johnson very forcibly that it was certainly very much out of the ordinary method of procedure for the culprit to be accorded the privilege of cutting his own switch. But he was not the boy who would fail to appreciate and make the best use of his privileges and opportunities. So he did not idly waste his time, but presently returned with a very peaceful looking switch indeed—a switch apparently far gone in the last stages of consumption—the sickest kind of a switch.

"Now," said Mr. Stoddard, with a gentle, compassionate intonation, "strike me."

Samuel Johnson, who had already begun to unbutton his own jacket, opened his mouth wide, and the whole school stared in speechless amazement. Mr. Stoddard calmly repeated his order. He thought he could see the "new set of shuttles beginning the work." Some one, he said—and a woman could not have spoken more tenderly—"some one must suffer for infraction of the rules. I do not punish any of you for any pleasure it gives me to see you suffer. Some one must be punished, and I will suffer in your stead." The teacher saw a "new light spring up" in Samuel Johnson's countenance. The boy looked at his teacher and then at his switch. The teacher could "see a struggle begin in the face." Presently the tears sprang to Samuel Johnson's eyes, and he said, in a voice confused with anxiety, "Hadn't I better go out and get a bigger switch?"

The teacher softly told him he might do so if he wished, and Samuel Johnson went out and was gone ten minutes—ten long, anxious, quiet, wondering minutes. When he returned, the school smiled. He carried in his hand a switch that looked like a Russian peace commissioner. He had cut it out of an Osage hedge, and when he held it where the sunlight could fall upon it, it looked wickeder than John Morissey's faro parlors. It was about seven feet long, an inch and three-quarters thick at the butt, and was limber and twisted, and had knots and knobs clear down to the point. The boy's face shone with a bright glow of conscientious satisfaction as he balanced this switch and drew it through his hard, muscular hands.

Mr. Stoddard stood up and folded his arms. Then he said, with a a sad, sweet look at the culprit, "Now strike me." The school just sat still and held its breath.

Samuel Johnson did not act in greedy and unseemly haste, as though he were meanly and wickedly glad to have this opportunity of hitting his dear teacher. He conducted himself like a boy who has a painful duty to perform, but is impelled by conscientous motives to perform it thoroughly. He pulled off his jacket; he rolled up his sleeves; he spat in his hands, and took a two-handed grasp on the switch. Twice he changed the position of his feet to get a better brace. Then he drew a long, deep breath, raised his arms, and the switch just shrieked through the air like a wild, mad, living thing.

Old Mr. Hargis, the senior Director, who lives only a mile and a half away from the school-house, says he was out in his field plowing, and when Mr. Stoddard let off his first yell the old man's first impression was that the school-house had been struck by lightning. The clear sky, however, disproved the theory; the next time the teacher shouted the Director was convinced that a steamboat had gone astray and was whistling for a landing somewhere up the creek. While he was trying to hold his terrified horses, another volley of sound came sweeping over the land like a vocal cyclone; and old Mr. Nosengale, who had been deaf twenty-three years, came running over saying he believed they were fighting down at the quarries. By this time they were joined by the rest of the neighbors, and the excited population went thronging on toward the school-house.

In accepting Mr. Stoddard's resignation, the Directors considerately allowed his pay for the full term, and in a series of complimentary resolutions spoke of his efficiency in the highest terms, although it transpired that the board was privately agreed after all the facts had been laid before it, that he was too much of a "nat'ral-bone fool" to suit a practical locality. Mr. Stoddard is not teaching anywhere this Summer. He told his landlady that he needed rest, and the good-hearted old investigating committee was amazed to discover that Mr. Stoddard rested and even went to bed—by leaning up, face foremost, against the mantle-piece in his room.—*R. J. Burdett, in Western Farmers' Almanac.*

FAINTNESS AND ITS CAUSES.

Cassell's *Household Guide* says:—Faintness consists in a temporary failure of the activity of the heart; the blood, in consequence, is not properly circulated. It does not reach the head, and the patient loses clearness of vision and color, and if not prevented, falls on the floor, where, however, or even before reaching it, he recovers. There is no convulsion, and, though he can scarcely be said to be conscious, he is not profoundly unconscious so as not to be able to be aroused, as happens in epilepsy. There are all degrees of faintness, merely feeling faint and looking slightly pale, to the state we have described; and in some cases the state of fainting is hardly recovered from well before it recurs again and again, for hours and days together. We need hardly say that such cases as the latter are altogether beyond the reach of domestic medicine. What are the causes of faintness? It is not difficult to describe these. Some people are so very easily affected that they faint if they cut their finger, or even if they only see the cut finger of another person. All one can say of such persons is that their muscular fibre is not strong and that their nerves are sensitive. The heart, which goes on for years circulating the blood, is essentially a muscle. It is weak in some people, stronger in others. As a rule, it is weaker in women and stronger in men. Hence, women faint more rapidly than men. Whatever weakens the heart and the muscles generally acts as the cause of faintness. Close, foul air is a common cause of faintness or of languidness. Anything which greatly affects the nervous system, such as bad news or the sight of something horrible or disagreeable, will sometimes cause fainting. But of all causes of faintness, none is so serious as the loss of blood. The muscles, in order to act well, must be supplied with blood; and if the blood of the body is lost—if it escapes, either from a vein opened purposely, or from piles, or from the scource from which menstruation proceeds—in excessive quantity, then faintness will happen. The degree of it will depend on the constitution, and on the amount of blood lost. A loss of blood that would scarcely be felt by one person will be a serious cause of faintness to another. Sometimes frequent faintness arises from becoming very fat, the muscular system of the heart being impaired by fatty deposit.

* * *

When little Bob asked his sister's beau for a cigar, his future brother-in-law snubbed him with the remark: "Young man, a strap would do you more good." Next night Bob's sister and her young man got their hands, chins and clothes smeared with coal tar while lingering at the front gate, and little Bob, when questioned on the subject, said he couldn't tell a lie—"it must have been a tramp."

* * *

At a shoemakers' ball in Philadelphia, a reporter says that "feet of every size, from a fine taper in white kid to pudding-shaped pedals in full skin, welted the wax on the floor in harmony with the music. They waxed warm and pegged away until late next morning. It was a whole-souled affair throughout."

* * *

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes—and who has not seen more than one window blind?

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

., WEDNESDAY, DECE

RAISING CORES AND THINGS.

In all probability thousands of those who were interested in agriculture in the eventful year of 1878 are dead, but that doesn't interfere with the publication of Commissioner Le Duc's report on the crops and things of that ancient period. He has even taken the pains to get the report before the public at this particular time, doubtless with the pleasant purpose of affording the public something nice to read as a holiday season comes on. An agricultural report has great merits in this way; it is among the very best of our popular literature and is within reach of everybody. The great care which Commissioner Le Duc has taken to prevent the premature publication of his invaluable work is one of the slight evidences of his great usefulness. Printed now, a year or more after the occurrence of nearly all that is so graphically described in its pages, it is removed from the excitement and embarrassment of contemporary passion. As a part of the history of a former age it will receive the calm and impartial consideration of all men and women of this time who know anything about farming. To be sure, there is nothing about farming in the book, but it is all the more valuable on that account, and the three hundred thousand copies of this great national work will divide themselves up between the junk-shops and the public libraries of the country in a way to prove the indispensable nature of the publication.

The casual reader of the report just issued—presuming it is not too much to presume that it will have a casual reader—will detect that it is more generally written in the English language than was the previous report. Commissioner Le Duc himself seems to prefer English, and since he has turned off some of the professional men of the department he has apparently concluded to have less science and agriculture in his book and more English, which is a good thing, for he who industriously cultivates the proper use of the English language against the disadvantages of the American soil and climate must prove a public benefactor. The point in which the Commissioner's book will prove a sad disappointment is in the account of the experiments with tea and similar articles which have been growing into immense crops with tea and similar articles which have been growing into immense crops in the Commissioner's mind, but which are not yet ready for public use. Tea, we find, is of slow growth, and it may be several years before the success of the industry in this country can be known. On the subject of bamboo Mr. Le Duc is strongly silent; he doesn't even tell what has become of the bamboo shoots which were brought all the way from Japan; but as bamboo has generally gone out of fashion for umbrella sticks it's of very little consequence. The Peruvian potatoes which were imported were found, upon boiling, to be very nice potatoes indeed, as good as a Commissioner of Agriculture could want to eat, but there is nowhere any account of how they turned out when they were planted which is a very provoking omission, since the experiment of raising potatoes ready boiled had never before been tried. The most of this disappointment is compensated for however, by the able section of the book on the growth of the cork tree, which is translated from a Spanish pamphlet. Commissioner Le Duc feels confident that the climate of some portions of the United States is suitable to the cultivation of cork, but hitherto cork in this country has been chiefly raised by means of a corkscrew. This has been a popular but expensive method, corks so raised frequently costing as much as five dollars each, and the country is prepared to welcome any suggestion which shall cheapen the price. It is possible that a proper study of the nature and habits of the cork will develop its real usefulness, and if the intelligence of the Agricultural Bureau is only allowed to spread, we shall soon be able to raise the finest imported champaignes by merely planting the old champaigne corks that now go to waste.

All that the Department of Agriculture wants is room to experiment in and—the proper soil and climate. Soil and climate are everything, and Commissioner Le Duc has been running the agricultural interests of the country long enough to find this out. Feeling that, while we have an abundance of soil and climate, such as they are, there is need of a greater variety, Mr. Le Duc will no doubt turn some of his attention to the cultivation of a kind of soil and climate which will enable the farmers of this country to raise anything, from a cockroach to a threshing machine. All we need is developing.—*Philadelphia Times.*

CHARLES DICKENS' WIFE.

HER RECENT DEATH IN LONDON.

The widow of the late Charles Dickens died at her residence in Gloucester Cresent, Regents' Park, London, on a recent Saturday morning, after a lingering illness of eighteen months. For years before the death of the great novelist, Mrs. Dickens had not lived with him. The truth as to the peculiar relations between [illegible] Dickens and Miss Georgina Hogarth, the wife's sister, has never been known. The separation, however, gave rise to much scandal in literary and social circles in England. For nearly twenty years Mrs Dickens has lived a very retired life, seldom appearing in society. She spoke freely among her friends of her son Charles' seeming approval of his father's conduct toward her as something that caused her trouble. He has, it is said, shown feelings of antipathy toward her. Mrs. Dickens will be buried in Kensal Green Cemstry.

On the 31st of March, 1836, was published the first shilling number of the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, edited by Boz." On the 2d of April, just two days afterward, the immortal Boz married Cathrine, the eldest daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, a fellow-writer on the newly projected *Evening Chronicle.* Dickens' intimacy with his future father-in-law commenced early in January, 1835. It seems that Mr. Hogarth had asked Dickens, as a favor to write an original sketch for the first number of the *Chronicle*, and the great novelist writes back to say he would be glad to do his best, and to ask if he began to write a series of articles under some attractive title, would the proprietor think he had any claim to some additional remuneration? It must be remembered that Dickens was reporting for the *Chronicle*, and in contributing a series of light papers similar in style to his street sketches, he thought he was entitled to some pay beyond his salary as a reporter. The request was deemed a reasonable one, he began the sketches and his salary was raised from $26 to $30 per week. His correspondence with Mr Hogarth was

REPUBLICAN.

TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

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the beginning of Dickens' acquaintance with an accomplished, kindly man, to whose family he soon became closely allied by marriage—which marriage influenced all Dickens' future career. On the 6th of January, 1837, a son was born, who was named Charles, and in the February following Dickens and his wife were living in their lodgings at Chalk. In March, 1838, a daughter was born. Dickens lived later on in a cottage at Twickenham, where he had a balloon club for the children. At the end of October, 1839, another daughter was born to him, and before the close of the year Dickens moved into a splendid house on the Devonshire Terrace. Then shortly after he set about arranging a home for his father and mother. In the midst of the novelist's cogitations anent the famous raven in "Barnaby Rudge," another son was born, on the 9th of February, 1841. This son was named Walter Landor Dickens, but only lived to manhood. He died in Calcutta, on the last day of 1863, at the age of twenty-three. About 1843 Mis Georgina Hogarth, Mrs. Dickens' sister, came to live with them, and remained a member of the household until his death. On the 15th of January, 1844, another son was born, who received the name of Francis Jeffrey; on the 28th of October, 1845, a sixth child and fourth son was born, who was christened Alfred Tennyson; on the 18th of April, 1847, a fifth son was born, who was named Sydney Smith. This son entered the Royal Navy, and survived his father only a year and eleven months, being buried at sea on the 2d of May, 1872. On the 8th of January, 1849, was born another son who was called Henry Fielding. In 1850, while engaged with that child wife, Dora, the heroine of "David Copperfield," a third daughter was born to the novelist, and she was named Dora. Soon after Dickens' father died, then Dora, his last daughter. On the 13th of March, 1852, his last child was born and named Edward Bulwar Lytton.

And now after years of domestic life Dickens separated from his wife. In May, 1856, came a change in the novelist's home at Gadshill. Thenceforward Dickens and his wife lived apart. The eldest son went with the mother, the other children remaining with the novelist. In this arrangement Dickens acquiesced in the wishes of his wife, and the intercourse of the children with their mother was free. It was a private separation, but afterwards referred to publicity in *Household Words*. Dickens' last days at Gadshill, his death and burial, are all fresh in the public mind, and now the wife of his youth and the mother of his children has gone, and the grave will shortly cover the faults and errors of both.

The real and personal estate left by Dickens was calculated at $465,000. The only mention made by Dickens in his will of his wife is in the following words: "I desire here simply to record the fact that my wife since our separation by consent, has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of £600 ($3,000), while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself." No legacy was left to his wife, while $40,000, beside personal property of large value, was left to his beloved sister-in-law, Georgina.

SICKLES-McCARTY.

THE ELOPEMENT STORY SUBSTANTIALLY DENIED.

The alleged elopement of General Sickles' daughter with a man named McCarty has been widely circulated, as well as has also the denial of the same by the legal representatives of Gen. Sickles in this country. The story is said to have been started by a Gen. Graham, who says he had it from two ladies who were on a steamer with him returning from Europe. It is understood that he has been requested by Gen. Sickles' representative here to give the names of his informants, and that he declines to do so, and that legal proceedings are about to be entered against him. The story of the elopement of Miss Sickles is credited by members of the foreign legations, who two years ago were in Paris, and it is whispered that a lady quite recently one of the society belles of this city, now married and living in Paris, was the confident of Miss Sickles in her love affair with McCarty. A gentleman who reached this city last evening from Europe said to a representative of the *Sunday Herald* that he was in Paris at the time the aforesaid elopement took place, for there were certainly good grounds for calling it that. "One rumor had it," he said, "that Miss Sickles took the diamonds and jewelry from her father's residence, and McCarty was arrested for an attempt to pawn them. He was placed in jail, and when I left Paris the American representatives were about effecting his release, with the promise that he would leave the country. That the elopement on the part of Miss Sickles was the result of a sudden impulse, and as the arrest followed almost immediately, the gossips of the Paris American colony did not believe that any actual injury would result from the escapade of Miss Sickles other than the disgrace which would attach itself to any lady under like circumstances." The history of McCarty for the last seven years would form a career of successful swindling and evasion of the law both in this country and abroad that when read would hardly be credited except as a romance. With this early life we have nothing to do. He is a native of Maryland, served in the Confederate army, in which he rose from private to the rank of a lieutenant; was wounded in the left wrist at Trevillian station, Va., which caused a partial paralysis of his left arm.

His first appearance in this city was in 1872, when by some means he ingratiated himself with resident foreign ministers, prominent army and navy officers and citizens of means, of whom he organized a company called the Texas Land and Copper Co., with a cash capital of $60,000, Messrs. Henry D. Cooke and George W. Riggs being the trustees, and Mr. J. C. G. Kennedy Treasurer and Secretary. He represented to these gentlemen that he had been a Colonel in the Confederate army; that after the war he had served on the staff of Maximilian in Mexico until the death of that unfortunate Prince; that he escaped from Mexico with the Princess Salm Salm on horseback, riding through Northwestern Texas, and while on his journey discovered copper and coal mines of great value, and showed specimens of the same. In May, 1872, he started for Texas with a party of surveyors for the purpose of locating and surveying the above-named mines. He went with his party in via St. Louis, and while in that city spent the Company's money lavishly, occupying at the Southern Hotel the rooms but just vacated by the Grand Duke Alexis. When he arrived in Texas he hired men, friends of his, who were in his confidence, who led his party to some worthless surface copper mining land in the northwestern portion of the State. Some 13,000 acres were surveyed, of which the Company now holds an acre. Connected with this Company were Admiral Porter, Capt. Pearson, of the Navy, the Swedish, Spanish, German and Peruvian Ministers, together with a number of influential and wealthy business men. Mr. Chandler formerly District Attorney of Virginia, and more recently a Pension Agent at Norfolk, and who committed suicide by drowning himself, was agent of the Company and accompanied the Surveyors to Texas. Mr. Richard Peters, of Philadelphia, was his assistant. McCarty, through this Company, cleared probably about $5,000 only, which he made by being allowed to buy land warrants for it in New York. Leaving Washington on his return from Texas, he went to Chicago, where he established a mining bureau, and it is alleged that he cleared through the sale of worthless mining stock the sum of $150,000. (This is according to his own statement). He made his appearance in the $30,000 diamond conspiracy in New York. He was arrested, confined in Ludlow street jail for three months, tried and acquitted. After this he was not heard of in this country until the Winter of 1877 and 1878, when how he hoodwinked the present Secretary of State and the Spanish Minister in regard to Cuban affairs and thus obtained from the latter a large sum of money is too recent an occurrence to need publication in detail. Colonel William Fitz Charles Mason McCarty (this is his European name) is a remarkably handsome man, of refined tastes, highly educated, and most expert shot. Although over forty years of age, he does not look over thirty. He has traveled extensively, and is known in every capital of Europe. His present wife (he has one in Canada), who was with him on his last visit to this city, is a Chicago widow of most prepossessing appearance, highly accomplished, and undoubtedly has been of great assistance to him in his various confidence operations abroad. This Colonel McCarty, taken altogether, is the most accomplished confidence man that has ever operated in our time, and if the same ability had been displayed in legitimate business it would have made him a millionaire.—*Washington Post.*

BEAR BABIES AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

An attendant of the Zoological Garden, at Cincinnati, furnishes a local correspondent of the *Enquirer*, the following on raising young bruins:

About the middle of January last, the female black bear in a collection refused to come out of her den into the open pit, and would not allow the male bear to approach her. She was immediately closed in, and furnished with an abundance of hay, with which she busied herself in making a nice warm bed. At 4 P. M. on January 26 the young ones were born, and I did not see them until three days after, when I was surprised by the keeper informing me that she would allow him to enter the den. On going with him, he unlocked the door, fearlessly walked in, and quickly began feeding her with bits of bread, which he sliced from a loaf in his hand. By holding the bread just over her head he finally tempted her to sit up on her haunches, when I obtained a clear view of the young ones, lying asleep just back of her front paws. From where I stood, about six feet distant, they did not seem to exceed six inches in length, were a dirty whitish color, and appeared entirely bare of hair. In about ten days their coats began to show, and were of a greyish tint, which gradually passed through the various shades until they became a brownish-black. It was just forty days before the first one's eyes opened, and two days after, the second followed suit. From that time forward I watched very closely to ascertain the exact time that would elapse before the young ones would leave the nest, and on the seventy-first day after birth when the mother, as was her habit, came to the grating to be fed, one of the youngsters left the nest and followed her. So soon as she found it out, she immediately drew it gently back, and on its second attempt she cuffed it soundly, which put a stop to its wandering propensity. After a few days she allowed them to wander about at will, provided no one was immediately in front of the den; but so soon as a visitor put in an appearence, they were driven back into the nest, and not allowed to emerge until the stranger was out of sight. For some time she always suckled them in one position, lying over and completely covering them by stretching flat, with her legs drawn up under her and her head tucked down between her front paws. As they grew older, and began to run about, she would sit on her haunches, lazily lean back against the wall, take a cub on each forearm and hold them up to her breast until they were satisfied. They soon became expert climbers, taking advantage of the slightest inequalities of the stone walls and the cracks between the heavy oaken planks to reach the ceiling of the den on three sides, whilst the grating in front served capitally for their skylarking. Occasionally they would have a regular sparring bout, standing erect, feinting, countering, and making use of many of the tricks of old votaries of the P. R. These frolics would generally end in a clinch, fall, and a regular rough-and tumble fight, when the mother would abruptly put a stop to it by suddenly knocking both of the contestants completely out of time. In fact, as they grew apace, the parental visitations increased so rapidly, I began to fear she would put an end to my bear investigations by chastizing the lives out of them, but of late she has slackened in her attentions, and I am in hopes of following the growth of Ursus Americanus from babyhood to adolescence.

THE ALMANAC MAN.—An exchange elaborates him in this way: Did you ever notice a poor chap that stands in the first picture of the almanac with the fish and sheep and scorpions and bulls, and twins, etc., around him? Did you ever notice that he was naked and had nothing in his stomach? Well, that poor fellow used to edit a paper.

A little five year-old boy who had seen a peacock for the first time, ran into the house exclaiming to his sister: "Oh, Lizzie! I've seen a great, great, monstiferous tail walking around with a hen tied to it!"

Why are colds like a coachman? Because they hold the rains.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

LECTURERS ENGAGED FOR INSTITUTE OF 1879.

REFLECTIONS OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

MISS HARRIET B. SWINEFORD.

We take pleasure in submitting the following testimonials of Miss Swineford who will read from the platform on Monday evening, and give instructions in Elocution during the week:

Miss Swineford is certainly possessed of marked histrionic power, and her well modulated voice is full and rich, her pronunciation clear and distinct, while her manner is easy and graceful. In expression she is capable of deep pathos and sparkling humor.—*Lebanon News.*

I most cordially endorse Miss H. B. Swineford as a talented, well educated, modest and prepossessing young lady, capable of giving valuable instructions at Teachers' Institutes. Her readings at our last Institute were of high order.—*From N. H. Schenck, Superintendent of Cameron County.*

Miss Hattie Swineford gave two recitations, marked with a resonant voice, clear enuciation, stirring emphasis, and a thorough appreciation of the author's meaning. She has an attractive presence, and her pose and gestures were models of grace and elegance.—*From the Reading Times and Dispatch.*

Miss Harriet B. Swineford has attended quite a number of Teachers' Institutes in this State, taking charge of the department of reading. I have witnessed her work, and I do not hesitate to say that she is one of the most practical teachers I have met. Her evening entertainments have also been very popular. Superintendents and teachers speak of her work in the very highest terms.—*From Hon. H. Houck, Deputy State Superintendent.*

COLONEL J. P. SANFORD.

It is almost needless for us to state that Col. Sanford has won a more brilliant reputation as a lecturer than any other man of modern times. He is renowned as a great traveler and humorist, and in his lectures amuses, entertains and instructs. He has lectured over seven hundred nights in the last three seasons, and as high as fifteen nights in the same city. In his extensive travels he has crossed the Atlantic nineteen times, and eaten his bread in every Kingdom on the face of the earth. We have engaged him for Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and feel satisfied that all who hear his first lecture cannot be induced to remain away on the evening of the second. Read what is said of him:

Col. J. P. Sanford will long be remembered as the best lecturer that ever visited Girard, thus far.—*Girard (Pa.) Gazette.*

Col. Sanford is one of the best lecturers in America, and can entertain an audience every night for six weeks. —*Milwaukee Sun.*

It is, in truth, no extravagant praise to concede to Col. Sanford the power of entertaining an audience beyond that of any modern lecturer who has visited Detroit.—*Free Press.*

Few persons living have the combined power of description, eloquence, wit, and humor of Col. Sanford, and an audience once hearing him will not fail to do so again.—*Blair (Neb.) Times.*

I liked him with all my might. I couldn't help it. He kept me and his audience in a roar. He is as full of wit, wisdom, humor, pathos and irrepressible and spontaneous fun as an egg is of meat.—*Girard (Pa.) Paper.*

REV. GEORGE P. HAYS, D. D.

Rev. George P. Hays is President of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., and has an enviable reputation as a Public Lecturer and platform speaker. Few men in Pennsylvania have done more for the cause of popular education than Dr. Hays, and few men have more admirers or are more deserving of public favor than the subject of this sketch. We append a few personal notices and hope no one who desires to listen to a deep, entertaining and scholarly lecture will absent himself on the evening the Doctor is with us:

Dr. Hays' lectures are able and popular. He is really a forcible speaker, and never fails to hold the undivided attention of his audience.—*Hon. Henry Houck, Deputy Superintendent Public Instruction.*

Dr. Hays is a favorite on the rostrum, and draws large audiences. His lectures are original, logical, full of new ideas, enriched with ready wit, genial sunshine, wisdom and eloquence. —*Wm. A. Kelly, Superintendent Jefferson County, Pa.*

Dr. George P. Hays has lectured in the large Hall of the State Normal School on two occasions. His lectures were attractive, entertaining, instructive, logical, thoughtful and mirthful. No platform speaker is better received by our people.—*J. A. Cooper, Principal State Normal School.*

PROF. A. N. RAUB, PH. D.

Prof. A. N. Raub, Ph. D., Principal of Lock Haven State Normal School, is a pleasing and popular instructor. All our teachers were more than pleased with him last year and by the urgent request of many teachers we have secured his services this year again. Prof. Raub has always proven a favorite wherever he has been, which fact is fully set forth in the following notices:

The Professor's lecture was replete with fine thought and good common sense, and was a first-class introduction to the teachers of the county.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Prof. Raub, from whom something good is always and not in vain, expected, addressed the Institute upon the subject of "Training to Think."—*Gazette and Bulletin, Williamsport.*

These remarks on "Talk" were entertaining as well as instructive, and our teachers can hardly fail to make practical use of the ideas in and out of the school-room.—*Montrose Democrat.*

Prof. Raub, of Lock Haven, who was the principal instructor during the week, won many encomiums for the gracefulness, as well as the force of his lectures.—*True Democrat, Lewistown.*

Prof. Raub has proved himself the right man in the right place as an Instructor in an Institute. He is a good talker, full of good practical sense, and witty when the occasion demands. The Court room was filled to overflowing by a very attentive audience.—*Beaver Valley Times.*

LUMBER PHRASES.

That technical writer, Mr. Richard Grant White, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, gives an article on "Assorted Americanisms," in which he speaks of the use of the word lumber as a perversion of the English word timber, and that this perversion has almost driven the word timber out of use. The *Northwestern Lumberman*, published at Chicago, takes exception to Mr. White's criticism and declares that he is mistaken. Timber is still in general use among lumbermen, and is applied to standing trees, to squared sticks, either sawed or hewed, and to the heavier pieces of wood, whether squared or not, used in the construction of houses, vessels, etc. In the day of pit saws, the word timber was sufficiently expressive to define the limited product of the primitive manufacturers; but with the advent of circular and gang saw mills, and their almost endless variety of product, from veneers to dimension, it became necessary to adopt a word to fitly convey to the mind an idea of the manufactured article, and it is greatly to the credit of the trade that instead of manufacturing a word, and thus adding to an over redundant vocabulary, it should have seized upon one already current which had no well defined necessity for existence—as it really had no particular meaning—and give it a significance which is acknowledged over a continent, and is in constant use by 1,000,000 men who add to the nation's wealth $1,500,000,000 annually.

There are many other words in use in the trade which have a similar origin, and are equally necessary; among them is the term "dimension," which is applied to pieces sawed to regular sizes for a specified purpose—the sizes running from 2 by 4 inches up to 10 by 12; 12 by 12 and larger is known to the trade as timber. "Doty" is another word manufactured by lumbermen, and is applied to timber which, having reached its maximum in growth and excellence, has begun to decline, in life and, consequently, in strength; the word is probably derived from the word dotage, which expresses precisely the same idea as to the physical or mental condition in man. The word "brash" is another clear case of perversion, as applied to timber; this word means irregular cleavage, or brittleness, and is used in the same sense as "refractory," in speaking of ores that are difficult of reduction. The word "booming," as applied to the revival of business throughout the country, is clearly a perversion of a term peculiarly the property of lumbermen.

It is but natural that a great industry like that of lumbering must necessarily have in its vocabulary many words and phrases peculiarly its own; and if Mr. White will, some time during the coming winter, visit the pineries of the West Branch, or Michigan and Wisconsin, we will guarantee that he will be able to pick up a note book full of "assorted Americanism," and that each one of them shall be as useful to a proper understanding of the business as is the word lumber.—*Williamsport Bulletin.*

Two Kind of Girls.—Wherever we go we find two kind of girls. The kind we would like to have you pattern after are those that put on their best looks and do their best deeds at home—girls that don't only have sweet looks but know how to do nice things—girls that are at home at the wash tub and in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. There is a large demand for such girls and the world can never have too many of them. It is a greater honor to a young lady to know how to get up a good meal and bake nice bread and pies than to be able to play the organ or piano. The cravings of the stomach are stronger than those of the ear, and unaccomplished indeed is the girl that knows not how to meet and provide for their wants. Sometimes men can take a foolish fancy to dolls, but they can buy them much cheaper than marry them. Girls don't make dolls of yourselves, but learn to be useful as well as ornamental. The other kind of girls we don't care to say much about, and we hope that none of you will ever become one of them. They are the girls that are good for parties, know how to dress according to style, curl their hair and powder their faces, &c. They are good for nothing at home and become a burden instead of a blessing to the men that are unfortunate enough to accept them as partners for life—they are a curse instead of a blessing to the world. —*Young Disciple.*

A three-year-old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amazement may be imagined when the child added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

"I wonder how the world will get along without me, when I'm gone!" said a conceited man. "Well," responded a friend, "I'll tell you how you can get an idea of it. You just go and stick the point of a needle into the ocean, and then withdraw it, and see how much it's missed!

A colored man appeared before a magistrate, charged with some trivial offense. The latter said to the man: "You can go now; but let me warn you never to appear here again." The man replied with a broad grin: "I wouldn't be here dis time, only the constable fotch me."

"Doctor," said a patient, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles, and with a Socratic air replied, "I do not doubt it, my friend; but then you ought not to forget that you would suffer a great deal more without them."

A package in a basket was left on the doorstep of a cautious Newport woman, who having no desire to adopt a foundling, took the basket to the police station, and there found that it contained a twenty-pound turkey for a Thanksgiving dinner.

"Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart, "you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. It is time you made known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer.

An exquisitive young lady asks: "what is the most popular color for the bride?" The New York *Star* answers: If we were going to marry we should prefer a white one.

An editor printed a two column article on "The best breed of hogs." He was afterward taken to task for devoting so much space to his family affairs.

A Chicago man's nightmare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bedroom wall, instead of an unearthly monster with five horns.

"Yes," said Johnny, "*lapsus* may be the Latin for 'slip,' but I notice that when mother laps us it usually means a slipper.' "

There's no special style of engraving engagement rings. A spider's web with a fly in it is a very pretty device.

When the wife of a doctor calls him a little duck, he doesn't like it. Over-sensitive, you know.

It's real fun to watch a number twelve boot trying to keep step with a number two shoe.

A belt around the waist is better than two over the head.