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

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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

Rates of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
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Auditors' notices..... 2 50
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YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
2 squares.....15 00 | ½ column..... 70 00
3 squares.....20 00 | 1 column..... 120 00
G. R. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.

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.

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.

HENRY BRETH,
(LATE H. BRETH & SON)
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.

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

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Opera House.

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

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

S. L. McGEE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DuBois, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care.

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

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.

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

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

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.

J. P. McENRICK,
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.

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.

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.

A. M. HILLS,
OPERATIVE DENTIST,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Office in residence, opposite Shaw House.

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 19, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 53d 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,'68-tf)

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.

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.

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

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

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

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.

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.

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

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,'83-tf.

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.

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
GLEN HOPE, PENN'A.
THE undersigned, having leased 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,
GRAHAM ON, 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.
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,
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 L. BIDDLE.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's
Companies. Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br. $4,301,69
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plan..... 5,900,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn..... 3,634,083
Insurance Co. of North America..... 6,133,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br. 1,192,863
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch..... 679,145
Waterdown..... 764,315
Travelers (Life & Accident)..... 4,505,454
Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 4, '79-tf.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

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For the Republican.]
IN MEMORY OF SUSANNAH STRAW.*

BY MRS. M. C. LEE.

Your letter came to hand, dear friend,
And as I read it through,
It drew a tear of sympathy;
My heart it ached for you.
You have saw my fairest flowers
Plucked up by Death's stern hand,
And with them now your little dear
Blooms in that better land.

Our little ones, how dear they are,
As round our hearts they twine;
How hard to say the last good-bye,
And all our claims resign.
Now, hush each murmur, dearest friend,
Your babe it walks in white;
A crown adorns her lovely head—
How beautiful the sight!

They laid her peacefully to rest;
Oh, what a glorious thought!
Temptations ne'er can reach her more,
The last grand battle's fought.
Now praising round the heavenly throne,
Your babe in beauty stands;
Redeeming love is all her theme
Up in that better land.

Hark! do you hear that music sweet
Susannah sings above?
Go on, dear friends, you will join her song
In that bright world of love;
That you may meet your darling babe,
When life with you shall end,
With all your loved ones gone before,
Is the prayer of your humble friend.

*Daughter of J. T. and Priscilla Straw, who died November 28, 1879, aged 1 year, 2 months and 13 days.

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes!" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some Union Mission church?" I hazarded.

"Now," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars, and two dollars extra for a seat, fast time, and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train-boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking-car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car is full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"May-be you joined the Free-Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road-bed and ballast, no time-card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a Division Superintendent where that road ran to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I then asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a General Superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said, 'Nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost.' And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said, 'he'd like to see anybody give orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run her in the ditch.' Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, or makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to undertake it."

"May-be you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division Superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the Division Superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're *shouting*," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train light shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three times and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan air brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ah!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road, beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the roundhouse to the terminus. Takes heap of water to run it through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the tountainhead of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man; twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers assembled. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river, and when you want—"

But just here the loud whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting:

"Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"
—*Hawkeye.*

LEAP YEAR.

A CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS.

It is certainly a rather singular condition of affairs that while the chief ambition of the average young lady is conceded to be a "desirable" marriage, the customs of polite society should sternly prohibit her from making the first advances. It is true that society's mandate is often evaded through the instrumentality of a managing mamma, or some cunningly-devised trap which, while it preserves the letter of the law, is undoubtedly a violation of its spirit. But who does not sympathize with the young lady who, having no mamma to manage her, and being herself unskilled in the arts of feminine diplomacy, is forced, like Viola, to let concealment feed on her damask cheek, and hide the love which, had she been a man, she might have hastened to disclose? It was doubtless to compensate for this arbitrary and unjust law of society that leap year was originally instituted, and the antiquity of the custom is the best proof that from the earliest times young men have fought shy of the matrimonial noose and the young ladies have been put to their wits' ends to bring the tardy youth to terms. Cæsar, who is credited with the invention of leap year, is entitled by this act to be considered the first champion of woman's rights and we are a little surprised at the fact that thus far the female suffragists have never referred to the great statesman and warrior as the originator of their "idea." But perhaps that is because Cæsar was a man. According to a code of manners issued in England nearly three centuries ago, a woman has the privilege "every bissextile year" of "making love unto men" either by words or looks "as to her seemeth proper." The same writer declares that any man who receives her proposition with slight or contumely shall be "deprived of all benefit of clergy." Some such provision would seem to be necessary in our day even for the clergy themselves, for a well-known Boston minister is said to have replied to a leap year proposal from a wealthy lady to bestow her hand, her heart and her fortune upon him by advising her to give her fortune to the poor, her heart to God and her hand to the man who asked for it. There are many young ladies who have diffident or bungling admirers to deal with—possible husbands—who, as it were, are "hanging by the eyelids." To these young ladies 1880 will afford many opportunities for bringing the reluctant swains to terms, and indeed, even for those who may find it necessary to adopt extreme measures for catching the coveted matrimonial prize, the traditional privilege of leap year may be utilized in a thousand delicate ways. For instance, a young lady may exercise her leap year right in the way of a joke, leaving it with the young gentleman to treat the proposition seriously or not as he chooses; or, as is often done, she may elect to play the gentleman-escort to the theatre or ball for some one of her male friends, thus creating, in the reversed order of things, the most embarrassing situations for the reluctant or diffident individual. He must be an adroit and determined bachelor, indeed, who can resist a manœuver of this sort, when executed with ordinary tact and discretion. But some of our lady friends may object that we are assuming too much and that the assertion that the ladies generally are anxious to avail themselves of the leap year privilege is a libel upon the sex. On the other hand, do not the sages and poets of both sexes and all countries unite in proclaiming that the ambition to be a good man's wife is the brightest jewel in a woman's crown? It is not to be supposed for one moment that a self-respecting young lady will ask a gentleman to marry her; but there are many ways of hinting that such a consummation would not be altogether disagreeable. It is hardly necessary for us to describe these devices at length; indeed, unless we are very much mistaken, there is not a young lady of our acquaintance who couldn't describe them much more accurately than we could ever hope to do.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

Waggs went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the seats in a car all occupied, said, in a loud tone, "Why, this car isn't going?" These words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned: "You said this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggs, "but it is now."

Father (who was trying to teach his son how to act at the table)—"Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating, I always leave the table." "Yes sir; and that is all you do leave."

THE WAYS OF THE SENATE.

The United States Senate represents the conservatism and the dignity of the American people, and to be a member of that body is an honor second only to that of being President of the United States. The Senate is frequently criticised by flippant writers because of its "heavy dignity," but instead of being a subject of criticism, this feature ought to be—and is with thinking people—one of congratulation. The Senate is the permanent legislative body of our Government and partisanship is not permitted the away there that it exercises in the House. There exists what is known as the "courtesy of the Senate," and though no rule requires it, it is always strictly observed. This "courtesy" is largely non-partisan in its nature and no Senator would think of violating it. In regard to nominations, it requires that the Senators from the State to which the appointment is made shall be consulted on the question of confirmation or rejection and their decision in all ordinary cases determines the result. When the administration—the appointing power—is opposed in politics to the majority, as now, the custom is to submit the matter to the Senator or Senators, if there are any, from the State affected by the appointment. This courtesy governs the

PROMOTION OF COMMITTEES,

too, and no Senator would ever think of prescribing any other rule in this respect. When a Senator is assigned to a Committee his name is enrolled at the foot of the majority or minority—according to his politics—and as those above him retire he goes up. For instance, when the Democrats got control of the Senate it was easy for anybody to determine what Senators would become Chairmen of the respective committees. The highest name among the Democrats on each committee was promoted to the Chairmanship in all cases except those where the same Senator occupied that position on more than one Committee. This "courtesy" contributes largely to the well-ordered dignity which the Senate maintains, because it prevents any scramble for preferment—and nothing is more undignified in a Statesman than that.

RIGHTS ALLOWED THE MINORITY.

Again, in the Senate, the minority are always allowed three Committee Chairmanships with the same privileges that attach to the majority. Each Chairman of the minority has the right to appoint his own clerk and messenger, and these Committee rooms are entirely in the control of the minority. Then in the distribution of patronage the minority are always allowed a share. The dignity of the Senate always contributes to the maintainance of order in that body. There is never the loud conversation on the floor that is permitted in the House. The "courtesy" is observed in all the relations between the Senators. There is never any clamoring for recognition as in the House. There is, in fact, never any competition between Senators for the right to the floor. On the contrary, a willingness to yield to another is always observed, and Foreign Ministers and Diplomats, after noting the decorum that marks the United States Senate, have invariably pronounced it the most dignified and courteous legislative body in the world. But few altercations or scenes of violence have ever occurred in the Senate on the floor of that Chamber.

THE SENATORIAL SEAT-BOOK.

In the Senate the method of obtaining the more eligible seats is of the same quiet and dignified order that prevails in regulating other matters. In a book kept for that purpose the Senator has his name entered as choosing a certain seat whenever the incumbent shall retire from the Senate or in any manner vacate it. The Senator may have to wait years for the seat of his choice to become vacant; but there is no way for him to get it, unless the possessor voluntarily makes an exchange with him. And such a thing as voluntarily vacating a choice seat never occurs.

PARTY LEADERS FRATERNIZING.

The firm friendship existing between Senators Edmunds and Thurman, the leaders of their respective parties in the Senate, has often been spoken of. They frequently "lock horns" in political debate on the floor, but it never disturbs their friendly relations. If one of them is detained by any cause, after the Senate adjourns, the other waits for him and they go home together. This friendship has existed for years, and no doubt, though his party gains a Senator by it, Mr. Edmunds would have been glad to have had Thurman returned by Ohio. During the heated political debate of the Extra Session, one day, Mr. Edmunds said something unusually sharp to Mr. Thurman. It was apparent in an instant that the Ohio Senator felt the sting. He sat down. Mr. Edmunds cut short his remarks, and immediately walked over to Mr. Thurman's seat, and it was plain to be seen that he was making an explanation.

CHURCH BUMMERS.

Holland, in the last *Scribner*, goes for the Church drones in this lively manner:

The poor we have always with us, and whenever we will we may do them good. And the will to do them good, in a spiritual and religious sense, at least, is very genuine and very abounding.

The churches as a rule, cherish no desire more sincere than that of preaching the gospel to the poor, without price. We do not stop to inquire how much of the proselyting spirit may be connected with this desire, or what worthless motives may sophisticate it. Their wish to do good to the poor is genuine enough, and to do it at their own expense. If the poor could know how heartily they would be welcomed in houses of worship frequented mainly by the rich and the well-to-do, they would certainly lose their shyness and learn a kindlier feeling for those more fortunate than themselves. It is undoubtedly the business of the rich to provide religious privileges for the poor, and the duty of the poor to accept them. They may do this with loss of self-respect and without the cultivation of the pauper spirit.

There is, however, a real difference between "God's poor" and man's poor. There are great multitudes who, do what they will and what they can, must always be poor. Few and efficient hands to labor, and many mouths to feed, sickness, misfortune—all the causes of adversity—produce poverty which seems to be remediless; and those who are afflicted with such poverty may legitimately be called "God's poor." These are the involuntary poor, enveloped and embarrassed by circumstances which render it impossible for them to rise out of poverty. For these, the Christian man will do what he can, without pauperizing them, and he knows that there is no form of beneficence so little likely to do them harm as that of providing for their religious instruction and inspiration. He knows also that the rectification and elevation of habits which are the natural outcome of religious and spiritual influences, are ministers always to the poor man's temporal prosperity.

In contradistinction from these, there are those whom we may properly call "man's poor." They are people who spend upon themselves, out of an income not generous, perhaps, but competent, so much that they have nothing left with which to bear their portions of the burden of society. They live well, they dress well, the maintain what they consider a respectable position in society; they go to the theatre whenever it may seem desirable; they spend upon themselves and their luxuries their entire income, and habitually steal their preaching. Many of these people are quite regular in their attendance upon the Sunday services of the church, but they never unite with it, or assume a single responsibility connected with it. There are churches in New York, as we presume there may be in most cities, which are the favorite resorts of the bummers—churches which, by the numbers in attendance on Sundays, seem to be prosperous, but which, from the fact that they are so largely made up of bummers, cannot support themselves or their pastors. These worshippers make a very well-dressed congregation, but they offer a very poor field for preaching and pastoral work. They do not even introduce themselves to the pastors to whose preaching they listen. When they become a little ashamed of this Sunday bumming at one church, they go to another. The sexton knows them at last, and understands exactly what they and what they are doing. A little self-denial would give all these people the right to pew, and save them from the meanness of appropriating that which honest people are obliged to pay for.

GARIBALDI'S DIVORCE.

THE ROMANTIC CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS MARRIAGE RECENTLY ANNULLED.

A dispatch informs us that the Court of Appeals in Rome has annulled the marriage of Garibaldi with the daughter of Marquis Raimondi, who, as a matter of fact, is the only woman to whom he was legitimately married, though he never lived with her. He met her under peculiar circumstances during his famous campaign in northern Italy. The girl was of excellent Lombardian family, and fell desperately in love with one of Garibaldi's aides-de-camp, whom she followed through the campaign. Her father started in pursuit of her, came up with her at one of the bivouacs of the Garibaldists, and implored her to return home. But the girl declared that she was passionately in love with Garibaldi, and that nothing could estrange her from him. The Marquis went to see Garibaldi, who, on hearing the story, decided to marry her on the spot. After the ceremony was over she bluntly declared to Garibaldi that she had lied, that she did not love him at all, but his aide-camp, and that she was obliged to tell a falsehood because she knew her father would never permit her to marry her lover. Garibaldi, of course, separated from her at once, and has not seen her for six years. Yet it is said that after the civil war in Italy was over, and Garibaldi had retired to Caprera, she went to him and begged that he would permit her to assume the position which she had acquired by her romantic but fraudulent device. Garibaldi sent her away and brought the case before the Courts. The decision is of great importance to the children by the two de facto wives. One of these women was Amita, the famous Brazilian beauty, who abandoned her husband and followed Garibaldi—then an adventurous sea Captain—on his filibustering expedition in South America. He had by her two sons, Menotti, and Ricciotti, and one daughter who married Signor Canzio. The latter becoming sick some years ago, found it necessary to engage a nurse. Garibaldi, who frequently called upon his daughter, seems to have been so captivated by the nurse that he has since lived with her, has had two children by her, and requires his whole family to treat her as if she were his legitimate wife.

HOW THE WIDOW CAUGHT HIM.

A gentleman of an autobiographical turn relates how he was instructed in the custom of taking toll, by a sprightly widow, during a moonlight sleigh-ride with a merry party. He says:

The lovely widow L. sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe, with me.

"Oh, oh! don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through in the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing anything."

"Well but I thought you were going to take toll," the widow replied.

"Toll!" I rejoined. "What's that?"

"Well, I declare," cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing above the bells—"you pretend you don't know what toll is?"

"Indeed I don't then," said I laughing. "Explain if you please."

"You never heard then," said the widow, most provokingly—"you have never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentleman always—that is, sometimes—when they cross a bridge call a kiss, and claim it toll! But I never pay it."

I said I never heard it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it.

At last the veil was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly toward mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in my experience.

Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches. The widow said it was of no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you?" she said, so archly that I could not fail to exact all my dues.

And that was the beginning of my courtship.

A little girl at Galion, Ohio, has developed taste as a dentist. She tied a string to her brother's tooth, tied the other end of the string to the stove leg, and then touched a red-hot coal to the victim's nose. The tooth came out.

AUNT AND NEPHEW.

A QUEER SUIT FOR BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

The Syracuse (N. Y.) *Courier* of the 8th ult., relates the following points in a novel case:

"Argument was heard yesterday by Judge Wallace, in the United States District Court, in a breach of promise suit involving some very nice points of law. Nancy V. Campbell has brought suit against her nephew, Dr. Orson L. Crampton, for breach of promise. The The Defendant is a leading physician, practicing his profession in the City of Mobile, Ala. The two parties to the suit were residents of Mobile for several years up to 1877, and, owing to their kinship, were frequently in each other's company. Although Miss Campbell was several years the senior of the rising young Doctor, their constant companionship fed the flame of love, which was finally fanned into a plighted troth. The engagement of marriage was made in 1873. It was not long after this strange and unusual proceeding became known, that Doctor Crampton was admonished by his friends that a union of blood-relations like themselves would be illegal. This warning so alarmed the young Doctor that he sought legal counsel, and was informed that a marriage such as he proposed would be null and void. Dr. Crampton carried the sad tidings to his lady-love, but she could not see any good reason why they could not be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony so long as they loved one another.

Time rolled on. In 1877, Miss Campbell came North and established herself with friends in the State of Michigan. A year later Dr. Crampton hied him Northward on a visit to Lockport, N. Y. While there he was arrested by officers of the law charged with breach of promise by his maiden aunt, Miss Campbell. She, too, claimed residence in New York State, instituting suit in the Supreme Court. The case was transferred, upon the application of Dr. Crampton's attorney, W. B. Douglass, of Lockport, to the Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern District of New York. Last October, at the session at Albany, the case was brought before Judge Wallace and a jury. The case was given to the jury, without argument being heard upon the various questions of law, it being understood that argument should be listened to at the time of the rising of the question of granting a new trial. The jury found for the Plaintiff in the sum of $10,000. Yesterday argument was heard, in accordance with the previous understanding, for a new trial.

The case is a very complicated one, and raises so many intricate and delicate questions that its trial will make it a celebrated one. Among the questions which the decision of this case will settle are those of domicile and what constitutes it; how far the laws of England govern the laws of the United States; whether first cousins can marry; whether a man can marry his brother's wife, in fact all questions relating to Levitical or forbidden degrees of marriage.

SPANISH BELLES.

Baltimore Sun, Madrid Letter.

To-day I was asked by one of the dark-eyed, fascinating, graceful and stately dear ones of Madrid if I would ride out to see her friends who were arranging costumes for the coming fetes. I readily assented. How far do you thing was the ride or drive? Merely round the corner. But to walk it with that flowery robe, graceful mantilla and tiny feet of the deep and dark-eyed beauty would be a painful piece of pedestrianism. What she lacks in walking she makes up in talking. Whew! Steam and electric conversation is nothing to a Madrid belle's tongue, on topics of costume at least. The brilliant way in which she criticised Senor Americano and Senor Juan Ingles, as she styled her previous John Bull guest, was a caution. "Does Senor Americano live on the Pilgrim's Rock when at home?" I reply in all simplicity that I do not, and ask why she puts on such a Puritanical question. "Oh, Senor is so cold and rigid saying but one yes and one no, when at least we want a dozen." And by my troth, she does dash her *sis* and her *maxes* about most lavishly. There is not a semicolon in this belle's sentences, to say nothing of a period. But what a forest of points of exclamation! We alight at "round the corner," and there I am presented to mamma first, who then presents me to papa, who in turn presents me to his son and his five daughters, each of whom he specially designates by Christian name, as if I were a census-taker. Has any one ever seen a Spanish belle sew? I never have; even so-so. Of the half-dozen beauties in this group, not one of them could put a thread through the eye of a needle half as easy as the Biblical camel could proceed through it. Not one of them ever stitched in all their lives. Two only knew how crochet-work was done, but never did it. Their entire lives have been spent in reading French novels, unraveling French *modiste* riddles of dress—and the bills. They can sing, they can play the piano and strum the guitar like angels, but to patch your pantaloons they would struggle and "die in the breach," absolutely defeated failures! They can paint in water colors all the "still life" your imagination may desire, but to boil a dish of sweet potatoes would be a case of "hot water and no food," as was the event with Brietmann's belle.

ON GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

A person goes to bed with his mind fully made up to rise in the morning at the proper time, whenever that may be. He knows very well he ought to do it, and that it will be better for him in every way if he does do it. Intrenched in this virtuous resolution he falls asleep; but when he awakes, a dull sense of inertness weighs him down, and if he stops to think about getting up he finds that that inclination has usurped the place of reason, and that if there is one thing under the sun more ridiculous than another, it is the idea of getting out of bed just then. The hour of rising has not so much to do with the difficulty as is commonly thought. No doubt, when the mornings are dark and cold and dreary the difficulty is increased, and to some people it is inexpressibly disagreeable to turn out of a warm bed into the chill of a wintry atmosphere. But, nevertheless, we are very much disposed to think that where there is any difficulty of the kind, it is in the main the same whether we get up at six o'clock or nine. There is a plunge to be made at last by even the most inveterate lie-abed, and the only reason why he gets up at all is because he feels he must make the plunge. Directly we begin to think we are almost sure to lie abed; but when we refuse to think, we are much more likely to get up. The weakness of resolution which some experience in their waking moments is not unfrequently to be accounted for by the fact that they are then almost incapable of thinking except in a distorted way. It may appear ridiculous to those healthy bird-like risers who invariably awake with mind and body alike completely invigorated; but it is certain that a good many people awake with a sense of weariness, a beclouded mind, a feeling of being only half alive, which, although their sleep may have been sound and have really done them good, and although they lose these feelings as soon as they are fairly astir, yet on first opening their eyes render them unfit to think at all. Any motion to rise is sure to be negatived if put to the vote; the only way in which resolution can help them is by being concentrated in an immediate unthinking effort of the will. It is a way of overcoming the difficulty that is more practicable than it may at first seem, and amounts to this: That it is far easier for some to get out of bed without a moment's delay than it is to do so deliberately, just as it may be more easy to take a fort by sudden assault than by regular siege. And so the advice we give to every one who finds it hard work to get up in the morning, but wants a master the weakness, is—make up your body to it, and turn out instanter without a moment's parley.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

THE ORGAN STRADDLING ITS EDITOR.

Hon. Edward McPherson, now editor of the *Press*, was a delegate to the Republican State Convention from Adams county in 1875, and Chairman the Committee on Resolutions. Among the resolutions he reported to the Convention, all of which were unanimously adopted, was the following, declaring "the unwritten law of the Republic" against a third Presidential term:

Resolved, That we declare a firm and unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the Republic, which wisely, and under the sanction of the most venerable examples, limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms; and we, the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term.

The same resolution was distinctly rea