THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.
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G. R. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

# CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 54—WHOLE NO. 2,662. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1880. NEW SERIES—VOL. 21, NO. 10.

Lawyers' Cards.

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.

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.

WILLIAM A. HAGERTY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A
Will attend to all legal business with promptness and fidelity.

WALLACE & KREBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

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

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.

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

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

A. G. KRAMER,
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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. F. McKENRICK,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office in the Court House.

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.

Physicians' Cards.

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 5 p. m.

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

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE, CORNER OF FIRST AND PINE STREETS.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 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.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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.

HENRY BRETH,
(OSTEND P. O.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR SELL TOWNSHIP.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled.

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.

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 KENN. CARROLL L. BIDDLE.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's

| Companies. | Assets. |
|---|---|
| Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br. | $4,321,839 |
| Lycoming—on mutual & cash plan | 3,060,809 |
| Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn | 2,874,083 |
| Insurance Co. of North America | 3,423,674 |
| North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br. | 1,752,863 |
| Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch | 679,145 |
| Waterdown | 764,815 |
| Travelers (Life & Accident) | 4,595,464 |

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

## ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

### COMPLETION OF THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.

A dispatch from Berne, Switzerland, announces that the work of piercing Mount St. Gothard was satisfactorily completed at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, February 29th, 1880, amid great rejoicings. The contract for the construction of the St. Gothard tunnel was awarded to M. Louis Favre, of Geneva, on August 7th, 1872. It was one of the conditions of the contract that the perforation should be completed within eight years from that date, with a large premium in case of the completion of the work in a shorter time, and with a not less heavy penalty in case of delay. It will be seen, therefore, that the contractor has kept inside of his limit by some months. His opinion, that the perforation could be accomplished in a considerably less period, would doubtless have been justified but for the fact that progress was frequently impeded by the caving in of the rock and by the eruption of water from the fissures in the strata. Despite these difficulties, which were sometimes serious, and always great consumers of time, M. Favre has the satisfaction of having bored the longest tunnel in the world by over a mile in less time by over five years than was required to bore the Mont Cenis tunnel, now the second greatest work of the kind. This rapid achievement is a triumph for the improved drilling machinery of modern invention which has been employed upon the St. Gothard tunnel from the beginning. Comparison of the three largest tunnels shows that Mont Cenis, length 8 miles, less a few yards, cost $15,000,000, was constructed in the thirteen years from 1857 to 1870; the Hoosac tunnel, 3¼ miles, cost $13,000,000, was finished in eleven years from the time the work was properly began; and the St. Gothard, length 9½ miles, has been bored in less than seven years and a half. The contract prices sum up the total estimate cost of $9,700,000. This amount was to cover all expenses, whether direct or accessory, and all risks and contingencies from whatever cause arising. If this part of the contract is held to, the St. Gothard will be much the cheapest of the three tunnels in cost of construction, in addition to its other and sufficient distinctions.

The project of tunneling Mount St. Gothard may be said to have grown out of the successful piercing of Mont Cenis. Until that work was accomplished, most of the travel and transport of merchandise between Italy and Switzerland, Northeastern France, Western and Central Germany and Northern Europe were accomplished over the Alpine passes, which had their northern termini in Switzerland. Thus the three great carriage roads, the Simplon, the Stugen and the St. Gothard, monopolized by far the larger part of the transit, though other less notable passes, and particularly that of the Mont Cenis, maintained an active competition. The opening of the Mont Cenis tunnel in 1870 put an end to the profitable monopoly of the Swiss highways, and was a serious blow to both Italy and Switzerland. The fact was recognized at once that something must be done to open a new and direct railway route across the Alps. The first proposal was to follow the line of the Simlon road, and not only was a company formed, but the work of grading was begun in accordance with that plan. It became evident, however, that the Simlon route would not accomplish what Italy and Switzerland desired, since it would be, like the Mont Cenis road, directly tributary to the interests of France. That project was abandoned, and the choice then lay between the Splugen and St. Gothard routes. The former required a tunnel of only four miles in length, and was much favored on that account; but the fatal objection was that, like the Simlon road, it must pass down the Valley of the Upper Rhine and along the Austrian frontier, hence being liable to interruption and control by a hostile force in the event of European complications from which Switzerland should not be able to keep free, as a neutral. The St. Gothard route had a nine-mile tunnel to be bored, but it had the advantage, chief of all in the interests of the countries which proposed to construct it, of beginning in the very heart of the Swiss Confederacy, passing wholly on Swiss soil, far removed from the eastern and western frontiers, to Lago Maggiore and the Lake of Lugano, where connections would be made with the Italian lines and the port of Genoa.

For these reasons the St. Gothard line was adopted, and in 1871 the Swiss, Italian and German Governments concluded a treaty determining the points relative to the route, construction and connections.

The three contracting powers agreed to contribute to the enterprise 85,000,000 francs, as follows: Italy, 45,000,000; Switzerland, 20,000,000; Germany, 20,000,000. The Italian and Swiss Railway Companies held a conference, a company was organized, and in 1872, as stated, M. Favre was the successful bidder among those who proposed to undertake the construction. In the Fall of 1872, the plans and preparations having been completed, the actual work was begun. The cross section of the St. Gothard is the same as that of the Frejus or Mont Cenis tunnel, and the same technical methods of excavation were followed. The engineer possessed several advantages, however, over the engineer of the Mont Cenis line. He had the experience of that great work as a guide; improved and tested machinery from the start; whereas machinery was not employed in the Mont Cenis at all until the fifth year of the construction, and the use of dynamite and other explosives not known until the Mont Cenis was far advanced. It was possible, moreover, to sink a considerable number of shafts along the line of the St. Gothard in case it became necessary, but the occasion did not arise. Very little hard labor was employed; almost none after the first two years, the Dubois-Francis perforators were first used, making an average advance of 6.63 lineal feet per day. They were succeeded by Ferroux's, and the daily advance was increased to 10.11 feet. Then the machines of two or three inventors were placed and worked together on the same carriage, to test their capacity. By this means the utmost of the advance possible was secured, and experimental results were obtained which will be of great value in further enterprises of tunneling. It is estimated that revetement was necessary for about one-half the length of the tunnel. The difficulties in the way of caving and of water eruptions were much greater than were met with in the prosecutions of the work on the Mont Cenis route, which was specially free from springs. Up to January 1, 1877, the heading of the St. Gothard, which was driven on the top about eight feet square, had been carried 18,238 feet, and it was then predicted that the tunnel would be completed in the Summer of 1879.

The line of the tunnel leaves the St. Gothard carriage road to the left at Airolo, passes northwest under the Kastelborn, the St. Anna glacier, the village of Andermatt, the river Reuss at about the Devil's Bridge, and comes out at Goschenen, at the level of that village and the carriage road.

The St. Gothard Railway will form the shortest line of transit between the Valley of the Rhine and the Mediterranean, and it has been well said that when the geographical relations of the countries it serves to connect are considered, together with the vast political, military and commercial interests which will be affected by it, it may safely be characterized as the great artery of European intercommunication and circulation, and as the most important work of material improvement yet projected on that continent.

## POLITENESS BY THE BOOK.

One of the most common complaints against children is that they are lacking in good manners. The fact that many of the complainers are persons who would not be selected as models of perfection in etiquette has nothing to do with it. It is often the case that very rude and impolite adults spend much of their time in snarling at children and telling them to "behave." The injunction to "behave" is sometimes accompanied with a smack and at other times only with the promise of one. Perhaps these disagreeable persons who vex the children into fruitless endeavors at reformation of conduct are themselves deeply sensible of their own shortcomings. Having been neglected in their youth, and, if trained at all, trained in some other way than that in which they should have gone, they want to see the rising generation made models of true politeness. Solid comfort may now be ministered to the souls of persons who are weary with the worry of trying to make youngsters behave themselves. It will cheer these worried souls to know that organized effort has taken shape in St. Louis to reform children by rule and compass from the ways of unruly boorishness. The School Board of that city has resolved to add a course of lessons in etiquette to the regular curriculum of the public schools.—Manuals of politeness are to be furnished, and some of the best readers will read aloud from these, the teacher following in a brief oral exposition with practice in the various branches. The studies in etiquette are to cover a wide range. General precepts are to be particularized into such details as dress, carriage and bearing, conversation, table manners, riding and driving, school deportment and the rules of behavior laid down by George Washington. There can hardly be a more enlarged field for study and practice than this involves; nor is there any field of education in which there is greater scope for the ingenuity of the urbane teacher. Much depends on the teacher, and far more on her manner than on the matter of her instruction. A teacher who undertakes to "hear a recitation" in politeness, after the wooden manner in which a large proportion of the recitations are "heard," will make the thing intensely ridiculous. An acidulous person whose habit is to enforce lessons by scolding them into the children will make her victims hate politeness and despise the very name of it. The instructor who drills the classes in the mere observance of polite forms and phrases may succeed in rescuing the scholars from the extremity of boorishness, but will fail in imparting to them any of the graces of genuine good breeding. The teacher whose custom it is to bark and bite at the poor children in order to drive instruction into their unwilling minds will find himself a laughing stock as he reads off from his politeness book some pleasant injunction to courteous demeanor.

There is a great deal of so-called politeness which is only of the books, bookish. It is stilted, empty, formal and unsatisfactory. It is well that children speak when they are spoken to, do as they are bidden, salute their betters in an elegant manner, keep their persons clean and do unto others as they would have others do to them. But the mechanical ritual of all these things may be made a continual horror. Some teachers and parents keep children in a constant state of worry by saying, as they tweak the ears of the poor creatures or with the knuckle rap them on the head: "Sit up, there!" or "Behave now, will you?" Many otherwise excellent people introduce this sort of etiquette drill at the table, until the rigorous way in which the lambs are made to bleat out "please" and "thank you" is enough to destroy the appetite of anybody who practices and values true politeness. Success or failure in teaching politeness depends more on whether the teacher is or is not polite, than on the particular manual of etiquette which a School Board may select. There are fine arts and true graces in real politeness which some boors can never master. There is a refinement and an elegance in it which is inborn with many people. If instruction in the art is attempted with the right spirit and the proper sort of people there is hope that it may be measurably successful. But there are some crusty and ill-favored imparters of instruction who should forever be excused from all attempts at teaching the doctrines or practices of etiquette.—*Philadelphia Times.*

HUMBOLDT AND TAYLOR.—Bayard Taylor, in 1856, had the good fortune to interview Humboldt in his residence at Berlin. "You have traveled much and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, taking Taylor's hand at parting.—"Now you have seen one ruin more." "Not a ruin," Taylor replied, "but a pyramid." "For I pressed the hand," says Taylor in his report of the interview, "which had touched the hands of Frederic the Great, and Forster, the companion of Capt. Cook, Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, and marshals of empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, LaPlace, Guy Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott, in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired, one by one, to return no more," and which, he might have added, had scientifically studied terrestrial nature in all latitudes and both hemispheres, from the Andes to the Himalayas. The old age of Humboldt was full of power and intellectual achievement.

An advocate of cremation urged as one great point in its favor: that "it would save many a *dead* person from being buried *alive*."

## STARTING A PAPER.

### A STORY OF TWO HUMORISTS.

THE ADVENTURE OF MARK TWAIN AND DAN. DE QUILLE IN NEVADA A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

[From the Carson (Nev.) Appeal].

It was nearly twenty years ago when Dan De Quille and Mark Twain attempted to start a paper in Mondocino county. They took the type and material of their recently defunct establishment in San Francisco, and loading the stuff on a big wagon, struck out into the country to retrieve their fortune. They packed their type just as it stood in the forms, tied up the articles with stout cords by a process well known to printers, and, packing them closely in boxes, vowed to establish a newspaper somewhere which would be the envy and admiration of politics and history of the Pacific Coast. Had not an unfortunate circumstance taken place, it is evident that the newspaper which they contemplated founding would have been alive to-day. Their journey over the mountains was utterly uneventful until they reached Simpson's Station, a spot well known to old travelers on that route. Here they met a party of emigrants making for Lower California, and the latter had with them a small mountain howitzer which they had brought with them across the plains.

Twain took a great fancy to this gun, and offered fifty dollars for it, with two kegs of powder. The emigrants were glad enough to part with it, as they concluded the time for its use had passed. Dan thought the purchase of the artillery and military supplies was a reckless piece of extravagance, and said as much, but Mark replied:

"When we start our paper we must fire a salute. A newspaper office with artillery has a big bulge on the business. No well-regulated office in California should be without a howitzer. If a man comes in for a retraction, we can blow him into the next county. The howitzer goes."

This silenced argument, and the next day the two journalists took the road with their printing outfit and artillery.

The next night they camped in a mountain ravine, fifteen miles from Simpson's, and, after building the usual camp fire, fell asleep. About eleven o'clock the horses wakened them by prancing about, and the two journalists were led to the conclusion that a party of Indians was making arrangements for a night attack. In the clear moonlight human forms could be distinguished about half a mile away, at the foot of the ravine. The idea of encountering Indians had never entered the heads of the two fortune-seekers, and they had no arms. Suddenly Twain brightened up, remarking:

"The howitzer?"

"We've got nothing but powder," said Dan.

"Well, powder'll scare 'em; and we'll load her up."

The piece was immediately loaded with a good big charge, and the two men felt quite certain that the Indians, hearing the roar of the gun, would beat an unconditional retreat. The piece was hardly loaded and placed in position when about forty redskins came charging up the ravine.

Twain seized a brand from the camp fire and was about to lay it on the touch-hole, when Dan yelled "Hold on!" as he rammed something into the mouth of the piece and remarked:

"Turn'er loose."

The roar of the howitzer echoed through the lonely forest, and the savages, with frantic cries of pain, reeled down the ravine in wild confusion.

"What in h—l did you put in?" asked Mark.

"A column of solid nonpareil and a couple of sticks of your spring poetry."

"The poetry did the business, Dan. Get one of your geological articles ready for the next charge, and I guess it'll let the red devils out for the present campaign."

The savages again advanced. Mark attended to the powder, and Dan assorted the shot, so to speak.

"Jeems Pipes' song, 'My Mountain Home.'"

"An acrostic by John B. Ridge, in long primer."

"It'll paralyze 'em."

"Frank Pixley on the Constitution—half a column of leaded brevier."

"It it hits 'em, the day is won."

"Your leader on 'Law and Order.'"

"Save it as a last resort."

Dan pulled the type out of the boxes and stuffed column after column in the howitzer's mouth as the savages came charging on. Another round from the gun and the redskins rolled over each other like boulders swept away by a mountain cloud-burst. Mark, in an ecstacy of delight, pulled an American flag out of his effects, nailed it to the tail-board of the wagon, and was about to make a speech, when the dusky figures of the foes were once more seen moving to the attack.

The piece was again loaded, and this time with a double charge. Mark's leader on "Law and Order," the puff of an auction house, by Fred. McCrellish, "and a sickener." Dan said; Frank Gross's verses on "Rebel Yell," an agricultural article by Sam. Sobaugh, showing the chemical properties of corn juice as an educational lever; a maiden poetical effort by Oliver Harper, and some verses by Col. Ceremony and Frank Soule completed the load.

"That poetry reaching 'em first will throw 'em into confusion, and my editorial coming on the heels of the rest will result in a lasting demoralization. It will be like the last cavalry charge of the French troops at the battle of Austerlitz."

For the third and last time the faithful howitzer belched its typographical compliments to the advancing foe. The havoc was terrible. There was a wild yell from a score of throats, and then the low groans of the dying floated up the ravine on the gentle wind. The two men walked over the field of slaughter and counted fifteen aboriginals lying in heaps. The bodies were horribly mutilated with nonpareil, bourgeous, "caps," misery dashes, and unassorted pi.

"My leader cooked that man's goose," said Mark, pointing to a savage hanging over the limb of a cedar.

"My geological article did the business for him," rejoined Dan, nodding carelessly at an Indian, whose head was lying twenty yards away."

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"You bet. Hurrah for Faust and Guttemberg!"

"Is there any type left?"

"Not a pound."

Ten days later the two journalistic tramps reached Virginia City, weary, discouraged and footsore, and secured places on the *Enterprise*.

A few days ago Dan received the following from his former partner:

HARTFORD, CONN., Jan. 1, 1880.

DEAR DAN:—I send you the congratulations of the New Year. Do you recollect the time we exterminated the tribe of unlettered (?) savages in Mondocino county? If you can spare the time, I wish you would make a pilgrimage to that historic spot, gather the ghostly relics together, and plant a tablet (not too expensive and at your own expense) to the memory of the departed. Have a shooting-stick lying across a long bow, with our monogram and coat of arms entwined, and some appropriate epitaph carved on the stone; an extract from Carl Schurz' views on the "peace policy" might do. Enclosed is a dollar and a half for your incidental expenses; you can deadhead traveling expenses. Yours,

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—Send me a thigh-bone of the fallen chief by next express. M. T.

Dan will attend to the matter in the Spring. The old howitzer used on the occasion is still in his possession.

## A CUBAN EARTHQUAKE.

Accounts from the Western part of Cuba report recurrent earthquake shocks in Veulta, Abajo and Havana, which occurred on the 25th ult., and did great damage. From San Diego, Santiago de las Vegas, Pinar del Rio, Cienfuegos, Mariel and elsewhere come accounts of earthquakes and public terror. San Cristobal, the apparent centre of the disturbance, is a town of about a thousand inhabitants and one hundred houses. It is seventy-five miles from Havana and seventeen miles from Majana Bay on the South coast.

A visit discloses the fact that the concussion there Thursday Feb. 25th, nearly tumbled the place to ruins. The church stands tottering, with its portico dismantled in front, its pillars razed, its cupola awry, its windows shattered and its altar disturbed. The priest escaped from his house while the walls were falling. The telegraph office is half demolished. The Government and municipal buildings are untenable. A primitive and cumbersome jail, filled with prisoners and their guards, is dismembered in every part. The presence of mind of the inmates was unique. The prisoners instantly leaped for liberty and the guards as promptly interposed. One convict was shot dead after emerging through a crevice made by the earthquake and bursting open an outer door. Three guards were wounded in the melee. Fourteen others of the inmates are in the hospital with injuries sustained from falling beams and masonry.

THE PATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

The dwellings suffered on a line distinctly traceable through the town, intersecting the afore-mentioned buildings and leaving others almost unharmed, though most of them were badly built of adobe. An American from Portland, Me., was nearly crushed under his kitchen chimney. A small stream runs past San Cristobal, and the railroad bridge that spans it had its foundations so shaken that trains now cross at a snail-like pace until repairs can be made. On the verge of this stream several fissures are discernible, being from three to ten inches wide and from forty to one hundred feet long. The inhabitants aver that on the morning after the earthquake these fissures emitted sulphurous vapors, and that the stream itself was strongly impregnated with sulphur and salt.

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

A military guard and committee of engineers were dispatched to San Cristobal by the Government, and their decision is understood to be that no injured structures shall be repaired, but all must come down and be rebuilt. Meanwhile scores of residents are leaving a spot that is now deemed to be accursed. The wildest theories are rife, based on superstitions three centuries old. In the country dozens of evil influences are held to be accountable, while in Havana the New York Gas Company's fresh trenches are denounced by negro preachers, who prophecy a speedy apocalypse, preceded by a swallowing up of the earth. The Captain General and his army are in the centre of the island. Meantime the Government has taken measures of temporary relief for those who have be excluded from their homes at San Cristobal and elsewhere.

WOMAN'S SOFTENING INFLUENCE.—"It's astonishin'," remarked the old forty-niner, this morning as he nodded over his glass to our reporter, "it's astonishin' what a coward a man is at home—a reg'lar crawlin' sneak, by Jove! I've traveled a good bit and held up my end in most of the camps on the coast sence '49. I've got three bullets inside o' me. I've shot and been shot at, an' never heard anybody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellers that's goin'. But at home I'm a kyote. Afore I'd let the old woman know that her hot biscuits wasn't A No. 1 when it's like stiff amalgam, I'd fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots of times. Most o' my teeth is gone from tuggin' on beefsteaks that the old woman has tried. D'ye think I roar out and cuss when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. While I'm rubbin' my shins an' hoppin' back the tears, I'm like wise sweatin' fur fear the old woman has been woke up by the upset. It didn't use to be so," sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp. "When we was first hitched I thought I was superintendent, but after a year or two of argyin' the pint I settled down to shovin' the car at low wages. I kin lick any man o' my age and size," cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. "I'll shoot, knife, stand up or rough and tumble for coin, but when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall an' take off my muddy boots, an' hear the old woman ask it that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out o' me."

STILL CHEATING THE INDIAN.—A Minnesota paper says: An amusing application of the wonders of the telephone as an assistant detective of crimes, comes to us from Julian. Several horses were recently stolen in that neighborhood, and suspicion fell upon a certain Indian as the thief. Some one having introduced a telephone up there, the same was being exhibited, when it occurred to the owner of the horses to get the Indian to come in and hear the "Great Spirit" talk. The Indian took one of the cups and was thrilled with astonishment at being apparently so near the Great Keeper of the happy hunting grounds. After some little time spent in wonderment, the Indian was solemnly commanded by the Great Spirit to "Give up those stolen horses!" Dropping the cup as if he had been shot, the Indian immediately confessed to having stolen the horses, and tremblingly promised, if his life was spared, to restore the "caballos" at once, and he did so.

An eagle on a ten-dollar gold piece is worth five hundred in the air.

## LIFE IN THE PALACES.

### THE HAPPINESS OF QUEENS—THEIR SAD DESTINY.

There is nothing of which we hear sooner than this. When we are children our nurses charm us, and make us envious with their marvelous stories of life in the palaces. Can we ever forget the Prince Charming and what the Princess wore—her dress the color of the sun; how she rode in a carriage ornamented all over with big rubies; that her sceptre was a single diamond; and her crown made of stars snatched from heaven?

Later the *Almanack de Gotha* recalls these golden fables of our infancy, and we see again the queens with their blonde hair and bright eyes, their [illegible] hands and their cloaks of velvet trailing from their naked shoulders. They smile with the smile of tranquil goddesses; they are beautiful among the beautiful, happy among the happy; before them one bows or goes upon his knees; the earth is made sweet by the caress of their feet; men only breathe as they nod; joy is everywhere about them.

O, sovereign! O, rulers! look what destiny has done for you.

Queen Victoria reached the throne—adorable, charming! Crowned at Westminster when just sixteen, she married the husband of her choice—one of those Coburgs, who were the handsomest men of their time. She loved so passionately that she poisoned her own life and that of her husband, who was a martyr to her idolatry. Her jealous imagination saw infidelity everywhere and always; ladies once her dear friends became odious to her. She drove away the ladies of honor, and, at a court ball, she slapped the face of a pretty girl to whom Prince Albert had addressed a few words.

A day came when death called this husband, so fondly loved, and on that day died, also, England's Queen. The heart had gone out of the body of the woman, and nothing was left. Everything seemed to have been brusquely torn away, and so great was her despair, and so long did it last that, years afterwards, they discussed a regency in parliament. The motion was defeated; but after that the living corpse of her who had been Victoria came, from time to time, to open parliament, lowered themselves before the eternal grief of this old woman, for they saw still the crown of the Queen above the widow's cap. But she never smiled save when, perchance, the name of Prince Albert was mentioned.

The Queen of Belgium has an only son. The child of ten years is as sweet and exquisite as a cherub. This royal infant is sick. It is night, and he suffers, for he burns with fever. He tries to smother his cries with pain. The queen, notwithstanding her agony, worn out with long watching, and obeying the supplications of her ladies, retires for a little repose. But she cannot sleep. She leaves her bed and returns in haste to her son. She approaches softly. The Prince appears to be soundly sleeping. His breathing is equal and easy. The pale of Marie Henriette lightens with happiness. Her boy is then saved, since he can sleep. She goes on. Then the royal baby calls to the doctor. The doctor bends over him. "Do not tell mother," he says. "It makes her so happy to think that I sleep."

That child will never be a King. To-morrow, in the evening, he is dead.

It is ten years since the Belgian Prince is dead, and no other child has come the to Queen. At Brussels they seldom see her. She is always with herself. If she goes out she bears nothing. Her hair is white. Her dress is always black. Her ladies of honor are old and ugly, and made still more ugly by the *ennui* of this court in lethargy. No one dare smile before the Queen, who still weeps, who weeps always, and who cries, "For me there is nothing more in this world!"

All alone the Empress of Russia plunges into the intoxication of her tears. She knows that for a long time the true crown of the Empress is not what she wears. She has always with her the portrait of the Emperor—the likeness of the man who loves her no more.

Margaret of Italy dies slowly with a terrible malady. She knows that her days are numbered.

The Empress Eugenie lies upon the ground with seven spears driven right through her heart. Throne, husband, son, beauty—all are gone.

For having touched the crown of Spain, two young Queens fall as if struck by lightning. The Duchess Aosta flies to Italy and wastes, in sickness and agony, to death, Mercedes, that Queen of eighteen years, for whom life seemed so fill, is cold as marble in the tomb.

Christina of Austria, hears nothing but the noise of the pistol, sees nothing but the gleam of the dagger.

Maximilian went to Mexico, and paid for his ambition with his life. When the grave closed over him it held also the world for Charlotta. Since then her present is the past. Her brain is blinded and she does not even know that she suffers.—*Translated from French.*

## THE MUSTANGS IN TEXAS.

The word mustang is a corruption of mesteno, the Mexican name for wild horse. Many years ago there were thousands, no doubt millions, of those animals in Texas. In 1849, and for several years thereafter, they were numerous in the region between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. They were found further north, but not in such numbers. Immense herds of wild horses could be seen grazing on the prairies. When they saw any one approaching the leader would often move to the front and make reconnoissance. If things did not suit him, he would give his head a peculiar toss, wheel, and sound the note of alarm. These demonstrations would be followed by a prompt movement on the part of the herd, sometimes to the front, but more usually to the rear. They would wheel into line, change front, move in line or in column with as much precision and order as cavalry. It was wonderful to witness how well they were drilled and disciplined. In the event a retreat was ordered the leader would move in the rear for a while. If any lagged or straggled they were very apt to feel his teeth, if not his heels. On some occasions a movement to the front was ordered. It was a charge in line or in column, proudly headed by the leader. This was the case sometimes when mounted men were in sight. The Texas Rangers operating in that country were followed by pack-mules in charge of a guard. It was necessary at times to form a hollow square, place the mules inside, and to throw out skirmishes to fire into the animals. If the leaders could be struck, the charge would be broken. The horse would retire at once.

The mustangs were hunted by Mexicans, and the finest ones singled out and lassoed. Whole herds were driven at a run into pens having extended wings, which contracted as they approached the gate. As many as five hundred mustangs have been penned at one "run." They were sold at almost nothing, five dollars being a high price for a choice horse. These mustangers were a wild set, often no better than Indians; some of them were honest, good men. They were guilty of many murders and robberies. The Comanches made visits to that region. They would pounce upon the mustangers, set them afoot to kill them, as caprice dictated. The Comanche wanted the mustang to ride and to eat. Horseflesh is a great delicacy with them. [illegible] under the mane. The section in question was very hot in those days for Americans. A Texan was considered an hereditary enemy by both mustangers and Indians. His only protection was the rifle and six-shooter and a horse of strength and bottom.—*Texas Mute Ranger.*

## "FISHERMAN, MISTER."

He was tall, lean and a stranger. He didn't seem to care a cent whether his relations seen him or not, but when he faced Justice Duffy at the bar of the Jefferson Market Police Court, he sought to dislodge the mud that had gathered in inseparable masses on the ends of his flowing locks and made ineffectual efforts to straighten out the tails of his coat, which the boys had cut off while he lay in the ashbox couch at night