CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

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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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If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

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1 square	$8 00	¼ column	$50 00
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3 squares	20 00	1 column	120 00

G. B. GOODLANDER, Publisher.

Lawyers' Cards.

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

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

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. je28,'78-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Opera House. ap 25,'77-1y

SMITH V. WILSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Office in the Masonic Building, over the County National Bank. [mar24-80.

WILLIAM A. HAGERTY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A
Will attend to all legal business with promptness and fidelity. [feb11,'80-tf.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.

WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
jan1'77

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

S. L. McGEE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DuBois, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. [jan21, '80.

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. jan:1:76

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,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office in the Court House.
aug14,1878-1y.

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.

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. 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 8 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
July31,'78-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

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. 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. 21jy'73

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

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

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 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, '76.

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

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.

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,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

Livery Stable.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing 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 28, 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,
sep20 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.	$4,381,89
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plans	5,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn	2,624,082
Insurance Co. of North America	6,435,074
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,782,883
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch	679,145
Watertown	704,818
Travelers (Life & Accident)	4,595,454

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 7, '79-tf.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

[In 1843 Daniel O'Connell and others were tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Ireland, on an indictment for conspiracy. One of the parties indicted with O'Connell was Charles Gavan Duffy, the editor of the Dublin Nation, and the Attorney-General in his opening address on behalf of the Crown read to the jury a specimen of what he termed seditious poetry, which had originally appeared in Duffy's journal, in order to identify the spirit of the Irish repealers with that of the Irish rebels of 1798. The object of the Crown's counsel was to create as much prejudice as possible against the traversers, but those who read the poem will see what a blunder was committed by the Attorney-General in presenting such thoughts and language on an Irish jury.]

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, men,
Will fill his glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic's foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray, that from their clay,
Full many a race may start,
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days,
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze,
That nothing shall withstand;
Alas, that might can vanquish right,
They fell and passed away!—
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day!

Then here's their memory!—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite;
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs, your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety Eight.

AN ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRAMPIAN HILLS TEMPERANCE UNION.

What is it that is required of us? What is the world asking at our hands? Is it to sit idly by and do nothing? It is action! Is it to make great pretentions of little weight? It is earnest labor! Is it the heart alone? It is also of the hand! Is it conviction only that is wanted? It is deeds! Is it at home only? The light of a candle grows no brighter by confinement, but may cheer the traveler at a distance. It is labor—earnest labor of the heart, the mind, the hand. Should we, can we resist the pressure of our own convictions? "Can we ask of others to do for our country and our friends that which we will not do ourselves?" It has been said: "Truth is mighty and will prevail." But we cannot be idle recipients; we must seek for it, long for it, strive for it. So it is with the cause of Temperance. If our land is ever freed from the vile destroyer, Intemperance, it must be by human action. All good comes from God, but His plan is the labor of man for man. By the guidance of His spirit we must exhaust every means that He has placed at our disposal; every ability He has given us, as well as call upon Him to finish the work. We must strive while we pray.

I know not whether it is because of strength or weakness that I am what I am; but we know well that whatever our abilities, it is our duty to use them for the public and our private welfare, and to improve them to the utmost.

I would say to those assembled here, with all thanks to the many who have stood forth boldly for the cause, there is work for each to do. There are other fields of action. This is but the training ground for the battle of life. Words alone will not conquer—we must do and dare. If there are those who would not appear in public, at last all depends on private action. You can cheer us with your presence; you can persuade a neighbor to come with you; may even preserve him from temptation; your ballot is as weighty as if cast by the most learned and honored; your influence upon others can not be estimated. There is not a person before me to-day but whose presence here shall have an influence upon me from now to eternity. You are forming not your own character only, but that of hundreds. Your appearance has a greater influence than all the sermons you might preach. A momentary glance, a single word, may be equal to a volume. It has been so with me, and from some well-known to you. That Temperance should become a political question appears to be the desire of a large portion of the reformers, and to make it such is one of their principal endeavors; but the cause has made slow advances in this direction. There are other questions over which the public mind has been so much excited that this has been dropped at the trying moment. From this we should learn a lesson: Temperance is not the only question before the American people. At present it can not be decided alone and by the ballot. Politically, one plank, however broad, cannot be a platform. Then, if we must accept other principles—if we must unite—let it be with the right; we cannot join truth and error—they will combat still!

But how shall we become respected politically? We must show our strength; we must seek union, but be firm enough to stand alone. I favor political action, because it is the most complete, the most rapid solution of this great question; because it would give a forward impetus to the public mind—an increased force to moral suasion. We are a progressive people, and it may not be long until this question is presented in such a form that when the day comes, as it soon may, our sisters should cast their ballots with us. But be that as it may, right is right, as truth is truth, and right the day must win. Sooner or later—the time depends upon our action—the destroyer will be removed from our midst, though it should be but by the slow process of moral suasion and human advancement.

Perhaps God is retarding the day that another—a kindred evil—may fall with it. Tobacco and alcohol—twin servants of the evil one—set forth to rob men of their manhood, destroy their minds and steal away their souls. Oh, what sorrows and anguish follow in their track, words cannot utter!

Young man, stop! Set down that glass! Raise not the poison to thy lips! Why tempt thee death? Why leap into the gulf? Can any one rescue? Tempt not thy God! Thine own acts shall form thy fate. Is the appetite already formed? Is it not easier to resist than die, to make one firm and final stand, than to resist and fall—resist and fall again, even among the prayers, the entreaties, the tears of friends and parents, and at last to sink down, down to the drunkard's grave? The prayers, the tears, the entreaties of friends all gone! Yes, gone before to confront thee at a higher bar of judgment! Thy own hopes with them; thy struggles of no avail, thy young life blasted, and thy doom well-known. Beware of the first glass! "Play not with temptation" give not way weakly thereto, but stand firm and thou shalt resist with a strength that cometh down from Heaven for thy salvation. Who among us shall it be? Will it be I or some of you? Unless this evil is removed we know that some now present, some from this community, may fill—yes, shall fill a drunkard's grave; their life work unperformed; their days not half numbered, their light gone out in sorrow and remorse. Who shall it be? Shall it be I or shall it be you? Will some one for whom *we* have labored, labor and pray and strive with us? Will they at last, when all is o'er on earth, lay *our* weak wreck of manhood away in the silent place of grave—the city of the dead, while some sorrow-crushed mourner exclaims, "Through God he was the means of my salvation," but I was powerless to preserve him! We know not but that this may be our lot, or the lot of some near and dear to us. There is but one safeguard, remove the evil. And for its removal let us join hand with hand, heart with heart, hope with hope.

TROUBLE ON DEPOSIT.

Some modern philosopher has given very good advice to that very large proportion of the human family who are always in trouble, real, or imaginary. "When you find yourself," he says, "in trouble, go out, cut a pole, and go fishing." There is more common sense in this bit of advice than in many a ponderous volume on chronic dyspepsia or torpid livers. The mind, particularly the active, busy, agressive American mind, above all things else, needs rest. If you do not yield it this precious boon, it will rebel with a fearful vengeance. The trophies of its insurrection will assert themselves in indigestion, biliousness, paralysis, heart disease and death. There is a sufficiency of real trouble in the world, without negotiating any loans of the article. The genuine is so common, that the counterfeit is unnecessary, and, oftentimes, it sweeps over and devastates the human heart like fire over the dry grass of a Western prarie. Nine-tenths of all our troubles are imaginary. When you march up to them, with the conquering tread of resolute manhood, they vanish into the air, and disappear like the mist of the morning beneath the rays of the sun. The banker, the merchant, and the manufacturer all have their troubles, as well as the clerk, the mechanic, and the subordinate. Overshadowing all these, however, as far indeed above them as the Chimborazo Peaks tower above the hills of Uland, are the troubles of the politician. As he travels through mud, dust, rain, sleet or snow, and hitches his jaded steed at the post of some friendly farm-house, he borrows trouble as he enters, and sometimes has it, without borrowing, when he comes out. When he "fixes" the occupant he is momentarily happy, and a dark shaddow only falls across his path to Media, and glory, when, on his return homeward, he finds the horse of a vigorous competitor for the same office, hitched at the same post, the rider inside, with gentle whisperings and profuse promises re-fixing his old constitutional friend, who, two hours before, had promised to fight, bleed and die for him.

Truly, from the stand-point of the party of the first part, his cup of sorrow is full to overflowing, and when he lolls before the crackling domestic hearth at his sweet home, due allowance must be made he is a little disagreeable; for has he negotiated a false loan and is paying a heavy interest on his investment.

The man who voluntarily creates trouble deserves all he can carry; the man who does not create it is a fool for borrowing it.

In our great financial centres, and at our huge corporation boards, cluster myriads of men who do not comprehend the first principles of human happiness. They deliberately murder body, soul, and reputation, for an imaginary something, which, when they attain does not "fill the bill;" and then they realize that their restive, nervous, irritable lives have been flat failures. These steeple chase lives we Americans lead are demoralizing in the extreme. Their fruits crop out in the fearful increase of suicide within our borders, and the over-crowded halls of our insane asylums. Legitimate trouble dwarfs our bodies; and borrowed trouble helps to complete our physical and mental demoralization.—*Chester (Pa.) Gazette.*

THE LONGEST SUBMARINE CABLE.—The cable along the east coast of Africa from Natal to Aden is the longest; it is nearly 4,000 miles long. It has been put down, however, in four sections, for reason of facilitating repairs of any possible damages. The first section, 350, runs from Durban in Natal, to Delagoa Bay; the second, 1,000 miles, to Mozambique; the third section, 680 miles, to Zanzibar; and the fourth, 2,000 miles, to Aden; the latter is not yet completed. As Aden is already connected with England, along more than one telegraph line, it will put that country in direct communication with its colonies at the southern extremity of Africa, as well as with all its other possessions with which it has already been united telegraphically.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.—When the days lengthen the Empress of Austria rises at six in the morning, and goes to her mass in the private chapel near her apartments. She next proceeds to the stables and riding school. Her favorite horses know well her light step and clear voice, and greet her approach with a sort of affectionate neighing. She often takes her exercises for hours in one of the riding rooms, especially if her sister, the Queen of Naples, is present to accompany her, and their only attendant is an old Irishman, who is the chief horsebreaker of her stud. She loves not only to train her horses to jump the bars, but also to develope their intelligence by teaching them to fetch a pocket-handkerchief or other articles.

In a little country church recently, a woman brought twins to be christened. "What name?" asked the clergyman. "Cherubim and Seraphim," said the woman, "for they continually do cry."

Marriageable maidens powder their faces to enable them to go off.

CURING A COLD.

The first time that I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water, and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, a friend told me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within an hour another friend told me it was policy to feed a cold and starve a fever. I had both; so I thought it best to fill up the cold, and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened a restaurant on Courtland street, near the hotel, that morning, paying him so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired whether people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started up toward the office, and on the walk encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt-water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it, anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of my friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portion of it as proved inefficient with me; and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt-water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me—to take either an earthquake or warm salt-water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this, everybody in the hotel became interested; and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper-tea, boneset, stewed Quaker, hoar hound syrup, onions and loaf-sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy; but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed decotion composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aquafortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain their two entire days. When I felt a little better, more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, and then gin and molasses, then gin and onions, I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey-buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, though I had no idea what sort of an arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was frosty. My back and breast were stripped; and a sheet, (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it,) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with a sudden violence, and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones, and stopped the beating of heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this, a friend ordered the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Clemens. Wen I went to bed, I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.—*Mark Twain.*

THE HILLS—MOSES ON NEBO.

Moses turning slowly and sadly from the sacred tabernacle over which the pillar of cloud hovered and in which he had so many times communed with Jehovah face to face, as a man talks to a friend, and from the goodly tents of Israel which were spread forth upon the plain like gardens by the riverside, he sets his face toward the mountain and begins to climb the steep ascent of Nebo to find the place of his death. An old man, 120 years of age, leaves behind him the people whom he has loved with a love still stronger than death, he goes away into the solitude of the uninhabited heights to die alone. No friendly hand to smooth the pillow for him to lie down for his last sleep; no human face to bend over him with its look of sympathy; no human voice to whisper words of peace and comfort to cheer him in his departure. The chiefs and the elders of the tribes were not permitted to come and tell him how dear he had been to them, notwithstanding all their murmurings and rebellions. No loving eye wept when death cast its pale shadow upon his aged brow.

Slowly, step by step, he climbs the stony mountain path, now hiding himself in the shadow of deep ravines and now coming out upon projecting crags, and looking down upon the great encampment of his people in the plains below. He would gladly bear their murmurings and share their conflicts if he might go over Jordan with them and possess the goodly land beyond. Many a time with deep earnestness had he besought the Lord that this joy might be given to his long life of suffering and toil. But no; it must not be. There is no forgetting no resisting the stern command, "get thee up into the mountain and die."

As a last and peculiar favor, when he reached the utmost height, he is permitted to behold the land afar in its utmost extent of hills and valleys, wild forests and fertilizing streams. Northward the range of snow-shining Hermon hangs like a white cloud in the sky. And there is a vision of beauty and verdure which the meek old man had longed and prayed with a child's fondness of desire to behold. There is Lebanon, the goodly mountain, clothed in its royal robe of purple cedars, sending forth the life-giving tribute of perpetual streams. The oak groves of the table lands of Gilead and Tabor and Giboa and little Hermon, and the sunny hills of Gallilee rise in the nearer prospects. Far away westward to the utmost sea, extends the excellency of Carmel, the teaming plains of Megiddo and the rose-crowned beauty of Sharon. Right beneath him Jericho sits like a queen beneath her canopy of feathery palms, and just beyond a shaply-defined point in the clear air rise the heights of Olivet and Bethlehem and Hebron, and the rocky shadow of Moriah just seen through the packs of hills. Southward lying deep beneath its melancholy shores, the sea of death spreads its steel-bright waves in the morning sun, and the blasted plain of Sodom appears to heighten the beauty of the living landscape everywhere else rising to view.

On all those things Moses gazed, with undimmed and enraptured eye, which the Lord showed them unto him for the satisfaction of his longing heart, before he laid down on the rocky height of Nebo to die in silence and alone. It means much that the infinite God in conferring a last and special favor upon his most honored servant, should have displayed before him the sight of a land of hills and valleys, drinking water of the rain of Heaven and basking beneath the smile of its Creator from the beginning to the end of the year.—*Altoona Tribune.*

A LOST DIAMOND RING.

On the 4th of June, 1875, Rev. Thos. Guard, of Baltimore, in company with his wife and child, was passing over the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, en route to Hamilton, Canada, where he had an engagement to preach. Mrs. Guard was the owner of a very fine diamond ring, valued at about $300, and in order to please her child had placed it upon her finger. In the meantime the child was eating an orange, and while in the act of throwing the peel out of the car window, a short distance above Susquehanna, the ring slipped off her finger and went out also. The train was moving rapidly and there seemed to be no hope of recovering the lost treasure. The parents were more or less excited over their loss, which attracted the attention of Mr. Hiram R. Rhoads, who was in the car. He at once inquired the cause of the trouble and was informed how the valuable ring had been lost. As soon as the train reached Jersey Shore station Mr. Rhods informed the operator of the loss, and directed him to return to the place indicated and make diligent search. He did as directed, and continued the search till six o'clock that evening without finding the ring, when he reported the result to Mr. Rhoads at the office in this city, and he at once telegraphed to Mr. Guard, at Niagara. The search, however, was kept up by Mr. Rhoads for ten or twelve days, and every inch of the ground was carefully examined, but no trace of the treasure could be found, and the search was finally abandoned. Time rolled away. Mr. Guard spent two years as pastor of a church at Hamilton, when he went to California, where he remained about three years, pursuing his profession as a minister. His wife still mourned the loss of her valuable ring, and all hopes of recovering it had been abandoned. Mr. Guard had, however, informed Mr. Thompson, general manager, of his loss, who in turn communicated with the General Superintendent of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. He had implicit faith in the word and honesty of Mr. Rhoads and resented all imputations on his character as a faithful and reliable man, whose word could be implicitly depended on. As the years rolled away the circumstance had almost been forgotten. Mr. Guard was transferred to the Baltimore Conference again, and is about to take up his residence in that city as pastor of the church at Mount Vernon Place. On Friday night last, about 11 o'clock, it was learned that a valuable ring had been offered to a jeweler in this city by a laborer. Inquiries were at once made, when it was ascertained that the jeweler had given a watch and chain valued at $65 for it. Farther investigation resulted in finding the man, a trackman, at Susquehanna, who had offered the ring. He at once stated the circumstance of finding a ring about five weeks ago, as he was engaged at his work on the railroad track, when he at once returned to the jeweler, handed over the watch and chain, and the ring was returned, and is now in the hands of the railroad officers. It was found by the side of the track about three hundred feet west of Charles Stewart's farm, above Susquehanna, where it had lain for about five years. The owner will be made glad by receiving it in a few days, after having no doubt, long since abandoned all hope of ever recovering it.—*Williamsport Gazette, March 16, 1880.*

A STEAM CANAL BOAT.—Mr. Israel Guth, of Guthsville, has just invented a new steam canal boat. It is claimed to be superior to anything of the kind ever conceived, and is ready for patenting. It is so arranged in its construction that there will be little or no wake, and hence the hitherto great objection, the washing out of the canal banks, is overcome. It is furthermore claimed that crafts made after this model can make a uniform speed of from eight to ten miles per hour with a full load, while in the matter of expense it will be a great economizer, as but little coal will be required for generating steam. Horse flesh certainly can be put to no worse use than towing boats, and if steam can be used with better economy, and with more satisfactory results, we would be glad to see Mr. Guth's invention come into use for competing with the railroads in the coal carrying trade.—*Allentown Democrat.*

A MAN'S CONSISTENCY.—"Oh, dear! I feel so tired," sighed Mrs. Hickenlooper, as she sank into a chair. "Well, I should think you would be," growled Mr. Hickenlooper, as he put on his coat to go out; "you tramped around more'n seven miles this afternoon making your silly calls. I shouldn't call myself half right if I did such a thing." And then he went down street and walked nine miles around a billiard table poking ivory marbles with a stick at twenty-five cents an hour, and she thought how hard he had to work at his business, poor man, when he came home at midnight and dragged his enfeebled limbs into bed.

"Mamma, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he again broke out: "Mamma, do cows have to be spanked?"

An exchange inquires, "What shall we do at the table?" Why, eat, man, eat, of course. It would not be just the thing to play ball, dance or shoot at a mark, or do anything of that kind.

"Oh, pa!" cried a little fellow seeing a trout for the first time, "it's got the measles, hasn't it?"

The jewel for a frilled shirt bosom is a diamond in the ruff.

"BOB WHITE."

IS HIS DOMESTICATION POSSIBLE?—A LATE EXPERIMENT.

The domestication of the common partridge has always excited much interest among naturalists, and its possibility has been frequently asserted and as often denied. Cases are alleged where they have become partially tame, but in the course of time their original instincts asserted themselves and they reverted to the habits of the untamed ones. We cannot remember a single instance where the experiment has been tried under the most favorable conditions, or where it has gone beyond a single attempt. The experimenter has generally contented himself with one effort, and when this was a partial, or, more likely, a total failure, the impossibility of reclaiming Bob White and his dame has been loudly proclaimed. We have always held the partridge is as susceptible of being reclaimed from his present condition as any other birds—turkeys, geese and ducks for instance.

A case has just come to our notice which more than ever convinces us this can be done. Several Summers ago Mr. S. S. Gibble, of Mt. Joy, Lancaster county, found the nest of a partridge, containing fifteen eggs. Determined to make an attempt to domesticate these birds he took them home and placed them under a hen. He made his first mistake at the very outset by putting them under a Brahma to incubate. The size of the eggs and of the hen was of course altogether disproportionate. Still she was fortunate enough to break none of them, and in due time a family of fifteen of these attractive and lively birds made their appearance. A grassy plot was selected for a nursery, and a pen sixteen feet square was made. This was made perfectly tight at the ground and for some heighth above it, rendering escape impossible, at least until they acquired the use of their wings. But the mistake of selecting a heavy hen to bring up these birds soon became manifest. One after another of the pretty things had its life tramped out by the heavy feet of its foster-mother, until only four of them remained. These grew until they attained the stature of adult Bob Whites. They were released, and ran with the chickens, flying here and there, but never leaving the premises for a greater distance than the chickens themselves.

One day the house cat, who was something of an epicure, thought she would try quail on toast, so she appropriated one of them, leaving the once numerous family reduced to three. These remained around the house, associating with the chickens on the most fraternal terms, carrying the intimacy so far as to roost close by them on an old apple tree near the house. Unfortunately, however, the cold and windy weather of Winter brought a covey of wild birds to the barn, and these, coming into friendly relations with the trio of tame ones, had such a seductive influence upon them that, when the strangers went away when the mild weather of Spring came along, they carried with them two out of the three remaining birds. This one continued to eat with the hens in the barn-yard and roost with them in the trees until the leafy month of June came, when, no doubt, the promptings of nature so wrought upon the companionless bird, that it was impelled to leave the hospitable home where nearly a year of its life was spent, and seek the companionship of its kind in the fields. So ended the experiment.
—*Lancaster New Era.*

COLOR BLINDNESS.

INVESTIGATIONS IN PROGRESS BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

The subject of color blindness, which has attracted a great deal of attention of late, not only from physicians but from railroad officers, to whom it has a practical as well as a scientific interest, is likely to receive fresh illustration from the experiments undertaken by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It was to be expected that this great organization—the acknowledged model of a well-managed railroad—would not neglect to avail itself of the accumulating store of scientific knowledge upon so important a subject. When it is remembered that the lives of hundreds of passengers may depend upon the certainty with which an engineer or fireman can recognize the signals displayed before him, and further that many persons are known to be incapable of distinguishing one color from another or determining the form of an object at any considerable distance from their eyes, it is a matter of wonderment that the importance of an optical examination of their employes has not sooner occurred to railroad officers. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company began such an examination of its five thousand train hands during the past week. The tests, which are made under the direction of Dr. Thomson, are for the acuity of vision, or the distinctness of objects seen at different distances, astigmatism, or the relative distinctness of objects seen at different distances, and hence the ability to judge of form, which is very important to the understanding of daylight signals, and finally, color sense, or the ability to distinguish colors. The men are also examined as to their sense of hearing. Thus far the examination is said to have been very satisfactory, although there have been some curious results. One man, for example, being shown a skein of red yarn, named its color correctly, but being told to pick out other skeins to match it, from a bunch before him, deliberately chose two skeins of blue and one of yellow. Such a one would be quite capable of hanging out a green lantern when a red one was required. Other eccentricities of the same kind were observed, although, as has been said, most of the men stood the test well. Some faults of vision can be corrected by glasses, but there seems to be no cure for color-blindness, though it is probable that men so afflicted can be employed in positions in which their color sense will not be called into play.
—*Altoona Tribune.*

Six medical New York experts examined a man as to his sanity and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person altogether.

A new Spring bonnet is called the "Nihilist." A "blow up" at the breakfast table is anticipated when the husband sees the bill for it.

It is hard to please a man who does not wish to be lied about and who cannot bear to have the truth told about him.

How to find a chip of the old block—axe the block.

A SAMPLE "SOVEREIGN."

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Times* injects this piece of information into one of his recent letters to that journal:

But few politicians have an idea how little the general public know or care about them. The writer, the past Winter, met numbers of New York people visiting here, and the amount of ignorance displayed by them about public men and affairs has been simply appalling. What could you think of brisk young business men who understood horses and money-making to perfection, who do not know whether Sam Randall was Speaker of the House or presiding officer of the Senate? The worst case I ever met with was a provincial broker from the heart of the howling wilderness known as Wall street. He was in Washington for the first time in his life, and was anxious to see the Congressional boys.

"I am death on sight-seeing, you know," said he, "but I would like to take in what you think might be interesting." In the Senate he looked placidly around a moment.

"Where is our man Conkling?" he asked.

"Over in that corner talking with some of the strikers."

"Oh, yes. That is the first time I have ever seen Conkling. Broad shoulders, some chest, but bad legs. Where is Senator Sprague? I would like to see that cuss."

"Sprague is not in the Senate now."

"Is that so? I suppose Mrs. Sprague is in the gallery. No. Well, who is that stout man over there?"

"David Davis."

"Who is he?"

"David Davis."

"See here, that won't do. You are chaffing. Where is he from?"

"Illinois."

"A western buck? Been in the Senate long?"

"Not very long."

"Thought not; never heard of him before. Where does Carl Schurz sit?"

"Mr. Schurz is not in the Senate at present."

"Out of the city?"

"Oh, no. He is at present a member of Hayes' Cabinet."

"Come to think, I ought to have remembered that. Where is Charles Sumner?"

"God knows."

"What do you mean?"

"Alas, poor Sumner has passed away."

"Too much rum? Was it sudden? The Senators are gay old boys, I understand."

Thus this gay New York child of nature rattled on. His ignorance was not assumed. In the House of Representatives he asked: "What place is this?"—it more closely resembling his stock-board room than any other place he had seen. In the Supreme Court room he asked if "all the old cocks" always sat in a row listening to cases. He thought one at a time quite enough, and did not see why the nine should not change about so as to rest each other. For the full bench to sit was to him an aggravating waste of the raw material.

A FINE SERMON "SMASHED."

Of late the practice of spiritualizing texts of Scripture and giving them a meaning foreign to that intended by the inspired writer has been considerably on the increase in certain pulpits. This style of preaching is not always a safe one. Some time ago, away out in the country, a very clever young preacher, who had just before graduated with high honors from one of the theological schools, preached a sermon from the words: "Then, fearing lest they should fall upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern and wished for the day." Said the young preacher: "The ship represents the Church. The four anchors are faith, hope, love and prayer. Christians are the crew. The sea represents the great ocean of life. The storms that prevailed are the trials to which we are incident here; and the Island of Melita, where all are escaped safe to land, means Heaven." He dwelt with becoming fervency on the importance of casting out the anchors, faith, hope, love and prayer; the necessity of abiding in the ship in order to be saved; and the consolation to be found in the fact that not a hair of the head should be hurt, but that they—the members of the Church—should all reach the shore in safety. The preacher concluded by asking an aged preacher, whom he had invited into the pulpit out of respect to his gray hairs, to close the meeting with a few remarks. The old brother arose and placed his hand on the young theologian's head, as if giving him a phrenological examination, and proceeded in his plain, uneducated style, substantially as follows:

"My young brother, you have preached us a mighty purty discourse to-day; but I'm a feard you've made some awful big mistakes. You said that the ship meant the Church. If that's so, we haven't got any Church now, for the ship was all smashed to pieces and destroyed. You also said that the four anchors were faith, hope, love and prayer. If that's so, we haven't got any faith, hope, love and prayer in the Church, as they have been cast out. And you say that Christians are the crew. If that's so, they are a mighty bloodthirsty set, for they wanted to kill Paul. You tell us that the Island of Melita meant Heaven. Well, if that's true, Heaven must be a mighty snaky place, as a snake bit Paul as soon as he landed."

It is stated as a fact that that young preacher has never been known to preach that "purty" discourse again in that region of country.

LET GIRLS BE GIRLS.—One of the crying evils of the times is the tendency and disposition of girls to get thro' girlhood hurriedly and get into womanhood, or rather into young ladyhood, without waiting to enjoy the beautiful season of girlhood. Speaking on this point, Bishop Morris says:

"Wait patiently, my dear children, through the whole period of your girlhood. Go not after womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate retirement and modesty. The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But oh, be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life."

"Maillot," a new French stuff, makes the wearer look delicate and willowy.—*Exchange.* Try a suit, Senator Davis.—*Boston Post.*

"In a political campaign," remarks the New York *Mail,* "he who runs may read—what everybody thinks of him."

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

"Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant."

Redrootputuptoorder read one way or the other is the same.

The New Washington Normal Institute opened on Monday last with a good attendance of pupils.

Already 220 names have found a place in the pupils' Roll of Honor, and still there are more to follow.

Mr. X. G. Woodridge, of the West Clearfield school, we learn, has accepted a position as book-keeper for some firm at Woodland.

The Shawsville select school, in Goshen township, and the Burnside Normal Academy in the village of Burnside, open on Monday next, May 3d.

County Superintendent Chamberlain, of Crawford county, weighs considerably over 200 pounds, and is the *heavy weight* among the Superintendents of the State.

Next week this column will contain a synopsis of the proceedings of the Superintendents' Convention, at Harrisburg, held from April 20th to the 23d, inclusive.

The influence of every act of kindness springing from the heart, wanders through time doing good, and at last floats through the gates of Paradise to bless the giver there.

The Kylertown Normal School, under Messrs. Foresman and Emigh, is now in progress, and bids fair to become an institution of great value to that section of the county.

Little Mary Corp, but five years of age, attended Coal Hill school, in Brady township, every day of the past term. Her name was unavoidably omitted in the Roll of Honor.

Directors should see that the schoolhouses under their charge are kept properly aired and closed during the period of vacation. Also, that the school grounds are properly cared for.

Forty-two ladies and gentlemen are members of the graduating class at the Lock Haven Normal School, and they expect to pass through the ordeal of a severe examination on the 7th of June.

It is to be hoped that every teacher will strive to improve during the few months of vacation, either by continued self application or by attending one of the many available institutions of learning.

If teachers fail to see the names of their pupils entitled to a place in the Roll of Honor, they should send them at once on a postal card. Some of the reports passed through to the Dead Letter office for want of postage.

For the sake of pupils, their health, strength, moral education, and everything that we hold dear, let pupils have healthy, hearty, jolly play. It is the safety-valve of the school, and very closely connected with school government.

Mrs. Alice Litz, teacher of Williamsdale school, in Goshen township, reports for the term ending April 6th, 1880, as follows: Whole number enrolled, 32; average attendance, 31; per cent. of attendance, 96; pupils that missed no time, 24; number of visits received during the term, 65.

As educational items will be scarce for a few months, we will use a part of the column each week for matter pertaining to school management and educational literature that will interest and instruct those who desire to improve in the line of their profession. We hope everything useful will find a place in the teacher's scrap-book.

Perhaps the most commendable feature of our school work for 1879–80, was the public examination and closing entertainment given in nearly every school in the county. Scores of parents and directors attended these, and were happy in the results, and consequently became more devoted to our Common Schools. Our teachers are deserving of the highest praise for the energy and skill displayed in conducting these closing exercises.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The following are the names received for the Roll of Honor for the week ending April 20, 1880:

Mount Grove school, in Gulich township—Lillie B. Miller, Daniel Stephens.

East Ridge school, in Burnside township—Addie Myers.

Muddy Run school, in Gulich township—Ella Krough.

Palestine school, in Lawrence township—Carrie Carrick.

Williamsdale school, in Goshen township—Mollie Shirey, Hannah Shirey, Delia Taylor, Florence Flegal.

Mt. Calm school, in Lawrence township—Philip Rowles, Lafayette Rowles, James Rowles, Retty Rowles, Alonzo Rowles, Valandigham Rowles, Roxie Rowles, Ollie Brown, Ellie Brown.

[The above scholars were without tardy marks, and their diligence and progress was equal to their punctuality—Teacher.]

Lick Run school, in Goshen township—James A. Mead,* Butler Mead,* Jennie Mead,* Harry Leonard,* Elwood Bumgarner,* Lillie Bumgarner, Hattie Mead. Those marked with an * have attended every day for two continuous terms of six months each. The last named, Hattie Mead, has not missed one day in twenty-three months.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

1. Remember that in teaching, as in any other business, you must have a good deal of capital invested to obtain large proceeds.

2. Remember that your capital is your health, your education, your library, your determination to brighten and improve yourself, and your power to teach others.

3. Remember that every good business man seeks to enlarge his business every year, by investing more capital.

4. Remember that good business men watch the market; they mark what others are doing, note how they do it, and take papers and journals that give them specific information. You will be very short-sighted if you do not imitate their example.

5. Business men often meet and consult. They have exchanges, boards of trade, hold fairs, etc. Teachers who do not pursue a similar line of conduct, have themselves to blame when they fail.

6. Remember that your work is a business in many respects, and must be conducted on business principles; that it does not consist in keeping your pupils still, and getting replies to questions, many of which you could not answer yourself.

7. Remember there are principles in teaching; you must learn and apply these if you would be successful. Business men do this.

8. Remember that your work, if done aright, will make you a complete man or woman; it will, like any business, give you a better judgment, more information, and a wider range of thought.

9. Remember that you ought to be more deeply interested in it every day, as every business man is in his business.—*N. Y. School Journal.*