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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H. W. SMITH,
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Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. 7:p4

ROLAND D. SWOOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.
oct. 2, '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 one door east of Shaw House.
[j'11,'67

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Marnnie building, Second street, opposite the Court House. jel26,'78-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
Clearfield County, Penn'a. 7by

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

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office over the County National Bank.
June 26, '74tf.

S. L. McGEE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DuBois, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. [jan31,'80.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:50'74

WILLIAM A. HAGERTY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE over T. A. Fleck & Co.'s Store,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A
Will attend to all legal business with promptness and fidelity. [feb11,'80-tf.

JOSEPH B. M'KENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan1:78

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. jan1'78

J. P. 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 I. CUTTLE,
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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 overtwenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 20,'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. aug16'78

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

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
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 12, 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.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 54--WHOLE NO. 2,699. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1880. NEW SERIES--VOL. 21, NO. 47.

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JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES—We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will sell on the receipt of twenty-five cents, mail a copy to any address. ov29

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. 28ly'72

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

HENRY BRETH, (SUCCESSOR TO G. R. BARRETT,)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 8, 1878-1y*

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'72 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 19,'75.

WEAVER & BETTS,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Saw Logs, AND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
Office on Second street, in rear of store room of George Weaver & Co. [jan9,'78-tf.

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch29,'78.

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. mar 19, '74

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, 1877-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, Currey 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. my23:1yp4

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 collected and all bills promptly filled. [v7n18'72

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8-772 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. Jan. 1st, 1879.

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, Asparagus, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep26-68.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 as
F. M. CARDON & BRO.
Clearfield, Pa., July 14, 1875-tf.

Clearfield Insurance Agency.
JAMES KERR. CARROLL S. BIDDLE.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's
Companies. Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br. $10,000,000
Phenix, of Hartford, Conn..... 2,624,083
Insurance Co. of North America..... 6,433,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br. 1,752,563
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch..... 679,145
Waterlow..... 784,615
Travelers (Life & Accident)..... 4,591,454
Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 4, '79-tf.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

A farmer traveling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn door,
That luck might down upon him pour,
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife,
And never a kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astounded man.
His hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs;
His corn, that never failed before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to cut in hay;
His cattle died, or went astray;
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next Spring a great drought baked the sod,
And roasted every pea in pod;
The bugs declared they could not grow
So long as Nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;
The staves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the hooping cough,
And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together fell inclined;
In short, it was no use to try
While all the land was in a dry.

One morn, demoralized with grief,
The farmer clamored for relief;
And prayed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed his land;
Why house and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along,
To whom he told, with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe;
The farmer brought it into view;
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright, and quickly said,
"No wonder skies upon you frown—
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down!
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,
And showers began to swell the ground;
The sunshine laughed among his grain,
And heavy ears began to fill the wain;
The loft his hay could barely hold,
His cattle did as they were told;
His fruit trees needed sturdy props
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potato fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
Folks never saw such ears of corn
As in his smiling fills were born;
His barn was full of bursting bins;
His wife presented him with twins;
His neighbors marvelled more and more
To see the increase in his store.

And now the merry farmer sings
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Nail up the horseshoe the *right* way."

—*James T. Fields, in Harper's Magazine for December.*

HOW WILD BEASTS ARE CAUGHT.

NEW YORK'S DEALER IN MENAGERIES—A FORTUNE IN CANARIES—THE MAN WHO CONTROLS THE TRADE IN TIGERS, LIONS AND OTHER INTERESTING ANIMALS.

One day I was walking down Chatham street, New York, when my steps were arrested by a queer sound proceeding tumult, as it all the birds in the world had met in a debating society. I had little difficulty in finding the door from whence the chopped volume of music issued. It was, I believe, No. 55, a handsome front and a large store. I sauntered to the door and looked in, and saw a sight that I do not think can be duplicated in America. On each side of the store the walls were lined with bird cages from top to bottom. The groundwork was of canaries, and there must have been thousands of these yellow tufts of fuss and feathers. Underneath this swarming tier of canaries were large compartments, in which pheasants, cranes and every rare bird, sacred or profane, that I ever heard of. On the higher shelves were smaller song birds and show birds, from inane love birds or whistling finches, up to the hoarsest and hoarsest of parrots. In this wilderness of cages a shortish man, evidently of Teutonic build, was walking leisurely. As he saw me he turned and came forward with that easy, pleasant grace common to well bred city men. I saw at a glace that he was of the best type of Germans—hearty, self-poised, intelligent and cordial. His face was clear, thoughtful and strong—the face of a man who has seen the world, has fought it and whipped it. I am thus special in describing him because I found him one of the most agreeable and entertaining men I ever met, engaged in the most unique business, and the Napoleon of his profession. I don't know how I came to know so much of him so soon, except that he displayed that engaging frankness that the traveled man shows to the inquisitive provincial. At any rate, I discovered after an hour's chat that I was talking to Henry Reiche, of the firm of Reiche & Bro., dealers in birds and wild animals. This firm is famous the world over, and stands without competitors. In the name of this firm there are organized bands of hunters in all parts of Asia and Africa engaged in capturing elephants, lions, tigers, &c., for shipment to the branch house in Hamburg. From this point the animals are supplied to England and the continent and shipped to America. All the wild animals that fill the menageries and parks of this continent came through the bright-eyed German with whom I spent that delightful day. His history is full of interest.

In 1844 or '45 Charles and Henry Reiche, two young Germans, having little less than the practical education that seems to be natural to young Germans, were bird peddlers in New York. They went about from street to street selling birds from stands. Their trade was principally in canaries, which they had sent over from Germany, where they only cost ten or twelve cents each. They did a pretty fair business up to 1862, when they made a daring stroke that made them a fortune and established the enormous business they now control. At that time California was in the flush of gold-finding. Gold was plentiful there, but luxuries few. There was no transcontinental road and the isthmus route was tedious and costly. Young Reiche, knowing that canaries were unknown there, and believing they would become the rage when once seen, determined to carry over a cargo. He, therefore, got 3,000 of the yellow fellows together, and, packing them in little cages, started for the isthmus. Arriving at Carthagena, he had his birds carried across to Panama by by natives, and caught a ship there, and soon reached San Francisco. He was late in reaching the ship, and the captain was about to sail without him, but, seeing his boats filled with covered boxes, thought it was belated mail matter. When Reiche drew near the captain hailed him and asked him what he had.

"Canary birds," replied Reiche.

"Canary birds be d——d," shouted the captain. "If I'd known it was birds, I'd ha' left you long ago."

Reiche's first idea of the flush tide he was to ride was caught from a homesick Englishman, who, hearing the whistle of a bullfinch that had been accidently put in with the canaries, offered to pay the expenses of the entire cargo for that finch. As this amounted to $283 Reiche saw that he had struck a rich lead, and he put the price of canaries at $25 each. They did become the rage. Hotels, saloons, private residences, all must have a canary. The little yellow birds made a craze like the tulip mania. The price soon went up to $50 and the cargo was soon sold. Reiche returned to New York a rich man. About this time the menagerie became an American institution. The "moral" show went abroad through the land and there was a demand for Asiatic-African animals. For years Hamburg, in Germany, had been a sort of depot at which such animals were gathered by incoming ships from the tropics. Reiche conceived the idea of establishing a house there, and supplying it steadily with all sorts of beasts, to be captured by bands of hunters, working under his direction in the deserts and jungles. Up to that time the supply at Hamburg had been casual, depending on what sailors or ship captains might bring over. Mr. Reiche went into Africa and Asia and found that his best method was to depend upon native hunters, acting under orders of their Sheikh and directed by a few white men of courage and address. His system was soon so organized that his beast depot at Hamburg became the largest in the world. It was supplied constantly with all sorts of captures, from tiny antelopes up to elephants, running through all the gamut from leopard to rhinoceros. From Hamburg he now supplies the most of parks and gardens of Europe and ships heavily to America. He imports every wild animal sold in the country, and keeps a "large and assorted stock on hand." Nine-tenths of the animals in Central Park, New York, and a large proportion of those in other parks are his property. When he receives a consignment of lions or hippopotami, or a few rhinoceri and giraffes are bailed to him, he places them in Central Park, where they await a purchaser. He keeps in his store only a few of the smaller animals—and even the aviary in Central Park is stocked with his birds. He considers twenty lions a good average stock, with probably as many tigers, a dozen elephants, four rhinoceri, or rhinocerosses, and other beasts in proportion.

The most expensive animal he deals in is the hippopotamus. A good hippopotamus is worth (to a man who wants him) from $10,000 to $12,000. They must be captured when they are young and raised on goat's milk. A A caravan of hunters returning across the desert with captured animals is a strange sight. About one thousand goats are brought with the caravan to furnish the milk for the antelopes, hippopotami and other milk drinkers. As the goats cease giving milk they are killed and fed to the flesh eaters. The animals are carried in bamboo cages, rigged with ropes and slung across the backs of the camels. From the coast they are shipped to Hamburg, where Mr. Charles Reiche receives them and there they are distributed according to demand. Elephants are captured when young and usually by driving them into immense traps that converge rapidly until the beasts are cribbed into reach of ropes. A fine elephant will bring from $1,000 to $5,000. Of course, the price of animals varies with the demand. You must get a man who wants a beast before you can get any price for him—then the price depends upon how much he wants him.

"You see," said Mr. Reiche, smiling, "you wouldn't give $10 for that lion there (for we had now drifted into Central Park) for your own use and yet he is worth $2,500."

A good companionable tiger can be bought for $1,200, and a nice leopard is worth about $400. Monkeys sell in the bunch by the dozen at about $30 each, and a rhinoceros brings about $3,000. A giraffe is very expensive and very delicate, and a zebra, striped up to the regulation of ninety-nine and one, is worth about $1,000. Giraffes die of indigestion; the rhinoceros, despite his heavy overcoat, is a frequent victim to consumption, and the monkey dies of emotional languor. The depot for sea lions is San Francisco, where a man named Mullett superintends. They are taken on the South California coast and bring about $400 each. Polar bears come from the Artics, and are worth about $2,000. They are kept in deep caves that are damp and sunless, or in dens set in ice and with huge blocks of ice dripping from the top. The point at which Mr. Reiche buys them is Hamburg, very few being taken in our Artics. The snake trade is one of the important departments. The headquarters for snakes is Para, in South America, though, of course, the boa comes from the Nile and the anaconda from Africa. There are various depots for rare fish, and Mr. Reiche is an enthusiast on this subject, being owner of the New York Aquarium. The bright-colored fishes come from the tropical waters and the dull-colored from Arctic stations. The ostrich has less sense than any land animal and yet is worth $1,000. They are caught when young. Birds come from all quarters. The most expensive is the bird of paradise, which sells from $200 to $500, according to plumage. Parrots, paroquets and monkeys are brought in great numbers by sailors who come in on foreign ships.

The principal shipping points are Alexandria, in Egypt, and Ceylon, off Southern India. At the first point the animals from the Nile reign and the heart of Africa are collected; at the latter the tigers and lions from the jungles of India. The bed of the Nile is the best hunting ground, as it has been for years. Almost every wild beast of the tropics may be found there, and in fine sample. The African elephants are the smallest and most stupid, but otherwise the beasts from Africa are larger and vigorous. The amount of business done by Mr. Reiche is wonderful. His standing order for canaries is 10,000 birds a week. These are imported from Germany and sent all over the continent. He has an agent in Savanah, and has sent shipments to Atlanta. Frequently he receives $50,000 worth of animals in one manifest. There is a growing demand from circusses and menageries and zoological gardens all over the country. No circus now travels without its menageric, and no park is completed without its zoological department. There is a large sale for rare birds and antelopes for private parks and grounds. Mr. Vanderbilt once gave $500 for a bird of paradise. A large number of parrots are sold and trained to talk and sing, a good talker being worth $100 to $200. The supply of all birds and animals must be kept up by importation, as few of them breed in captivity. Lions and tigers are about the only animals that breed in captivity, and they bring only such ragged and puny cubs that they are not salable. The growing demand, therefore, and the losses by death must be supplied by fresh captures and importations. Consequently Mr. Reiche's hunters are kept busy, and his ships always coming in. Frequently he receives a special order from some circus or park for a certain animal. This order is at once dispatched through various agents until it reaches the hunters, who organize a special expedition and capture it. A pair of hippopotami are now being brought over for a circus at a cost of about $20,000.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR BOYS.

Boys who are apprenticed at the forge in a machine shop, or at any other trade, frequently feel that they have very little chance in the world, and often wish for the time when they shall have reached manhood's estate, and thereby become their own masters. They long for the time they shall be in a position to do something which is really worth while. We would not discourage any boy in his ambition to become a man. It is a worthy aspiration, and every boy should be eager for the time to come when he will be able to do for himself, but in his eagerness he should not forget the present. Boys do not always notice their opportunities as they pass. They are often waiting for the good time coming, and looking ahead so eagerly as to fail to see what is passing at the present moment. The best rule which can be laid down is to improve the present moment.

What boys with very little chances can do, may be illustrated in a familiar manner by recounting the history of one or two of the most important inventions which have ever been made.

A good many years ago, a farmer's boy whittled out with his jack-knife a model of a loom, which was to be operated by power. He had never seen a loom, and, therefore, was untrammeled in his invention by any preconceived notions. Perhaps that was one of the reasons of his success. After he had completed the model to his satisfaction, he brought it to his father for examination. Contrary to his expectations his father was displeased, and at once kicked the loom to pieces, instead of praising the boy for his ingenuity. He declared he would have no boy about him who would spend his time in such a foolish manner. The boy sadly gathered up the pieces of his loom, and laid them away, resolving to abide this time. After a while his father concluded to put him out as an apprentice to a blacksmith. With this the boy was well pleased, for, having developed a mechanical taste, he was glad of the opportunity of working in any direction that would improve the talent of which he seemed possessed. In his new position, he again tried the loom idea and again presented a model for inspection. The blacksmith, unlike the father, at once saw the value of the invention, and immediately had a working model of the loom constructed under the superintendence of the boy. It worked to the satisfaction of all concerned. After a while the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father, saying, that at a certain time he would be at his house and would bring with him a wealthy gentleman, the inventor of the celebrated power loom. Imagine the father's surprise at being introduced to his son.

There is a lesson to be learned by every boy from this story. If the boy-inventor had given up to discouragement, even after his father had broken up the model of his loom, it would have been left for some one else to perfect the power-loom which brought him so much wealth and fame. Boys, therefore, do well to make the best of their chances, and in spite of reverses and discouragement to work steadily forward, ever believing that their just merits will be appreciated in time. Nor should they wait for some golden opportunity of success to occur, but rather should always take note of the little things that pass, and do their best in whatever capacity they may be placed.

Boys frequently do great things without being conscious of them They sometimes stumble upon inventions over which their masters have worked for a long time in vain. The invention of the valve motion of the steam engine, according to popular history, is an instance in point.

Watts left the engine in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that he had no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy was hired to work these valve levers. Although this was not hard work, it required his constant attention. As he was working these levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the exact time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve lever; he then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move off with the perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around and found the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he soon appreciated the boy's ingenuity, and also the advantages of so great an invention. Mr. Watts then carried out the boy's idea in a practical form, and made the steam engine a perfect automatic working machine.

Let no boy or young man whose eyes chance to fall upon this account feel disheartened, whatever may be his position in life, but rather let him be stimulated to watchfulness, to observation of the common things around him, and to a diligent inquiry, in order to determine the bent of his genius, and let him improve every opportunity, with the full assurance that time will right all things, and that he will ultimately achieve the position for which by nature he is best fitted. It frequently happens that the most important inventions and discoveries are made by those whose surroundings would seem to indicate the least probability of such things occurring in their lives.—*The Blacksmith and Wheelwright.*

A backwoods preacher once elucidated as follows in connection with the parable of the virgins: "In ancient times, my beloved hearers, it was the custom, after a couple had been married, for ten virgins to go out with lighted lamps and meet 'em on the way home, five of these virgins being males and five females."

There are some very large animals in the new aquarium at Manchester, England. They comprise a sturgeon six feet long, three monk fish, each over five feet in length, and numerous conger eels longer still than these.

A woman in Vermont having heard a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves," put up some, but afterward told a neighbor that they were not fit to eat.

Insects have no lungs, but breathe through spiracular tubes in their sides.

WHAT ARE THE BOYS GOOD FOR?

The urchin who answered: "They are good to make men of," made an admirable reply. But the sort of men we are to have in a few years, depends upon the sort of boys we have now. A man is but a grown-up boy. The present crop of boys contain some hopeful specimens, who give promise of noble and useful manhood. But it also shows a large percentage of boys who must be reconstructed, before they can possibly develop into manhood that can fill any honorable or useful position in society. Boys who shun or shirk useful work or improving study, and spend their time in idle dissipations or vicious activities, can never become useful men. Boys who, being obliged to do something for their support, assiduously seek easy work, are not hopeful prophesies of manhood. They will never amount to much. When we see the tendency of city boys, to be industrious only in playing billiards or baseball, or in some other useless and demoralizing pursuit; and the disposition of country boys, to seek in the city for easier or more respectable (?) employment than the country offers, we feel unhopeful of the future. It is from these two classes that the constantly increasing armies of shyster lawyers, quack doctors, poor preachers, bummer politicians, drunkards, loafers, petty thieves, tramps, dead beats, *et id omni genius* are chiefly recruited."

Boys, if you want to be men of worth, don't be afraid of hard work or hard study.

"Lives of great men all remind you
You can make your lives sublime."

Read the lives of great men of the past and present, and emulate the virtues and imitate the example of their boyhood. Dr. Benjamin Franklin went from a soap-boiler's shop, through a printing-office, to fame world-wide and immortal, by dint of industry and study. What boys have done, you can do.

Having disposed of the boy question, another of equal, not to say superior importance, confronts us. "What are girls good for" They are good to make sweethearts and wives of. Girls were invented expressly for those purposes. They have no other mission or use in this world but to amuse the young men and comfort the old. Beg pardon; they have a minor, yet indispensible duty in connection with the production of the future crop of boys. We came near forgetting this. Let us see, have we forgotten anything else which might be profitably said on this subject? Ah! Now we are reminded that girls are good to make women of; and, although sweethearts and wives should be women yet women need not necessarily be limited in their functions or ambitions to so narrow a circle of duties. Women—some women—make excellent school teachers, preachers, lawyers, physicians, etc. Some write books that are worth reading, some edit newspapers, some—a good many—fill clerkships in Government offices. Why, come to think, there are almost (we are not sure, but quite) as many uses for women as men. This being true the girls are as important as the boys. Finally, what the women are to be, depends on what the girls are. We confess, with sorrow, that the outlook for a large crop of noble women, is not a whit better than it is for a crop of men worthy to be the companions of noble women. It would be well for mothers to give this subject their prayerful consideration and raise their daughters properly.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

Robinson Crusoe's Island is to day a little paradise. Lord planted there on one of his voyages, apples, peaches, grapes, plums, strawberries, and several kinds of vegetables. The number of the latter was increased by a Scotchman, David Douglas, who landed on the Island in 1825. He was not a little astonished to find a hermit there who had been on the Island five years. On the second day he was not a little surprised to see a man suddenly emerge from a clump of bushes and approach him. He looked upon him as Crusoe's successor, although he did not occupy the historical cave, having built himself a hut of stones and sods, roofing it with straw of wild oats. As cooking utensils, he possessed only a single iron pot, the bottom of which, one unfortunate day, had fallen out. The damage, however, he had the ingenuity to repair with a wooden bottom; but now he was compelled to place his pot in the ground and build a fire around it. This man's name was William Clark, and he came from London. He had a few books, and among them was a copy of Robinson Crusoe's adventures and of Cowper's poems. He called Douglas' attention especially to a well-known poem beginning:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My rights there is none to dispute," etc.

Nevertheless, he did not seem to be happy. There was one wish, his greatest, he could get no roast beef. At present this island is in the possession of a colony of Germans. Sixty or seventy of these countrymen, under the leadership of an engineer named Robert Wehrhahn, set led there in 1863. They describe the Island as being in highest degree salubrious and fruitful. On their arrival they found large flocks of goats, about thirty half-wild horses and some sixty asses. They brought with them cows, hogs, farming utensils, small boats and fishing tackle.

FRIGHTFUL BALLOON ACCIDENT.—A frightful balloon accident occurred one evening recently at Courbevoie, near Paris. A large crowd had assembled to witness the novel and perilous ascent of a gymnast called Auguste Navarre, who had volunteered to perform a number of athletic feats on a trapeze suspended from a Montgolfiere named the Vidouvillaise. Rejecting the advice of bystanders, Navarre refused to allow himself to be tied to the trapeze. There was no car attached to the balloon. At about 5 o'clock the Vidouvillaise was let loose from its moorings and rose majestically in the air. Navarre hanging on the trapeze, appeared quite confident and repeatedly saluted the spectators. When, however, the balloon had reached a height of nearly a 1,000 yards, the crowd was horrified to see him suddenly let go the bar and fall. The descent was watched in breathless excitement. At last the body reached the ground, striking with such force that it made a hole in the earth two feet deep, and rebounded four yards. It was crushed and mangled almost beyond recognition. Meanwhile the balloon, freed from its human ballast, shot up with lightning speed, and soon disappeared from sight. Late in the evening it burst and fell at Menilmontant, much to the consternation of the inhabitants of that busy Parisian quarter.

DISAPPOINTMENT FAVORABLY MENTIONED.

This world is full of disappointments, and it is overflowing with stern realities. Many a tear-wet pillow at night has been the resting-place of joy in the morning. Many a cavern of sadness has been the ante-chamber of happiness richer than dreams ever brought us. Many a fit of sickness has been a renewing of life's great policy, and from many a grave has there gone into the world again, a freed and loving heart, trembling within its own silence with the sight of some distant dove bringing a new lease of life—a chapter of joys, with sorrows and repinings omitted. Many a cold wind has blown away the heart miasma, though its blast piped right merrily for a time, and we trembled at the storm which brought us the sun We are all born to trouble. In every heart is a safe—God knows where the key is. In every heart is some secret of life or death. In the life of every man, morn, noon and night are marked with disappointment. It is the grave of events from which spring and grow vigorous deeds. Peace follows war, as shadows follow the sun. The thicker the ice, the deeper must have been the water. The longer lasts the winter, the more rapidly comes the sun which starts anew the frozen current. Disappointments are the lessons of life. They are its dark backgrounds which set forth the most lasting and beautiful pictures. Life is a forest. In it are dead trees and living ones. The one gives shade—let us rest under their protecting branches. Sorrow makes the heart better. Disappointments renew our love. The impeded river stops not forever, but finds a new current, and like the fishing of his anger, rushes on with new force What if you have been disappointed. Others have been. All may look cold to-day—it will not so look to-morrow. The deepest sorrows have brought the choicest blessings—the sickness of Hope proved the convalescence of Joy. Never give up. NEVER SAY FAIL! Never be discouraged. Failure is the servant and success the child of effort. Look up. Look to the future—of this life; of the coming one. Your heart may be the cemetery of a thousand disappointments—there is room yet for leafy-boughed success to spring from and around every grave; making the blessed future a labyrinth of bowers—a wilderness of joy—an ocean of prosperity—a heaven of heartfelt bliss.

THE NEBRASKA ANTS.

The ant family in Nebraska, is an interesting species. They are all sizes, both black and red. The most numerous is what we call army ants. They scatter over these prairies by the quintillions. They are black, about the eighth of an inch long, and are fierce, stern and sullen, with the right characteristics for soldiers. Sometimes they march in columns of great length, and pay no attention to you whatever. If you lay an obstruction in their way, they do just as a railroad company would do under similar circumstances—they remove it if they can; if not, they bridge it over. If this is not practicable they lay their track around. Once I put a layer of powdered alum across their way. Alum they shun like poison. A number carried earth and quickly bridged it over. I then put a layer of alum on their bridge. That sent them around it. They are a hunting tribe, and will kill and eat whatever comes in their way. I have frequently watched the conflict between a number of these and a large red ant nearly an inch long. The little fellows seize the giant by the legs, and despite his struggles, hold on. The giant picks up all the assailants he can reach and clips them in two, but it avails him little, for there are always others to take hold, and though the struggle may last for hours, he is sure to be worried to death, as escape is impossible. A small number take their victim in hand at a time, just enough to easily handle him, and the others go about their business as unconcerned as though they had become accustomed to such battles from infancy. When the victory is won they all join in and have a feast. In this way they kill worms, flies, grasshoppers and dragon-flies. Their victims are sometimes larger than a hundred ants. Woe to any of these when once the little bulldog ant has fastened his fangs on their legs. It is something pathetic to witness the fearful struggle for life and the terrible death throe of even a little insect in the wilderness.

A MODERN BUNYAN.—The continued imprisonment of the Rev. Pelham Dale, in London, is creating great excitement among the members of the High Church party, some of whom talk wildly of going to the jail and liberating him by force, while others wish to make an urgent appeal to the Queen. At present, however, there is no chance of the contumacious clergyman's obtaining his release unless he makes a full submission. Mr. Dale is a comparatively obscure man, and it is, therefore, not unnatural that people should indignantly express their wonder why the Church association does not fly at higher game—prosecute, say, the rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, where ritualism is carried to its extreme length, or some other man who is backed by a rich and influential congregation. Mr. Dale, on the other hand, has one that is poor and scattered, and the rule of the Church association is to attack the weakest adversary. His imprisonment is generally regarded with regret, but the Liberal press is severe in its treatment of him, and, as a rule, speaks of him with ridicule or contempt. The reverend gentleman's wife and son are now allowed to remain with him daily from 10 o'clock until 4. The matter was generally referred to in High Church pulpits lately, as a persecution of the faithful and instructive analogies drawn between the imprisoned rector's case and that of the author of Pilgrim's Progress.

A ROYAL CRADLE.—The cradle of the infanta Mercedes, now seven months old, Princess of Spain, is of polished ebony inlaid with silver; its form is that of an open shell; the curtains are of silver gauze enameled with white velvet flowers, the coverlet of white satin on which are embroidered in brilliant colors the arms of Spain. One lady *grandesse* of Spain stands at the foot of the cradle during the royal infant's slumber to watch the precise moment of her awakening; another *grandesse* stands at the head of the cradle armed with a huge feather fan to chase away the flies. The royal Spanish crown, which in silver guilt hangs in front of the cradle, is the work of Froment, the great Parisan goldsmith. The cost of the cradle, without the hangings of fine lace and the garniture of marabout feathers which surround it, is estimated at $1,400.

INTELLIGENCE IN BIRDS.

The Central prison at Agra is the roosting-place of great numbers of the common blue pigeon; they fly out to the neighboring country