THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1857.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

If paid in advance, or within 3 months....$2 00
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If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

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| 1 square | $6 00 | ¼ column | $50 00 |
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G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

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Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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ROLAND D. SWOOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.
oct. 9, '78-tf.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in the Opera House.

G. R. & W. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office one door east of Show House.

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

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

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

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

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

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office over the County National Bank.
June 26, '78tf.

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

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.

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

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction.

Physicians' Cards.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on First st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
DUBOIS CITY, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly.

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

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

G. C. JENKINS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.,
Offices at residence, corner of State and Pine streets.
Jan. 5th, 1881-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,
Surgeon of the 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods.

DR. B. WINSLOW,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Dr. Winslow having recently located in Clearfield, offers his services to the people of this vicinity.
Office on Reed street. Residence—Lentz House.

# CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 55—WHOLE NO. 2,704. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1881. NEW SERIES—VOL. 22, NO. 2.

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND SCRIVENER, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge.

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

HENRY BRETH,
(OTTO BRETH, P. O.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.

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

A. V. HOYT,
Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer,
PHILIPSBURG, PA.
All business will be attended to promptly.

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

FRANK FIELDING
AND
WILLIAM D. BIGLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

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

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.

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

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

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

JAMES H. TURNER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Wallaceton, Pa.
He has prepared himself with all the necessary blank forms under the Pension and Bounty laws, as well as blank Deeds, etc. All legal matters entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Collars, and Horse-Furnishing Goods.
All kinds of repairing promptly attended to. Saddlers' Hardware, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price.

G. H. HALL,
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.

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.

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.

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 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. | $4,301,88 |
| Lycoming—on mutual & cash plan | 5,000,000 |
| Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn | 2,824,053 |
| Insurance Co. of North America | 8,423,674 |
| North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br. | 1,792,965 |
| Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch | 679,145 |
| Watertown | 761,818 |
| Travelers (Life & Accident) | 1,593,454 |

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, '79-tf.

West End Drug Store,
IN GRAHAM'S ROW,
(Half way between Mossop's and Fleck's stores.)
CLEARFIELD, PA.
THE undersigned has opened up a Drug Store, with a full supply of perfectly pure and fresh Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals and Toilet Articles. These Drugs have been selected with great care and are guaranteed to be perfectly pure and reliable. I will give my personal attention to this department, and will cheerfully give any advice and information in regard to medicines free of charge. DR. T. J. BOYER.
Clearfield, Pa., Dec. 1, 1880-tf.

## PAY THE PRINTER.

When the cold storm howls round the door,
And you by the light of taper,
Sit closely by the evening fire,
Enjoying the last paper,
Just think of him whose work thus helps
To wear away the Winter,
And put this query to yourself—
Have I paid the printer?

From east and west, from north and south,
From lands beyond the water,
He weekly brings you lots of news,
From every nook and quarter;
No slave on earth toils more than he,
Through Summer's heat and Winter;
How can you, for a moment, then,
Neglect to pay the printer?

Your other bills you promptly pay,
Wherever you do go, sir;
The butcher for his meat is paid,
For sundries is the grocer;
The tailor and the shoemaker,
The hatter and the vinter,
All get their pay—then why neglect
To settle with the printer?

## "GEORGE ELIOT."

THE STORY OF HER SOCIAL RELATIONS.

"Adam Bede" was in due time translated into French and German, and has been done into Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Russian and other modern tongues. It brought her the acquaintance of a number of literary men (she had always been shy, and had sedulously avoided society) among them Herbert Spencer, George Henry Lewes, Dickens, Adolphus Trollope, Thackery, Matthew, Arnold, Wilkie Collins, Leslie Stephens and Charles Reade. Spencer and Lewes were particularly interested in her, and a close intellectual friendship sprang up between them.

Spencer informally instructed her in his system of philosophy, and Lewes added largely to her stock of culture by his own diversified attainments. Spencer, albeit a philosophic bachelor, wished to marry her, it is said, but she declined his proposal. Lewes was strongly drawn to her through intellectual sympathy, far more so than he ever could be to any human being. He said that they needed one another; that he felt he could help her as much as she could help him; that their minds were so related and mutually responsive. Lewes would have been only too happy to make her his wife. But there was an obstacle in the way of their nuptials then or at any other time. There was a Mrs. Lewes already, and what was worse, although she and Lewes did not live together, she could not legally be set aside. Why? He had married years before a woman who had very little in common with him, and, as he learned too late, with whom he had still less. He, being of stoic mould, bore the misfortune uncomplainingly, trying to soften the unavoidable disharmony as much as he could. He rebelled violently against her indiscreet acceptance. Unable to be fond of him, she was so much repelled that she drove him, by her expression of repugnance, well-nigh distracted, for he, like most men of artistic temperament, was extremely sensitive, and capable of great spiritual suffering. After two or three years of discord she met another man who was very attentive to her; she was then handsome and had an attractive figure, and she was so moved by his attentions that she ran away with him. Lewes was greatly relieved. If he had been orthodox he would have thanked the Lord for his deliverance. As he was a rationalist, he regarded his wife's elopement as a happy coincidence. Mrs. Lewes's lover presently grew tired of her and abandoned her. Then she repented and sought her husband with pathetic contrition and plenteous tears. He was generous, chivalrous, tender-hearted; he had no love for her, but fearing that she might go to moral perdition, he nobly, and in the face of public prejudice, and what he knew would be a jeering world, took her back—replaced her in his home. He believed that he had done his duty; he was truly one man in ten thousand. He had sacrificed himself for what seemed to be her good. Before the year had passed, Mrs. Lewes, who had resumed her old attitude of opposition and defiance, repeated her offense. She ran away again. Lewes felt he had enough of wedlock, that henceforth celibacy would be forever alluring; and it would have been, doubtless, under ordinary circumstances. But meeting George Eliot was not, to his mind, an ordinary circumstance. He had no passion for her, no romantic attachment, no sentimental prejudice. He loved her intellect; he worshiped her genius; he knelt at her shrine. But he could not marry her, and without marriage society and custom forbade them to be close companions.

The English law will not grant a divorce under any circumstance where disloyalty has once been condoned. He had condoned his wife's elopement; for her second elopement he had no legal remedy. What could, what did he do? He submitted the matter, after due reflection, to their common friends, entirely conscious that George Eliot would, by living with him, place herself under ban; that she would expose herself to misunderstanding, to harsh comment, to cruel criticism; that she could hope for only the recognition and esteem for the few. Their friends were among the best and most intellectual persons in the United Kingdom. They discussed the question in favor of a spiritual union which the law, through a technicality, would not sanction. George Eliot and Geo. Henry Lewes went to reside under the same roof, and until his death, in 1878, they were the best of friends, the most sympathetic of comrades, the most harmonious of literary co-workers. They lived in a quiet quarter of London, near Regent's Park, in a modest but comfortable and elegant home, full of books, pictures and objects of taste and art.

She never went out socially, but she received Sunday evenings during the season with her friends, as they who called were almost always people of some kind of distinction. It was deemed a privilege to go, and a number of cultured and liberal Americans have passed delightful hours there.

Lewes's death was a terrible bereavement to George Eliot, and one from which she never recovered. Mrs. Hoopper wrote concerning the trouble of the novelist: "Her agony at the time of his death was uncontrollable and unbounded. She broke down as utterly as ever did the weakest woman of us all, and her shrieks of irrepressible anguish were heartrending to hear." She lived in strict retirement, and when the news was published in May last that she had married Mr. John Walter Cross, of London, the world of readers were taken by a veritable surprise. The marriage notice read "Marian C. Evans, spinster." Mr. Cross is an Englishman of a highly respectable family, who resides at Weybridge, in the county of Surrey, near London, and is the senior partner of the banking firm of Cross, Benson & Co., in that city. His brother, Mr. Richard S. Cross, is a banker of New York. Mr. Cross is a tall, athletic man of about forty-five years, and he was for some years a resident of New York, and one of the firm of Dennistown, Wood & Co., bankers. He was never previously married. His tastes are literary and his information extensive, and, although he was about fifteen years the junior of his bride, a long acquaintance satisfied him that in no one could he find a more congenial companion. Mr. Cross had been an intimate friend of Lewes, had charge of his money affairs and afterwards had conducted George Eliot's business. He lived close by the Lewses' country place, and came in and out like an attached relation. He admired Mrs. Lewes profoundly, and always said he would do anything in the world for her. He was not an intellectual companion, like Mr. Lewes, but a strong, solid, reliable man, who gave at once a sense of confidence, a thoroughly reliable, kind, upright, steadfast man—a thorough support; such a man as any woman would be thankful to have near her as a constant and devoted friend. Nothing was more wise and more happy than that such an invaluable friend should be allowed to supply the daily care and affectionate companionship which his admiration and his affection both made him long to give. And Mrs. Lewes was not the woman, with her tender yielding nature (so unconsciously sketched in "Maggie Tulliver" and "Dorothea"), to resist the soothing suppor of such a devoted affection.

The remains of Mrs. Cross (George Eliot) were buried at Highgate Cemetery, London, December 29th, during a pouring rain. A large number of the friends of the novelist were present. The mourners included the husbad of deceased and Professors Tyndall, Besley, and Calvin.

## THE OSTRICH AND THE MISSIONARY.

Exactly what to do with the ostrich is a problem which has caused much uneasiness to naturalists, fowl-fanciers and political economists. As a barnyard fowl he has proved too clumsy and quarrelsome. By reason of his long-leggedness and disposition to take exercise on a large scale, it has been found that a large area of land must be occupied in order to raise him successfully. Among birds his station corresponds in many respects to that which the giraffe occupies among beasts. Both giraffe and ostrich love to hold their heads high among their fellow-creatures and to put on airs. Both are ornamental and hitherto neither has been very useful. Countless plans have been set on foot for using ostriches as burden-carriers, but none of these have been attended with practical success. The bird is altogether too lofty to work, preferring to lounge his time away in indolence and bestow his chief energy on the display of his fine feathers. Although difficult to catch and troublesome to manage, the ostrich can be made to pay a profit to the man who is patient enough to bear with his waywardness and bold enough to risk his ill temper.

A Missionary in Africa has now put in a claim to having solved two problems. One of these is in reference to ostriches. The other bears on the economic features of the missionary work. This Missionary is located at one of those African settlements whose name recklessly defies pronunciation that there is no use in trying to put it in type. The good man formerly occupied in keeping cows and sheep the odds and ends of his time which were not spent in trying to convert the benighted Africans. The sinful objects of his evangelical endeavors habitually showed their hardness of heart by driving off the cows and carrying away the sheep. After having been robbed of all he was worth the Missionary resolved to quit keeping these animal and turn his attention to ostriches. He found this a great success. The ostrich is a difficult bird to steal. A colored person who has all his life grown fat on stealing turkeys is astonished when for the first time he makes a midnight raid on an ostrich-roost. A large ostrich can, with one blow level him to the earth and cause him to lie there, thinking about his sins. This feature of ostrich character makes the bird a valuable one where the neighbors are of a thievish disposition.

Being able to keep his ostriches and train them from infancy to old age, the Missionary finds each bird worth about a hundred and fifty dollars a year in feathers, in eggs and in small ostriches, which, if cared for at trifling cost by inexpensive natives, become in turn as valuable as the more elderly fowls. This thrifty Missionary reports that he can, during the coming year, pay the whole expense of the mission station by raising ostriches. It will thus be seen that he kills two birds with one stone. He shows that the ostrich is a valuable aid to missions and that the difficulties which have so long been in the way of raising money for missionary work are now lanned away, as it were, with a sweep of the ostrich wing. The friends of missionaries may be as poor or as close as they please. The Missionary and his ostriches can laugh them to scorn and pay the bills of the mission out of the sales of feathers and eggs. Men who have stayed away from missionary meeting because they were afraid the collection box would be thrust under their noses can now go in peace and listen with burning enthusiasm to stories of the conquests achieved by the African missionaries among the sinful natives with the difficult names. They can take comfort in knowing that no more collections need be taken up for these missionaries, for the ostriches have nobly come to the rescue and are paying the way of the missions. The revolution which will soon make its way in missionary work will take everybody by surprise. By raising enough ostriches it will be found possible to procure garments of flannel or other material for half-naked natives who knocks at the door of the missions for aid and respectability. In climates where ostriches are not indigenous the example of the African evangelist may be followed in regard to some other profitable animal or vegetable product. How long will it take to work the complete change which this system will involve is not accurately known, but it is apparent that the old methods of evangelizing the heathen must inevitably give way to the new and ingenious plan which comes from the interior of Africa.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a young lady, entering a public hall the other evening, "what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen!" "Mum?" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of the carburetted hydrogen," she explained. "That no kind o' gin, mum," replied the janitor, "that's gares; the pipes is leaky, mum."

"As the twig is bent," the boy is inclined to shoot out at the door.

## SNOWBOUND ON THE PLAINS.

TRAVELERS CAUGHT IN THE FIERCEST OCTOBER STORM EVER KNOWN IN NEBRASKA.

We pitched our tents carelessly, intending to take an early start next morning. But, alas, for our expectations! During the night a strong wind set in from the northwest, and about 4 A. M. it began to snow. None of us could judge well of the weather indications in Nebraska, and our guide did not suspect anything serious, for the oldest inhabitant could not recollect a blizard in October, and it was now only the 15th of the month. The guide thought, and the drivers believed, that the storm would cease at 12 M., and we, of course, trusted to their judgment. But, instead, the storm grew fiercer the snow fell more rapidly, and the northwest gale increased in fury. Before night so much snow had fallen that if it had laid as it fell it would have been at least one foot deep, but now it had been piled into drifts so that our mules stood with their feet nearly as high as the wagon tops, and the stove and furniture in our cook's tent were completely hidden from view.

The night shut in upon us gloomily and awful. We had two light canvass tents, in each of which slept four men, with just blankets enough to keep them comfortable in ordinary weather. But now we must provide for the guide, two drivers, and a porter, who had usually slept in the wagons, as they were but simply provided with clothing, we must share our stock with them. There was but little sleep in the tent that night, for the cold was intense, and the wind was so terrible in its effects that we feared every moment the larger tent would fall, though we had strengthened it by poles and cords in every conceivable way. With the morning light it seemed as if the spirits of the air were let loose, and all the day long the storm roared with ever-increasing fury. The snow had so beaten in that when we awoke we found ourselves buried beneath it, and now we are obliged to gather all our bedding into the middle of the tent to keep it from being wet through. No man could long endure the storm outside, and we stood huddled together from morning till night, stamping our feet to keep from suffering. Even then we could not keep comfortable. For hours together we stood with our backs braced against the tent to keep it from giving away under the great weight of the snow and the terrific force of the gale. I know of no language which can be used to convey to any person inexperienced in such a time any adequate conception of the fury of the storm. During the second day we succeeded in digging our little stove out of the snowdrift, and, setting it at the entrance of our tent, we managed to keep a little fire through the rest of the day and night.

But our store of wood was very small, and there was no more to be had within we knew not how many miles. The other tent's company had no stove and no fire. During the second night of the storm it was impossible that all should sleep at once, even if they could despite the cold, for with the stove on one side and all our provisions brought in from the wagons on the other, there was not room for all to lie down. Besides, it was necessary to keep the fires going lest we might all perish together. So we stood bending over the stove all night, two at a time, while the others tried to sleep. It was an awful night. To add to our anxiety, the guide and drivers declared that the horses and mules were likely to perish. They were a pitiful sight, indeed. Two of them had no blankets, and the others were a little better off. At times it was difficult to conceive that the creatures before us were horses, so literally covered were they with a coating of ice. After two days and nights the storm ceased.

It was now Sunday morning. We knew not where we were, and doubted if the guide had more definite knowledge than we. Every man was desperate. Some declared it dangerous to attempt to move through the snow, and that our only safe course was to remain, and, in case of necessity, use the wagons for fuel and the horses for food. Others declared their purpose to move at all hazards, and without delay. Finally we determined to move. We threw away all our luggage that could be dispensed with, and in grim silence started in the direction which we thought would bring us to the nearest hut. It was difficult traveling through the drifted snow, and it was bitterly cold. But all day long we pushed on, never stopping to feed a horse, breaking through the drifts with our ponies so that the teams could follow, until about 5 P. M., when we came in sight of haystacks, in the vicinity of which we knew there must be a ranchman's hut. I never saw a happier set of men than were these when it became certain that what we saw were haystacks, and not the terrible sand hills which had so often deceived us during the day. Grave men, merchants of Worcester, swung their hats aloft and shouted for joy. It had been a march for life.—*Worcester Spy.*

## SPORT IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Like their Asiatic neighbors and conquerers, the Egyptians were ardent followers of the chase. Lion hunting, we are told by Sir Gardener Wilkinson, speaking from the representations on the tombs, was a frequent occupation of the kings, who were proud to have their success on such occasions recorded. Amunoph the Third boasts of having destroyed no less than 102 head in one battue. Ethiopia, in which lions abounded, was the principal scene of this sport; but lions were also to be found in the deserts of Egypt. Athenæus mentions one having been killed by the Emperor Hadrian when hunting in the neighborhood of Alexandria. According to Sir Gardener Wilkinson, the kings sometimes went far to the south in pursuit of elephants.

The animals they chiefly hunted were the hare, the gazelle, the stag and other deer, the wild goat or ibex, the wild ox, the kebsh or wild sheep and the porcupine. The ostrich, too, was pursued for the sake of its plumes, which were highly valued by the Egyptians.

One form of sport in which they indulged was that of pursuing the game with dogs, which, however, do not appear to have been used on such occasions for the purpose of finding the game, but were kept in slips ready to be let go as soon as the game was started. If the dogs succeeded in catching the animal, well and good. But generally their speed was not trusted to alone, though this might sometimes be done. Usually the sportsman followed in his chariot, and urging his horses to their utmost speed, endeavored to intercept the object of pursuit or to get sufficiently near to it to be enabled to use his bow and with effect. When the nature of the locality prevented the use of the chariot, the hunter, taking advantage of the sinuosities of the ground, endeavored to get within reach of the game as it doubled and to bring it down with an arrow. The horned animals of the larger kind, such as the ibex, oryx or wild ox, if wounded only, sometimes turned on the hounds and required the spear of the hunter to dispatch them.

Sometimes, especially when they wished to take the animals alive for the purpose of placing them in the parks, they caught them with the lasso or noose, in the use of which the Egyptian huntsmen appear to have been extremely skilful, throwing the noose round the neck of the gazelle or deer or over the horns of the wild ox.

When sport was desired on a larger scale than could be had in the immediate vicinity of the Nile, where the land was cultivated and thickly peopled, it was sought in the neighboring deserts. When this was to be closed by nets, into which the animals were driven by beaters, the place chosen for fixing the nets being, if possible, across narrow valleys, or torrent beds, lying between rocky hills. In the Egyptian painting these long nets are represented as surrounding the space in which the hunt is to be carried on. The net used for this purpose is thus described by Sir Gardener Wilkinson, and the description, corresponding as it does with that given by Xenophon, may be taken as correctly describing the nets in universal use in the ancient world. "The long net was furnished with several ropes, and was supported on forked poles, varying in length to correspond with the inequalities of the ground, and was so contrived as to inclose any space by crossing hills, valleys or streams and encircling woods, or whatever might present itself.—Smaller nets for stopping gaps were also used, and a circular snare, set round with wooden or metal nails and attached by a rope to a log of wood and used for catching deer, resembled one still made by the Arabs." Being thus inclosed, the game was started by beaters with dogs, the sportsmen being so placed as to waylay the animals or to get within reach of them with the bow. A spirited sketch of a chase in the desert of Theboid, copied by Sir Gardener Wilkinson, from a tomb at Thebes, gives a vivid representation of such a hunting scene. Hares, deer gazelles, wild oxen, the ibex, the oryx and estriches, together with foxes, hyenas, pursued by hounds, are dashing at full speed across the plain, while in the midst of them is a porcupine who is taking things very coolly, as is conscious that this rate of speed was by no means equal to that of nimbler associates, and that any attempt to keep with them would be vain. The slaughter on such occasions would appear to have been very great.

In one respect the Egyptians were sportsmen in the sense in which we should use that term. Except in these battues in the desert, they appear to have killed and taken the animals which could be properly called game only to open pursuit. They employed no snares or traps for the purpose. The noxious animals, on the other hand, such as leopards, hyenas, wolves, jackals, foxes, were not only hunted for amusement, but might be destroyed by the peasant, to whose herds or farmyards they were standing enemies, in any way by which they could be taken. The poacher appears to have been unknown.

No less striking than their hunting was the fowling of the Egyptians. The lakes and marshlands of the Delta and the reedy marshes which in many places line the banks of the Nile have ever been the resort of innumerable wild fowl. Hence fowling appears to have been a general pursuit. The professional fowler who followed it for his livelihood used nets and traps; but the sportsman brought the birds down with the throw-stick—a stick made of heavy wood from a foot and a quarter to two feet in length and about an inch and a half in breadth, slightly curved at the upper end, and which, being flat, and thus encountering but little resistance from the air in its flight, could be thrown to a distance, and, when thrown by a dexterous hand, with considerable accuracy of aim. The method of proceeding appears to have been to creep in punts made of the papyrus as noiselessly as possible into the reeds, the height of which concealed their approach, till, the birds rising, the sportsman was enabled to use the throw-stick, an attendant being at hand who as fast as one stick was thrown supplied another. Three of the most spirited sketched in Sir Gardener Wilkinson's collections are representations of such fowling parties. Strange to say, in two of them there appears a cat, employed to act the part of a retriever in getting the fallen birds out of the thicket.

No trace of hawking is to be found in the Egyptian paintings. The use of the hawk species for the purpose of fowling appears to have been unknown to the Egyptians, as also to the Asiatics.

## VAMPIRE BATS OF BRAZIL.

Probably no part of Brazil is more afflicted than a portion of the province of Bahia with the scourge of vampires. Whole herds of cattle are sometimes destroyed by this venomous bat. It was long a matter of conjecture how the animal accomplished this insidious and deadly work; but scientific men have now decided that the tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of pipills, which are so arranged as to form an organ of suction, the lips having also tubercles symmetrically arranged. Fastening themselves upon cattle, these dreadful animals can draw the blood from their victims. The wound, made probably from the small needle-like teeth, is a fine round hole, the bleeding from which it is very difficult to stop. It is said that the wings of this deadly bat fly around during the operation of wounding and drawing blood, with great velocity, thus fanning the victim and lulling while the terrible work is in progress. Some of these creatures measure two feet between the tips of their wings, and they are often found in great numbers in deserted dwellings in the outskirts of the city. The negroes and Indians especially dred them, and there are numerous superstitions among the natives in regard to them.

There was a fight imminent between two boys on Elm street, Monday evening. One of them darkly hinted that he was bigger than the other. The smaller, who is the son of a deacon, defiantly retorted, "I don't care if you're as big as a church debt; you can't scare me."—*Danbury News.*

A building for 160 more boys is soon to be added to Girard College.

## A MODEL LETTER.

The following letter is published by request:

MAPLE CORNERS, Dec. 28th, 1880.

*My Dear*:—Every time I think of you, my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trowsers. As a goslin swimmeth with delight in a mud puddle, so swimmeth I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs on a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my chambers; and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue bottle fly.

When I first beheld your angelic pertections, I was bewildered and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet influences of love. Since the sight of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up with my boot-straps to the top of the Presbyterian steeple and pull the bell-rope for singing school.

Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion hails the coming morn; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at soltry noontide, and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee, and, like a piece of gum-elastic, my heart stretches clear across my bosom.

Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat; your eyes are glorious to behold in their liquid depths. I see legions of little cupids battling like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker, and when their fire hit me on my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy like a load of bird-shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like bluebirds out of a parent nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the wind-harp strains or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The timple in your cheeks are like bowers in a bed of roses or hollows in cakes of homemade sugar.

I am dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thrifty house-wife pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirit, and my soul is pierced through with doubt as an old cheese is bored with skippers. My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffy's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and as undying as a kitten's first caterwaul. As a song-bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the first bacon in the trap; as a lean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, and brighter than the topknot plumage on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, raisins, pound cake, and sweetened honey altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bed bug and fall from the flourishing vine of life and untimely branch, and in the coming years when the shadows grow from the hills and the philosophic frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold on the last resting place of

J—— P——.

Winterburn, Clearfield Co., Pa.

## "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

[From the Boston Musical Herald.]

This language was the heart-utterance of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, who was born in Cambridge, England, in February, 1805, and whose history has been but very slightly known to the great public, who have cherished her hymn as one of their most sacred treasures for nearly half a century. Her father was the editor of a weekly Cambridge paper. Her mother was a woman of fine gifts and culture, and she herself was the youngest child. She was noted in early life for the taste she manifested in literature, and in maturer years for great zeal and earnestness in her religious life. She contributed prose and verse to the periodicals of the day, and her art criticisms were valued. Married at an early age, and of frail constitution, she still, amid many bodily sufferings, kept her pen busy, her thoughts and writings always tending upwards. At what time and amid what circumstances she caught the inspiration from which was evolved that wonderful hymn which has ever since echoed round and round the globe is not yet known; but it was probably during some period of peculiar trial, when her spirit was uplifted through sorrow almost above its earthly body. She little dreamed that her hymn, like those of Toplady, Charlotte Elliott and Ray Palmer, would be heard through the ages.

It was first published in 1841, in a volume of sacred lyrics issued by a Mr. Fox, of England, just eight years before the death of the gifted authoress, who only lived to the age of 44, and thus never knew the fame which was to attach to her hymn and her name.

The hymn soon began to appear in various collections, and was everywhere received with delight. It was given the tune "Bethany," which became very popular in this country. Everybody who has grown up in a Christian land knows it by heart, and in many countries which do not float the banner of Christ it is almost equally familiar.

"Last year," says Dr. Cuyler, in his "Heart Life," "Profs. Smith, Hitchcock and Park, as they wound their way down the foot-hills of Mount Lebanon, came in sight of a group of fifty Syrian students, standing in line, singing in chorus. They were the students of the new 'College of Beirut' at Abieh, and they were singing in Arabic to the tune of 'Bethany.' As the procession drew near they caught the sublime words:—

"'Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.'

"'I am not so much given to the weeping mood,' said Prof. Hitchcock, when describing the thrilling scene; 'but, when we rode through the ranks of those Syrian youths, I confess that my eyes were a little damp.'

"'If it be permitted to the departed people of God,' continues Dr. Cuyler, 'to witness the transactions of earth, we may imagine with what rapture the glorified spirit of Sarah Flower Adams heard her heart-son thus chanted in the land of sacred story.'"

## PUNCTUALITY.

It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality, and thousands have failed in life from this cause alone; it is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of many other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it gets involved in toils from which it is impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it saps the business reputation of lawyers, and injures the prospects of the mechanic, who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word there is not a profession, not a station in life, which is not liable to the canker of the destructive habit. It is a fact not always remembered, that Napoleon's great victories were won by infusing into his subordinates the necessity of punctuality to the minute. It was his plan to maneuver over large spaces of country, so as to render the enemy uncertain where he was about to strike a blow, and then suddenly concentrate his forces and fall with irresistible power on