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

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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

Rates of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Estrays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 2 00
Professional Cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year.... 5 00
Local notices, per line..... 20
YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
2 squares..... 15 00 | ½ column..... 70 00
3 squares..... 20 00 | 1 column..... 120 00
G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

Lawyers' Cards.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
n11.1'73 Clearfield, Pa.

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

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

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in "Old Western building," (up-stair).
Oct. 2, '78-tf.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office one door east of Shaw House.
[jy11,'67

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. je26,'78-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
n26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 71y

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

WM. A. WALLACE.....DAVID L. KREBS,
HARRY F. WALLACE,.....WM. E. WALLACE.
WALLACE & KREBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'81, Clearfield, Pa.

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

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

FRANK G. HARRIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
First-class Life and Fire Insurance Companies represented.
Office in the Opera House. '80.
Mar. 16, '81-1y*

THOS. H. MURRAY.....CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor.
9.30'74

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'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

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.

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.

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 overtwenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'69-tf.

Physicians' Cards.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMEOPATHIC 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. aug18'70

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,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
july31,'78-tf.

G. C. JENKINS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.,
Office 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,
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. [apr6,'66-tf

Cards.

HENRY BRETH,
(OSCEOLA 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.

A. V. HOYT,
Land Survevor and Civil Engineer,
PHILIPSBURG, PA.
All business will be attended to promptly.
Dec. 15, 1880-1y.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,87

FRANK FIELDING
AND
WILLIAM D. BIGLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Nov. 17th, 1880-tf.

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. [jan5,'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, 1879-tf.

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:

R. C. READ.....W. A. HAGERTY.
READ & HAGERTY,
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.
Office in Graham Building, Market street.
Clearfield, - - - - - Penn'a.
[June 15, 1881-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. [*jy18'72

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.

JAMES KERR. CARROLL L. BIDDLE.
Clearfield Insurance Agency.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's Companies. Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br..$4,381,69
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plans.... 5,800,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn..... 3,624,863
Insurance Co. of North America..... 6,433,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.. 1,782,863
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch..... 679,145
Watertown..... 784,815
Travelers (Life & Accident)..... 4,505,454
Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 4, '79-tf.

FOR TINWARE, HARDWARE,
and
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
and
NEEDLES, ATTACHMENTS AND PARTS, and all kinds of
SEWING MACHINES,
GO TO
O. B. MERRELL, - Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA. [June 2, '80-tf.

Insurance Agency
—OF—
WILLIAM C. HELMBOLD,
Patton Block, Curwensville, Pa.
Companies Represented:
Commercial Union Ins. Co., Assets £9,068,702 55
Firemen's Fund Ins. Co., Assets..... 1,168,017 00
Union Insurance Co., Assets..... 1,020,027 98
Travelers' Accident Ins. Co., Assets.. 5,112,194 23
Northern Ins. Co. of New York Ass'ts 316,686 00
Insurance placed on all kinds of property at equitable rates.
Curwensville, Pa., Feb. 16, 1881-tf.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Newark, N. J.
INCORPORATED 1845. PURELY MUTUAL.
ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1881, as ascertained by Examining Commissioners of Massachusetts, Ohio and New Jersey.....$35,726,615 93
LIABILITIES, as stated by the same. 31,911,452 83
SURPLUS by Mass'chu's Standard.. 3,815,162 60
SURPLUS by New York Standard... 5,988,905 88
All policies nonforfeitable after second year; low expenses; large dividends declared and paid every year since organization; ample surplus; surrender values most liberal; losses promptly adjusted and paid.
OFFICERS:
LEWIS C. GROVER, PRESIDENT.
JAMES B. PEARSON, VICE-PRESIDENT.
ED. L. DORSHEIMER, Sec'y. THOS. MACKRELL, Treas.
POTTER & KEYES, State Agents, 522 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.
R. M. M'ENALLY, Special Agent. Office in Mosteup's building, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. [5-5-'81-tf.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 55--WHOLE NO. 2,733. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1881. NEW SERIES--VOL. 22, NO. 31.

DEAF!

BY JUDGE J. P. SIMMONS, OF SARDIS, MISS., ONE OF THIS UNFORTUNATE CLASS OF PERSONS.

I often think it must be sweet
The notes of happy birds to hear,
When from some lofty bough they greet
The sun-rays that through clouds appear;
For I have thought that even I,
When clouds their shadows o'er me fling,
If cheering sun-light swept them by,
Sweet songs of gratitude could sing;
And, if my heart to song be wrought,
When grateful thoughts my bosom fill,
What melodies—by Nature taught—
From feathered choristers must thrill.
But there to hear is not for me,
Alas! I hear not—yet I see.

I often think, when beauty's lip
To music's soul is giving voice,
And melodies appear to drip,
How those who catch them must rejoice;
And yet they seem the draughts to drink
As though each one was theirs of right—
'Twould wake my gratitude, I think,
As of the blind restored to sight.
I catch a trickle now and then;
It thrills my heart, then melts away,
And silence then might bring me pain,
If resignation did not say,
"Keep this reflection in thy mind,
Though deaf, thou art not dumb nor blind."

For others I can freely feel,
And gladly strive to save them pain;
To further, if I can, their weal,
And all my selfishness restrain.
From social throngs I often shrink—
That else would pleasure give to me—
Because it is a pain to think
That I, unwittingly, may be
A weary trial, and a tax
On patience, strength, or courtesy;
And, seeming in politeness lax,
Or gentleness or modesty.
No; my misfortune is my own,
And I will bear it all alone.

Ah! I have seen in days gone by—
What gave me pain, but ne'er offense,
And wakened many a heavy sigh—
A tittering smile at my expense.
And some of those who sport can find
In my misfortune—me perplex—
(And who forgot I was not blind)
Were of the fairer, gentler sex!
And I confess it pained me sore—
They had forgotten for the time—
That though the burden which I bore
Misfortune was, it was no crime.
I pray that heaven these may save
From pains and stings like those they gave.

I am not sensitive, I think,
Nor does my burden bear me down.
The cup is mine and I must drink—
Why should I shudder, flee, or frown?
I can not shun it if I would,
And since 'twas sent by hand Divine,
I would not shun it if I could,
'Tis best the burden should be mine—
And so it is with all life's ills.
In fortune's frown or cold reverse,
'Tis best to bear what Heaven wills.
And thankful be it is no worse.
And in this thought I comfort find,
Though deaf, I am not dumb nor blind.

VICTIMIZED BY CONFIDENCE MEN.

A HUNTINGDON COUNTY FARMER "TAKEN IN."

We clip from the Huntingdon *Monitor* the following well detailed fiction embellished with stubborn facts, and publish the same for the benefit of "farmers" and everybody else. The editor says:

A well-to-do farmer residing not many miles from Huntingdon, whose name we withhold as he is not desirous of having it made public in connection with the facts narrated below, came to town on Monday last to "take in" Batcheller & Doris' show and to see the sights. While standing on the corner of Fourth and Penn streets, he was approached by a gentlemanly looking individual, who familiarly struck up a conversation with him on various subjects, in the course of which he informed our rural friend that he was connected with a sewing machine firm, and that he had come down this way to see what the prospects were for buying a small farm for his sister-in-law, located pleasantly and not too far from town. The farmer replied that he didn't know of any farm for sale that would answer the description. At this point the conversation changed, the confidence man telling his newly-made friend of an excellent horse over on the show grounds, which he was anxious to have him see. This subject, as the sharper knew, is calculated to interest a farmer, and it did not fail on this occasion. He replied that he was an admirer of good horses, and he believed as he had nothing particular to do just at that time, he would walk over along and see the horse. The two started for the show grounds, chattering familiarly on passing subjects of interest. Just as they emerged from the river bridge, they met a well dressed dignified looking gentleman (?) with whom the sewing machine man shook hands heartily, at the same time expressing his great surprise to see him down this way. Turning to the farmer he introduced this third party as Judge —— from Blair county, stating that he was an ex-associate Judge. The sewing machine man then told the Judge (?) where they were going, and insisted on his accompanying them. The latter however declined, saying that he was in a hurry to go over to town to see his wife and family, who were waiting on him. The two then proceeded to the show grounds where they met a showman of whom the sewing machine man inquired concerning the horse. The showman replied that the horse had just been taken over to town. This was a great disappointment to the machine man, as he had brought the gentleman—meaning the farmer—over to see the horse. At this juncture the Judge (?) again appeared on the scene. The showman then pulled out a deck of cards, and showing the party a particular card threw it with some others down and then offered to bet that no one in the party could pick up the card. It seemed a plain case and the sewing machine man took the bet, putting up five dollars and picked up the identical card, winning the five dollars. The showman, not in the least discomfited, went through the same performance again and made the same offer to bet five dollars. The sewing machine man then turned to the Judge (?) and suggested that he should try his luck. The Judge (?) said he didn't know much about cards, but believed he could pick up the right card, and after hesitating for a short time took the bet, and he too won five dollars off the showman. The cards were then thrown again, the showman grumbling at his hard luck, and again the proposition to bet was made, but our rural friend knowing little about cards and being too conscientious to engage in gambling, declined to make any bet.

Then began a conversation between the sewing machine agent and the Judge (?) during which the latter said that he had come down to Huntingdon to establish a branch temperance office, speaking about the strong organization with which he was connected and of the great work it was doing in assailing the strongholds of rum. He said that he would like to start an office in Huntingdon and that he wanted to find some good, reliable man to take charge of it; that it would pay handsomely, and that its duties would not require near all the time of the person having charge. He spoke of the duties of the office, mentioning among others the distribution of tracts, &c. The sewing machine man then turning to the farmer, said that perhaps he, the farmer, might take charge of the office, reminding him that it would not interfere with his farming. The subject was presented in such a plausible way that the farmer finally agreed to accept the offer. The Judge (?) then brightening up with the idea that perhaps he had found the object of his trip, and assuming a business look, assured him that the business of the office would not interfere in the slightest with his farming. He then unfolded to him some more information relative to the organization and its requirements, during which he informed him that, as an evidence of good faith, and as a pledge to the organization that the duties of the office would be honestly and efficiently performed the organization invariably demanded a deposit of one thousand dollars with the treasurer of the organization, which would be in time returned to him. The Judge (?) then asked him if he had that sum. The farmer replied that he could raise eight hundred dollars. The sewing machine man, glad that an opportunity was presented of doing his newly-made friend a kindness, volunteered to loan the farmer the other two hundred dollars. The farmer expressed his willingness to accept the loan. The sewing machine man then informed him that he would have to go over to town to see his wife, from whom he would get the desired amount. This suited the farmer very well as he would have to go to the bank himself and draw out his eight hundred. After agreeing upon a place of meeting the parties separated, and in a short time they all met again. The farmer produced his eight hundred dollars, which was counted, and the sewing machine man counted his loan of two hundred, making the required one thousand dollars. The showman picked up the pile of money, rolled it up leisurely—and just at this juncture the Judge (?) engaged the farmer in further conversation about the new office to be established—and when the farmer looked around he noticed that the showman had disappeared. Suspecting that all was not right the farmer remarked, "Judge (?), did you notice which way that man went with the money?" The Judge (?) replied he was just about making a remark on that subject, and added that he feared they were both swindled. After waiting in vain a short time for the return of the showman, the Judge (?) said he was convinced that they were both swindled, and that the scoundrel had left with the money. The farmer admitted that it looked very much that way. The Judge (?) said he reflected severely upon himself, because he felt that he had been the innocent cause of getting the farmer into the trouble. After a moment's reflection the Judge (?) said if it should turn out that they had been swindled, he would bear the whole loss himself; that the farmer should not lose his eight hundred dollars, in any event. The Judge (?) then remarked that he was not prepared to pay the money that day, but gave the most positive assurance that he would do so, in the near future. He strongly impressed upon the farmer's mind the fact that he did not want his name mentioned in connection with the transaction. Continuing the conversation, he said, "How soon would you like to have your money back?" The farmer replied, "As soon as possible." "Well," said the Judge, (?) "I'll tell you what I'll agree to do. If your eight hundred dollars is lost, I will meet you at the post office, in this town, on the 15th of next month, and pay you that amount. You can rest assured that you will not lose a dollar. Are you satisfied?" The farmer replied that this proposition was satisfactory to him whereupon the two separated. The suspicion gradually fastened itself upon the farmer's mind that he had fallen into the hands of "sharpers," and that his money was gone. He returned to town, where he met his son, to whom he explained the whole transaction, and his son at once said that he had been grossly swindled out of the eight hundred dollars. In accordance with the suggestion of the son, the case was immediately placed in the hands of detectives who succeeded in recovering back the whole of the eight hundred dollars, which was promptly returned to the farmer. No information was made against the guilty parties, as the farmer said he did not want the case to go into court. It seems strange that the swindlers did not leave for parts unknown after they had made such a large haul. We hope this case will serve as a warning, and that hereafter no citizen of our county will allow himself to be victimized by such infamous swindlers.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

TABULAR STATEMENT OF A MODERN LOVE ACCOUNT.

[From the Louisville Argus.]

"Let bygones be bygones," she said, after she had managed to quarrel with him on the way home from the circus.

He reflected a while. "And is this the end?"

"It is, sir; all is over between us."

He reflected again: Last Sunday night you said you loved me."

"I did then; I do not now."

"And you want bygones to be bygones?"

"Yes."

"Who is to pay for all the ice cream ——"

"Leave me, mercenary wretch! Name your price for your valuable services and I will see it paid."

More reflection: "Good scheme! I'll do it!" He departed. Next morning's postman brought her the following interesting document:

MISS SMITH, TO MR. SIMPKINS, DR.

To 6 sleigh rides, $4	$ 24 00
15 oyster soups at church festivals	7 50
15 suppers "	15 00
15 hacks "	22 50
42 tickets to theatres	42 00
Libretios (16) 15c	2 40
Suit of new clothes (per imitation)	50 00
Boots blacked and shaved, say	20 00
46 broken promises	23
1 broken heart	500 00
60 ice creams	15 00
Raising my hopes, etc	3,000 00
Firing me out after circuses	1 20
Total	$3,699 93

CR.

By going with another fellow (4)	$ 8 00
Healing broken heart (3)	45
Hugging me (450)	405 00
Sitting on my lap (20)	1,000 00
Extinguishing hopes	75
First kiss	2,000 00
220,000 kisses and hugs, 1c	2,200 00
	$5,699 20
	5,699 93
Balance due	75

"Will call to-morrow night and collect as per last named item."

She met him at the door; "Come into the parlor, Charley," she said, "and I'll pay you." An hour afterwards she was contracting a fresh debt at the ice cream saloon near by.

THE NEWSPAPER.

HEZEKIAH JONES, EDITOR OF THE FLAPDOODLE, DRAWS A FEW SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

[From the Steubenville Herald.]

The editor of the *Evening Flapdoodle* sat in his sanctum the other morning, beginning his day's work, and thought he had brought his paper about as near perfection as possible for an ordinary sized town close to a half dozen big cities, and he was wondering how he might further improve it, when his cogitations were interrupted by an acquaintance coming in.

"Hello, Mr. Scissors," he facetiously said, "writing up editorials with the shears, eh?"

The editor tried to smile at the old joke, and the visitor went on. "I tell you what it is Jones, you have a pretty good paper, but what do you want in a town like this with long editorials? Give us short ones. You can't mould public sentiment, you must simply echo it." Then he left, and Jones told his associate not to write any long editorials that day, as he proposed for once, to make the *Flapdoodle* just to suit every subscriber who wanted a change. In a half hour along came a wicked fellow who talked newspaper a long time, and then said he didn't see any use of Sunday reading, nor any other religious matter in a paper, and if it was his he would bounce it all. The editor said nothing, but when the man went away he told his Sunday editor not to send in any matter for that day. Then Jones rested and thought for a few moments, and a pious old party dropped in. As he knew a good deal about the business in its moral aspect, he talked along, and at last said that no newspaper could be decent that admitted to its columns any sensational matter, any advertisements other than the most high-toned, anything that could not be read without a blush by the most capriciously fastidious. Jones was silent, but later he went and ordered all that matter set aside. So far, Jones thought he was getting things to suit pretty well, and then another man came in, and like the others, knew all about the business of editing a paper. He was a city politician, and said, "Mr. Jones, you don't have enough politics. Why don't you throw out these farm notes, and kitchen receipts, and odds and ends of old news, and telegraphic brevities which we get in the other papers, and give us politics? That's what the children cry for." Again was Jones silent and later gave orders for the expulsion of this objectionable matter and waited for the next one. He came pretty soon, and he had a coffin for a coat and a shroud for a handkerchief, and he smelt like the dust which blows off of a skeleton. Said he, "Jones, I like your paper, but what do you run that funny business in it for? It's silly, stale, and flatter than last year's ale with the bottle left open. What does a man want to laugh for anyhow? This is a vale of tears and we should always remember that in the uncertainty of life death may cut us off with an idle laugh upon our lips." "That's so," groaned Jones. "I'll cut every line of fun right out," and off he hurried and out went all the funny business. As he went home at noon he met a lady who said she didn't see what they wanted to fill a paper full of politics for, because nobody read that. "Don't they?" said Jones, "then on she goes," and when he got back it all went out. "I'm bound to please 'em all" said the editor, "if I have to buy a new office" Right after dinner a man of business proclivities came in and said he didn't see any use of "these silly little personals and them short local items that didn't amount to anything anyway." It it was his paper he would have something of a higher nature or let the place go bare. Jones listened and told the foreman to whack out all of that sort of stuff at once. Then he felt easier, till a lot of pretty girls came in, and, after making a purchase asked him what a newspaper was filled full of advertisements for; nobody ever read them, and one said she was going to stop taking the paper if he was going to fill it up that way. Jones told the young lady that he would have a paper to suit every one, and he hoped she would not find fault. Then he went down and ordered out every 'ad.' and waited for the next man. He came along pretty soon, and that was his abomination in a newspaper, and it never ought to encounter the columns of a local journal, because it was meant for magazines, and that sort of papers. Jones took it in, and went out and ordered all his fine poetry knocked down. Then he waited again, and a woman came in, and said the fashion notes were not good, because the magazines had them all in greater quantity, and another thing she didn't like, was the markets. "What good was them!" she said. "I don't know," he replied, "so I'll throw 'em out." "I hope you will," she answered, and went away. In ten minutes the markets and fashions were on the standing galley. Jones began to look around, and as he was studying, a small boy said that "marriage and death notices was mighty thin readin'," and Jones slung them clear out into the corner. After this change he went over into the counting room, and an old man was there waiting to pay his subscription. "It's a good paper, Jones, but in this place you only want to take notice of local affairs, and let all the miscellaneous and general business go," and—then Jones gave the old fellow a receipt and rushed back and took out all the miscellaneous and general matter that was left, and as he took out the last handful a friend came through the office and critically examining his surroundings, said, "The *Flapdoodle* is a good paper, Jones, but I do think you have the ugliest head on it I ever saw. Why don't you change it? I'm certain I never would let such a head appear on a paper of mine." "All right," said Jones, and off came the head. "Now, Mr. Foreman," he continued, "lock up the forms and send them down to the press room." The forms were duly locked and went down, and the paper came out and was distributed as usual. The next morning the politician, and the solemn man, the friend, the school girl, the woman, the small boy, and the rest of them were standing around the *Flapdoodle* office with blank sheets of paper in their hands; not a line, not a word, not a sign of anything on it but column rules, with nothing between. "How is this?" said each to the other, "and where's that fool editor to impose on us in this way?" While they were thus talking, the devil came in with a letter from the editor which the old man read to the crowd. It ran as follows:

"DEAR FRIENDS: You all think you know how to run a newspaper, and when you come to me with suggestions I hate to tell you differently, so I followed your advice and you see what you have as the result. If you will be kind enough to mind your own business half as well as I do mine, and try to think I know a little something, while you don't know it all, I will give you a good newspaper, and whenever I don't give you your money's worth, then come and tell me so, but don't come telling me how I should do my work when I have devoted years to it, and you have never given it an hour's study.

I am yours truly, HEZEKIAH JONES,
Editor Flapdoodle.

Then these good people looked at their blank paper and their blank faces, and not one said a word but the profane man, who remarked, "Damme, the editor is right; let's go and mind our own business," and Jones crept out from behind the counter, and that evening issued a tip-top paper, chuck full of all sorts of personal and local items, and news, and everything, and there was peace in that town for the space of a long time.

THE BICYCLE.

The bicyclist realizes in the last quarter of the nineteenth century the old myth of the centaur. Thousands of years ago, in that part of antique Greece known as Thessaly, now for several centuries under the baleful dominion of the Turkish crescent, there lived a rough wild mountain people who fought on horseback. They kept their seats so well and were apparently so inseparable from the steeds they bestrode that there arose a fable that they were monsters of a double form—the upper parts human, the lower those of a horse—sons of Ixion and of a cloud in the aspect of stately Juno. No small part of their prowess was due to the terror their preternatural appearance inspired among their foemen. Not only men but animals were frightened at the sight of them. The prodigious spectacle overwhelmed the more civilized horses of their less barbarous antagonists, and they were, perhaps, more appalled than those who rode them. Just so the modern urban horse is put in sudden and overmastering fear when the bicycle and its portentious-looking rider comes like an animated cartwheel unexpectedly upon him.

The bicycle is a profoundly scientific and wonderfully interesting toy. As such it is admirably suited to children of a larger growth. It is the velocipede idealized. As the years roll on something more remarkable yet and more advanced may be evolved out of it. A good deal may be said, however, in favor of the invention in its present stage. Certain great and valuable principles are emphasized to bicyclism. To maintain the physical equilibrium is the first condition of the new knighthood of the twofold wheel, and from this comes to him who enters it the noble lessor to preserve under all circumstances his equanimity of mind and heart. Still another lesson is that of moral uprightness, naturally suggested by the perpendicular bodily position necessary to be observed to save the cavalier on two wheels instead of four hoofs from coming ignobly to the ground. Progress is yet another ethicle lesson clearly deducible from this gymnastic exercise. The mounted man must keep moving in order to keep his seat. He cannot very well stand still and hold his place in the saddle. If he halts he must get off or fall.

Again, the bicycle is so quiet. It is not a noisy affair. It does not disturb the sick unless they come across it when they happen to be driving out and the horses of the carriages they occupy take a notion to run away and spill them on the highway. Then it does disturb them to some extent, especially if they break their bones or get killed outright. What it is about this machine and the operator, who works its pedals very much as a woman runs a sewing machine, that scares horses, is a difficult problem to solve, and one as to which our profoundest speculations are likely to bring us to but an approximative and conjectured result. It certainly does not make clatter or din enough, it would seem, to affright even so little a thing as a mouse, much less a great, big horse. Possibly, as some investigators are inclined to think, it is the very silence, ghostlike and sepulchral, of the bicycle that alarms this sensitive and wondering quadruped. It may be that when this lofty, narrow phenomenon glides swiftly and noiselessly before him the strange apparition excites the superstitious fears inherited from some past metempsychosis, and the horse, not stopping to reason calmly about the matter, incontinently runs away. Or he may instinctively foresee in this contrivance a competitive intruder which may eventually rob him of employment in light and pleasant lines of service, such as drawing ladies and gentlemen in vehicles or carrying them on his back, and so remand him to dull and heavy drudgery as a mere beast of burden. There is such a thing as "horse sense," and the horse that has a soft place in life may well feel the same dislike for the rivalry of machinery which disturbs so many men. The bicycle is a kind of iron horse with the rider for its locomotive or source of propulsive power, and one of these days carriages may be drawn by outriders mounted upon bicycles. But however accurate this or any other guess at the truth of the matter may be, the fact remains that bicycles, at least when in motion, scare horses, and scare them badly. Being therein dangerous to life and limb, their use in any but quite secluded places must be regarded as in the nature of a nuisance.—*Philadelphia Record.*

FRAIL HUMANITY.—A cotemporary alludes to a recent case in this way: "Legal vagaries make strange work of domestic ties. The other day the idlers in a Newark railway station were edified by an unusual turmoil. When the Washington express came to a halt a lad of sixteen was beset by an infuriated man of middle age, who gave every sign of madness. The boy was accompanied by a little girl of seven, who, as it turned out, was his sister. He was taking her to Washington to restore her to her mother. The man was the father of the children. In the subsequent investigation it was shown that the parents were separated through incompatible temper and differences in religion—the mother a Catholic, the father confessing no form of belief. The sapient magistrate before whom the complaint came dismissed the irresponsible parent, giving him charge of the little girl in face of the testimony that the reckless parent had armed himself with a revolver to shoot his sixteen-year-old son. The settlement is of course temporary, but it suggests all the same the inquiry whether if inferior Courts have cognizance of such cases they should not be bound to take some account of the moral equities involved. Certainly an irascible, vindictive father capable of such conduct is not the sort of person to entrust with the guardianship of a tender infant whose first need is the tender care of a mother, certainly not the eccentric example of a parent capable of such passion as the father has shown himself the victim of."

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

[Benson J. Lossing in Harper's Young People.]

You have seen and admired the weeping willow tree—the Salix Babylonica—upon which the captive Hebrews hung their harps when they sat down by the river of Babylon and "wept when they remembered Zion." It is a native of the garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you how it immigrated to this country.

More than 150 years ago a merchant lost his fortune. He went to Smyrna, a seaside city of Asia Minor, to recover it. Alexander Pope one of the great poets of England, was the merchant's warm friend, and sympathized with him in his misfortune.

Soon after the merchant arrived in Smyrna he sent to Pope, as a present, a box of dried figs. At that time the poet had built a beautiful villa at Twinkenham, on the bank of the Thames, and was adorning it with trees, shrubbery and flowering plants.

On opening the box of figs Pope discovered in it a small twig of the tree. It was a stranger to him. As it came from the East he planted it in the ground near the river, close by his villa. The spot accidentally chosen for the planting was favorable to its growth, for the twig was from the weeping willow tree—possibly from the bank of one of "the rivers of Babylon"—which flourishes best along the borders of watercourses.

This little twig grew vigorously, and in a few years it became a large tree, spreading wide its branches and drooping graceful sprays, and winning the admiration of the poet's friends, as well as strangers. It became the ancestor of all the weeping willow trees in England.

There was a rebellion in the English-American colonies in 1775. British troops were sent to Boston to put down the insurrection. Their leaders expected it to end in a few weeks after their arrival. Some young officers brought fishing tackle with them to enable them to enjoy sport after their brief war. Others came to settle on the confiscated lands of the "rebels."

Among the latter was a young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him wrapped in oiled silk a twig from Pope's weeping willow tree at Twinkenham, which he intended to plant on some stream watering his American estate.

Washington commanded an army before Boston which kept the British imprisoned in that city a long time against their will. On his staff was his stepson, John Parke Custis, who frequently went to the British headquarters, under the protection of a flag, with dispatches for General Howe. He became acquainted with the young officer who had the willow twig, and they became fast friends.

Instead of "crushing the rebellion in six weeks," the British army at Boston, at the end of an imprisonment of nine months, were glad to fly by sea, for life and liberty, to Halifax. Long before that flight the British subaltern, [illegible] estate in America to adorn, gave his carefully preserved willow twig to young Custis, who planted it at Abingdon, his estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became a parent of all the weeping willows in the United States.

Some time after the war General Horatio Gates, of the Revolution settled on the "Rose Hill farm," on New York Island, and at the entrance to a lane which led from a country road to his house he planted a twig from the vigorous willow at Abingdon, which he had brought with him. That country road is now Third avenue, and the lane is twenty-second street. Gates' mansion, built of wood and two stories in height, stood near the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Second avenue, where I saw it consumed by fire in 1815. The tree which grew from the twig planted at the entrance to Gates' lane remained until comparatively a few years ago. It stood on the northeast corner of Third avenue and Twenty-second street. It was a direct descendant, in the third generation, of Pope's willow, planted at Twickenham about 1722.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Baron von Liebig, Germany's great chemist, ascertained that the soluble constituents of 34 pounds of pure muscle meat (equal to 45 pounds of ordinary meat as it is received from the butcher) may be concentrated by boiling to 1 pound of extract, sufficient for the preparation of 190 parts of bouillon. With his keen perception he foresaw that the manufacture of this extract might become a great industry. He conceived the idea that the transmarine countries rich in cattle might become tributary to the necessities of Europe.

In the year 1850, at the beginning of the manufacture, the Royal Apothecary at Munich consumed scarcely one hundred weight annually, that is, one-tenth part of an ox, and Liebig himself did not imagine that in a score of years the number of cattle falling victims to this industry would number millions. This statement will not appear exaggerated when it is considered that in the Summer season there are led daily to the slaughtering bench from one thousand to twelve hundred oxen.

The manufactory of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company lies on the eastern (left) shore of the Uruguay River in that State, and is as important to Fray Bentos as Krupp's great steel manufactory is to Essen.

Proceeding systematically, we should consider first the immense pasturing lands upon which the cattle peacefully graze. These cattle are children of the Pampas, descendants of the European cattle introduced by the Spanish conquerors. The large level pastures were especially suited to them, and here they increased greatly and now rove in innumerable herds.

For the manufacture of the extract the best pieces of meat are selected, for the simple reason that these pieces are the most profitable for the extract. When the animals are driven in from the Pampas to Fray Bentos they are kept for a week upon the pasturing places mentioned, where they are permitted to rest and feed. Then they are driven to the corrals, great inclosures capable of containing five thousand oxen; from here men mounted on horseback, swinging their lassos, drive the cattle by degrees into other smaller corrals, until finally the way is so narrow that the animals can only proceed one behind the other. A man stands at the side upon a staging with a short knife. With unerring certainty he strikes the animal close behind the horns into the spinal marrow. As if struck by lightning the animal falls dead upon a platform which rests upon wheels. The body rolls upon a track to the slaughter house, where with almost incredible celerity it is skinned and cut in pieces by skilled and practiced men. In less than seven minutes a whole ox is cut up. In the slaughtering season over five hundred men are employed, powerful fellows, who are good-hearted and harmless characters in spite of their bloody