

FOR GOVERNOR.

JNO W GEARY.

Subject to the decision of the Republican State Convention.

BOUTWELL'S POLICY.

A financial policy has at last been decided on, Secretary Boutwell has determined to abandon the no policy of hoarding the gold accumulations in the Treasury and to use the surplus for the purpose of buying up Government bonds, at the rate for the present of a million per week. He announces that he will continue to do this as long as the state of the Treasury will warrant him in so doing. This is what Horace Greeley has so strenuously advocated for years, and is indeed the true policy. Every bond bought in diminishes the interest on the national debt, and consequently lightens the burdens of the people. This policy, however, should be coupled with a diminution of taxes by the next Congress. The amount of bonds Boutwell shall be able to buy in should be the measure of the diminution. For true policy dictates that our surplus revenue should be applied not to the reduction of the principle of our debt, but to the lightening of the people's burden.

NEWS ITEMS.

Gold closed in New York on Saturday at 137 3/4. The California State Treasury has a surplus of \$1,400,000. A New York policeman has been discharged because he cheated his wash-erwoman. The Charleston Courier thinks that the Southern cotton crop will not exceed 3,000,000 bales this year. Local annals, it is said, mentions sixty one earthquakes in Massachusetts during the past 231 years. A "soldier organ grinder," in Boston, is said to make forty dollars a day at the business. One farmer in Texas has fenced in a nice little pasture of one hundred and thirty thousand acres. What Spain wants of the Anglo Saxon nations—England to give it a loan, America to let it alone. Mayor Hall of New York, is quoted as referring to quack doctors as pillars of the constitution. There are eight tunnels on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, ranging from two hundred to three thousand six hundred and twelve feet. The Massachusetts Legislature proposes to prohibit card-playing on railway trains, and gives the conductor power to eject all players. New York presents a Bourbon candidate for the Spanish throne, the same gentleman who was recently married there to a Cuban lady. Gen. Sikes is retired with the full pay of Major General, not of Colonel as has been erroneously published in some papers. A rumor comes from Berlin that Mr. Abraham Lincoln is to marry Count Schmidtwill, Grand Chamberlain of the Duke of Baden. The Louisville Journal says that Spain lately got rid of one Queen, Isabella, and is likely soon to lose another, the Queen of the Antilles. As Grant won't say much about things a great many things are said about him, about half of which are incorrect and the rest are not true. Gov. Curtin is the fourth Minister to Russia from Pennsylvania. His predecessors were Wm. Wilkins, James Buchanan and George M. Dallas. A New Orleans blind beggar appeared in court the other day and went security for a friend, swearing himself to be worth \$20,000 in property. A physician boasted at dinner that he cured his own hams, when one of his guests remarked, "Doctor, I would sooner be your ham than your patient." The New York Express suggests, now that the Odd Fellows' jubilee is over, that the "odd girls" get up a celebration, and get even with the men by marrying. It is interesting to learn that "Mum-tazamu-Mooek-Mohsumod-dow-cah-fureed-ponjah-sound-Munzoor-ali-khan-Bahadoor-Murujung," nabob of Bengal, has arrived at Paris. A clergyman in Virginia, writing to some friends, says: "I preached the funeral sermon of a man yesterday, and today, at the same hour, I married his widow to another man." A woman who for eighteen years past has peddled matches in the streets of Detroit, has reared and educated three children, all of whom have good trades, and has paid for a home. SENTIMENTALISTS sing, "Give me a cot in the valley I love," but persons of a more practical turn would prefer a walnut French bedstead. A DOG fight is the only event at which real cur-rage is exhibited. The favorite tune of the milkmen is said to be "Shall we gather at the river?" The difference between a fish and the husband of a vixen, is that one lives in cold water and the other in hot. In Oregon, drinking is said to be a preventative against small-pox, and the present style of invitation is, "let's disinfect."

Awful Famine in the North of Europe.

The letters of Irenaeus from Finland have spoken of the prospects of famine in the countries near the Baltic Sea. Accounts now reach us that are truly appalling, and the evident helplessness of the case renders it doubly distressing. We were told in Finland that the crops had failed for several successive years, that the people in the interior were eking out their lives by consuming everything from which any support could be drawn, even the bark of trees, and that another failure of crops would be the utter ruin of thousands. We find in the World a statement that the worse fears are made real, and dire famine, with all its horrors, is now reigning there. The same report comes from Finland, Livonia, Esthonia and Courland, from the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia and Lake Peipus, from the lowlands of Poland, and from the densely peopled towns along the Baltic coast. There is no seedcorn to be had for the crop of this year; bread, having long been obtained at famine prices, has now become unobtainable at any price; pestilence has made its appearance, and is adding its horrors to the overflowing cup of misery pressed to the lips of the stricken people of those unhappy lands. Here is a picture of the scene as described by a writer at St. Petersburg: "Fields lying waste; villages depopulated; private houses turned into hospitals; fever-parched skeletons tottering from the doors of overcrowded places of refuge; children wandering over the country in gaunt and squalid nakedness; crowds of men, driven to desperation by long misery and ripe for any outrage, roaming the streets night and day." There is no exaggeration in this fearful description; it is only too well supported by official accounts transmitted to St. Petersburg from the afflicted regions. In Esthonia, Livonia and Courland, three provinces of vast extent, there is a population of 1,804,435 souls; in Finland, where there are immense tracts of barren and irremediable soil, there is a population of 1,766,000. These countries are reached but by a single line of railroad, and the greater portions of them are almost as inaccessible as the mountains of Abyssinia. The soil is thin and rocky and wretchedly cultivated, and the people are never secure from the terrible evils that are now exterminating them. A letter from one of the central districts of Esthonia says that the distress this year is sorer than ever. The harvest of 1867 was a bad one; but there was a little corn stored up, and there was hope of relief in 1868. But no relief came. On the contrary, from the 23d of May to the 18th of August, last year, no rain fell, and the summer crops were scorched up. Bread can now be scarcely got, even at the most exorbitant prices, and as the roads are impassible by reason of the extraordinary wet winter, no help from abroad can reach the people, and their herding together in the larger villages in the hope of getting food and shelter, has engendered disease, which is making fearful ravages. "All heart for work is gone out of the peasants," says this letter; "their once fresh and hopeful faces show only the blankness of despair. Children are deserting their parents, parents their children; some wander about the country, begging and plundering; others flock into the town to swell the aggregate of want and misery already gathered there, and perish in scores by famine and disease. Crowds have to be turned away for want of means to supply their need, and their imploring faces haunt us night and day." The inhabitants of St. Petersburg and Moscow, as well as the government, are doing what they can to alleviate this distress; but the difficulty of reaching the sufferers is so great, and the transportation of supplies to them is attended with so much loss of time, that it is feared they will be relieved by death before the assistance provided for them can arrive.—N. Y. Observer.

ONE'S MOTHER.—Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon infant hearts, and yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less in comparison. Our passions, and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild and headstrong and angry at their counsel or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amid her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earliest period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—To make home truly happy; there should be no concealments; that is the canker worm. Let a woman tell her troubles and follies freely to her husband, and he will assist her out of them. He is her other self, not her judge and master. If a man confide in his wife, her penetration and quick wit will often see things that escaped him. We are in the world all day—our minds are occupied by many details; but she safe at home, often alone or with but an infant companion; she thinks over what you have told her, and sees it in many lights; she has had the time you wanted. The discovery that there has been a secret excites a jealousy, and loosens the ties of affection, on either side. Without perfect and entire confidence, married happiness is seldom lasting.

"MOTHER," said a little boy the other day. "Why are orphan's the happiest children on earth?" "They are not, my child; why do you ask?" "Because they have no mother to whip them."

IMPURE WATER.—Few of us are aware of the deleterious effects of impure water, or how prone water is to imbibe impurities of the air. Many of us think if the water is clear and cold it must be perfectly pure, though it had stood in a close bedroom twenty-four hours; but this is far from true. If a pitcher of water is set in a room, for only a few hours, it will absorb nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is, the greater the capacity to contain the gases. Ordinary temperatures a pail of water can contain a great amount of ammonia and carbonic acid gas; and its capacity to absorb these gases is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. This plainly shows us that water kept in a room over night is totally unfit for drinking purposes, and should not be used to gargle in the throat; also that a large pail of water standing in a room would help to purify the atmosphere, but should be thrown away the next morning. It also teaches us the reason that the water from a pump should always be pumped out in the morning before any of it is used. We are lamentably ignorant of many of the properties of air and water, two of the most important elements of our nature.

"MY FATHER'S CUMMIN."—A young urchin, before the new act, was employed to sweep the chimney of a house in Macclesfield, and having ascended to the "summit of his profession" took a survey. This completed, he prepared to descend, but, mistaking the five, he found himself, on his landing, in the office of a limb of the law, whose meditations were put to flight. The sensation of both parties it is impossible to describe—the boy, terrified lest he should be punished, stood riveted to the spot, and the lawyer, struck dumb, started from his seat the very image of horror, but spoke not. Sooty, however, soon found a tongue, and in accents which only increased the terrors of the man of law, cried out—"My father's cummin' directly." This was enough. The presence of an equi-vocal being, so introduced, unnerved his heart; with one bound, the affrighted lawyer flew down stairs, and sought refuge in the street from the enemy. Lawyers take warning!

LUCK.—"I don't have any good luck." Fudge. What do you expect, you mere grumbler? Is the world to turn from its way and business to sweeten you up, put you on your pins, and then return to its own affairs? Not if it knows itself, and the popular prejudice is that it has some experience in that line. If you expect "luck," as it is termed, without working like a good fellow for it, you will simply be disappointed. And you ought to be. It would be nothing else but a swindle. Luck is a product, not a chance. It is born of toil; does not fall ready at hand. It comes to those who work and win, and not those who lazily wait. There is nothing more foolish than for young men to believe in luck. It is a faith without foundation, and sadly ruinous in its consequences.

Old Rome. A writer in Putnam's Magazine thus describes the ruins of Ancient Rome: "Ruins to-day mark the seat of old Rome's wonderful power; and such ruins! Read about them, talk about them much as one may, they must be seen to be comprehended; indeed, seeing is hardly enough; they must be studied, and gazed upon time after time, till, as in experiments in chemistry, or discoveries in astronomy, light breaks upon the gaze, and their immensity is realized, comprehended, appreciated. "Here is the Coliseum. Many of our New York dwelling houses are twenty feet wide, and average perhaps forty feet in depth. Three hundred such houses, with alleys between, could stand upon the ground covered by the ruins of the great amphitheatre. Place three of your four-story houses on top of each other, and the roof of the topmost one would not be higher from the ground than is the top of the outer wall of this pile, that has been laughing at Time for eighteen centuries. Close packing and hard squeezing will put about four thousand persons in the great hall of Cooper Institute, if all the aisles and lobbies are filled. More than twenty times four thousand persons could be seated in the Coliseum. Great care is taken to preserve it as it is; for an old superstition proclaims the downfall of Rome with the downfall of it. Our first visit to it was on a bright day; and as we roamed about its six acres of walls and arches, the birds were singing merrily in the sunshine, seeming to bid us of the New World welcome. Our next visit was by moonlight; and as we passed along the corridors, and under the firm old arches, torch in hand, the owls whose premises were thus rudely invaded, hoarsely screeched their orders for our departure; and as the pale light of the moon shone on the crumbling seats, it seemed as if the shadowy forms of those who once filled them were again in their places. And as we emerged beyond the outer wall, the far off hooting of the angry owls sounded like the dying groans of a gladiator, who had fought his last battle in the old arena. "The Forum, with its broken columns, the Pætheon obliques, Caesarian palaces, baths, Pagan temples, the tomb-lined Appian Way, are all wonderful. So are the Catacombs, and the remains of the old Aqueduct; and very remarkable are the great detached masses of cemented brick-work seen outside of the walls of the city, standing all alone, hundreds of yards from any building or arch or structure of any kind, looking as if they had been broken from some great temple wall, or other huge building, larger than any now known, resembling, as they loom up from the great plain, enormous solid towers, grass-wreathed, and bush-crowned. "Old Rome, the city of the children of the she-wolf's sucklings, contains more of these children's work than I can describe—more even than I have time to see."

Mr. Clay and the Goat.

In one of our exchanges, we find the following capital story of an old he goat, which almost everybody in Washington city remembers as having formerly inhabited Naylor's livery, Pennsylvania Avenue. This animal was probably the most independent citizen of the metropolis. He belonged to no party, though he frequently gave passengers most striking proofs of his adhesion to the leveling principles, for whenever any body stopped in his vicinity, "Billy" was sure to drive at him—horns and all. The boys keenly relished the fun of imitating old long beard, and frequently so annoyed him that he would "charge baguet" at lamp posts and trees, to their infinite merriment and satisfaction. It so happened that one day the grand luminary, the west, Henry Clay, was passing down the avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped and with his characteristic humanity expostulated with them on their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe to the appeal of the great statesman; but it was all Cherokee to Billy, who—the ungrateful scamp—arose majestically on his hinder legs, and made a desperate plunge at his friend and advocate. Mr. Clay, although he had not "slain a Mexican," proved too much for his assailant; he seized both horns of the dilemma, and then came the tug of war—Greek had met Greek. The struggle was long and doubtful. "Ha!" exclaimed the statesman, "I have got you fast, you rascal! I'll teach you better manners. But boys," he continued turning to the laughing urchins, "what shall I do now?" "Why, trip up his feet, Mr. Clay," said they. Mr. Clay did as he was told, and after many severe efforts, brought Billy down on his side. Here he looked at the boys and imploringly said: "I never was in such a fix before." The combatants were nearly exhausted—but goat had the advantage, for he was gaining breath all the while that the statesman was losing it. "Boys," exclaimed he, puffing and blowing, "this is rather an awkward business, what am I to do now?" "Why, don't you know?" said a little fellow making preparations to run, as he spoke; "all you have got to do is to let go and run like blazes."

THE WORLD'S MADNESS.—When I look around upon a busy, bustling world, eagerly pursuing and courting disappointment, neglecting nothing so much as the one thing needful; and who, in order to have their portion in this life, disregard the world to come, and only treasure up wrath, it makes me think of a farmer, who should, with vast labor, cultivate his lands, and gather in his crop and then thrash it out, and then separate the corn from the chaff, and then sweep the corn out upon the dunghill, and carefully lay by the chaff. Such a person would be supposed mad; but how faint a shadow would this be of his madness who labors for the meat that perishes, but neglects that which endureth unto everlasting life? It is a madness, the whole race of men labor under, unless, and until, the divine grace works the cure.—Thos Scott.

A MOMENT OF THOUGHT.—Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; footprints sacred under their drifting dust; green wounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which we could not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and heavenward hope push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat.

THE WHEELBARROW.—Tom Hubbard, of the Logan Gazette, gets off the following "original sentiment": "Here is to the wheelbarrow: For simplicity of construction, strength, courage, and general moral character, it is the superior of the velocipede, and ought to be encouraged. This is a voluntary tribute to modest worth; and an unobtrusive gentleness of character. Finally, we exclaim, put a wheelbarrow in our'n."

ALASKA A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—The Mining Press says: Professor Carl Neuman, of Munich, a diligent student of Chinese antiquities and bibliography, has discovered from the Chinese year-books that a company of Buddhist priests entered this country, via Alaska, a thousand years before Columbus. They explored thoroughly and intelligently the Pacific borders, penetrating into the "land of Fusung"—for so they called the Aztec territory, after the Chinese name of the Mexican alo. The collection of antiquities recently made by Captain Fast from graves, etc., in Alaska, consisting chiefly of carved ornaments and weapons, resembling those now made by the Chinese, and apparently belonging to a race totally distinct from the present Alaskans.—Austin Reville.

GRACE to live from day to day a christian life, without being inordinately anxious about to-morrow; faith in Christ as the only and all sufficient Saviour for us; add more success in imitating the example of him who is Lord and Master, are, must be, the great aim of every Christian, and if ever reached and realized will prepare him equally for death and life.

THE benevolent man loves mankind; the courteous man respects them. He who loves men will be loved by them; he who respects men will be respected by them.

A MAN recently poked his head out from "behind the time," when it was taken off by a "passing event."

THE poetry of motion—skating with a pretty girl.

Mr. Clay and the Goat.

Mr. Clay did as he was told, and after many severe efforts, brought Billy down on his side. Here he looked at the boys and imploringly said: "I never was in such a fix before." The combatants were nearly exhausted—but goat had the advantage, for he was gaining breath all the while that the statesman was losing it. "Boys," exclaimed he, puffing and blowing, "this is rather an awkward business, what am I to do now?" "Why, don't you know?" said a little fellow making preparations to run, as he spoke; "all you have got to do is to let go and run like blazes."

THE WORLD'S MADNESS.—When I look around upon a busy, bustling world, eagerly pursuing and courting disappointment, neglecting nothing so much as the one thing needful; and who, in order to have their portion in this life, disregard the world to come, and only treasure up wrath, it makes me think of a farmer, who should, with vast labor, cultivate his lands, and gather in his crop and then thrash it out, and then separate the corn from the chaff, and then sweep the corn out upon the dunghill, and carefully lay by the chaff. Such a person would be supposed mad; but how faint a shadow would this be of his madness who labors for the meat that perishes, but neglects that which endureth unto everlasting life? It is a madness, the whole race of men labor under, unless, and until, the divine grace works the cure.—Thos Scott.

A MOMENT OF THOUGHT.—Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; footprints sacred under their drifting dust; green wounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which we could not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and heavenward hope push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat.

THE WHEELBARROW.—Tom Hubbard, of the Logan Gazette, gets off the following "original sentiment": "Here is to the wheelbarrow: For simplicity of construction, strength, courage, and general moral character, it is the superior of the velocipede, and ought to be encouraged. This is a voluntary tribute to modest worth; and an unobtrusive gentleness of character. Finally, we exclaim, put a wheelbarrow in our'n."

ALASKA A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—The Mining Press says: Professor Carl Neuman, of Munich, a diligent student of Chinese antiquities and bibliography, has discovered from the Chinese year-books that a company of Buddhist priests entered this country, via Alaska, a thousand years before Columbus. They explored thoroughly and intelligently the Pacific borders, penetrating into the "land of Fusung"—for so they called the Aztec territory, after the Chinese name of the Mexican alo. The collection of antiquities recently made by Captain Fast from graves, etc., in Alaska, consisting chiefly of carved ornaments and weapons, resembling those now made by the Chinese, and apparently belonging to a race totally distinct from the present Alaskans.—Austin Reville.

GRACE to live from day to day a christian life, without being inordinately anxious about to-morrow; faith in Christ as the only and all sufficient Saviour for us; add more success in imitating the example of him who is Lord and Master, are, must be, the great aim of every Christian, and if ever reached and realized will prepare him equally for death and life.

THE benevolent man loves mankind; the courteous man respects them. He who loves men will be loved by them; he who respects men will be respected by them.

A MAN recently poked his head out from "behind the time," when it was taken off by a "passing event."

THE poetry of motion—skating with a pretty girl.

TANNING & LUMBER CO.

KEYSTONE STORE WILCOX PA. ATTENTION EVERYBODY. SPRING OPENING! The largest store in North Western Pa., literally filled to overflowing. WINTER GOODS closing out regardless of value. We are opening the spring campaign with the largest and most attractive stock ever offered in this market. We shall endeavor to keep every department well assorted the year round, Our DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT will always contain a large and well selected stock of Cloths Cassimers & Cloakings, Black and Colored Silks. Seasonable dress goods in great variety. Table Linens, Napkins Towels &c., white goods of every description, bleached and brown sheetings all widths. GLOVES & HOSIERY. TRIMMINGS and NOTIONS. CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS. WALL and WINDOW PAPER. BOOKS AND STATIONERY, CLOTHING. HATS and CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES. DRUGS & MEDICINES. PAINTS, OILS & DYE STUFFS. LEATHER, & SHOE FINDINGS, HARDWARE, STOVES & TIN-WARE, IRON & STEEL, NAILS & BUILDERS HARDWARE. NUTS & WASHERS, HORSE SHOE & NAILS, WAGON SPRINGS. PATENT AXLES & BOXES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, STONE WARE, FLOUR, FEED & MEAL, CORN and OATS, FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS, SASH & DOORS, COFFINS, MATRASSES, BEDDING, &c., TOBACCO & CIGARS, TRUNKS, VALISES & CARPET BAGS. RUBBER BELTING. CLOCKS in GREAT VARIETY. Agents for Hoyt Bros. Celebrated Leather Belting. With our superior facilities for obtaining heavy goods, in large quantities, from first hands we defy competition in Groceries & Provisions. We invite particular attention to our choice brands of extra and double extra flour, we get direct from mills at the west thus saving to customers the profits usually pocketed by middlemen. Our flour is always fresh ground and we guarantee entire satisfaction with every barrel. TANNING & LUMBER Co. v1n211c. Wilcox Pa.

POWELL & KIME.

GOODS FOR THE MILLION. POWELL & KIME. At their spacious stores both in Have on hand, splendid assortments all reasonable Goods adapted to the wa of the people of Elk and adjoining counties, which they are selling at prices that defy competition. They would simply state here, that being very large dealers, their facilities for purchasing are unequalled by any establishment in the county. They buy directly from manufacturers and on the GROUND FLOOR. Another advantage. You can always get what you want at their stores, because you will save time by going directly to them—and TIME IS MONEY. We have no space here to enumerate all the advantages you will have in patronizing these establishments. But call and see, and reap the advantages for yourselves. Among their Goods you will find DRY GOODS in endless varieties, GROCERIES choice and fresh CLOTHING of best material superior cut and finish, BOOTS & SHOES of the best stock and make, CROCKERY for newly married, middle aged and elderly. BUTTER, EGGS, PORK, HAMS, LARD, FL. CORN MEAL. AND EVERYTHING ELSE. Also most other kinds of country produce taken at the market value.