THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & LEE,
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
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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. R. GOODLANDER,
NOEL B. LEE,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 52—WHOLE NO. 2,577. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1878. NEW SERIES—VOL. 19, NO. 25.

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb27'71tf

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch29, '76.

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. [*jy10'72

WARREN THORN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
In the shop lately occupied by Frank Short, one door west of Allegheny House.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my23:1ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
3:772 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1073 Clearfield, Pa.

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

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 25, 1874.

New Marble Yard.
The undersigned would inform the public that he has opened a new Marble Yard on Third street, opposite the Lutheran Church, where he will keep constantly on hand a stock of various kinds of marble. All kinds of
TOMBSTONES, MONUMENTS,
Posts for Cemetery Lots,
and all other work in his line will be promptly executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at reasonable rates.
He guarantees satisfactory work and low prices. Give him a call. J. FLAHARTY.
Clearfield, Pa., March 27, 1878-tf.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
and all kinds of
HORSE FURNISHING GOODS.
A full stock of Saddlers' Hardware, Brushes, Combs, Blankets, Robes, etc., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices. All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.
All kinds of hides taken in exchange for harness and repairing. All kinds of harness leather kept on hand, and for sale at a small profit.
Clearfield, Jan. 19, 1876.

E. WARING'S
LAW BLANKS
For sale at the Clearfield REPUBLICAN office.
The most Complete Series of Law Blanks published.
These Blanks are gotten up in superior style, are of uniform size, and furnished at very low figures for cash.
Call at the REPUBLICAN office and examine them. Orders by mail promptly filled.
Address, GOODLANDER & LEE,
July 25, 1877-tf. Clearfield Pa.

WEST BRANCH
INSURANCE AGENCY.
PENTZ & BROCKBANK, Agents.
(Successors to Murray & Gordon.)
The following first-class companies represented:
North British & Mercantile Fire Ins. Co., of England.....$28,000,000
Scottish Commercial Fire Ins. Co., of England.....$10,000,000
North America, of Philadelphia..... 4,700,000
Fire Association, of Philadelphia..... 3,100,000
Watertown Fire, New York, insures farm property only.....
Mobile Fire Department Ins. Co..... 275,000
Persons in the country wanting insurance, can have it promptly attended to by addressing us in person or by letter. Lowest possible rates in first-class companies. No concessions. Office in Pie's Opera House.
ANDREW PENTZ, Jr.,
S. T. BROCKBANK,
Clearfield, May 1, 1878-1y. Agents.

JOHN TROUTMAN,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
MATTRESSES,
AND
Improved Spring Beds,
MARKET STREET, NEAR P. O.
The undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Clearfield, and the public generally, that he has on hand a fine assortment of Furniture, such as Walnut, Chestnut and Painted Chamber Suites, Parlor Suites, Reclining and Extension Chairs, Ladies' and Gents' Easy Chairs, the Perforated Dining and Parlor Chairs, Cane Seats and Window Chairs, Clothes Bars, Step and Extension Ladders, Hat Racks, Scrubbing Brushes, &c
MOULDING AND PICTURE FRAMES,
ooking Glasses, Cheinoe, &c., which would suitable for Holiday presents.
dec16'72 JOHN TROUTMAN.

Cards.

JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES—We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty-five cents, mail a copy to any address. ovt8

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
n11:1'72 Clearfield, Pa.

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

G. R. & W. BARRETT
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1876.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
e26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

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

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
ja11'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

S. V. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office one door east of Western Hotel building, opposite Court House.
sept.5,'77. CLEARFIELD, PA.

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. jan1'7

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

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor.
9:3074

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

WM. M. MCCULLOUGH, FRED. G'L. BUCK.
McCULLOUGH & BUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office on Second street, in the Masonic building. jan10,'77

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 over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28, 6:tf.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug1876

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

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
late 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. [apr4,'68-tf

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. 23jy'72

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also manufacturer of
All Kinds of Articles in Human Hair.
Clearfield, Pa. may 19, '75.

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 10,'75.

Clearfield Nursery.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the 'Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep26-65-y Curwensville, Pa.

LONG AGO.

Oh do not sing that song again,
I heard it long ago,
My darling sang it to me then,
In twilight's gentle glow.
We stood upon the the mossy bridge
And watched the river's flow,
But many days have passed since then,
For that was long ago.

I seem to see my darling now,
As in the fading light,
We watched the waves play hide-and-seek,
With water lilies white,
"'Tis better to have loved and lost,"
In minor cadence low,
The sweet words dropped from her red lips,
In days long, long ago.

The leaves upon the maple trees,
Had changed from green to red,
When one day in the twilight's glow,
They told me she was dead!
"I worshipped at an earthly shrine,"
God laid my idol low,
But many days have passed since then,
For that was long ago.

And this is why that little song,
Gives me such bitter pain,
The story of a broken life,
Seems wedded to the strain.
Yet even though I lost her here,
I'm glad I loved her so,
Glad that she carried there the name
I gave her long ago.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

BY A NATIVE OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY.

EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN:—I have been out here for some time, and I have taken a pretty good view of North Central Iowa, and I would like if you would give me the privilege of your columns for the purpose of retailing my views to your many readers thro' the REPUBLICAN.

While a constant stream of emigration is flowing westward, and finding homes in different sections of this broad and fertile country, I think a word in regard to the advantages of this section of the State would not be amiss. The general face of the country is, of course, prairie. The land rises rather abruptly from the west side of the east branch of the Iowa river, and stretches northward in a broad and fertile table land, bounded on the west by the west branch of the river.

From the eastern side of the east branch a level extends back a short distance, then it rises into what is called uplands, and extends in an unbroken prairie for many miles in width, in some places high and gently rolling, in others level with occasional sloughs and marshes; but cultivation is doing a great deal in the way of drying up the sloughs. One would naturally suppose these ponds of water would be unhealthful, but such is not the case. The wind blowing so constantly keeps the water sweet and pure, and you neither see nor smell any indications of foul or stagnant water.

The air is pure, dry and invigorating. Those who come here with pulmonary disease very soon experience a change for the better. The country is remarkably healthful at all seasons. Many who have never visited the west, have great fear of the Iowa winds, but life here would be impossible without it. In traveling over the prairie the heat is intense when there is no air. Fortunately, however, there is almost always a fresh, exhilerating breeze, which makes it comfortable for the worker in the field, as well as pleasant for traveling.

Land has been selling very rapidly for the past five months. Men are here from all parts of the east, purchasing land which they will improve at once, and settle on permanently, as it will pay no man to hold unimproved land. Unimproved land, in fact, is all the kind in market, as none of the old settlers are leaving, which fact goes far to prove the prosperous condition of the country. Land sales range from five to ten dollars per acre, owing to quality and locality. At Britt, a point twelve miles west of Garner, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, eighty teams can be counted in sight at one time, breaking prairie. This railroad crosses the State as far west as Algona, from which present terminus it is now being rapidly constructed to intersect the St. Paul & Sioux City Railroad, at a point eighty miles west of the present terminus. The Minnesota & Iowa Railroad is graded north and south, with prospect of speedy completion, crossing the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul at Garner, in Hancock county, thus giving this part all the facilities for shipping produce or stock in any direction that a country could demand.

The wheat crop of last year was unprecedented in Iowa, but this year, if nothing happens the grain before harvest, it will far exceed it, as the prospects are equally as good as last. Corn is raised in abundance, and hay can be had for the cutting and curing, which can be done for $2.00 per ton, and thousands of acres of the finest grazing in the world for stock. The country is in a healthful condition financially, all kinds of produce plenty, which always finds ready sale and brings a fair price. Wood can be had for little more per cord than is paid in the wooded country in the east. Anthracite coal from Pennsylvania sells at $12.00 per ton. Bituminous coal, furnished from Oskaloosa, Iowa, at $5.00 per ton, but not so good an article as eastern coal. Immense beds of peat have been discovered which will, no doubt, be utilized for fuel at no distant day.

Countless flocks of wild geese, ducks, prairie chickens and brants find their home upon the prairie, while the streams and lakes are stocked with an inexhaustible supply of as fine fish as can be found anywhere in the west.

The excellence of our free schools is unsurpassed by any State in the Union. Any locality numbering fifteen children is entitled to a school.

For beauty of landscape no country can surpass this. As far as the eye can reach is the beautiful prairie, which, at this season of the year, is covered with its carpet of emerald green, studded with wild flowers of all kinds and colors. Later in the season a greater portion of the green will be changed to "waving seas of golden grain." In looking over the green, the sight is frequently relieved by artificial and occasionally natural groves. Quite a good deal of attention is being paid to the planting of trees, which not only tend to beautify the country, but serve as wind-breaks in winter. There is no doubt but what almost all kinds of fruit will be a success here. There are quite a number of apple-bearing orchards, and cherries, plums, and small fruits of all kinds do well. Vegetables grow to an unusual size, and require but very little attention or care.

Ten miles west of Mason City, in Cerrogordo county, is the town of Clear Lake, having a population of ten or twelve hundred; but the chief attraction is the lake itself, a beautiful sheet of water three by six miles in extent, its banks being covered by a fine natural grove. A short distance from the town the grounds are fitted up with a large pavilion, and a number of summer cottages, with ample space for pitching hundreds of tents among the trees. Camp-meetings, Musical Conventions and Sunday School Associations of the northwest are held here yearly. The accommodations for the traveling public are excellent. Very fine drives are also numerous. The lake is supplied with sail and row boats, for fishing or pleasure, and good bathing houses and grounds give it all the facilities of a first-class summer resort, which, in fact, it is.

During the winter season, seldom any rain falls from in December until March, and sometimes but little snow. The wind is cold and piercing, but dry and healthful, containing no moisture whatever, and very often for weeks during the winter there is a succession of clear, bright, cold days—most beautiful winter weather. Spring sets in early, and seldom ever a frost in May that will injure vegetation.

E....A.

CONCORD, JUNE 18, 1878.

TEXAN SPORTS.

ENCOUNTER OF A BULL WITH A LION AND LIONESS.

The San Antonio (Texas) correspondent of the New York *Herald*, describes the second fight between a bull and lion at that place:

At one o'clock the lion, "Old George," was put in the arena. He was a large African lion, who, although old, presented a formidable appearance. He was very large. He had been given a calf a few days before, which he destroyed in fine style, as well as several vagrant dogs that had strayed into the arena, in which he had been placed for a week past to allow him to exercise his muscles. Old George has only one eye, the other having been burnt in order to get the remains of his keeper out of his cage in Memphis a few years ago, he having torn him all to pieces. At 3:45 o'clock Mexican vanqueros were seen bringing the bull across the prairies. The lion was shut up in one corner of the cage, with a circus canvas, while the bull was led in by four men with ropes.

He took a sudden fit of butting, jerking away from his keepers, and made a rush upon one of them, a large, heavy man, and threw him to the ground in an instant, piercing the calf of his leg with his horn. The position of the unfortunate man was horrible, the infuriated bull standing over him shaking his head, threatening each moment to impale the prostrate victim. A cry of horror escaped from the multitude. Fortunately the attention of the bull was diverted, and the injured man was conveyed out of the arena. A huge gash was cut in his leg, fracturing the tibia, cutting thro' two large muscles and an artery. But for the presence of a doctor the wounded man would have bled to death.

As soon as the bull was fairly in the cage the curtain that concealed the lion was dropped. As soon as they saw each other the lion crouched down, growling, and lashing the ground with his tail. Before he could spring, the bull, although lame from his previous encounter with the lioness, without a moment's hesitation bounded toward the lion, catching him under the belly. He threw the lion sprawling, feet upward, against the cage, following it up by going for him again and pinning him to the ground. It was in vain the lion made show of resistance; the bull pinned him to the cage, holding him against the bars as in a vice.

On the bull withdrawing his horns, one of which had made a deep wound in the flank, the lion escaped. For fully five minutes the combatants glared at each other—the lion with uplifted paw and most ferocious mein, the bull with head lowered, as if to make the onset on the slightest provocation. The pose was magnificent. With a muffled roar the bull charged, his horns holding the lion firmly to the ground, the bull apparently suffering no injury.

The final assault of the bull was terrific. He gored the lion, and then with a toss, he sent him whirling through the air. When he struck the ground he lay on his back with his mouth open, apparently dead. The lion revived, however, but seemed unwilling to again tackle the monarch of the prairies.

The managers, seeing how unequal the combat was, determined to add a new feature to it. The bull was tied up, and while doing which he made furious efforts to get through the cage, the strength of which he tested to its utmost. The wagon was backed up to the door of the arena, and the lioness which had been vanquished a few days previous was turned in. Had the lion and the lioness attacked the bull together there is no doubt they would have come out victorious; but the lioness, remembering her previous encounter, fought shy, and beyond showing her teeth and striking attitudes did not do much, while the lion was too much exhausted by its exertions to do much damage beyond tearing the hide from the bull's face and legs. It was a strange sight—probably never before witnessed in America—to see the infuriated bull rushing around the arena, with tail up and head down, chasing the two huge lions, tossing one after another over his head or tramping them under foot.

At times the bull seemed to be standing on his head on the bodies of the prostrate animals, that filled the air with their roaring. It was evident that the lions stood no chance, the lion being *hors de combat*, with several deep wounds, while the lioness was too fleet to allow the bull to pin her to the cage.

Just before the bull was lassoed there was a very pretty scene. The two lions were very close together, the crippled lion huddling up close to the terrified lioness. The bull advanced on them in a trot, but just as he was upon them, he seemed to realize their helpless condition, stopped short, and, after eyeing them for a few minutes, slowly walked off in a different direction. Victory was declared for the bull, and he was lassoed and secured to the cage.

MOTHERS.—It cannot be denied that mothers have many cares. The feebleness of the infant, unable to tell his wants, and beset by dangers to its frail life from the very beginning, makes a constant appeal to the mother when her own strength is but slowly returning. What restless nights there are! How many spells of sickness, with the anxious waiting! And, when the baby can tell its feelings and its wants, how much waywardness is to be corrected, how many ill tendencies are to be checked! Nor is it one that is to be guarded—there is a group, a little community, a kingdom over which she is to rule, keeping, if possible, each in its place, and giving to each its rights. The variety of temperament is great must be allowed for, so as to guide and restrain without repressing, and as to be queen without being a despot.

ON A RAFT IN THE TROPICS.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF AN ESCAPED BRAZILIAN CONVICT—TWO OF HIS COMPANIONS DIE MISERABLY AT SEA—THE SURVIVOR RESCUED BY THE CREW OF AN AMERICAN BARK.

The log of the bark Carrie Long, that arrived in New York recently from Buenos Ayers, by way of Matanzas, shows that on February 11th, when 200 miles off the Brazilian coast her crew discovered a raft, upon which was a man in the last stages of exhaustion. The men of the Carrie Long at once took him off and brought him to New York. This man, thus saved by the merest chance from a horrible death, is an athletic young colored man, about twenty-five years of age. His name is Manuel Francesco, and he is a Brazilian, though he refused to tell to what portion of the Empire he belongs. Two years ago he was convicted of a petty theft in Rio Janeiro, and was sentenced to a penal servitude of five years on the Island of Fernando de Noronha. On this arid rock, beneath the burning rays of an equatorial sun, he worked in the chain-gang, whose flagging energies were constantly stimulated by prods from the bayonets of their soldier guards. After a year's experience of this horrible life Francesco determined to escape or die in the attempt.

By good conduct and strict obedience he obtained the position of servant in the house of one of the officers of the settlement. At the end of two years he had, with the assistance of two companions, collected a small store of provisions, a few bits of cordage, and a piece of an old sail. These were conveyed, by night, to one of the many barren rocks forming the Fernando de Noronha group. This rock they had reached by swimming, and here they also collected, from the drift on the beach, a quantity of bamboo joints, from which they constructed a rude raft about ten feet square and two feet thick. A short mast, stepped at one end of the float, supported their bit of a sail, and a broken oar formed their steering apparatus.

The escape was effected on a dark night, and they were wafted from the hated island by a light breeze, which they fondly hoped would carry them to Cape St. Roque, 210 miles away. At daylight Fernando de Noronha was but a cloud in the horizon, the breeze had died out, and the intrepid voyagers lay becalmed, with the long, heaving swell of the Atlantic threatening the demolition of their frail raft. From the first they suffered for want of water, of which their supply was very limited. Their provisions became thoroughly saturated with salt water, and eating them increased their thirst. On the third day one of the party was prostrated by a fever, and on the fourth his dead body slid from the little raft, and was seized by the sharks that lurked beneath it and waited for the prey that an unerring instinct told them must sooner or later be theirs. On the evening of the succeeding day a terrible storm hurled the little raft hither and thither, at times completely submerged beneath the huge waves. Francesco clung to a box that was lashed to the raft amidships, and his companion clung to the mast. In the darkness a great rush of water, a snapping of wood, and a yell of anguish told Francesco that his companion had gone, and that the sharks had caught another victim.

For five more days the raft floated at the mercy of wind and waves; but of these days Francesco knows little. He was without food or water, and had periods of unconsciousness. On the morning of the tenth day as the Carrie Long came bearing directly down upon him, he was barely able to utter a hoarse cry, and to feebly wave a bit of rag, torn from his shirt. As a boat from the bark neared the raft two sharks left its shadow and darted swiftly away. When the rescued man was placed on the deck of the bark he was unable to stand, but in a feeble pantomime begged for water. A gill of water was poured down his swollen throat, and, half an hour afterward, as much more, mixed with gin, revived him so that he was able to swallow a few mouthfuls of soup. His body was covered with running sores, and he was a most pitiable object; but his recovery was rapid, and was perfected long before his arrival here.

When they arrived at Matanzas, Francesco was much alarmed at the presence and questions of the customs officers. Upon hearing his story, the Brazilian consul demanded that he should be delivered to the local officials, and held in jail until his case could be communicated to the Brazilian authorities; but Captain Park said: "No, sir, he deserves his liberty after the efforts he made to obtain it. I saved him from death, and I'm not going to consign him to a prison. You can't have him, and you don't dare to take him from under that flag"—pointing to the stars and stripes that flew from the mizzen peak. So Francesco was brought to New York. When rescued he had a few pieces of Brazilian money with him, and a paper containing the warrant for his transportation to Fernando de Noronha, signed by a Brazilian magistrate.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE.—Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some immortal soul passes to its Maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before seventeen.

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be a hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single.

There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only ninety-five weddings takes place.

If you take a thousand persons who have reached seventy years, there are of clergymen, orators, and public speakers, forty-three; farmers, forty; workmen, thirty-three; soldiers, thirty-two; lawyers, twenty-nine; professors, twenty-seven; doctors, twenty-four.

Wisdom is a fox who, after long hunting, at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homlier and the coarser cost; and whereof to a judicious palate the maggots are blest. It is a sack posset, wherein the deeper you go, you'll find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg. But lastly it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth and pay you with nothing but a worm.

THE RIGHT WAY.

Society may well thank the Episcopal Church authorities of Michigan for the firm and prudent manner in which they treated the deplorable scandal in which the aged Bishop McCoskry was involved. Their action has been such as to subject the offender to the most extreme punishment, and yet to keep the odious facts out of public view. Since the Bishop has been deposed from the ministry as well as from the bishopric, there is no longer any necessity for going into the details. It would be sheer prurience and vulgarity to do so. But if a weaker and less resolute set of men had had in charge the destines of the Episcopal Church of that State, there might have been an effort to gloss over the offense, or to have denied them; and this would have necessitated an examination of the evidence, and laying bare the facts before the public. All the indications at one time pointed in this direction. The other person whose name was mixed up in the scandal denied it stoutly, and demanded that the Bishop should come back from New York to vindicate her. The Bishop himself also denied the charges. It seemed as though the trial was inevitable, and vulgar curiosity awaited it with eager appetite. But in the meantime the gentlemen who had charge of the matter quietly were examining the evidence, neither seeking to exculpate the accused nor to criminate him, but solicitous only to know the truth. They bore themselves like men who had greater interests at stake than the sheltering of the reputation of any one man however eminent or beloved he might be. The dignity and purity of their church was at stake and this at least they might shelter from reproach. In order to keep *that* worthy of the continued love and veneration of the pure in heart, it was necessary to keep it beyond the suspicion of harboring in high places an unworthy man. It was in this spirit that they gathered the evidence; and when the counsel of the Bishop came to make arrangements for the trial, he was confronted with proof so convincing that there was nothing left to do but to confess and resign. The resignation gave up the priesthood as well as the bishopric, and the man whom all venerated a little while ago seeks only to hide in obscurity.

That which is especially gratifying is that there were no two parties, no discussions in the diocese; all the proceedure was judicial and calm, earnest and sad. All looked upon it as a great calamity, and set themselves gravely and resolutely to meet it. To our thinking this deplorable affair gives evidence of a vigorous vitality in the Episcopal Church of that State, a vitality which can be better estimated by comparing the course of events there with the course of events in Brooklyn; for if there be anything that has suffered more in reputation than the great pulpit orator, it is Plymouth church. They made common cause with him and all sank together. In Michigan one man has fallen; but he has left no stain on his church. That is anchored on the rock.

THE WISCONSIN CYCLONE.

Some characteristics of the Wisconsin cyclone were very marked. One eye-witness describes its progress through the country as an immense bounding ball of dense black clouds,—now rising high in the air and skipping over considerable space of country, and now descending again upon the earth with a terrific violence that no human work could withstand, crushing buildings as if they were made of straw, or tossing them like feathers into atoms. Another singular phenomenon was the internal evolutions and contortions of this mighthy globe of wind and cloud. While it swept through the country in a direct course with prodigious violence and force, a portion of its power seemed to be reserved for inside service, like a wheel whirling within a wheel, and many an object was thrown far outside of the trail of the cyclone on either side, or tossed far back in its rear, as a gigantic gymnast throws the balls over his head at the close of the performance. A woman was caught and carried up 400 feet in the air, and dashed upon the ground stone dead, with both arms broken, the shoes stripped from her feet, and her body as black as the ace of spades. The mighty avalanche of wind carried some of the debris over fifteen miles. Horses were taken up out of the fields and carried hundreds of rods, and dashed to atoms upon the ground when the insane fury of the hurricane was through with its gigantic sport. Thor seemed to rule the hour, and divided the honors with Death. Some portion of the path over which this tempest servant moved is as clean of houses, barns, fences, orchards, etc., as the face of the lawn after the passage of the mower. The death-roll is still incomplete, but it already numbers over fifty, and the loss of property destroyed must reach over $500,000. It is one of the few cases where the first reports were not greatly exaggerated. Subsequent investigations only revealed the fact that the details were more heartrending and terrible than the generalization.

The unsatisfactory aspect of the case is, that no human agency can provide a remedy against a repetition of this terrible calamity. Scientific knowledge is as helpless here as the most profound ignorance. To prevent such an exhibition of Nature's wrath, to speak superstitiously, is impossible; and to guard against it equally so. And what makes it all the more uncomfortable is the well-authenticated fact that these cyclones are on the increase year by year, especially in the West.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MEN WITHOUT OCCUPATION.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can be neither contented nor happy without occupation. We were born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field for usefulness almost anywhere. In occupations we forget our cares, our worldly trials, and our sorrows. It keeps us from constantly worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labor for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can possibly engage in.

Detroit husbands and wives sometimes—once in a great many years—have disputes. The other day when a Beech street couple were holding an angry argument, the husband raised his hands, and exclaimed: "Oh, Consistency, thou art a jewel!" The wife at once broke, and as she sobbed, she gasped out: "You saw her at the Opera House, I suppose; but if she had to split wood, wash dishes, and take care of six children, she wouldn't look any better than I do—boo-hoo!"

TRUTHFUL AND MANLY.

The Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* of the 26th ult., says: "We once tried to be divorced from the North—to separate peaceably. We fought our own battle. We had the North against us with its millions of money and its own people, and the men that money could buy. We were defeated by overwhelming numbers, after thousands of the noblest hearts that ever throbbed a gallant, heroic impulse were laid in the dust, where in dust could be traced the cause for which they fought and loved as well. Our country was forced into submission. The survivors accepted the position and have struggled, throughout pain and wrong, to regain their former prestige in the councils of the nation and build up their shattered fortunes. At last the feeble remnant of carpet-bagism has been swept from the land, and the Southern States stand forth redeemed of military rule. We are as loyal as any one in the country, are as proud of America as any, have in the National councils as able and eloquent advocates as any, and are able to offer any true American with no sectionalism, 138 votes in the Electoral College. There need be no further fears of secession. Thousands of heroic souls sleeping in their grave protest against it. This may be true, but these Southern States are unwilling to be the harps on which every demagogue of the country can play with the case that he can grind a nicely greased hand organ. With Lamar, Hall, Gordon, Ransom and other intellectual giants, the peers of any the country has produced, we need fear nothing in debate. Our people mean to do right as near as human judgment can discover, and they are not laboring to secure the good opinon of the North simply because their approval is necessary of sympathy or kindness. The South has been politically perfected by suffering. We know who are our friends. Republicans have not one spark throughout our borders."

PLANTING TREES IN THE FALL.

The question as to whether Spring or Fall is the better season for planting has been much discussed, and the conclusion reached has generally been that in Western New York and similar climates one is about as good as the other. My experience with hardy fruit and deciduous ornamental trees is in favor of Fall. It is true that we have an occasional severe Winter when Fall-planted trees suffer, but these are of rare occurrence.

Last Fall, quite late, after the hurry of the season was all over, I planted several hundred dwarf pear trees. After planting, the earth was drawn up around the base, say six or more inches above the level of the ground, to give protection to the roots and stiffen the tree against the force of the wind. May 22, I had the earth around the trees removed to the ground level, and find vigorous new roots, three to five inches in length, spreading in all directions from the quince stock. The tops are also pushing rapidly, and in the whole planting of 300 trees there is not a failure.

It is easy to see what an advantage these trees have over those planted this Spring, even under the most favorable circumstances—for the latter. In Spring planting it often happens that a long period of cold weather and drying winds follows the planting, and the trees get seriously dried before the growing season opens, or a dry and warm period comes before the roots have acquired vigor enough to sustain the tree; under such adverse influence they either die or linger along feebly all Summer.

We must take some risk in planting at any season, but, on the whole, I think the chances are in favor of the Fall for hardy deciduous trees.—*P. Barry, in American Rural Home.*

FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

The Pensacola, Florida, *Gazette*, of June 8, publishes the following: Captain John B. Guttmann, of the Pensacola Guards, signalized himself in an odd encounter last Friday, and came out first best. Riding down to the shore of Escambia Bay, the captain noticed a strange commotion in the water, and that the beach for a considerable distance was covered with fish from six inches to a foot and a half in length, some dead and some still jumping, while others continued to spring from the water, above which showed the sharp dorsal fin of a shark, cutting the surface as he pursued the fish. The sporting spirit of the captain was fired, and springing from his buggy, he opened his pocket knife, with a blade less than three inches long, and rushed into the water, which was thigh-deep, where he encountered the shark, and pushed his little knife into it. The creature did not seem to feel it, and its hide was so tough that the captain could not rip it, so he continued his thrusts, while the shark endeavored to turn so as to size him. Finally the shark felt the blade, and, retreating twelve or fifteen feet, charged back with a rush. The captain sprang aside as it attempted to bite him, and seized it by the fin, which was ten inches long, and plied his knife while they waltzed round, the shark continually turning in the endeavor to bite. Finding his knife of no avail against the nine lives of the shark, the captain caught up a stout, heavy piece of driftwood, which opportunely came within reach, and, as the fish threw its head out of the water, struck it a severe blow at the base of the skull, which instantly stunned it. He then threw it ashore, where it was dispatched. It was exactly five feet in length.

NO MATTER WHAT COLOR.—An eminent Scottish divine happened to meet at the house of a lawyer, whom he considered too sharp a practitioner, two of his own parishioners. The lawyer jocularly and ungraciously put the question, "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask, do you look upon them as white or black?" "I don't know," answered the divine dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know, if they are long here, they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

John Adams wrote prophetically: "But let us take warning and give it to our children. Whenever vanity and gayety, a love of pomp and dress, furniture, equipage, buildings, great company, expensive diversions and elegant entertainments get the better of the principles and judgments of men and women, there is no knowing where they will stop, nor into what evils, natural, moral or political, they will lead us."

Bayard Taylor says that black-eyed women can never love as fondly as those with blue eyes. So don't give your wife a black eye.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. MCQUOWN.

SUPPORTING THE SYSTEM.

Nothing strengthens our common school system more than the dissemination of current Educational news among its friends and supporters. A means by which to do this is a want that has long been felt among those who are engaged in the management of our schools. To meet, in a measure, this want, the editor of this paper has kindly tendered us the use of this column. We shall, therefore, devote the space each week to the publication of such educational matter as will be useful to teachers, directors, and all interested in the welfare of our schools. Its contents will be made up of the latest decisions, hints and suggestions, of leading educators and such original matter as shall have a direct bearing upon the work of the school room. Besides this it will contain the announcement and proceedings of educational meetings held in the county, and reports of educational work in the several districts of the county. Thus will it supply a vacancy that has long been felt and prove a valuable auxiliary in rendering our work more