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SELECT POETRY.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

Some people live in sunshine, And roses strew the way; Their lives can't be likened, To a pleasant summer day.

They've friends to love them dearly, And make their homes so bright; To fill their hearts with sunshine, And keep their spirits light.

How many have heard that sweet word, And felt the warm tears start; For some there are who never felt The love of a human heart!

God never forgets his children; The love for which they pine— For the human love which brightens, He sends sweet consolation.

Though clouds may gather round us, And hide the beautiful sun; We'll say, as the Christian saith, "Father, Thy will be done."

A Pretty Maiden's Soliloquy. Oh, dear me! I am ready to cry, And it sometimes seems as though I should die.

They call me a flirt, And try to convert Me into a hateful, contemptible brute; If they don't mind, I think they will find That I'll soon teach them what to conclude.

As for the beaux, Heaven only knows how they seem so determined to persecute; What under the sun I ever have done, To make them act so, I can't see.

THE WAGER. "NONSENSE!" "Oh very well. It's very easy to say nonsense."

"Do you mean to say that you believe all this stuff?" "I mean to say that every night, at a certain hour, those three murderers return there and hold converse under that gibbet."

"I can not imagine how a sensible man like you can seriously talk so." "I tell you I've heard them. It's no mere hearsay with me; I've heard them. I once laughed at the idea, just as you do now. But I heard, and I laughed no more. Go you now at any time this night, if you dare, and I'll bet anything you'll come back believing."

"Do; what'll you bet?" "I'll bet my horse against your pony." "Done. I'll take it." "Done it is. Here, Brown, you'll do to hold the stakes."

The above conversation took place in the "Red Lion Inn" at Canton, a little village on the coast of Maine. The first speaker was a fine, fresh-faced broad shouldered, honest-looking fellow, broad under his rough clothing bore the unmistakable signs of a gentleman.

The other had the air of a son-of-a-bitch, though his dress was that of a farmer. Two others were with him, both of whom had very much the same appearance. Five or six others were present, all of whom took a deep interest in the conversation, and gave a hearty assent to the bet.

As the bet was made the man Brown arose and proceeded to take charge of the stakes. The two men who had made the bet also arose. By the air of the rest of the company it was evident that they considered that the bet was already lost by the unbeliever.

They were all inhabitants of the village. The one that had made the bet was a stranger; and local pride was aroused, even if there were no other feeling to animate them.

The man who had accepted the wager began to prepare for his departure. He took a flask of brandy only to encounter the supernatural foes whom he was supposed to encounter, and laughingly departed.

"Well," said one of the spectators, after he had departed, "he's gone; the young fellow's gone. He'll get enough of it."

"That he will," said another. "He'll be back as soon as he gets there."

"That's the advice of better men than I am," said the man who had made the bet. "I'll be back as soon as he gets there."

"That's the advice of better men than I am," said the man who had made the bet. "I'll be back as soon as he gets there."

"The first time I heard it I was struck dumb." "And I should have fallen dead if there hadn't been another man with me."

"It's a nice pony the young fellow will have to give up, any way." "Well, he ought to know better than to be so free with his bets."

"He's never been much in these parts before." "No, of course not, or he wouldn't have been so free with his bets."

While these men were speaking the one who had made the bet, with his companions, had quietly departed. Scarcely had they left, when a fierce gust of wind, coming up behind a hill-side, set all the signs and shutters creaking, and added to the superstitious terror of the company at the inn.

While they were engaged in various speculations as to the result of his experiment, the young adventurer was going on toward the place.

It was on the summit of a wide, bleak, and desolate ridge terminated by a cliff, at the base of which the ocean surf beat. Here, some years before, a murder had been committed by a gang of ruffians. They had been captured and three of the ring-leaders had been hanged in chains upon a lofty gibbet on the very spot where the crime had been committed.

As the adventurer neared the spot the wind blew in gusts over the ridge. The moon occasionally shining out from behind a cloud revealed the scene. It was gloomy indeed, and might well have appalled a man even of stronger nerves.

The gloom of the night formed a background, and in the foreground rose a lofty three-armed gibbet, from each arm of which there hung suspended the skeleton of a man in chains. The rushing wind gave to the scene additional elements of terror. As it drove past it swung the skeletons, making them vibrate slowly to and fro, with all their lead of chains and fetters, so that they creaked and rattled, and made a thousand weird and ghastly sounds in the lonely darkness.

From the distance there came up a deep, low, sullen sound, at regular intervals dying and rising again, to die away in long, low reverberations. It was the ocean surf, which beat upon the shore not far away; for Camden was a fishing village, and the gibbet stood upon a high cliff which overhung the beach. The moaning of the wind, the low, sullen roar of the surf, and the clank of the chains, were sufficient to inspire dread in the boldest heart.

The young man, however, seemed quite unaffected by any superstitious terrors. He quietly dismounted, flung the horse's bridle over his arm, drew his coat about him, and waited.

For about an hour he waited patiently, keeping a wary look about him, so as not to be surprised in that gloom. The light, however, was sufficient to prevent any one from coming near unobserved, and the watcher felt satisfied so long as he had his pistols at his belt.

At length he felt conscious of a low moan, which was entirely different from any of the sounds which he had hitherto heard.

It seemed to arise from the ground behind him. It was a moan of peculiar nature and of penetrating power. The watcher grasped his pistols and turned toward the direction from which the sound came.

Then followed a heavy sigh. He waited. Then came a deep moan. A smile of contempt passed over the watcher's face.

"Very clumsy treckery," he thought, "if I had the management of it, I would act differently."

Suddenly there was a grating overhead. He looked up. The skeletons were moving down slowly. As they descended they swung in the wind, and were knocked together and dashed against the gallow-tree. Still they were suspended, and were not coming down without being lowered down.

The watcher stepped back and coolly waited with a grim smile on his face. The skeletons came down slowly, till at last they touched the ground. The watcher coolly took one of them and gave a violent pull. It fell down, dragging a rope after it, which creaked as it ran through a pulley overhead. The watcher pulled away at it, and dragged down a line which was at least a hundred feet in length. Meantime the other skeletons kept rising and falling. He caught one of them with the same peculiar jerk, and pulled the rope in the same way. Suddenly the other skeleton began to ascend!

"No, no, my fine fellow," muttered the watcher, catching the chains of his feet before it got out of reach, and pulling with all his force. It was a sudden and violent pull, and the skeleton yielded. Down it fell, along with the watcher, who fell with it to the ground. But in a moment he arose, and with an audible chuckle, he pulled this rope down also.

Then he stood waiting cautiously as before. Some time now passed, during which nothing was seen or heard. The skeletons lay around on the heath. The watcher waited.

At last a bright light flashed up from the ground about twenty yards in front of him. It was close to the edge of the cliff, and looked like a crevice. In the midst of the light three figures appeared, each wrapped in a long white sheet.

This spectacle, however, inspired no terror in the watcher, who held his pistols, that he saw head madam

The watcher moved to one side. Said he, as they came near, they made a rush at him. He fired. One of them dropped.

Instantly he sprang toward the opening from which they had emerged, and pulling out a boat-swain's whistle, he blew three times a shrill penetrating blast. It was quickly done, and then he waited with his pistols extended.

Two out of the three figures stood motionless, close by the one who had fallen. Grains of pain came from the fallen figure.

But now other figures appeared upon the scene. At the sound of the shrill whistle, six or eight men all armed, sprang up from behind a hill-side, and rushed up to the two figures. In a moment they had surrounded them and sized them. The watcher then advanced toward them.

"Who's this fellow?" said he, stooping over the wounded man, and tearing away the sheet which he was enveloped. "Ah, ah! my fine fellow," said he; "it's you, is it? So you've lost your bet?"

It was the man with whom he had made the bet. He gave a deep groan. The watcher then tore away the sheets from the others. One was Brown—the man that held the stake; the other was one of the company who had made the bet.

"I'm going down there into your place. So lead on," said he. "Who are you?" cried Brown savagely, "seizing and shooting innocent persons like a highwayman?"

"Well, if you want to know, I'm Captain Sinclair, a United States Custom-house officer. You were playful enough to bet with me, and I think I've won it. But come," he continued, sternly, "I've suspected that you were up to mischief here. I only came here yesterday. My predecessor could never trace the extensive smuggling operations that went on just about here; but I thought that perhaps the gibbet had something to do with it. You see I've caught you."

Brown uttered something between a curse and an entreaty. "Tie up both of them," said he. "Now two of you fellows stay here. Has any body got a lantern?"

One of the men handed one to him. He lighted it, and then descended by the cliffs through which the three figures had emerged.

After a short distance, he found himself in a passage-way which went down on the side of a cliff that had been severed in twain. The path sloped steeply for a hundred yards or so, and ended in a cavern. Here there were barrels and boxes in great numbers, all filled with contraband articles. The cavern itself was just underneath the gibbet. It was evident that these smugglers had made use of the gibbet to frighten people away from their haunts.

An examination afterward showed that these three men alone had conducted a vast smuggling business by means of this convenient cavern. They had been completely entrapped by Captain Sinclair. As he had suspected some trickery about the gibbet. He had made the bet, and caused some of his men to follow him and conceal themselves. The result was as has been described. The three smugglers found themselves suddenly cast down from their dreams of wealth, and on their way to the State Prison. As for Captain Sinclair, his brilliant exploit was rewarded with promotion.—Harper's Weekly.

How Gen. Wool Made His Fortune. The evening before the veteran General was stricken down with the illness that closed his eventful career, he made a most interesting statement to the editor of the Troy Whig, which conveys a practical lesson, and shows how easy it is to become rich after obtaining the first dollar, if one is prudent and economical.

"I never made but \$20,000 in my life," said the General emphatically, "but I always kept that at good interest!" On our expressing surprise, he went on to explain. It seems that at the close of the war of 1812, the General found himself terribly wounded, but about even with the world, in a pecuniary point of view. Shortly afterward the Government sent him to the far South and West, on a special mission connected with military affairs, and for five years he traveled over mountains, and through the almost trackless wilderness, and accomplished his difficult mission, as he always did, to the entire satisfaction of the Government. He had not drawn a dollar from the Treasury, except for actual expenses, and at the end of the five years the Government owed him \$20,000, which was then paid. Here was the nucleus of his large fortune. General Wool was then about thirty-five years of age. He died at about the age of eighty-eight. Now, let the reader take this \$20,000, which, at compound interest, will nearly double every ten years, and in the fifty years intervening between the time of its receipt and the General's death, he will find that it will amount to more than the General's estate, to wit: \$400,000.

A Justice, in rebuking a virago who had been arraigned for nearly scratching her husband's eyes out, said: "You should remember that your husband is the head of the domestic establishment, that he is your head madam."

Taken in and Done For. Kingston, N. Y., has a sensation. William Travis, an elegant young man, sweet as a peach, natty, noble, high toned, attractive—in fact most "dem'd fine" generally, has taken in the people of that place to the tune of fifty thousand dollars, and gone hence with the same.

William is a nice young man, about twenty-two years of age. He appeared on the Kingston checker board some time since, representing himself to be a nice, moral, Christian young gentleman, and a good boy generally. He told a very pretty story.

Once he was a poor boy working in New York, and carried an ugly bundle for a good woman whose name, he said, was Mrs. De Wall. He carried the bundle so nicely that Mrs. De Wall rather liked him, and often invited him, when a lad, to her house. In time William became a man. Mrs. De Wall kindly died, and left to William her large estates in New York and Philadelphia. William showed the will, attested by Governor Hoffman and other parties; also a certificate from the surrogate Judge that the will was correct, and that he, William, was the identical Will mentioned in the will of Mrs. De Wall.

With those forged documents, William did play upon the credulity of the church members of Kingston. He said unto them that he was to come into possession of all this vast estate in a short time, and on the strength of this document he borrowed money; twenty thousand dollars from one gentleman at different times.

William attended Sunday-school and told such charming stories to the children. He wore the sturdiest neckties; the sweetest lemon-colored kids; the daintiest jewelry; the nicest, tightest, silkiest, slickest patent leather boots; cast-away-vest velvet coats, parted his hair in the middle, poured balm of Gilead, jockey club, cinnamon, essence and all these articles thereon that might be attractive in the eyes of the daughters of religious shoddyism.

He made long prayers—and such eloquent prayers no one ever heard before in this section. He drove fast horses. And his driving was like unto that of Jehu, for he would cause them to skim over the surface of mother-earth with much velocity. And the pious old dames of the church said he was a nice young man, and they had many quarrels among themselves as to whose daughter he should marry—Some of them however, shook their heads and said good Christians did not act in that manner; while others gave it as their opinion that modern Christians went by steam, music with a band-organ, and did good by brevet.

For a time sweet William had it all his own way. At last came the hour of his departure, and he lit out there like a Thomas cat in a fight. He owed lively men, barkeepers, book-sellers, and a board bill of eleven hundred dollars, for William lived sumptuously, and fared high. He wore purple and fine linen.

William has gone. Police officers have been looking for him, but they find him not. He quit the game about fifty thousand dollars ahead, besides a very pleasant experience of a few months with the maids and matrons of Kingston. Those who dwell in that region have discovered that William was an impostor; that he was not the pious young man they thought he was, and they were astonished to think that he had dared forge the signature of a Governor in a great State like this, and play upon their credulity as he did.

Moral.—Dollar jewelry is not so good as the best kid.

Who Discovered America? This question has been raised in San Francisco by the publication of a paper on the subject by Mr. J. Hanley, the Chinese interpreter of that city. Mr. Hanley states that the Chinese discovered the American continent 1,400 years ago. About five hundred years ago Buddhist priests repaired here, and carried back the news that they had found Buddhist idols and religious writings in this country. He says the Chinese called the land Fossay, after a tree like the bamboo, from which the natives made cloth and paper, and the fruit of which they ate. Mr. Hanley compares this with the statement of the Conquistadores, that the Aztecs from the pulp of a tree made paper, and used the roots and fermented spirits for food. He relies too, on a correspondence between the authorities as to the absence among the natives of other metal tools than of copper, and of the little value they placed on gold and silver. Mr. Hanley affirms there is a resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and Buddhism as well as between their manners and customs. He asserts there is a similarity of feature between the Chinese and the tribes of Middle and South America. He goes further and gives a list of words in the Chinese and American languages, which exhibit a similarity. Mr. Hanley's evidences, however, are not accepted as conclusive by the critics.

"SALLY," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and a pair of pants through which his legs projected a half a foot, perhaps more, "Sally, before we go into this museum to see the serendipity, I want to ask you something. Well, you see, this horse business is going to cost a hull quarter a piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nothing. Now, if you'll be-

The Gambler's Fate. Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, an Englishman, who in the reign of Queen Anne possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve nights.

According to the story of this madman, for we can call him nothing else when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into the carriage to be carried to his house in town, he resolved upon having one throw more to try to revive his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on.

Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person whom he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him. His proposition was this; that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and I use money in his pockets, his town house plate and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world except the clothes on his back, should be valued in a lump at a certain price, and be thrown for at a single cast. No persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told his coachman that there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house or home, or any other creditable means of support.

Thus beguiled, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper at a lively stable. In this miserable condition, and with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he once supported, he was recognized by an old friend who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessities. He expended five in procuring decent apparel. With the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house, and increased them to fifty. He then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, set down with former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds.

Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject poverty, died a ragged beggar at a penny lodging house in St. Giles.

Farming at the West. A correspondent Samuel Foster mentions the following incident in a letter to the Iowa Homestead: "My nephew started farming in Illinois about the year 1840 on a broad prairie nearly out of sight of timber. His capital was a saddle wagon worth \$125, which an uncle gave him, half of a pair of horses and a threshing machine, and a man's daughter, the father of the daughter owning the other half of the team and threshing machine, a cow and few farm tools; this was the capital of both. They went on the land equal partners. Two men can often work to better advantage than one. Besides her advantage was a union of capital of some \$600, which was another advantage. They were both good workers and good managers. Thirteen years from that time the nephew said to me, 'Uncle we have been taking an account of stock' (that is valuing lands, animals, and tools), 'which amounted to \$35,000.' This farming was not buying and selling land, but it was the value of their homestead which they had enlarged to 400 acres, and the value of their animals, crops and tools. This thirteen years embrace years of low prices, as well as short crops. About half of this \$35,000 was made by the advance value of their homestead, and the other half was the genuine 'sweat of the brow,' and their fatted animals. A younger brother of that nephew settled some years after on a piece of prairie adjoining the first and is doing better than the first did."

A Kentucky Trial. A few days ago, in Breckinridge county, a rough rider entered a small town, got on a spree, and assaulted a citizen of the place. Toward evening the community determined on his arrest. He was taken before a magistrate, and his case demanding more legal knowledge than he possessed the prisoner was sent to a magistrate in the country for trial. The prisoner remarked, "they had better hurry up, as he had no time to fool around; if they didn't look sharp, he'd get on his horse and leave." Thus admonished the majesty of the court was brought into requisition and the trial proceeded. The prisoner seemed to object to the whole proceeding, and observing a pistol in the pocket of a coat hanging on the wall, he drew it out, and as it happened to be the only weapon in the room, held a winning hand. He requested the magistrate and his officers to dance on the floor, and cogged themselves in a highly ridiculous manner. When he was satisfied with the performance he ordered the Squire to have his horse brought out, which he mounted, and then made that officer of the law show him a short cut to the nearest main road. Seizing clear road of his difficulties, he dismissed the Squire and galloped off, remarking that he captured the pistol in war, and he claimed it as his own. It is needless to say the rough rider disappeared from the vicinity in all haste, and left

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Not for Joe. "Oh, no, no, we won't blow, Not as we know of, Not as Joseph,"—Joseph.

A young man living down town, without the fear of his sweetheart's parents before his eyes, undertook to "hook" the object of his adoration from a second story window in her father's house, on Friday night last, says the Louisville Sun. The old man, during the "tuss," went out in his night clothes, looking like the ghost of Hamlet, and espied Joe going up the ladder. The old man caught hold of the foot of the ladder and let something drop. It was Joe. Grabbing him by the collar, he lifted him to his feet and nearly shook him out of his shoes, after which he led him into the house and lectured him as follows:

"Lok here, you cussed sneak, whenver you go and larn a decent trade, and kin make enough money to pay house rent, an' raise a family, you kin come here without a ladder, walk in the front door, an' my mory marder, an' get tell them 'Dye hear?' And the foolish old man led Joe out of the house, and told him to 'git.' The young lady has signified her willingness to wait for Joe. If any of the proprietors of our manufacturing are called upon to lay out to-morrow by a young man who wants to larn a trade, take him in—that's Joe. Joe's willing and the girl's waiting."

LIBERALITY. What a blessing to mankind is a liberal customer! A farmer went to a store in Boston, the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his entrusted him with some money to expend to the best advantage, and he in return to do it where he was best rewarded. He had been used very ill by the trade in Boston, and he would not part with his neighbor's money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost satisfaction, the trader says:

"I think I can treat you to your liking, how do you like to be treated?" "Well," said the farmer, with a leer in his eye, "in the first place, I want a glass of toddy," which was forthcoming.

"Now, I will have a nice cigar," says the farmer. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back in a chair, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced pulling away like a Spaniard.

"Now, what do you want to purchase?" says the storekeeper. "My neighbor handed me ten cents when I left home, to buy him a pound of tobacco—have you got the article?" The storekeeper smiled and said:

Onions for Poultry. It is a well known fact to the owners of poultry that the occasional use of onions, mixed and fed to poultry with their other food, is one of the best ways of keeping a yard of poultry in health. I am afraid it has not received the attention and use that its merits really demand. I am well satisfied that the use of this vegetable would prevent three-fourths of the diseases that a poultry yard is subject to. Not that it is a careful and disease has once seen it a god, but I know that I have cured cases of most severe roup by its use after standard remedies had failed. I became convinced that if an article like this would cure the occasional use of it would be a preventative, and I have found it to be not only a group, but in all those diseases that poultry are liable to under carelessness and mismanagement. Bowls will readily eat if it is sliced fine and mixed with their food. Give it as often as once a week—often if you choose—it will do them good. Make a trial of this vegetable, breeders of poultry, and then you will know for a certainty how to appreciate it.

Scarlet Fever. The following advice in regard to the treatment of this dreadful disease is taken from The Day. It begins with languor and loss of appetite, followed by fever, and soar throat, and then the "red patches" on the cheeks appear. When these symptoms are first observed, place the child in bed in a room which is warm and well ventilated. Administer warm weak lemonade with a little gum arabic dissolved in it. Cover the abdomen with warm dry flannel, then take a newly folded bed-sheet and place in boiling hot water, wring it out by means of dry towels, and place it over the flannel on the child's abdomen. This must be repeated until perspiration is observed, which will not result for some minutes, when the patient will drop into a quiet slumber, and with careful nursing is saved. All of this can be done before a physician can be summoned, and will prove a great auxiliary to his course of treatment; in many cases it will enable him to save the life of a dear child and prevent the disorders which almost always follow this dreadful complaint, when it is not promptly assuaged by this simple preliminary home-treatment.

A Yankee one day asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off. "You cannot do it with safety," said the counsellor, "but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bride whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you. The next day the lawyer found that it was