

Published every Thursday Evening by CROUSE & BENFER, Proprietors.

Terms of Subscription, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year.

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The Post

VOL. 8. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO. PA., MARCH 17, 1870. NO. 3.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One column one year, One-half column one year, One-fourth column one year, One square (10 lines) one insertion, Every additional insertion, Professional and Business cards, Auditor, Executor, Administrator, and Assignee Notices, Editorial notices per line, and All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered.

J. P. CROMMILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Middleburg, Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

A. C. SIMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Selingsgrove Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

J. W. KNIGHT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Freeburg Pa. Offers his Professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

W. M. VAN GEZEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Lewisburg Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

GEO. F. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Lewisburg Pa. Offers his Professional service to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

J. M. LINN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Lewisburg Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Selingsgrove Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office two doors north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 5, '67]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Selingsgrove Pa. Offers his Professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Collections made in all parts of the State. He can speak the English and German languages fluently. Office between Hall's and the Post office. [Jan. 5, '67]

L. N. MYERS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW. Middleburg Snyder County Penn. Office a few doors West of the P. O. on Main street. Consultation in English and German languages. [Sep. 19, '67]

J. C. BUCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Lewisburg Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67]

CROVER & BAKER, SEWING MACHINE. Persons in need of a good and durable Sewing Machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on our Sales Agent, Selingsgrove. [Jan. 24, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN. Middleburg Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST. Selingsgrove Penn.

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq., JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

Y. H. WAGNER, Esq., JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care and on the most reasonable terms. [March 12, '68]

DR. J. F. KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. [6-38]

F. W. SCHWAN, M. D., SURGEON & PHYSICIAN. Port Trevorton Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of this place and vicinity. He speaks German and English. [April 16, '68]

F. A. GUYER, JR., AUCTIONEER. Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa. Most respectfully offers his services to the public as Vendee Cryer and Auctioneer. Having had a large experience, I feel confident that I can render perfect satisfaction to my employees. [Jan. 9, '67]

B. T. PARKS, ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa. Office in Court House, [Sept. 15, '67]

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS TOBACCO WAREHOUSE NO. 322 N. THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA.

MILLER & ELDER WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS.

SELECT POETRY.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall Upon the slating flowers; like souls at rest The stars shine gloriously; and all Save me, are bright.

Mother, I love thy grave! The violet, with blossom blue and mild, Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow; Dead mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust On thy brow.

And I could love to die; To leave untraced life's dark, bitter stream; By thee, as first in childhood, lie, And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here, To stain the plumage of thy sinless years, And mourn the hopes to childhood dear With bitter tears?

Ay, must I linger here, A lonely branch upon a withered tree, Whose last frail leaf, untimely zero, Went down with thee?

Oh, from life's withered bower, In still communion with the past, I turn, And muse on thee, the only flower In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale, Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave, I stray to hear the night-wind wail Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown? I gaze above—thy light is wafted there; I listen—and thy gentle tone Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press My brow upon thy grave; and in those mild, And thrilling notes of tenderness, Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child; And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine, Oh, give his spirit, undelid, To blend with thine.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

Sprinkle! rain! shower! right down on Millie Warner's fast-fal little hat and graceful little shoulders, unprotected save by a thin shawl, notwithstanding the beseeching glances of the prettiest pair of hazel eyes that ever looked up to a cloud in that way.

When Millie came to a large white farm house, she very gladly and rather hastily—for just then there was a heavy peal of thunder—opened the gate, and went up the flower-bordered path to the house, and as another peal of thunder was heard, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, Millie entered without a ceremony. She took in at a glance the contents of the room, plainly but neatly furnished.—The catechized chairs, the pretty chintz-covered lounge, the book-case filled with books and sheet music; the violin in its case in the corner, the vase of faded flowers, and the ornaments on the mantle. There was no one there, but she heard a childish voice in the next room and again knocked. A dark eyed girl of ten or eleven years opened the door.

Millie explained why she was there. With the ease and manner of one much older, the child bade her welcome placed a chair near the stove and took Millie's dripping hat and shawl.

"I was just beginning to get dinner; that was the reason I didn't hear you knock. It will be a long time before the shower is over, and you must stay with us for dinner. It will be ready by the time Ben comes; but that will be for an hour."

"Oh, didn't he weddy when Ben tans," lisped and laughed a little girl of three years.

The other child, whose name was Hetty, resumed: "I can't get a very good dinner; I ain't quite old enough, but Ben says I do nicely. He puts it on for me and I see it. But he does not allow me to take off kettles, for fear I will burn or scald myself; but I think I can manage to do that. I like to have everything ready for him when he comes in tired and hungry. I can't make biscuits—I wish I could, for Ben likes them ever so much; but Martha who comes in to make bread for us says she will teach me."

"Where is your mother?" asked Millie of the little Eva, when Hetty was out of the room.

"We has got no mudder but Ben," the little one lisped.

When Hetty came back, Millie said: "Now I have got nicely warmed, and my dress will dry just as well as work as sitting still, so I will help you get dinner. If you like I will make some biscuits, and will have dinner in a short time."

Hetty was delighted. Ben will be glad. Might she quickly look on and hear how?

Millie was young, and frank, and gay, and she and the children soon became very well acquainted over the biscuit. She said presently trying a potato with a fork: "The potatoes are done. I will pour the water off so, and then put them on again to dry. That will make them mealy. In a few minutes we will peel them, and then dinner will be all ready except taking it up."

The dinner seemed very meager to little Hetty, as she ran over the items in her mind—potatoes, peas, pork, bacon, butter, cucumbers, milk and water. She wanted to make tea for her visitor, but she declined decidedly—

used to get them at; on when they died, and Squire Johns said he bought a mortgage on our farm, and that we had got to pay every cent the day it was due, or lose every thing, and we are very poor now, and Ben is afraid we can't have enough to pay it, and they all say we may look for no mercy from Squire Johns, for he is very hard to the poor, and he has always wanted our farm, because it joins some of his land where he wants to build. I heard all about it when one of our neighbors was talking to Ben, though he didn't want me to know about it."

Millie had listened to this with a curious mixture of feelings, for Squire Johns was a declared lover of her and though she had not accepted him she had been pleased with his attentions, and had certainly given him encouragement. Moreover, he was to receive his final answer in three days from that time, and she was not sure the answer reserved and laid away was "no." True Millie was not in love with him, but she had waited so long in vain for the ecstatic state of feeling she had read and heard so much about, thought she was not capable of love, and that to like any one was as much as she could expect. But she certainly liked Squire Johns as well, if not better, than any one, and his love must certainly be disinterested, for he could not know that—but now Millie stopped. Could he not? Might he not have found out some way? If this story was true, would such a man be likely to marry a poor girl? For Millie Warner was really an heiress in a small way. She was sole inheritor of a small, unimproved farm, from her father, and five thousand dollars in bank stock. But the farm was two hundred miles south of the town where she was visiting a cousin, and nobody knew it; and during her visit she had helped her cousin to her work. She had always helped her mother when she was at home—cuddly, in a trifling, energetic little girl that she was.

The story agreed with things that she had heard hinted at, but only hinted at, and even then the next morning were smoothed over, for Squire Johns was a rich and influential man, and people could not afford, without reason, to lose his favor. Could he really be such a scoundrel?

She could judge better about the truth of the story when she had seen Ben. Who was Ben? Two or three inquiries amounted to nothing. The children spoke just as if everybody knew who Ben was. Was he a uncle, cousin, hired man, or what? Hetty spoke somewhat very odd, by the way. Hetty spoke of him, but she shrugged her shoulders as she looked out at the still pouring rain.

Young Ben himself, out in the field, put his hand to his hat, and the hat leaned his pickfork against a tree and took off his straw hat to cool his moist forehead. His gaze followed the hat cart, went over the broad lands and returned.

"The hay is all got in," he said with a long breath of relief. I could not afford to lose one load now; I don't know that I can do it, but if I can so I part of the land I may. It will be a hard pull, though."

The young man followed the cart in to the barn. The storm was at its height when he went towards the house the back way. He stopped in surprise as he saw through the window some one was standing at the table with arms bare to the elbow, mixing flowers. It must be Martha.

No; those fair, white arms are not Martha's, neither are hers the slender graceful figure. As he came nearer, he could distinguish the sparkling piquant face. She was laughing and talking with Hetty; and evidently giving her directions for what she was making. Hetty was gazing upon her, eager and absorbed. Little Eva was sitting at the table in her high chair, working at a piece of dough.

By and by there was a splashing of water heard in the next room by Hetty.

"Ben has come," ruzzing hastily and opening the door.

"Ben has tum!" echoed the little one, clapping her hands and lisping as he came in, bright and smiling on that she had in store for him. I is made a late for oo, I is.

He caught her up in his arms and gave her a kiss, while she laughed and shouted, but his eyes were seeking the stranger.

Hetty said, prettily: "My brother Ben." Then to him: "This lady got caught in the shower, Ben, and is staying till it ceases up. She has been so kind as to help me get dinner and has made some splendid biscuit."

They both stood mute a minute, she with surprise at the real Ben, young handsome and well-bred, he with admiration, and a strange one feeling he could not define. He had hardly made her welcome, with a return of his self-possession, when there was a loud rap at the street door. Hetty went to the door, came back pale, and whispered to Ben—"Squire Johns!"

Millie drew quickly back from the half-opened door. Ben went in to his visitor, closing the door after him, but every word was distinctly heard by Millie, for Squire Johns did not speak in the suave tone she was accustomed to hear him, but loud and peremptory.

"I am in haste, young man; I just stopped to say that the time for the payment of the money due me being over after to-morrow, if it is not ready

you are very much mistaken. It is not due till the 15th; it is now by the 16th. At that time I shall sell the piece of land I purchased; to do, and I hope with some other money coming in, to be able to pay it."

"You are laboring under a singular mistake, young man. Here is your mortgage, you can see for yourself that it is the 15th."

"Let me see it!"

The figures danced upon the page. He pressed his hands over his eyes and calmed himself with great effort. He grew ashy pale as he read.

"It reads so, certainly, but I can't understand it."

He went to the desk.

"Here's a memorandum my father made of the circumstance, and it is the 25th and he was a very sure methodical man, and would not be likely to make a mistake that might be fraught with every imprudence and evil consequences to him. I believe—a sudden suspicion coming into his mind, as he detected a lurking triumph in Squire Johns' eye, "I believe there is some villainy about this matter, and that you are at the bottom of it," he exclaimed excitedly, fixing his eyes firmly upon the lawyer, whose changed his color in spite of his life.

"Be careful what you say, young man, as you might get yourself into trouble," he said, angrily.

"Yes, sir, I believe that you are a base villain! I remember that you are the lawyer who made out the mortgage at the time, and I know that for years you have been endeavoring to get hold of this property, if there is any justice in law, you shall be exposed!"

"In the meantime you had better have the money ready," coolly and indignantly replied Mr. Johns.

"That is impossible, you know—You know very well that I could not raise so much money in two days when you laid your diabolical plans."

"Then you know the consequences?"

"And what is to become of my young sisters?"

"I neither know nor care. That is your lookout."

The young man strove to repress his passion. "Squire Johns, by the 25th I can pay this debt, I expect."

"That will do you no good. It must be ready by day after to-morrow, or I take possession. I might have shown you mercy but for your insinuations. Now, none!"

"That is false! I am a villain! and you know it. You never showed mercy in your life. You have won your money, ten watch by robbing the widow and the fatherless. If you take this property, may it bring you a curse with it, now and ever more! But while it is in my hands I'll kick you from it, you dastardly scoundrel!"

The Squire was a small man as well as a coward, and while he was being goaded only ejected from the house by the angry and excited young man, Millie was crouched down close to the window, pale and frightened. Eva was sobbing in her lap, and Millie—it was difficult to describe her feelings.

Ben did not come into the room for some time afterwards. When he did he looked haggard and aged, and was passing through hastily, as if to escape notice, when Millie, business-like and straight-forward little girl that she was, began:

"Mr. Hazz I want to talk with you a few minutes. There would be no use in protesting that I haven't heard what you and Squire Johns have been saying, for I have heard every word. I think I know of some one who can help you; but first may I ask a few questions?"

Ben at first looked displeased and laughy; but her kind straightforward manner disarmed him. He bowed assent.

"What is the amount of this mortgage?"

"Two thousand dollars and interest," was the brief reply.

"What is the total value of the farm?"

"My father valued it at ten thousand dollars."

"Are there other mortgages on it?"

"None."

"Very well; I am quite positive I know some one who can loan you the money, I am Millie Warner. Can you go to-morrow at my cousin's Mr. Sanford's?"

Ben's dreams were mixed up that night with mortgages, and hazed eyes. The next day was a long time of suspense and anxiety and early in the evening found him at Sanford's where he was received by Millie herself.

The next morning, accompanied by a neighbor, he called on Squire Johns. "He is at breakfast," the servant said.

An angry light shone in Squire Johns' cold gray eye when he heard who was his visitor.

"How dare he come? I warrant, though the chap isn't quite so high and mighty as he was the last time I saw him. Humble enough this morning. I will hold out hopes of mercy until he grovels and begs my pardon—grovels as he laid me, and then I'll be revenged. To-morrow this splendid farm, added to my other property and the possession of Millie Warner's hand and fortune, will make me a rich man—happy man, indeed. I will tantalize him to his heart's content."

"You are early this morning, young man. I conclude you have come to pay the money," he said iron-cally.

"That's my errand, said Ben coolly. Squire Johns started back aghast and thunderstruck.

so thousand dollars. We have each counted it. Where is the mortgage, Squire Johns?"

Livid and trembling with passion, Squire Johns was compelled to yield the mortgage and execute the usual release.

There was no trace of the violent passion to which the Squire gave free license, when the next evening he drove up to Sanford's. He looked happy and smiling. There was a queer little smile on Millie Warner's face as she saw him through the closed blinds. It was a little ominous that he was compelled to wait in the parlor five, ten, fifteen minutes. Still more ominous that she came in at last distant and unsmiling. Still he could hardly believe he had heard right when to his suit she gave a prompt, uncompro-mising "no!" He urged; she was firm. He threatened; she flung out her brave and indignant something of what she knew and felt, and smothered his out with scorn and laughing.

"Such a great threat is worthy of you! of a piece with your conduct with the Hazels!" she cried.

"To the Hazels! What do you know about them? Perhaps you are the one who loaned the money to them?"

"Yes it was I. I went in there for shelter from the storm. I heard it all—every word."

The Squire uttered curses, low and deep, but Millie did not stay to hear them. She only saw him slide away with the same queer little smile on her face.

Squire Johns rode a long distance out of his way, six months after, to avoid a wedding party just returning from church—Ben Hazz and Millie, his wife—which he came very near bumping during upon.

The Future of the Republican Party.

The Chicago Times utters some very sound ideas and makes some sensible remarks on the subject. There are those, it says, who think the final success of the XVIIth Amendment to the Constitution brings the Republican party to an end. Its mission, these persons think, has been performed. Organized, in the first instance, to prevent the extension of African slavery on his continent, it was enabled, chiefly by reason of the folly and madness of the friends of that terrible institution, to bring about its abolition everywhere; to break every bond, and set every man free. That having been done, not only, but the freedom having been now put on their feet, having equal advantages with all other men in so far as government, may justly interfere in such matters, what more is to be done?

The difference between the Republican and Democratic party is that the one is a party of progress and the other a party of retrogression. The Republicans believe in marching on. The Democrats believe in moving backward. The mission of the Republican party cannot be ended until the end of political evil shall come; until all misery and wrong springing from government shall have passed away. The adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment will unquestionably result in great good; but not immediately. The earliest moment in law of other reforms brought about by the Republicans will result in great good. But to stand still is a crime; to retrograde is both a crime and a blunder. Between progressive and retrogressive elements of the body politic there is an irrepressible conflict. It can no more be repressed than storms can be repressed with umbrellas, or the tides driven back with mops. Just now, there must needs be a transition period of parties. The Republicans will have enough to do for the present and immediate future in securing the victories of the past; in keeping down the retrogressors. Meanwhile new issues, involving principles and progress, will arise. The progressive party will rally around these to support them; the retrogressive party will rally around their old banner to defeat them. Such is but a law of national nature, if we may say so. Such party movements, in the present stage of civilization, are no less natural than that rivers flow down stream. What those issues may be, it would not be safe yet to expressly predict. \* \* \* But whatever may be the issues, they will involve progress and beneficence for the people if ad-hered, retrogression and misery if defeated. They have but a battle-like view of our political situation who do not see where the Republicans will stand when these great issues of the future shall take form and shape. The Democrats will stand by Chaos and Old Night, the Republicans will help on the glorious work of making the world brighter, and better and happier. The Democrats will stand gaping at the dead body cruelly dangling in the air; the Republicans will reverently rejoice, moving forward at the same time, that the soul goes marching on.

Keep Him Down.

When a poor man attempts to rise—attempts to show that there is some hope of getting on, and that God has both given us a true and noble soul as well as the body as well as the great—no, it is only opposed by the class above him, but every and soon are but too often his portion among his fellows. They do not like to see themselves out-tripped by one whom they have regarded as better than themselves; and instead of encouraging they despise and deride and give the heart with sneers, and cold, because envious, contempt.

The next class above him here put to rest a man who has sought to boast of that a noble soul, no treasures save those of the mind, presiding to take his place among them, and to be one universal shout of "Keep him down!" This upward struggle which the poverty-stricken genius has to endure—the struggle against prejudice and misrepresentation and want—has done many a mind and discouraged many a breast, and has kept many a man foundered to be a light in the world in poverty and darkness to the end of his days. Because of this many a noble spirit has concealed its own flame of brightness; many noble and free men, of whom the world was not worthy, have gone down into the grave with all the wisdom of their souls untold—they have died, and made no sign."

ONE evening a somewhat unusual scene occurred at the wharf on the side of the East Boston Ferry. A gentleman had left his horse and carriage unattended, while he went to transact some business, and on his return found a fellow seated in the carriage and just on the point of driving off.

"Where are you going to with that team?" demanded the owner.

He was answered that the horse was running away. "I just got in to stop it for you; ain't you going to give me something?"

"Yes, I am," said the gentleman, and to the great amusement of the looker-on, he administered to the ingenious youth a severe horse-whipping. Such disinterestedness deserved a reward.

A little reconstructed Southern girl five years old, asked a colored servant in the course of a theological examination, what the 15th commandment was. The reply that there was only ten

Widow's Maxims.

Nothing is cheap to one who does not want it. He had better keep his money rather than buy what he does not want.

Be cautious in contracting debts, and careful in the extension of credits, and then, for both reasons, your business will be likely to prosper.

Earn your money before you spend it; and then you will know what it is worth, and spend it more wisely.

Be content with a legitimate business, and let speculation alone, and in the end you will be a richer man.

Do not be constantly changing from one form of business to another, since you will lose much time in making these changes. A regular course of business is best.

Never get another to do for you what you can just as well do for yourself. Money that you put out is thrown away.

Never give to the public that you cannot afford to spare from your business. Your business has the claim to all the time necessary for doing it well.

Always be at home in everything, and then you will never be behind time.

Do your business honestly, and then you will have a good character among men.

Work rapidly and with system, and you will double the value of your time to yourself.

Attend your own business, and the public will commend you for working.

Random Thoughts.

No farmer should build a house or make any other improvements without ascending first, and the probable cost of the same. The probability of everything is essential to agricultural thrift, and he who neglects it will be apt to lose his crops after it is too late.

Temperance is the best patron, and the most- and most-valued, business of a finely grained even mind, will produce much work as double the quantity fed in a raw state.

One or two applications of a pure milk will destroy lice on cattle, and is safe remedy to drive off the vermin.

In feeding potatoes, and turnips to cattle they sometimes will get a stomach-ache, which case is cured by flexible wagon, wagon, whip, and gently down the throat will remove the object and give instant relief.

The most speedy way of making eggs fresh is to put them in a tin can, more than half full with the largest size of the air, and empty quantity will become much fresher than if the barrel be filled with it.

The farmer, in the management and care of his manure heap, should always keep in view that it is preparation should not be allowed to lose its strength by the rapid fermentation, and its soluble parts unnecessarily washed away and lost.

Keep Him Down.

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An Exciting Race.

The passenger train the morning train leaving this city for Chestnut on the new Falls-Snyder City Railroad, were not only spectators, but participants in one of the most exciting races that has ever taken place within the range of our State.

On a Saturday morning, when between ten and eleven o'clock, the train was returning a heavy, the first of a series of races, of fourteen large, of six horses, which were very fast, moving on the open prairie, about fifty yards from the track. Started they were in a flash, and the spectators, crowded on the sides of the rail road, held their breath in suspense, and their eyes were fixed on the race, and their hearts were beating in sympathy with the horses, and their voices were raised in shouts of encouragement, and their hands were clapping in applause.

As the horses were about to start, the train, one by one, and in the order of the race, and the spectators, crowded on the sides of the rail road, held their breath in suspense, and their eyes