THE POST.

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The Post.

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P. CRONMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.,
rs his professional services to the pub-
Collections and all other professional
ness entrusted to his care will receive
pt attention. [Jan 3, '67tf

C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove Pa.,
rs his professional service to the pub-
All business entrusted to his care
be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 17, '67tf

W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Freeburg Pa.,
rs his Professional service to the pub-
All business entrusted to his care
be promptly attended to.
Jan 17, '67tf

M. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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rs his professional service to the pub-
Collections and all other Profession-
business entrusted to his care will re-
ve prompt attention.

EO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
ers his Professional service to the pub
Collections and all other profession-
business entrusted to his care will ref
ve prompt attention. Jan. 3, '67t

M. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.,
rs his professional services to the
blic. Collections and all other pro-
sional business entrusted to their care
l receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67tf

HARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove Pa.,
rs his professional services to the pub-
Collections and all other professional
iness entrusted to his care will re-
ve prompt attention. Office two doors
th of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '67

AMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove Pa
rs his Professional services to the
blic. All business entrusted to his
e will be promptly attended to. Col-
ions made in all parts of the State.
can speak the English and German
guage fluently. Office between Hall's
l the Post office.

N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
ddleburg Snyder County Penn'a.
ce a few doors West of the P. O. on
in street. Consultation in English
l German languages. Sep. 67tf

C. BUCHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.,
ers his professional services to the pub-
All business entrusted to his care
l be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 3, '67tf

ROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE.
Persons in need of a good and durable
ing Machine can be accommodated at
sonable prices by calling on on SAM-
FAUST, Agent, Selinsgrove.
[Jan. 24, '68t

R. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.,
ers his professional services to the cit
ns of Middleburg and vicinity.
[March 21, '67

F. VAN BUSKIRK,
RGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Selinsgrove Penn.

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

H. WAGNER, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.,
ll attend to all business entrusted to
care and on the most reasonable
ms. March 12, '68tf

R. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
entreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
fers his professional services to the
blic. 6-38tf

W. SCHWAN, M. D.,
SURGEON & PHYSICIAN,
Port Treverton Pa.
fers his professional services to the
izens of this place and vicinity. He
eaks German and English.
[April 16, '68

A. BOYER, Jr.
AUCTIONEER,
Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa.,
ost respectfully offers his services to
e public as Vendue Cryer and Auction-
r. Having had a large experience, I
el confident that I can render perfect
isfaction to my employees.
[Jan. 9, '67tf

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

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS'
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE
No. 322 N. THIRD St
6,33] PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE.
H. H. MANDERBACH PROP'R.
J. C. NIPE, Clerk
o. 413 & 415 North Third Street.
Philadelphia.

MILLER & ELDER
WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS,
tationers, Blank book Manufactures
d dealers in Wrapping, Blasting, Car-
and Wall papers Paper Rags &c Gen-

SELECT POETRY.

GRAY HAIRS.

Like the first flakes of snow,
On some cloud reaching hill
While the valley below
Is blossoming still.
Though the silvery sheen
'Mid the raven locks play,
Still the heart may be green
While the temples are gray.

Like the leaves that we first
In the faded dress see,
With the green interspersed
Of the still fruitful tree:
Though we gray hairs among
The dark tresses behold,
Yet the heart may be young
When the head has grown old.

Like the first starry gleams
On the brow of the night,
While the Western sky beams
With its strong mellow light;
Though the ringlets may show
Here and there a white thread;
Yet the heart may still glow
Underneath a gray head.

Though the frosts of long years
The life currents enfold,
'Till the thin form appears,
As impassive and cold,
As the long frozen night
At the pole, still the head
Never yet was so white
That the heart was quite dead.

THE MOTHER.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

She sits in a splint-bottomed chair
By the cozy kitchen fire;
Smoothe is her nut-brown hair,
And simple her attire.
She hums a quaint old rhyme
To the baby at her side;
And her busy hands keep time,
As with a matron's pride,
She sews and patches and darns,
And makes old garments o'er;
And sorts her colored yarns,
To carpet her cottage floor.
The mantle clock strikes five:
From school the children come;
Like the droning of a hive,
Is the kettle's cheery hum.
Each eager mouth well fed,
Awhile they sport and jest;
Then stroking each curly head,
She sends them to their rest;
And she darns and patches and sews,
And makes old garments new;
And toes and heels, and heels and toes,
And cobbles the baby's shoe.

—*Little Corporal.*

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

It was my first visit North since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession in New Orleans.

In the city of New York I had a very dear friend, my old chum and co-mate, George Dickson; and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up.

Three years had passed since our last meeting, but ten could scarcely have produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greeting and friendly inquiries over, I longed, yet forbore, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy. I felt sure of being made the confident of the secret in due time, provided no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment.

That evening, in my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose graces of mind and person he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned his affection, but her father had opposed his suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter to a nephew of his.

This nephew was a young physician, of profligate character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice—who had long but unsuccessfully wooed his cousin, to whom his proffers were as repugnant as to her father they were acceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father, had gone south on business, accompanied by his nephew. At New Orleans he had been seized by sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days.

On the day preceeding his death he had executed a will, (which had since been proven by the depositions of the attesting witnesses,) containing a solemn request that his daughter, to whom he left the whole of his estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with a provision that in case the latter offered, and she refused, within a specified time, to enter into the proposed union, the entire estate divised to the daughter, should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation; and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson, than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes, was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her, for in her many conferences on the subject he had never gone beyond the most kind remonstrance, and had never even hinted at coercion.

Young persons had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He *might* have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on *his* offer and *her* rejection of an alliance which she felt in conscience bound to accept. The brief season of grace, when she had been compelled to beg even with tears, had already most passed, and a few more days would witness the condemnation of two lives to hopeless misery.

hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement to which I had previously procured tickets.

When we reached the theatre, the performance had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view both of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in the front of the parquette, seated next the column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply.

"The nephew of whom you spoke?"

"The same," my friend answered.

"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was on the point of inquiring, but just then the stranger drew the glove from his right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reason, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr Parson's death?" I asked, when we had regained the street at the close of the performance.

"Yes," said George "it was the 23d of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask?"

"I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one," I returned; and stating that I had business engagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me at the office of Dr. Parsons.

"Dr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accausted the gentlemen I had seen at the theatre.

"Yes, sir."

"You may not remember me, Doctor, but I believe we have met before."

"I beg pardon, sir, for not recollecting the occasion."

You were in New Orleans last Winter, were you not?"

"I was," he answered with some embarrassment.

"I'm the gentleman on whom you called to draft a will."

He turned pale and made no reply.

"I saw a record of that will in the Surrogates office this morning," I resumed, "and I—"

You speak of my *uncle's* will," he hastily interrupted.

"And yet" I continued, "you said it was yours when you applied to have it written. You represented yourself as desirous of executing such a document preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn according to your instructions, leaving the date to be filled at the time of signing. Your locks were *gray* then, and you certainly *looked* old enough to have a marriageable daughter, but your disguise was not perfect,' and I pointed to the mutilated finger.

'What, O you mean?" he shouted in a defiant tone, springing to his feet

'Simply that your uncle's signature to that paper is a *forgery*,' I answered rising and confronting him. He died on the *twenty third* of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the *twenty fourth* the day before Chaistmas, that you called on me to prepare the paper now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you undertook to manufacture this spurious testement *after* your uncle's death and wishing to clothe your villainy in leagal form, you procured from me the required draft. You, or some one at you instigation, simulated the signature of your uncle. The witnesses, who have since perjured themselves in their depositions, were procured in some way best known to yourself——'

'Enough, sir!' he ejaculated. 'You have shown yourself in possession of a secret the custody of which may prove dangerous.'

'I am not unprepared for you threat,' I replied. In the first place, I did not come here unarmed; in the next I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed for that length of time to retain it.'

'His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eye gleamed like that of a wild beast at bay.

'What is your purpose?' he exclaimed in a voice hoarse with surpressed passion.'

'To keep your secret while you live, on *one* condition.'

'Name it.'

'That you write instantly to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretentions to her hand, and absolutely withdrawing your proposal of marriage'

After a moment's pause, he quietly seated himself at his desk and haistily penned a brief note, which he submitted to my inspection; it was quite satisfactory.'

'Be so good as to seal and address it,' I said. He did so.

'I will see that it is delivered,' I remarked, taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dickson that evening, his old colliege look had come back. He had great news to tell me a happy evening we three spent together, and what a happy marriage followed soon after.

Eldridge Parsons, I have just learned, joined out of the Cuban expeditions, and was killed in an encounter with the Spaniards.

A Remarkable Prisoner.

In 1801-2 there lived in Monroe county, Miss., a planter named Wooley. He was a half-breed, at least there was a good deal of Cherokee Indian in him. He owned about 200 slaves, and had all the worst habits of the old time planter—drinking, gambling and horse-racing. These persuits alternated formed his sole occupation, the plantation being managed by an overseer. He had the sole virtue of Indian veneration for the sacredness of his word. He would not execute a note for any purchase whatever, and held all men in sovereign contempt who violated their pledged word. He had no compunction in killing a man in what he deemed a just quarrel; but his word was his bond. This was his well-known character, and he could have got credit for thousands on his word easier than other men could have got hundreds. At the time we speak of he had killed several persons in gambling quarrels, and he was looked upon as a man not to be crossed except at the risk of life.

One night, while playing cards in Columbus, a quarrel arose about the game. His opponent was a known desperado, and he gave the lie to Wooley's statement about the game. Bowies flashed out simultaneously—both were slightly wounded, when a lucky blow laid Wooley's opponent upon the floor. Next morning Wooley was arrested—because he did not care that it should be otherwise. Wooley had carried his killing so far that the judge felt bound to commit him, in order to avoid imputation of being affected either by fear of his desperadoism or wheallth. Accordingly to jail went Wooley. The jailor was a weak man—weak in courage and weak to resist the influence of a douceur. After hearing his confinement for a day or two, Wooley sent for the jailer.

"See here, Jim," said he, "you know me; you know I never break my word. Now, I want go out and have a social game with the boys. You can just leave me the key, and when it gets bed time I will come, lock myself in, and it will be all right.

Th's arrangement was enforced by material considerations; and night after night Wooley used to come out and enjoy his nocturnal liberty. The court sitting soon, he got the case put off, and giving bail in the sum of $10,000, was released.

At the next term of Court, Wooley was upon trial; the jury returned a verdict of guilty, the judges sentenced him to one year in the penitentiary at Jackson. The papers were duly made out, and the Sheriff proposed to start with him for Jackson, but Wooley demurred.

"You know, Sheriff," said he, "that the county is poor—can't afford the trip—and so I'll just let my boy Cæsar drive me down to Jackson, and save all the expense. Got the papers?"

The Sheriff produced them, and, ere he was aware, Wooley seized them and put them in his pocket.

"All right," said he, "I shall be off to-morrow morning."

The Sheriff knew he had a desperate man to deal with, but when he reflected that Wooley never broke his word, and had, besides, over $100,000 worth of property he could not move, he made a virtue of necessity, and left things to take their turn

True to his word, Wooley left for Jackson, and in time arrived. Putting up at the Mansion House, he sallied out, visited all the gambling hells with which that town abounded, and the next morning drove up to the penitentiary. Entering the ward room, he inquired:

"Where shall I find the Warden?"

"I am the man," said Col. Dickson.

"Well, I've brought you a prisoner."

"Where is he?" inquired the Warden

"Here: I am the man," and Wooley handed over the Sheriff's mittimus.

The Warden was amazed. Had he a lunatic to deal with, or had the man killed the Sheriff, and then came to the prison to defy him? He could not tell; but he determined quickly to keep the man, since he offered himself.

"Now," said Wooley, "let us go through this place and so how it looks," and through they went. As they returned to the guard-room Wooley had talked so pleasantly that the Warden felt reassured, and said jocosely:

"Now, Mr. Wooley, what branch of the business do you think you would like best?"

"To tell you the truth, Colonel," said Wooley, "I never did a day's work in my life, and I don't think I'd like any of your cussed trades. I'll tell you how we can fix it—I'll clerk for you, just for the name of the thing, and we'll live jollily together till the year's up."

The Warden saw he had a character to deal with, and concluded that a man who would go into prison of his own accord would not run away, and acquiesced. Wooley staid his year accordingly; nominal clerk or companion by day and a gambler in Jackson by night. He kept the ward-room supplied with Havanas, and a sly nook in the office always contained the best of liquors. His year up, he left unregretting but regretted, for at heart he

A "Fast" Life—The Irretrievable Ruin of Youth.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Nestled in one of the numerous picturesque valleys of Berkshire is an old fashioned village of true New England type, with its single and shaded street, quiet almost to loneliness, a church or two with scattered cemeteries, now and then a store, scattered farm-houses the inevitable post office, hotel and bridge; to which list but a few public buildings can be added. There were, however, a town house and a bank in the village. In this secluded place Junius Dee first saw the light in about the year 1838, and in giving him maternity his mother gave her life. To the father this was most severe. The boy, however, survived his mother, and as he grew up the whole of the love and affection of the remaining parent were lavished upon the child—Time passed, and the youth was found at school, a bright, quick, active, and intelligent pupil. Every attention was bestowed upon his education. At fourteen he was clerk in the bank of the village, of which his father was cashier. He was found to be well fitted for such a responsible place, particularly as he was exceedingly rapid and correct in his calculations. After four years of duty there, both father and son were called to enter a banking house in a larger and more thriving town, in the capacity respectively of cashier and teller. Here both remained about five years, and both could have staid many years more with profit to themselves and satisfaction to all concerned, had it not been that the young man was ambitious of going into business for himself in the city. The father was loth to have him go, but after repeated solicitations, and having an opportunity to form a partnership with an old and trusted banker friend, the two went into the banking business in New York under the name and firm of Burr, Dee & Co.

All prospered, and after a year or two of success the two senior partners, who had gone into the arrangement more to secure the firm establishment of the younger member upon a sure and safe foundation than for any other reason, withdrew, and the whole business fell into the hands of the junior partner. Business continued prosperous. He bought and sold millions at the brokers' board. The more he had to buy and sell the more easy it seemed for him to do the business entrusted to him. Very rapid, unaccountably accurate in all his transactions, the president of the board of brokers once said of him that there was not one of the great number of the members of the board who could equal him. He would buy "Erie" of numerous parties, in rapid succession, to the price, often, being attached the fractional parts of a cent; but his accounts were the first to be ready, and always be the most correct, and that, too, without the aid of pen or paper. One day a stenographic reporter was secretly employed to record all his transactions, and before the reporter could write them our young Dee had his accounts correctly made up, greatly to the astonishment of all who were in the secret

He grew rich, and alas, as he grew rich, reckless. Wealth led to wine, wine to women, and fast horses and gambling followed. In fact, to express it rather inelegantly, the young man went it with a rush for a time. Indeed, he seemed determined to see how much and how foolishly he could spend. In a drive to the Central Park he has been known to spend $500.—He would get the best team and order the driver to allow none to pass him. He would stop at the most fashionable saloons on the route and indulge in the most costly wines. Money was easily made and more easily expended. And he seemed to think it would always be so. But there is just where he was mistaken. Few men are able to stand dissipation of the character here indicated for any length of time, and Dee could not indulge therein without affecting himself as well as his business.

Depositors became suspicious, friends warned, and many withdrew their deposits and securities, while others, either ignorant of his course or still having faith in him, permitted theirs to remain. But, too late, they found their confidence had been betrayed. Not satisfied with using his own money, or that not being sufficient for his demands, he drew from the immense sums with which he had been entrusted, perhaps honestly believing at first that he would be able to replace them when needed, until he had run through in a year a million and a half of dollars. But the terrible momentum he had forced upon himself could not be overcome. More and more rapidly he went down, until all hope of retrieving the losses he had entailed upon his friends was useless.

His father, himself wealthy, endeavored to stem the flood, throwing in his whole fortune, but the current was too powerful, and it was swept away forever. Unrelenting creditors pressed their claims; the young man, knowing that it was useless to try and satisfay them—to avoid arrest and imprisonment, fled the country, and now roams a fugative in a foreign land.—The father, mortally grieved at the course of his son had taken, and humiliated that he could not restore the losses his friends had suffered, soon became insane, and finally died in the insane asylum, and was buried by kind friends in the village cemetery, by the side of her who had given her life for [illegible]

Consumptive Children.

As a general thing, too much care is taken of children who have coughs and colds. Mothers, in their anxiety to protect their children against 'colds,' confine them too much within doors, allowing them only to seek the air when the weather is fine, and then only after much bundling up of the body. This is particularly the case when there is any reason to suspect tubercular diseases in the child. If care is taken to have the child's skin well protected from cold, by having it wear flannel drawers and undershirt with an extra thickness of flannel about the chest; if its limbs are encased in warm, woolen stockings, thick shoes and rubber overshoes in wet weather, it is by far the best plan to allow them to run out door *in all sorts of weather*. Consumptive children need *air*—pure air, and lots of it. This can only be had out doors, and no matter what the condition of the weather is, the air is always more wholesome than that within the living room. No harm can come to the child if it is properly clad its lungs will always feel better, and perform ther function better, in the storm, than in the illy ventilated house.

Consumptive children should have the skin sponged daily, in water of such a temperature as not to produce shock or chilliness. The body should be thoroughly dried and briskly rubbed with a coarse towel. A diet of beef steak, roast beef or mutton chops, together with baked or mashed potatoes, with milk and coars bread, should be strictly observed. Pies, cakes and pastry must not be allowed. No grease or gravy of any sort, should be eaten. The simplest articles of food are altogether the best.

The child should sleep in a large apartment and alone. The window should be down three inches at the top and the bed so located as not to subject the sleeper to draughts of air. The underclothing should be removed at night and a thick, canton-flannel night shirt, reaching to the feet, should be worn. In the morning the sponging above referred to should be given in a moderately warm room. Then have the child don the flannels and a romp in the open air, before breakfast.

Never send a consumptive child to school. The air in the crowded school room will play sad havoc with its lungs. Employ a teacher at home, or if this cannot be afforded, father and mother must act as teacher for the hour or two that the child should be confined to study, daily.

If the child is thin and puny, ask your family physician to prescribe cod liver oil and iron, for it. A favorite formula of ours is to add two ounces of the *tincture colorride of iron* to eight ounce of pure cod liver oil. Of this we give a child, ten years old, a teaspoonful morning and evening.

But above all, let the child live out doors as much as possible—give them warm clothing and wholesome, plain food, and we believe that very many little ones will grow to manful man and womanhood, that otherwise would find an early grave, under the kind but unwise care of a fond mother.—*The Bistoury.*

Heroic Conduct

A well-known gentleman of this city, passenger on the Pacific Express train, Pennsylvania Railroad, coming west on Saturday last, hands us the following interesting item:

This Saturday morning (March 26), about twenty minutes past 9 o'clock, one and a half miles west of Altoona, as the Pacific Express going west was rounding a curve on the mountain side at a rapid rate, a deep precipice on one side and high impending rocks on the other, a wee lad was seen ahead waving his hat and tossing his little arms aloft. The train was stopped within a few feet of a mass of rock and dirt upon the track sufficient to have thrown passengers, engineer and cars over the precipice. The lad (whose name I gratfully record is Willie Cahko, not ten years old) had seen the fall, and hastened to signal the approaching train.

While this act of forethought and humanity in one so young and mountain bred deserves especial public record, and will ever be a source of satisfaction in his after life, yet we have no doubt he will receive from the railroad company a more substantial recognition, as he would have done from the passengers had they known at the time of his provident interference—Mr. Thomas Watt, the conductor of the train, was highly elated and gratified at this worthy specimen of Pennsylvania's youthful benevolent forethought. *All honor to the mountain boy Willie Cahko.*

The Company cannot do less than provide for the education of this boy, and give him a start in life.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

I was in love once, with a fat girl, says Don Piatt, she was very fleshy She was enormous. But the course of my true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things; I embraced part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around, and there I found another fellow courting her on the left flank. I was indignant, and upbraided her for her treachery in [illegible] from me another love. [illegible] at my speech, as if she [illegible]

A California Romance.

It would seem from the frequent occurrence of remarkable incidents, that there is nothing of an improbable nature, judgeing from the following wonderful, strange and hardly creditable story, which came to our ears a few days since: In the spring of 1849, when the gold fever was at its highest possible state of excitement in California there lived in the State of Virginia, on the banks of the York river, a few miles below Yorktown, a gentleman of culture, whose parents were in moderate circumstances. It was during the gold excitement that he left he comforts of a home, his friends, relatives, a loving wife, who he had led to the altar but a year since, and an only child—a daughter of two months—and took up his lonely journey to seek his fortune in the wild, distant West over and beyond the Rocky Mountains, where the bright and golden sun sinks down to rest amid the blue waves of the grand Pacific.

After years of toil, drudgery, and reverses of fortune in the mines, he came to San Francisco and engaged in business. He being successful, soon amassed an immense fortune. His beloved wife had died, during a prevailing epidemic, while on a visit to some relatives during the yellow fever season at New Orleans, as at the same time did a little girl of another family, of the same name and age as his little daughter. He visited the States but could find no clue to his deceased wife's sister; he thought, naturally, that she too had died. He returned to the Golden State, and time and the whirling excitement of business soon healed his sorrows, and effaced apparently, all recollection of his old home on the banks of the placid York.

Shortly after the completion of the Pacific Railroad there arrived at San Francisco a gentleman, his wife and a beautiful, well educated, and graceful young lady, just blooming into maidenhood, apparently and really about eighteen summers. It was by chance the young lady and aged widower met—and to meet was to love. They were duly married, after a short acquaintance, the ceremony being celebrated with great eclat, and creating no little flutter in the fashionable and wealthy circles of that city. The fact that both parties bore the same surname excited no comment or inquiry, as it was one almost quite as common as that of Smith or Brown. A few weeks after the marriage, as the husband and wife naturally enquired into each other's past history and antecedents and were gradually becoming better acquainted with each other, the denouement came—they were father and daughter.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN TURKY.—Mussulmen, although usually regarded as behind the times in the recognition of women's rights, seems to have taken a step in advance. Three women have been added to the *detective police* in Constantinople. There was once a woman, named Delilah, in the East, who served the Lords of the Philistines in the same capacity. No doubt there have been many unofficial Delilahs since that day. But these women detectives in Constantinople are officially recognized, to operate against their own sex. The Bey's commission gives them position. They mingle with women without betraying their official character, and make use of incautious revelations to the confusion of the unfortunates whom they betray into conversation. In this way a murdered was recently detected. A female witness refusing to testify was shoe into a room where several other women were seated.

A woman detective was among them unsuspected, and soon managed to obtain the information which the male officials could not extract from the reluctant witness. Now here is the right of women to serve on the police actually accorded by the Turk, and somewhat in advance of the appointment of a woman as Justice of the Peace in Wyoming Territory in our own country. Truly the world moves; but we suspect this move is in a direction which the advocates of woman's rights will barely envy. But the greater includes the less, and if women has the right to be President, Governor and legislator, she is certainly privileged to join the detective force.

General Pleasonton used to tell an amusing little Indian story. He was once, while stationed at a frontier post, quite surrounded by threatening bands of Cheyennes. He wished very much to negotiate a treaty with the chiefs, but they were too suspicious or hostile to place themselves in his power. At last he succeeded in capturing a young Indian of rank, whom he held as a hostage. One day this captive, sullenly stalking about the fort, came upon a soldier who for want of better amusement, was playing with a child's jumping jack. The noble savage was transfixed with wonder and admiration.—He watched the antics of the little figure in breathless silence for some minutes, then turned and ran like one mad past the sentinels, leaped all the obstructions, and escaped from the fort. In an incredible short time, however, he returned, heading a deputation of chiefs, who, after spending an hour or so in wrapt contemplation of the jumping jack, held a solemn council, and negotiated the desired treaty, stipulating as the most important condition that the marvellous little [illegible] always remain at the [illegible]