

THE POST.
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GEO. A. BEYER, Proprietor.
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in Advance. Single Copies, 10 Cts.
Subscriptions outside of the county
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Persons living and using papers
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One Post.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One column one year \$50.00
One-half column, one year, 30.00
One-fourth column, one year, 15.00
One square (10 lines) one insertion 75
Every additional insertion 50
Professional and Business cards of
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Auditor, Executor, Administrator
and Assignee Notices 2.50
Editorial notices per line 15
All advertisements for a shorter period
than one year are payable at the time
they are ordered, and if not paid the per-
son ordering them will be held responsible
for the money.

J. P. CRONMILLER,
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. 5, '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 services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

W. M. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown 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]

J. M. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown 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.

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

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

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

DR. J. Y. SHINDLER,
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,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. [6-381]

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

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

LEWIS BRENNER'S BONS
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE
No. 322 N. THIRD ST.
PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE.
H. M. MANDERBAUGH Prop'r.
J. G. HIBB, Clerk.
No. 418 & 416 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

SELECT POETRY.

THE LAST ACT.

BY FREDERICK CARY.

A wretched farce is our life at best,
A weariness under the sun;
I am sick of the part I have to play,
And I would that it were done.

I would that all the smiles and sighs
Of its mimic scenes could end;
That we could see the curtain fall
On the last poor act, my friend!

Thin, faded hair, a beard of snow,
A thoughtful, furrowed brow;
And this is all the world can see
When it looks upon you now.

And I, it almost makes me smile,
'Tis counterfeits so true,
To see how time hath got me up
For the part I have to do.

'Tis strange that we can keep in mind,
Though all this tedious play,
The way we needs must act and look,
And the words that we should say.

And I marvel of the young and gay
Believe us and our old;
If they think our pulses slow and calm,
And our feelings dead and cold!

But I cannot hide myself from you,
Be the semblance ever so good;
For under it all and through it all
You would know the womanhood.

And you cannot make me doubt your truth,
For all you strange disguise;
For the soul is drawn thro' your tender voice
And the heart through the loving eyes.

And I see, where other eyes behold
Thin, whitened locks fall down,
A god-like head, that proudly wears
Its curls like a royal crown.

And I see the smile of the tender lip,
'Neath its many fringe of jet,
That one my heart, when I had a heart,
And that holds and keeps it yet.

Ah! how shall we act this wretched part
Till it weary, weary close;
For our souls are young, we are lovers yet,
For all our seams and shows!

Let us go and lay our masks aside
In that cool and green retreat,
That is softly curtained from the world
By the daisies fair and sweet.

And far away from this weary life,
In the light of Love's white throne,
We shall see, at last, as we are seen,
And know as we are known!

they began a rumpus. They reached
over the cart. I struck them, and used
such efforts that they all came pell
mell upon me, and we fought till the
blood came; but I vanquished them.

Just then out came the proprietor.
'What's the matter?' says he.
'Oh, nothing; only I had to fight
for your stuff here,' said I.

'You did eh? You've got a black
eye for it.'
'No matter,' says I. 'I mean't
them boys shouldn't steal a peach,
and they didn't neither.'

'Well, you've good pluck—hear's a
crown for you.'
My eyes stood out. 'A whole
crown,' says I.

'Yes; do what you please with it
but I'd advise you to by a pair of
shoes.'
'Thank you,' says I, with a beat-
ing heart. 'It pays to be good, don't
it?'

He smiled a curious smile, asked
me several questions, and ended by
taking me home with him.

Home! I thought I was in heaven,
albeit I had reigned here of such a
time. My heart beat heavily every
pulse I dared to put my foot upon
those rich carpets. The mirrors were
something new to me. The next day
there came a man to see me. I was
washed clean and had on a good suit
of clothes. Says he, 'Youngster, I
am going to where you live, and prob-
ably I shall make a bargain with your
people. I want a boy, just such a
bold, clever boy as you are, and if you
behave yourself, I promise you that
you shall have as pleasant home as
you desire.'

'Well that was good. I hardly
dared to speak or breathe, for fear of
breaking the illusion. I never was so
happy as I was that day. They gave
me light tasks to do; I wished they
were more important. From that day
I was treated as one of the household.
The man was a widower, and had no
children; consequently, I became to
him as a son. He educated me hand-
somerly, and when I was twenty-one
he died, and left me three thousand
pounds.

Well, I considered myself a rich man.
I gloated over my wealth; it became
an idol to me. How to increase it
was now my first desire. I consulted
competent men, and under their coun-
sel I put my money out at interest.
I bought stocks and mortgages.

I grew wealthier, my business (my
benefactor had stocked me a fancy
shop) prospered, and I was in a fair
way, I thought to marry Lucy Man-
ning.

Sweet Lucy Manning—the most
artless, winning maiden in all the world
to me. I loved her deeply, dearly.—
She was blue-eyed, auburn haired, her
disposition was that of an angel, and I
had pledged my vows to her.

One night I was invited to the house
of a prosperous merchant, and there I
met a son in the person of his niece,
a black-eyed girl whose charms and
whose fortune were equally splendid.
She was an heiress in her own right—
she was beautiful and accomplished.

Heavens, what a voice! What a
clear, sweet, ravishing! I was
charmed and she was pleased with me.
Alas, I met her too often! In her
presence I forgot my gentle Lucy;
she magnetized, thrilled me.

It was a triumph to feel that so
beautiful, gifted, and wealthy a woman
loved me—me, who had been brought
up in the parities of a city, who had
known nothing but corruption and
misery the first years of my life.

I had just managed to take up a paper
for a moment to read out its business
details, when the door opened and in
came my wife dressed besighingly, as
if just from an evening concert, followed
by that mustached celebrity. 'Good
evening, my dear,' she said in the
coldest way imaginable, and placed a
chair for her friend. 'Stop!' I cried,
my jealousy aroused; 'that man sit-
not down in my house.'

'That man—a gentleman and my
friend; sit there if you please!' said
my wife, firmly.

My passion was excited then as it
never was before, and I colliered the
second floor. He was my match; but my
wife put a dirk knife that she drew
from a cane in his hand, and he stabbed
me. I fainted and remembered noth-
ing more till I found myself on bed in
my own chamber, watched over by
my housekeeper.

'Where are they?' I gasped.
'Gone!' was all she said.

It occurred to me then like a flash
of lightning, that somebody was near
me at the time I was wounded; that
my keys were about my person, and
that I had been robbed, perhaps, of all
my available property.

The thought threw me into an agony
of fear. I ordered my clothes to be
brought to me. The keys were there.
Taking one of them out, I told Mrs.
Hale, my housekeeper, to go to my
safe and bring me the papers that were
there. She returned, her face white
with terror, to say there was nothing
there—all the little doors were open.
'Robbed! robbed!' I yelled, with
impressions, and again my senses de-
serted me.

Brain fever ensued; for weeks I lay
deprived of reason, literally treading
the verge of the grave. One morning
I was conscious only of a sinking,
deadly feeling as I feebly opened my
eyes. Was it an angel I saw standing
beside me, her soft eyes full of pity,
looking down upon me with the most
compassionate gentleness? For a
moment I thought I might be in heaven;
but no, I reasoned with myself, I loved
money too well. My treasure was all
of the earth, earthly. Again I opened
my dim eyes. The vision seemed wa-
vering now, but oh, did it not wear the
beauty of sweet Lucy Manning? A
quiet, unutterable peace took possession
of my entire being. I forgot wealth,
health, everything. My past life
seemed blotted out and I was again
innocent, untouched by the griping
hand of avarice—true, loving and loved
—and Lucy Manning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly, and at last,
as my strength returned, I missed her.
As soon as she saw I could be left
with safety she had left me and oh,
the blank—the dreadful blank! I
wandered around my rooms, now so
desolate, and saw the many evidences
of my misery's haunts.

I know not why, but towards my
wife my feelings seemed to have under-
gone a revolution. I fear I hated her.
She had nearly beggared me, had de-
ceived me and shattered my health,
and destroyed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to
estimate the damage that had been
done me. Every means that could be
put forth were used for the discovery
of my money but all in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheer-
less, disappointed and lonely man. I
had been thinking thoughts that only
burned my brain, but did not purify
my heart. 'If I had only married
sweet Lucy,' I said again and again,
'all this had not been so.'

My housekeeper came in with a letter
—an unusually large package it was,
and as it bore a foreign postmark, I
opened it with trembling hand. What
was that? A rustling, crumpled bank-
note! Another and another came forth,
until there laid upon my knees twenty
bills of the largest denomination. A
few trembling lines accompanied them.

My husband!—I am no lying! My
disaster—there is no one in this world
to forgive me and accept the enclosed
as so much toward restitution. It is
not much over half of what we took
from the safe. The rest is—I know
not where. I am deserted. Farewell
forever!

An icy chill thrilled me. It seemed
as if her spectral presence was near me.
I shuddered as I rolled the bills to-
gether, and threw them across the
room.

A Prodigy in Calculation.

The rarity of harmonious mental
development is palpable to all who
take any pains to examine the charac-
ters of those who surround him.—
Here and there one is conspicuously
above the rest in capacity and is
looked upon with admiration, but
should such conspicuous mind be an-
alyzed, it would be found that its su-
periority lay in the natural develop-
ment and culture of a few organs,
while in other respects it did not raise
above mediocrity. Now and then we
meet with instances of unique develop-
ment so extraordinary that they amount
almost to insanity. There have been
men who have shown great artistic
ability, but in everything else were
the varied dunces. Some of the Cre-
tins of the Alps surprise us by their
mechanical dexterity, but they are so
lacking in intellect that to render
their mechanical skill of service they
require direction and guidance.

Everybody in America, or at least in
the United States, has heard of Blind
Tom, the wonderful musician, whose
talent seems to lie in the great activity
of tone, while in other respects he is
said to be but little removed from the
idiot.

An unique development in the di-
rection of calculation has lately been
announced to us, which is well worth
a place in these columns. Our author-
ity is the St. Louis *Republican*, which
thus alludes to it:

'At or near Warrensburg, Johnson
county, in this State, resides a poor
old woman, who has a son, Reuben
Field, a mere boy, untaught, and
seemingly almost incapable of literary
culture, who yet possesses most re-
markable powers of mental calculation.
As evidence of this, among many other
evidences that might be cited, a gen-
tleman of St. Louis, who had heard of
his possessing this faculty, sent him the
following figures, viz: 145,145,145,
145, asking him to square this number
mentally, that is, multiply the number
by itself, and send him the result, with
the time taken to perform it, scarcely
believing, however, notwithstanding
the extraordinary accounts related of
him, that he could be capable of the
task. In this, however, he was mis-
taken, as were others to whom the
proposition had been made. A letter
has been received by the gentleman
named, from a highly respectable and
reliable citizen of Warrensburg, who
states that in three minutes time
the boy Field mentally and accurately
pronounced the result, 21,097,113,150-
168,117,071,025, or in written words,
twenty-one sextillions, sixty-seven
quadrillions, one hundred and thirty-two
trillions, one hundred and seventy-two
billions, one hundred and seventeen
millions, seventy-one thousand and
twenty-five.'

'Though such exhibitions of mental
power of calculation as the one exhib-
ited in the above are not altogether
unheard of, they are nevertheless rare.
In this instance it will appear all the
more marvelous when it is stated, that
this boy, Reuben Field, is almost en-
tirely uneducated. Indeed, the letter
referred to above says Field maintains it
is of no use for boys to go to school,
as he can't learn anything, and never
could.' In fact, except in this matter
of calculation, in which he is a marvel,
he is said to be very ignorant in other
matters, lazy, uncouth, disposed to
wander from place to place, and, worst
of all, perhaps, is very fond of drink.

Yet the letter states 'he can repeat
the eighty-seventh line in multiplica-
tion backwards and forwards, and does
many marvelous things in calculating
mentally.' Let those who think the
proposition required in the proposition
given above can not be difficult one,
because rendered by an illiterate and
uneducated boy, call to mind that this
solution, by the usual forms of multi-
plication, requires the use of 191
figures, 144 multiplications, 23 addi-
tions, and 15 combinations of figures,
and that this, by the ordinary pro-
cesses of multiplication, is to be per-
formed and retained in the mind until
the process is completed. When they
realize this, or attempt the solution
themselves, they will very likely come
to the conclusion that Reuben Field is a
prodigy in mental calculations.'

About Journalism.

Harpur's *Bazaar* gossip pleasantly
tells us that the following:
The *Tribune* property is estimated to
be worth a million dollars, which
includes two or three hundred thousand
dollars of real estate. It is the inten-
tion to take down the present building
within a year or two, and erect in its
place a superb edifice that will contain
every convenience and appliance known
to modern newspaper offices. The
profit of the paper in 1869 was \$163,
000, which is \$1,630 on each share.
There are one hundred shares in the
company, of which Mr. Sinclair, the
publisher, owns the largest amount,
or twenty-one; Mr. Greeley, twelve;
the estate of Mr. Stephen Clark, its late
money editor, fourteen; Dr. J. C.
Ayer, the Lowell medicine man, six-
teen; the late Richardson estate, five;
Bayard Taylor, five; T. N. Hooker,
foreman of the composing department,
five; Mr. Rankie, who has just mar-
ried Mrs. Callous, two; Oliver John-
son, of the *Independent*, one; Mr.
Cleveland, brother-in-law of Mr. Gree-
ley, one; two other of the printers,
one each; Mr. Smalley, the London
correspondent, two; Solon Robinson,
two; Solomon A. Cheney, three;
John Hooper, two; and B. F. Camp-
two. Mr. Greeley now receives \$10,
000 a year salary, and Mr. Sinclair,
the publisher, an equal sum, while the
pay of Mr. Reid, the managing editor,
is \$5,000 but will probably be increased
to \$8,500.

The principal writers on the *World*
are understood to be Mr. Marble the
proprietor, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr.
Hurlbut, Mr. Evans, Mr. Sawyer,
Mr. Stilson, Mr. Wheeler, M. Hickey,
Mr. Calkins, Mr. Ford, and several
others. The managing editor is Mr.
D. G. Croly, a very capable and ex-
perienced man.

Among the *Sun* writers are Mr.
Dana, chief, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. H. B.
Stanton, Mr. Hittcock, Mr. Wymen,
Mr. Bowman, Mr. Constock, Mr. Knox,
Dr. Wood, and especially that lively
gentleman, Mr. Amos J. Cummings,
the managing editor.

In the *Times*, now under the gen-
eral management and control of Mr.
George Jones, one of the largest prop-
rietors, are Mr. Shepard, manager,
Mr. Bacon, Mr. L. J. Jennings, Mr.
S. M. Chamberlain, late of the *Buffalo*
Commercial, Mr. H. W. Raymond,
Mr. Sinclair.

The *World* for some time under
the general charge of Mr. T. D. Pat-
erson, a man of high ability, and

The American Flag.

At a meeting of the Historical So-
ciety of Pennsylvania, held in Phila-
delphia, Wm. J. Conby Esq., read a
paper on "The first Star Spangled Ban-
ner made in America, and who made
it."
'He discovered, in tracing the history
of this national emblem, that the
first instances when the stars and
stripes were at the siege of Fort
Schuyler, August 17th, 1777, and ap-
pear on an occasion just about one year
prior to that time, the brig Nancy was
chartered by the continental Congress
to procure military stores in the West
Indies, during the latter part 1775.
While at Porto Rico, in July of the
ensuing year, the information came
that the colonies had declared their
independence, and with this informa-
tion came the description of the flag
that had been accepted as the national
banner. A young man, Capt.
Thomas Mandeville, set to work to
make one and successfully accom-
plished it. The flag was unfurled
and saluted with thirteen guns. When
the brig Nancy was upon her return
voyage she was hemmed in by British
vessels off Cape May. Her officers
succeeded in removing all the munitions
from the shore, and when the last
boat put off, a young man in it, John
Hancock, jumped into the sea, swam
to the vessel, ran up the shrouts of
the mast, and securing the flag, brook
it triumphantly to the shore, through
a hot fire from the British men-of-
war.'

'The first American flag, however,
according to the design and approval
of Congress, was made by Mrs. Eliza-
beth Ross. Three of her daughters
still live in our vicinity to confirm
this fact—founding their belief, not
upon what they saw, for it was made
many years before they were born,
but upon what their mother had often
told them. A niece of this lady, Mrs.
Margaret Boggs, aged ninety years,
now lives in Germantown, and is con-
versant with the fact. The fact is
not generally known that Philadelphia
not only belongs the honor of
flying the first star spangled banner
to the breeze, but to a Philadelphia
lady belongs the honor of having
made it.'

'The house in which it was made
still stands—No. 339 Arch Street
(the old number 39)—the last of an
old row. It is related that when
Congress had decided upon the design
Colonel George Ross and General
Washington visited Mrs. Ross and
asked her to make it. She said, 'I
don't know whether I can, but I'll
try, and directly suggested to the gen-
tleman that the design was wrong, in
that the stars were six-cornered, and
not five-cornered as they should be.
This was correct, she made the flag,
Congress accepted it, and for half a
dozen years this lady furnished the
Government with all its national flags,
having, of course, a large asstancce.
This lady was also the wife of Clay-
pole, one of the lineal descendants of
Cromwell.'

The Roguishes Robbed of Half A Million Dollars.

An employee
of the Rothschilds, of Paris, has just
robbed these bankers of a very large
amount. Details of the case, though
not complete, are still sufficiently clear.
It is stated that a careful scrutiny of
the accounts and books of the bulion
department has shown a deficit ex-
ceeding 2,500,000 fr., or £100,000. The
perpetrator of the robbery is Charles
Tassius, a man forty-nine years of age,
of German birth, but resident in
France. He is said to have been a
great lover of music and of beer. He
was the President of the Liederkraze
musical association, and a partner
in a brewery. His position at Roths-
childs was that of manager of the
bulion department, and in that capacity
it was his duty to purchase ingots
of the precious metals which were of-
fered for sale.

The discovery of his frauds was ac-
cidentally made in consequence of his
delay in forwarding a bulk of 1,000
English sovereigns, for which a cus-
tomer had paid 25,000 fr. Upon his
failure to reappear at the bank his
trunk and chests were searched, and it
was discovered that neither the 1,000
sovereigns nor the 25,000 francs were
there. The police were immediately
informed, and they succeeded in ar-
resting Tassius, who is partially par-
alyzed at the house of a relative. A
search was also made at his residence,
and a sum of about 20,000 francs was
found, as also some correspondence,
which proved that the prisoner had
been concerned with a Prussian physi-
cian in Bourse speculations which had
not been profitable. The Prussian
doctor has also been arrested on a
charge of complicity in the frauds
committed by Tassius, and both pris-
oners awaited judicial examination
when the mail left.

A WAR ON SNAKES.

Mr. Ira Win-
sor, of Foster, informs us that there
is a well on his "Bucklin farm," which
has not been used for seventy years,
and which has been filled up with flat
stones for over forty years, making a
sort of harbor for snakes in the winter
season. About one year ago, Thomas
C. Holloway, eleven years of age, killed
twenty black snakes as they emerged
from the well. Altogether they mea-
sured ninety-six feet. On the 30th
and 31st of last month, he killed nine
other snakes and two adders, and on
the 1st of April, Mr. Winsor assured
the lad in removing some of the stones
from the well, taking up about three
feet of it. Both together killed on that
day twenty-one snakes. Last Friday
they removed two feet more of the
stones, and slaughtered fifty-two ad-
ditional snakes. They calculate they
killed the life out of about 370 feet of black
snakes during their investigations in
the old well, and they will make a search
for more.—*Morning Star, Providence.*

A humorous young man was driv-
ing horse, which was in the habit of
stopping at every house on the road
side. Passing a country tavern where
were collected together some dozen
countrymen, then he stopped, in spite
of the whip with all his might to drive
the vicious horse on; the men on the
porch commenced a hoarse laugh;
and some inquired if he would sell
that horse.

'Yes,' said the young man, 'but I
cannot recommend him.'

the nimble finger and the dexterous
hand have hitherto been held the
only tools to wrap and shape tobacco
leaves into the orthodox form of the
cigar. But just as it was found that
fingers were not the most economical
manipulators of the sewing needle, so
is it now dawning upon the fabricators
of choice Havanas that human digits
may be profitably superseded by me-
chanism for "bunching," "binding,"
and "wrapping" the cigars. Eighteen
dollars a thousand is a big price
to pay for mere labor; and we are
told that that is about the cost of mak-
ing prime cigars, to say nothing of the
tax upon the master manufacturer in-
flicted by his hands, who each smokes
some eight or ten of the best weds per
diem. No wonder machinery
should be thought of! It is rather
surprising its aid was not invoked long
ago; but its time has come, and a
cigar machine company has started
with a flourish in New York. The
implement they manufacture has been
reduced to its present state of com-
pactness and practicability by the
combined agency of seven simplify-
ing patents. Its essential parts are
two pairs of parallel rollers, arrang-
ed one pair over the other, and with
their surfaces hollowed to a convexity
corresponding to the outline of the
cigar to be formed. These rollers are
a rotating by a little wheel, and
inserted at one end of the machine;
this is instantly coiled round the ship-
ped mass of leaves and twisted to a
point, and the cigar is finished. A
girl, after proper training, can thus
turnout fifteen hundred cigars a day.
According to the above quoted cost
for hand-making, there ought to be a
savings of something like three shillings
on a hundred. This is good news for
smokers, at all events.

Cigars by Machinery.

The discovery of his frauds was ac-
cidentally made in consequence of his
delay in forwarding a bulk of 1,000
English sovereigns, for which a cus-
tomer had paid 25,000 fr. Upon his
failure to reappear at the bank his
trunk and chests were searched, and it
was discovered that neither the 1,000
sovereigns nor the 25,000 francs were
there. The police were immediately
informed, and they succeeded in ar-
resting Tassius, who is partially par-
alyzed at the house of a relative. A
search was also made at his residence,
and a sum of about 20,000 francs was
found, as also some correspondence,
which proved that the prisoner had
been concerned with a Prussian physi-
cian in Bourse speculations which had
not been profitable. The Prussian
doctor has also been arrested on a
charge of complicity in the frauds
committed by Tassius, and both pris-
oners awaited judicial examination
when the mail left.

About Journalism.

Harpur's *Bazaar* gossip pleasantly
tells us that the following:
The *Tribune* property is estimated to
be worth a million dollars, which
includes two or three hundred thousand
dollars of real estate. It is the inten-
tion to take down the present building
within a year or two, and erect in its
place a superb edifice that will contain
every convenience and appliance known
to modern newspaper offices. The
profit of the paper in 1869 was \$163,
000, which is \$1,630 on each share.
There are one hundred shares in the
company, of which Mr. Sinclair, the
publisher, owns the largest amount,
or twenty-one; Mr. Greeley, twelve;
the estate of Mr. Stephen Clark, its late
money editor, fourteen; Dr. J. C.
Ayer, the Lowell medicine man, six-
teen; the late Richardson estate, five;
Bayard Taylor, five; T. N. Hooker,
foreman of the composing department,
five; Mr. Rankie, who has just mar-
ried Mrs. Callous, two; Oliver John-
son, of the *Independent*, one; Mr.
Cleveland, brother-in-law of Mr. Gree-
ley, one; two other of the printers,
one each; Mr. Smalley, the London
correspondent, two; Solon Robinson,
two; Solomon A. Cheney, three;
John Hooper, two; and B. F. Camp-
two. Mr. Greeley now receives \$10,
000 a year salary, and Mr. Sinclair,
the publisher, an equal sum, while the
pay of Mr. Reid, the managing editor,
is \$5,000 but will probably be increased
to \$8,500.

The principal writers on the *World*
are understood to be Mr. Marble the
proprietor, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr.
Hurlbut, Mr. Evans, Mr. Sawyer,
Mr. Stilson, Mr. Wheeler, M. Hickey,
Mr. Calkins, Mr. Ford, and several
others. The managing editor is Mr.
D. G. Croly, a very capable and ex-
perienced man.

Among the *Sun* writers are Mr.
Dana, chief, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. H. B.
Stanton, Mr. Hittcock, Mr. Wymen,
Mr. Bowman, Mr. Constock, Mr. Knox,
Dr. Wood, and especially that lively
gentleman, Mr. Amos J. Cummings,
the managing editor.

In the *Times*, now under the gen-
eral management and control of Mr.
George Jones, one of the largest prop-
rietors, are Mr. Shepard, manager,
Mr. Bacon, Mr. L. J. Jennings, Mr.
S. M. Chamberlain, late of the *Buffalo*
Commercial, Mr. H. W. Raymond,
Mr. Sinclair.

The *World* for