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SELECT POETRY.

Never Mind.

What's the use of always fretting At the trials we shall find Ever strewn along our pathway? Travel on and never mind.

Travel onward—working, hoping— Care no lingering look behind At the trials once encountered— Look ahead and never mind.

And if those who might betray you, When the time of nature kind, Should refuse to do their duty, Look to Heaven and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken When the feelings are unkind, Take them for their real value, Pass them on and never mind.

From the Millburg Telegraph. A Reminiscence.

It met a gentleman who was my pupil 21 years ago! He, a bright boy of six years old, And I, a youth not quite nineteen; This point and that, how brief they seem, The fleeting years that roll between!

"Three score and ten," to youthful eyes, In the dim distance, far away; Half hid by airy castles bright, Which high their glittering towers display.

As we advance, the castles fade, To mist, perhaps, they just recede: As the rushing years pass by, How vastly they increase their speed!

Who has not laid his brilliant plans, And seen those plans "gang at angles"? He who youth's programme carried out, Shall have a reverent boy for me!

Well, here we are! My pupil's beard Is "frothy," though his eye is bright; And my own hair—what's left, I mean, (Don't tell it gray!) is almost white.

What of it? Other men grow old: Enoch was older far than I; "And overtop" I think I hear A little Bible-reader cry!

That's so, my boy! Avoid my faults: Improve each hour of every day. Let me, at least, be finger post, And point to younger feet the way.

My pupil is a business man: With industry, and tact, and will; And here I make my humble boast, I taught the shaver how to spell!

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

In the second year of the late civil war, I was married, and went to live with my husband in a small village on the Hudson, some fifty or sixty miles from New York. The house we occupied was a large, rambling mansion, of considerable antiquity for this country, and stood a little apart from the rest of the village, surrounded by broad fields, and commanding a glorious view of the river, and the bill of the Highlands. It had been built before the Revolution, by my husband's great-grandfather, and, though destitute of many "modern improvements," was still a comfortable and pleasant residence.

My husband was a lawyer and a large real estate owner in the neighborhood, and, at the period of which I write, was greatly perplexed, like many other persons in the North, by the perilous state of the times, and especially about the safe investment of his funds, as the suspension of specie payments, the great rise in gold, and the military disasters in Virginia, made it almost impossible to tell where it would be safe to deposit or to use one's money in any large amount.

In the course of his transactions in real-estate, it happened one day that he received what was for us then a large sum, about ten thousand dollars, which he brought home and placed in my charge, telling me at the same time that he should have to be absent during the evening, attending to some business on the other side of the river and should not be home till about midnight.

"You can place the money in the safe, dear," he said as he gave it to me, "and to-morrow I will try and find some way to invest it securely."

So saying, he stepped into the baggy, which was standing at the door, taking with him our hired man Silas, and leaving me with no one in the house but Dinah, an old colored woman, who fulfilled in our modest household the functions of cook and maid-of-all-work, as she had long done in the family of my own parents, who, on my marriage, had yielded her to me as a valuable part of my dower.

Dinah was indeed a character. She was tall and very stout, weighing, she would never tell how much, more than two hundred pounds. She was very black, and as lazy as she was black. I do not think any one could move more deliberately than Dinah did, that is, to move at all. And, by a wonderful dispensation, she seemed to feel that whatever her other faults might be, she was strong on the point of locomotion. For when she had been moving with a ponderous slowness, almost maddening to a person of ordinary quickness, one of her favorite expressions was, "Well, Miss Lillie, what shall I fly onto next?" How she accomplished all she did, the browless one knew. We used sometimes almost tremble when there was any special hurry about our domestic arrangements, and yet Dinah always managed to bring affairs to a consummation, just when a minute more would have ruined everything; and with undisturbed front, would slowly associate, "Well, miss, what shall I fly onto next?"

It was nearly dark when my husband departed, and, after giving my orders to Dinah, or rather my suggestions, I left her, and made the tour of the house, to see that all was safe and properly locked up. This duty attended to, I went to my bed-room, intending to pass the time in reading till my husband should return.

It was a large room on the ground floor, with two French windows on

light faintly entered, dimmed by the shadow of the roof of the piazza, and partly intercepted by the fringe of woodbine which hung from it. My bed stood with its foot toward the windows, and with its head about half a yard from the wall. It was an old-fashioned structure, hung with yellow silk like the windows, but I slept with the hangings drawn back and fastened to the head board. The bed was so large that no one ever thought of moving it, except in those seasons of household panic called house-cleaning, when the combined strength of three or four men was called into requisition to draw it into the middle of the room. So elaborately carved was it that it went by the name of Westminster Abbey in the family. At one end of the room, at no great distance from the bed, was a large safe, built into the high chimney of the mansion, with a door high enough for a person to enter standing upright. Here I was accustomed to place, every evening, my silver plate on shelves which extended around the sides, on which were also placed boxes containing papers and other valuables. Opposite the foot of the bedstead, between the windows, was a mirror, running from the floor almost to the ceiling. Like all the other old furniture in the room it was old and handsome. How many happy scenes it had reflected in the hundred years it had stood there!

The night was exceedingly hot, and I therefore left the windows open, though I drew the curtains before I seated myself at the table in the centre of the room, lighted the candles, and began to read, in order to pass the heavy time before the return of my husband.

After a while, I heard the clock strike nine, at which hour Dinah always went to bed. Her chamber was in the attic, the third story of the house. Remembering some household matter about which I wished to speak to her, I started hurriedly up, and went into the entry to intercept her before she got up stairs. I had to wait about a minute before she came, and our colloquy consumed three or four minutes more.

When I returned to my bedroom, feeling somewhat tired, I resolved to go to bed, as, at that late hour in the country, it was quite certain that no visitors would call, and my husband would let himself in with the latch key which he always carried. I thought, however, I would try to keep awake by reading, and accordingly placed a light stand and the candles at the head of my bed. I then closed and fastened the windows, undressed and got into bed. The key of the safe I placed, as usual, under my pillow.

After reading perhaps half an hour, I grew weary of the book, and, quietly laying it down, remained for some minutes meditating with my eyes fixed on the mirror opposite the foot of the bed, in which I could see myself reflected, together with the yellow silk curtains behind my head. I was thinking, not unaturally, how pretty I looked, and how happy I was with such a loving husband and such a large sum of money secure in our safe, when suddenly I saw in the mirror a sight that made my heart stand still. A hand appeared between the curtains drawing them slowly apart, and grasping cautiously the head-board. It was a man's hand, large, coarse and dark, as if belonging to a mullatto, or to one greatly tanned by exposure to the weather.

My first impulse was to start from the bed, and scream for help. I repressed it by a strong effort of will, and lay perfectly motionless, except that I partially closed my eyes, keeping them only sufficiently open to watch the mirror. As quick as lightning my mind took in the situation. In the few minutes of my absence from the room, while talking to Dinah in the entry a thief, a robber, a possible murderer, had stolen in by the piazza-windows, and had hidden himself either under the bed or behind its draped head. He was doubtless armed; and, if I cried out, and attempted to escape from the room, he could easily reach the door before I could, and for his own security would probably put me to death. Dinah was too distant, and too feeble and too clumsy to afford me any assistance, and, besides was by this time fast asleep in the third story. The man doubtless knew that my husband had that day received a large sum of money, and had gone off across the river, leaving me alone, or nearly alone in the house. He had entered, caring only for the money, and anxious, above all things, to escape undetected and unobserved. If I let him know that I was aware of his presence, I should expose myself to murder, and perhaps to outrage worse than murder. My obvious policy was to keep quiet and to feign sleep. I thought also of the money, and was not altogether willing to resign that without an effort, to save it, and to have at least some clue to the identity of the thief. I confess, however, that this last consideration was not a very strong one, and am afraid that, if I could have seen my way clear to an escape from the room and the house, I should have fled incontinently, without stopping to see more than that terrible hand.

A moment which seemed an hour passed while these thoughts rushed through my mind. I lay perfectly still, with my half closed eyes watching the mirror. Slowly and noiselessly the frightful hand pulled up its owner, until I could see the head and

evil passions written in every lineament. I could scarcely refrain from shuddering at the sight of his hateful visage, and speedily closed my eyes to shut it out.

I was not yet quite ready for the ordeal through which I knew I must soon pass. I wanted to move my light stand a little out of the way, and to so arrange the bed-clothes that I could spring from the bed without impediment. I therefore gave a little sigh, and moved, as if about to awake, lightly opening my eyes at the same time. The head and the hand instantly disappeared. I then composedly made the desired changes in the position of the stand and the arrangement of the clothes, put my watch with the key of the safe under my pillow—near the edge that they could be easily taken up, as I knew they would be—extinguished one of my candles, said my prayers, and closing my eyes, resigned myself to my fate, with no very sanguine or definite hope of extrication from my perilous position.

I made my breathing regular, and a little louder than when I was awake and lay with my cheek on my hand, counterfeiting sleep. At last the stillness became more terrible than even my first agony of fear. Several times I fancied that I heard a soft step approach from the place of concealment. As often I was deceived. Then again that dreadful stillness, in which I counted the ticking of the watch through the pillow! It was a positive relief when he came out from behind the curtain, stopped at the table, and stood looking at me, as I was well aware though my eyes were closed. I forced myself to breathe regularly and audibly. He came closer; he bent over me. He passed the lighted candle slowly before my face two or three times. I felt the heat, and saw the light through my closed lids which must have quivered, though he did not seem to observe their motion. Heaven gave me strength not to move or cry out. Satisfied, apparently, he put back the candle-stick on the stand and his hand crept softly and slowly under the pillow, and, one by one, he removed my watch and the key of the safe. He stood so long looking at me that I felt impelled to open my eyes suddenly upon him.

As he walked softly toward the safe, I did partly open them, and cautiously watch him through my eyelashes. I heard him fumbling with the lock, and once he looked over toward the bed. My eyes were wide open, but I closed them in time not to be detected. Watching him stealthily, I saw him open the door of the safe, go back to the stand for the candle and return to the safe, which he entered without withdrawing the key from the lock.

Here was the opportunity for which I had waited and watched. I sprang lightly from the bed with one bound reached the safe, dashed the door to, turned the key, and with one long and loud shriek fell prostrate and senseless on the floor of the dark room.

How long I lay upon the floor, I do not know—probably for a few minutes only—but, as I was unconscious, it seemed when I came to myself as if the interval had been a long one. I was aroused by his blows upon the iron door, and found myself weak after the long, nervous tension, but still calm. I remembered the satisfaction with which I thought, while I lay there before rising that he could not escape, mingled with a vague and foolish dread that he might in his rage burn the valuable contents of the safe. He paused, ed desperately on the door, and swore fearfully at finding himself entrapped. But, as I took no notice of his outcries, he soon grew quiet.

Presently I rose, and lighting a candle, dressed myself with all possible haste, and with trembling fingers, turning often to look at the safe, from under the closed door of which I more than half expected to see blood trickling—why, I cannot tell, except that my mind was full of images of horror. I was soon in readiness. I had no means of ascertaining the time, as he had my watch in his pocket, and there was no clock in the room. Taking the candle, I hastened to arouse Dinah, who, as I shook her, slowly opened her eyes, and with scarcely any more than her usual slowness pronounced her formula: "Well, Miss Lillie, what shall I fly—Lord a massy! what'd de matter wid de child? You ain't seen a ghost—have you, honey?"

"No, Dinah; but I've seen something worse than a ghost. I've caught a robber, and he's in the safe. What time is it?" and, looking at the clock, that ticking slowly and deliberately—as how could Dinah's clock help doing?—I saw to my great relief that it was nearly midnight.

We had scarcely got down stairs when I heard the sound of wheels. A moment more, and my husband was in my arms, listening with amazement to a rapid narrative of my singular adventure. I would not suffer him to open the safe until Silas had summoned assistance from the neighborhood. I feared that my desperate prisoner might still escape. When the safe was opened, there sat my burglar on the trunk, half stupefied for the want of air, a knife in one hand, the package of money in the other, and the burned-out candle at his feet. He was recognized as an old offender, who had not been long out of State Prison, to which in due course of law, he was sent back for a term of years, which, I devoutly hope, may last as long as he lives; for I confess I should not

on coming out of the safe will not soon be obliterated.

My husband, I need hardly say, was greatly pleased with my safe investment, and complimented me highly on the courage and coolness which had doubtless saved my life as well as my money. The love and pride with which he regarded me, and with which he always, to this day, rehearses my exploit, were of themselves a sufficient compensation for the horror and agony of that long summer night.—Applott's Journal

The Walls of China.

All the cities of China are surrounded by high, strong walls, whose massive proportions a stranger has no idea of until he sees them. The walls surrounding the city of Pekin are from twenty-two to twenty-five miles in length, and on an average fifty feet high. This wall is sixty feet thick at the bottom, and fifty-four at the top, and once in a few yards there are immense buttresses to give it still greater strength. At every fifth buttress the wall for the space of one hundred and twenty-six feet in length, is two hundred and fifty-six feet in thickness. In several places the foundation of this wall is of marble, and when the ground is uneven, immense quantities of cement as durable nearly as granite, and about as hard, have been used to level up the ground. The main body of this wall is made of bricks each twenty inches long, ten inches wide, and five inches thick. These bricks are burned very hard, and have precisely the appearance of stone.

On the inside of this wall, as well as on others in other cities, are esplanades, or stairways, with gates to them for ascending them. And over all the gateways there are immense towers, as large as great churches, and much higher, constructed with these great burnt bricks. On the top of this immense wall there is a railing both on the outside and inside, coming up to a man's waist, which railing itself is a wall, thus giving a sense of security to a person walking on the top. The outside railing is made into turrets, for the use of cannon, in case of attack. The entire top of the wall is covered with strong burned brick, twenty inches square, resembling the flagging of our sidewalks in large cities, only, as I have said, these walls are fifty-four feet wide.

There is no way of getting into the city, only to go through this immense wall. And wherever there is a gate for the purpose of getting through, there is another wall built enclosing a square space, compelling all persons who go into the city to go through this wall, by passage of two angles to each other. The walls are so immensely thick, that these passages through them, arched over with stone, remind one exactly of our railroad tunnels in the United States. At each of these great archways there is an enormous gate made of strong timbers, everywhere as much as ten inches thick, and covered on both sides with plates of iron, like the sides of our warships. These gates are shut early in the evening, generally before sundown, and are not allowed to be opened during the night for any purpose. They are fastened on the inside by means of strong beams of timber.

Indian Cunning.

The Indians of the Western plains are gradually thinning out before the swarming emigrants. They are probably doomed to extinction, but they are often shrewd in avoiding dangers, and gaining advantages over the whites. The following is a good instance of their cunning:—

We hear a great deal about Yankee tricks—but a private letter from a soldier out on the plains, shows that the red-skins have some shrewdness. Says the writer:—

"A part of our troop had been on trail of a small band of Sioux, and they had dodged us, and beat us, until we determined to have them, let come what might.

"One day we came upon them, and it appeared so suddenly, too, that there was no chance for them to escape. Each man seated himself squarely in his saddle, and with revolver in hand, we dashed on.

"There squat each identical Sioux on his pony, just as though we were miles away, and as stoically indifferent as though they did not care for us.

"As we, at full gallop, drew near, the officer in command felt that we were running into some trap; but it was too late to sound a retreat, and so we went. I think the distance between us and the Sioux and their ponies was just twelve feet before a single red-skin moved a muscle; then, quicker than you could say 'scat!' off from the shoulders of each identical Sioux came the fiery-red blanket he wore, and up and down it was shaken vigorously in the very faces of our horses.

"We had boasted a great deal over those horses, that they would do anything we wanted them to—that it is to say, they would drive through a prairie fire alongside a bull buffalo, through a prairie dog village, and over dead Indians—but I tell you I ought to have seen them, to a horse, turtail, and run from those black-ets.

"We were going along so nicely, and each trooper was so eager to make a sure thing of his red-skin, that we let the horses have it much their own will, and we were soon surrounded by a

and away they went in every direction. Troopers were sprawling on the ground and others were clinging to horses' manes, with both feet not only out of the stirrups, but pointing up in the air.

"It was the worst stampede I ever saw—and I have looked on 'some' in my day.

"If the Sioux had followed up, they might have made a few scalps, but the result of their trick, that those who were unhorsed near them, say they disappeared as if they had gone down through the earth.

Dividing the Profits.

John Quill tells of a man who planted potatoes and waited for the flowers to ripen into fruit, until the whole crop rotted in the ground. He was told that he should have dug the potatoes soon after they flowered.—He cherished this advice, and I tried it on a crop of tomatoes next year, rooting it all up on the first sight of a flower. Of course he didn't make a fortune in that line. But we heard of a smart Dutchman out West—the story is old, but just as good as new—who bought a farm, and hired a Yankee to run it on shares. After a good deal of haggling they agreed that they should divide the profits thusly—the Dutchman to receive the "tops" and the Yankee the "bottoms" for the first year.

The Dutchman looked forward hopefully for a large yield of wheat, rye, oats, cabbage, salad celery, and good things that rise above the ground; and he kind of chuckled in the thought that he had taken in the Yankee. He didn't laugh so much when he saw a splendid crop of beets, onions, potatoes, radishes, turnips and all such things, the "tops" of which didn't amount to much. The Yankee took to his share naturally and kindly without complaint. The Dutchman insisted that next year he would take the "bottoms." "All right," said Jonathan, "I'll take the 'tops'." "Ayers' right," echoed the other; but when he saw nothing but cabbages, salad, celery, pumpkins, squashes, wheat, rye and oats coming up, he swore in high Dutch and dudgion, that next year he would have both "tops" and "bottoms" and "vool de Yankee yet, py tamm." Jonathan, however, was too cunning again, as he planted for the third year, only Indian corn, peas, beans, tomatoes, &c., of which by gave the Dutchman the "tops" and "bottoms" and kept the "Middle" for himself. The last we heard of the members of that firm, after it was dissolved, was that the Yankee was running the farm on his own hook, and the Dutchman was keeping a lager beer saloon in the next village.

Wasn't Afraid of Indians.

The following has a smack of Mark Twain about it. We find it drifting unknown through the exchanges. "A friend of ours who took a trip to California, said that he was not afraid of Indians, because he belonged to the Benevolent Order of Red Men, and knew all the pass words and winks, and all the figurative language and things, and so savage was going to touch him, initiated and fixed up as he was in regular. He hadn't gone more than a hundred miles from Omaha before a band of Indians came at him and scooped him up. He took the chiefs and whispered the pass word in his ear, and gave him the grip twenty-six times on both hands, and made some observations about 'fifth moons' and 'happy hunting grounds.' The chief replied in a friendly manner by tomahawking him and jabbing his butcher knife into his vitals. Our friend remarked that these ceremonies were, not observed in his lodge; but the chief wanted to show him all the peculiarities of the Western system, so he scalped him and chopped off his nose, and was about to build a bonfire on his stomach when some soldiers arrived and rescued him. He is now the baldest Red Man this side of the Pacific Ocean, and you never saw a person so disgusted with secret societies and Indian poetry. He is going to sue the lodge for passing a counterfeit grip on him and for damage done by loss of his hair."

Recently a farmer named Osmer, residing in Greenfield, Mich., concluded that he would rid his barn of about a hundred nests made by swallows under the eaves, and for the purpose put up and mounted a long ladder. There were only a dozen birds about when the farmer commenced at the nests, but he had scarcely tore one down before the few set up such a twittering as soon brought to the spot every bird from the barns of the whole neighborhood. They flew around Osmer's head, uttered notes of displeasure, and at last the whole cloud settled upon him, screaming, pecking and scratching, as if determined to dig his eyes out. The ladder did not stand very securely, and as the farmer raised his hand to fight off his tormentors, his support slipped and fell carrying him to the ground, the fall breaking a rib, and giving him some severe bruises. The birds remained about the spot until he was removed, and then they

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A Spirited Woman.

An old Nevada Judge of the early times relates the following as "the most right up and snappy exhibition of womanly sprank" that had ever fallen under his notice:—

"I was sitting here," said the Judge in this old pulpit, holding court, and we were trying a big, wicked looking Spanish desperado for killing the husband of a bright, pretty Mexican woman. It was a lazy summer day, and an awful long one, and the witnesses were tedious. None of us took any interest in the trial, except that rascally, unscrupulous devil of a Mexican woman—because you know how they love and how they hate, and this one had loved her husband with all her might, and now she had boiled it all down into hate, and stood there spitting it at that Spaniard with her eyes; and I tell you she would stir me up, too, with a little of her summer lightning occasionally. Well, I had my coat off, and heels up, loling and sweating, and smoking one of those cabbage cigars the San Francisco people used to think were good enough for us in those times; and the lawyers they all had their coats off and were smoking and whittling, and the witness the same, and so was this prisoner. Well, the fact, there wasn't any interest in a murder trial then, because the prisoner was always brought in not guilty, the jury expecting them to do as much for them some time; and, although the evidence was straight and square against this Spaniard, we knew we could not convict him without seeming to be rather high handed and sort of reflecting on every gentlemian in the community; for there wasn't any carriages and liveries then, and so the only 'style' there was to keep your private graveyard. But that woman seemed to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard, and you'd ought to have seen how she would glare on him a minute, and then look up at me in pleading way, and then turn, and for the next five minutes search the jury's faces—and by and by drop her face in her hands for just a little while, as if she was most ready to give up; but out she'd come again directly and be as five and anxious as ever. But when the jury announced the verdict, not guilty, and I told the prisoner he was acquitted and free to go, that woman rose till she appeared as tall as a seventy-four gun ship, and says she:—

"Judge, do I understand you to say that this man is not guilty, that murdered my husband without any cause, before my eyes and my children's, and that all has been done to him that ever justice and the law could do?"

"The same?"

"And then what do you reckon she did? Why she turned on that smirking Spanish fool like a wildcat, and out with a 'nary,' and shot him dead in open court!"

"That was spirited, I am willing to admit."

"Wasn't it though," said the Judge admiringly, "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I adjourned court right on the spot, and we put on our coats, and went out and took up a collection for her and her cubs, and sent them over the mountains to their friends. Ah, she was a spirited wench!"

Muscle Against Steam.

Two young men from the country called into a Detroit foundry a few days ago to get a piece of casting for some farm machinery. The employees were absent at their dinner, with the exception of the engineer, who was coiling up his engine for the afternoon's work. It was raining at low speed, and pumping water into the boiler. The country cousins looked with interest at its motions and the slow rotation of the large fly-wheel, and fell into a discussion as to the relative power of steam and human muscle. One of them finally offered to bet a dollar that he could "grab" the huge wheel and hold it. He stepped up to the engineer and asked permission to try it, which was readily granted, and taking off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, braved himself for the effort. Watching carefully until the right stroke came around, with a rush to encourage himself he clutched it. He didn't exactly stop the wheel—in fact he went over it without stopping and was discharged in a parabolic orbit through space, coming down in a sand heap in the further part of the foundry. He was picked up thoroughly disgusted man, and so lame that he was obliged to climb into his wagon at the back end, quite satisfied however that steam was too much for him.

It is told of John Wesley that when he saw some of his hearers asleep he stopped in his discourse and shouted "Fire! fire!" The people were alarmed, and some one cried out, "Where, sir? where?" To which Wesley earnestly and solemnly replied, "In hell, for those who sleep under the preaching of the word."

"Bab, is your sister at home?"

"Yes, but she won't see you to-night."

"Why?"

"Because she said she was going to have one more mess of onions, if she never got another bean."

Have frank explanations with friends in case of affairs. They sometimes