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Offers his professional services to the public. [6-884]

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F. W. SCHWAN, M. D.,  
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B. T. PARKS,  
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DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa.  
Office in Court House, (Sept. 15, '67)

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS'  
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE  
No. 322 N. THIRD S  
(6,883) PHILADELPHIA.

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SELECT POETRY.  
WORKS, NOT WORDS.  
Not forever on thy knees  
Would Jehovah have thee found;  
There are burdens thou canst ease;  
There are griefs Jehovah sees—  
Look around.

Work is prayer, if done for God,  
Prayer which God delighted hears,  
See beside you opened not  
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod—  
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal—  
This is what is wanted more.  
Put thy shoulder to the wheel;  
Bread unto the famished deal  
From thy store.

Not high-sounding words of praise  
Does God want, 'neath some grand dome,  
But that thou the fallen raise:  
Lift the poor from life's highways  
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good—  
Works, not words; kind acts, not creeds.  
He who loves God as he should,  
Makes his heart's love understood  
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful; mere words weak,  
But 'ring at high heaven's door.  
Let thy love by actions speak;  
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek;  
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's care to smother,  
And to brighten eyes now dim,  
Kind deeds done to one another,  
God accepts as done, my brother,  
Unto him.

HASTY WORDS.  
"Mother, please look here and see  
My pretty black-horse. When I am  
a man we'll have one just like it."  
I glanced at four year old Harry,  
who had constructed a most wonderful  
edifice in the middle of my sitting  
room.

"I am afraid it would not keep out  
much snow," said I.  
"But it would be so nice in summer,"  
said Harry, laughing merrily,  
and springing to my side, he threw  
his little arms around my neck, saying,  
"O mamma! I love you so!"

"Harry," said I kissing him, "will  
you run and tell Bridget to have  
warm biscuit for tea?" He started  
quickly, and as he started caught his  
foot in a light stand upon which I had  
placed a rare Parisian vase, with a  
rose bud just unfolding its crimson  
petals in it. The stand fell over, and  
the vase (gift from my dead mother)  
was shattered.

"You naughty boy," I cried, angrily,  
"you deserved to be whipped.—  
Pick up those pieces instantly, and  
put them in the coal hod." He stopped,  
carefully picked up the pieces,  
scratching his little fingers as he did  
so, against the sharp edges. He carried  
them away and was gone some  
time. When he returned it was with  
something clasped tightly in his hand.

Coming to me he placed a five cent  
piece in my lap, saying timidly, "will  
that buy you a new vase, mamma?"  
What evil demon possessed me to  
take the coin, his sacredly cherished  
treasure (a kind neighbor had given  
him for some little office) and throw  
it from me, I know not.

Harry picked it up with tears running  
down his face, and sat down upon  
his stool with his hands folded  
so meekly. Presently he said:  
"May I go and play with Eddie Porter?"

"I don't care where you go," said I  
crossly, so you keep out of my  
sight.  
Harry went to the closet where his  
coat and hat hung, put them on, and  
came and stood by my side.

"Mamma, will you please forgive  
me? I'm so sorry," and he put his  
lips up for a kiss. Oh, God forgive  
me, I pushed the little fellow away.—  
He stood by the door a moment, looking  
pitifully at me; it is twenty five  
years ago to-day since he stood there,  
but I can see him with his blue coat  
and red and gray worsted skating cap,  
and the little red mittens, as if it was  
but yesterday. But I looked coldly  
at him, the door opened and shut,  
the little fellow went slowly down stairs  
I heard him go out; unfasten the gate.  
Looking out of the window, I saw the  
little fellow lift his face with a smile  
as he saw me, which gave place to a  
pitiful quiver of the lips, as he saw I  
took no notice of him. I watched the  
darling down the street with a strange,  
undefined feeling, till the little coat  
and mittens were no longer visible.

Twice a sudden impulse moved me to  
call him back, but I crushed it down.  
Oh, would to God I had! Well I  
sewed all through the afternoon. At  
four o'clock I put away my work, and  
sat by the window. Conscience began  
to reproach me for my conduct. "I  
don't care," said I, "my beautiful  
vase is a ruin." "What is the value  
of all the vases in the world compared  
with your child? Have you not spoken  
cross to that dear little Harry,  
who is always so cheerful and obedient?  
And this is not the first time,  
either, and you calling yourself a  
christian mother, too! Suppose Harry  
should be suddenly taken from you!  
Wouldn't your cruel words haunt you  
forever!"

I could bear this no longer. I rose  
and picked up the stray litter about  
the room to give it a more tidy appearance.

Then I went to the window, peering  
anxiously through the gloom, but  
seeing nothing of my boy. My heart  
became terribly heavy; this suspense  
was unbearable. Hastily throwing a  
shawl over my head, I ran into Mrs.  
Porter's. "Have you seen Eddie?"  
"The question before I entered the  
room," was "Have you seen Harry?"  
"He was over here at half past two;

he and Eddie went over to Josie  
Gray's. I think—"  
What she thought I never know,  
for at that moment Eddie rushed in  
breathless, screaming: "Mother,  
mother? Harry Loring is drowned!  
We were sliding on the mill pond  
and there was a hole in the ice with  
snow on it, and Harry didn't see it,  
and—"

"Hush, Eddie!" said his mother,  
looking at him fearfully. "Here is  
Mrs. Loring!"

There was a great silence in the  
room, broken only by the blithe, sweet  
voice of a canary, and the purr of a  
maltese cat. Presently Mrs. Porter  
came toward me, and placed her hand  
softly upon my shoulder, saying,  
"Ella my poor child!"

I never moved, but sat with my  
wide open eyes upon an awful picture.  
A cold gray, afternoon, a pond,  
little boys playing upon it, one little  
figure, well known to me, suddenly  
disappearing through the treacherous  
ice, down, down, the sweet little hands  
grasping at cruel weeds, the sweet  
mouth full of water. And those  
wicked signals ringing through my  
ears, "I don't care where you go  
so long as you keep out of my sight."  
There was a mist before my eyes, a  
ringing of my ears. I remembered  
leaving the house with a feeling of  
going where my Harry was. Then  
came a horrible sense of the earth  
giving way under my feet and I knew  
no more.

A pleasant feeling of warmth, a  
languid sense pervading my system, I  
opened my eyes and glanced around  
the room. A strange woman by the  
fire; at the foot of my bed my husband,  
with his hands over his eyes. I  
tried to think where I was, and what  
happened, but in vain. Then my  
attention was arrested by a little figure  
in a red flannel night dress, cuddled  
up in a big chair—my Harry! Then  
it all flashed across my mind. I sat  
straight up in bed, with a faint  
sigh.

"What is it?" said I feebly.  
"You must not talk; lie down. Oh  
darling, darling!" and the strong man  
wept like a child, and the little figure  
came and jumped on my bed, and  
putting his arms around my neck, cried  
out, "And I, puzzled to know what  
it meant, cried also. The strange figure  
came forward and took Harry  
away, saying, "Be careful, Mr. Loring;  
everything now depends upon  
quiet."

"Tell me all now, said I. "I must  
know; I had a horrible feeling. O  
Harold! I dreamed Harry was  
drowned!"

His face grew white. "He was  
near death; George Gray got him  
out of the pond; Gray sent down to  
the office for me; I went after Dr.  
Hooper, and came right up. There  
was but a spark of life left, but we  
succeeded at last."

"How many days was it, Harold?"  
said I.  
"Seven weeks ago yesterday," said  
he smiling.  
"Seven weeks," said I. Impossible!

"You have been very sick with  
brain fever, Ella. You were very near  
death; for days we despaired of ever  
seeing you conscious again. You  
were lying on a couch, and I  
made him draw himself." Last  
night Dr. Hooper said the crisis was  
over, and if you lived through the  
night you would get well. Oh, Ella,  
I am so thankful you were spared to  
me!"

"I have been so weak and sinful,  
Harold," said I; and then told him  
all not keeping back anything.

He heard me through, stroking my  
hair in a gentle fashion. When I  
finished, he said:  
"It has taught you a lesson, Ella  
dear." And that was all  
I soon recovered. For a long time  
I could not bear Harry out of my  
sight. It seemed as if I could not do  
enough to atone for my wicked  
conduct. The thoughts make me shudder  
now—if it had been that Harry had  
never come back to me, and that the  
last words he heard from his mother's  
lips were so unkind. I have had three  
children since then, and not one of  
them has heard a cross hasty word  
from me. Often times my patience  
is sorely tried, but one thought of that  
horrible death to which Harry came  
so near drives the demon away.

Mothers, bear patiently with these  
innocent little ones. Are there not  
many whose eyes resting upon this  
simple story fill with bitter tears at  
the recollection of the unkind words,  
and even blows, to little children laid  
away for ever!

Who would not give all their worldly  
possessions, yes, years of their lives,  
to recall those hasty words that made  
their child's lip quiver pitifully and  
the clear eyes dim with tears! Ah  
you cannot have them back even for  
a moment to kiss the sweet, red lips.  
—They are gone and your sin remains.

Deceived by Appearances.  
Never Judge a man by the quality  
of his clothes. If a man is habited  
in the garb filthy and ragged, that is  
one thing; but the simple garb of a  
laborer may cover the best of men.—  
Among the many unfortunate mistakes  
which have been made in this  
latter respect, is the following, which  
happened within my own knowledge  
and observation:

Christopher Goodhue at the age of  
forty had amassed a fortune in mercantile  
pursuits, and had lost his health.  
His physicians had told him he must

leave the city, and quit his present  
business. Said the man of medicine:  
"Of course you must have employment;  
and that, too, of a kind that  
shall exercise your best business  
faculties. Now I think my dear Mr.  
Goodhue, that I have just the thing  
for you. You have been at Walker's  
Falls up in Franklin?"

"Yes."  
"Well those large mills are for sale  
—both the woolen mill and the paper  
mill, together with a machine shop be-  
longing to them. The owner is dead and  
his widow wishes to sell. One hundred  
thousand dollars cash, I am very  
sure will buy the whole property.—  
You can pay that, and yet have enough  
left to make you independent of work  
or forced labor while you live. And  
these if you buy, you will naturally  
improve two or three excellent water  
privileges which are now idle. Think  
of it, my dear sir—a healthy salubrious  
and invigorating mountain air; a  
retired and delightful location; fish  
and game of all sorts ready for your  
rod and gun whenever you feel like  
relaxation; and the very best school  
in the country for your children."

Mr. Goodhue was taken with the  
idea, but like a prudent man he said he  
would speak with his wife. He did so  
and she, sensible woman, said, "Let  
us get away from the city. We can be  
very happy in the free, fresh air; and  
not only you, but the children and myself,  
will be better and stronger."

So Christopher Goodhue went up to  
Walker's Falls in the beautiful village  
among the mountains, and bought  
the mills together with all the unim-  
proved water power; within two weeks  
thereafter he removed thither with his  
family, and entered at once, heart and  
soul, into the work of improvement.

"Now, Molly," he said to his wife,  
"you know I have come up here for  
healthful exercise, and I shall hire men  
to do the drudgery of close office work.  
We must fix up around the house. I  
am going to dig and delve in the garden.  
So you must make a pair of blue  
overalls and a frock. I must dress  
for the work I do."

Mrs. Goodhue smiled; but the  
cheerful and pleasant notes of her  
husband, already vimmy and robust,  
her heart glad, and she and the girls  
sat at work, cheerfully and merrily,  
upon the clothing for the new laboring  
man.

People were rejoiced when they  
knew that a wealthy business man  
from the distant city had bought the  
mills; because those same mills, em-  
ploying nearly two hundred hands,  
were the life of the place; and the  
real good and prosperity of other busi-  
ness depended, in a great measure, upon  
their thrift and successful management.

The principal store at Walker's Falls  
was kept by a man named Ralph Stover.  
He had managed to work into the  
bulk of trade through the partiality  
of the former proprietor of the mills,  
with whom he had shared the high  
profits on goods sold upon order to the  
employees of the mills. He was an  
honest man as the world goes; but  
with him honesty was policy, and nothing  
more.

Eben Shaddock kept the other prop-  
erty store—and when I say "property  
store" I mean a regular country store  
where goods of all kinds, qualities and  
varieties are kept, and where farmers  
can dispose of all sorts of transportable  
produce. Shaddock was truly an  
honest man—honest from the very  
stincts of his nature. With him honesty  
was not so much principle as a part  
of his nature. He had not laid up  
money. His trading was mostly con-  
fined to an old run of customers among  
the neighboring farmers, while those  
persons who had money to pay for  
their goods had been monopolized by  
the more stirring and scheming  
Stover.

"I declare," said Stover, "I must go  
and see Mr. Goodhue, and make some  
arrangements for securing his custom  
and his orders. I calculate his trade  
and influence will be worth more than  
a thousand dollars a year clear profit.  
He must have got settled down by  
this time and ready for business. I  
wish I knew what sort of a man he  
is. But I guess I shall know how to  
take him as I've studied him while  
I can read human nature pretty easily."

The trader was preparing to leave  
when a laboring man entered the store  
—a man habited in blue overalls and  
a frock, wearing upon his head an old  
straw hat.

"Mr. Stover, I think?" said the new-  
comer.

"That's my name."  
The laboring man started at the  
abruptness and brusqueness of the tone.  
He was not used to being answered  
in that way; nor was he used to hearing  
traders speak so to a customer.

"I want to get a little paint, if you  
please, Sir; I'm—"  
"My boy will attend to you; I am  
busy."

"But, Sir, your boy may be as ignorant  
as the compounds I require as I am.  
I am going to paint a floor, and I  
only know that I want some yellow  
ochre, some litharge, and—"  
"I am not a painter, Sir," broke in  
Mr. Stover, roughly. "My boy will  
put up whatever you want."

"Then you cannot accommodate a  
customer with the benefit of your  
knowledge concerning the respective  
qualities of various articles he may  
require for a specified purpose?"

"Knowledge isn't one of my trading  
commodities. You'll find that at the  
academy. Here, John, if this man  
wants anything, sell it to him." And  
thus speaking, Mr. Stover put on his  
hat and left the store, evidently think-

ing that his customer, whom he had  
never seen, was either an itinerant  
laboring man or a farmer from the  
back region, who would want to pay  
for his goods in poplar wood or old  
potatoes.

Ralph Stover went to the mill  
where he found an architect and en-  
gineer from the city superintending  
extensive improvements. But Mr.  
Goodhue was not there. They tho'  
it likely he was at his house. So to  
the house Mr. Stover wended his way,  
where he was informed by a lady  
that if Mr. Goodhue had got back  
from an errand, upon which he had  
been out, he would probably be found  
in the garden.

Next to the garden, where our en-  
terprising trader found a man in blue  
overalls and a frock, engaged in mak-  
ing a flower bed.

"Is Mr. Goodhue about here?"  
"That is my name, Sir."  
"But I mean the man who owns  
the place—who owns the mills."  
"I am the man."

"You, eh?" Mr. Stover beheld the  
customer to whom he behaved so inde-  
cently at his store.  
"Really, Mr. Goodhue, I had no idea,  
—I had—"

"If you have business with me, Sir,"  
interrupted Goodhue, respectfully,  
but sternly, "I will attend to you;  
otherwise my time is very precious."  
"Upon my soul, Mr. Goodhue, I  
must ask your pardon."

"If I wish to trade with you I will  
call at your store. I suffer no man to  
indulge his begging for custom upon me  
at my own house. Good day, Sir."

And while Mr. Goodhue returned to  
his work, Ralph Stover had read his  
man well enough to know that any fu-  
ture remark would be worse than use-  
less; so he turned moodily and un-  
happily away.

Mr. Goodhue found Eben Shaddock  
to be an honest, upright, conscientious  
and accommodating trader, and with  
him he made arrangements for the  
supply of goods for himself and work-  
men.

Shaddock thrived, and was grateful  
and happy. The laborers in the mills  
obtained their goods vastly cheaper  
than ever before; while Ralph Stover,  
in bitterness of spirit curses the hour  
in which he was led to insult a cus-  
tomer who chanced to be habited in the  
garb of a laboring man.

Twenty Years Asleep.  
The committee of doctors appointed  
by the Medical Society to examine into  
the case of Susan C. Gadsby, of Ten-  
nessee, have not yet concluded their  
investigations, but will present a written  
report to the society at its next  
meeting, which will doubtless be a  
model of lucid Saxon. Pending the  
ultimatum of the doctors, which there  
is really some public curiosity to hear,  
the phenomena connected with this  
most curious case must we presume,  
remain unexplained. To an unscien-  
tific mind it would appear to be one of  
cataplexy with regular recurring spasms;  
but there are some features in the case  
not usual in the disease mentioned. In  
addition to what before has been pub-  
lished, the following may be of some  
interest. The girl, it is stated, has  
been in substantially the same condi-  
tion as at present for 21 years, but it  
is necessary to visit her room and  
watch her attentively for some time in  
order to fully comprehend the extra-  
ordinary progression of her symptoms.  
Let us, for instance, visit her in the  
morning, or rather just before dawn.—  
We enter the room and see on the bed  
the form of the wonderful sleeper.—  
The face is a little sallow in hue but  
not at all emaciated, and is pleasing in  
its expression; rather broad with an  
oval brow of an expanse indicating in-  
dicating intellect above the ordinary.  
She is perfectly quiet, and as we ap-  
proach the bed no movement is ap-  
parent than if a corpse lay before us.  
Accept that there is a slight tremor  
where her hands are lying, which con-  
stantly shakes in nervous agitation.—  
The mouth is closed and the respira-  
tion thro' the nostrils is so faint and  
low as to be almost imperceptible.—  
This death-like calm is only broken by  
the spasms mentioned in our previous  
notice of the case, which occurs at in-  
tervals generally of six and seven min-  
utes. As the time arrives when the  
sun rises above the horizon the pheno-  
mena changes. The spasms, or violent  
intermittent motions of the head be-  
come more frequent, and finally, strange  
to say, at the exact moment of dawn  
she begins to awake. Respiration  
becomes audible and very quick; this  
lasts nearly a minute; she then swal-  
lows once or twice and becomes un-  
conscious. When awake there is nothing  
out of her manners or appearance.  
She is extremely weak and  
complains constantly of pain in the head.  
She is supported by pillows, eats and  
drinks slowly, exhibiting a strong  
partiality for water, and talks in a low  
soft tone. She remains awake gener-  
ally eight or nine minutes, and then  
falls back into the comatose condition,  
in which the only evidences of life are  
the recurring spasms and the stertorous  
breaths which occur just after the  
agitation of the head, and in the nu-  
merical order given before. After be-  
coming conscious in the morning, she  
awakes once every hour until about  
noon, then not again until about 3,  
and then again until sunset, according  
to true time. At 9 o'clock at night  
she awakes again, and between 9 & 10  
she is seized with more violent spasms,  
which lasts nearly an hour, and then  
sleeps again from 12 to 3, when she  
awakes, and then does not awake again  
until dawn. This order is never varied,  
nor do any of her symptoms change,  
but from year to year are repeated

daily with the regularity of clock work.  
Her general health is good, and her  
limbs, while very weak are yet not  
emaciated. Her hands are very  
small and delicately formed, and the  
right one is principally affected by the  
nervous tremor before mentioned, and  
almost useless.

There were several gentlemen in the  
room last evening when she awoke,  
and the scene was one of curious in-  
terest. Her sister and mother had  
supper ready, and the awakening scene  
was precisely as above indicated. As  
she became conscious there was a gather-  
ing of the brow and an expression of  
pain in the face. In reply to a ques-  
tion by a physician present, she said  
her hair pained her badly on the right  
and that her throat was sore. She ex-  
hibited no curiosity as to those present.  
She appeared extremely wearied, and  
after a few sips of coffee and a mouth-  
ful or two of bread, she fell back on  
the pillow. Her head & shoulders again  
shook violently in spasms, and she be-  
came the same placid sleeper as before.

Within the last few days she has  
been examined by various physicians,  
besides the members of the committee,  
but none of the doctors have come to  
any conclusions, except to confess that  
the case was one of the most extraor-  
dinary character on record. The  
physician who visited her tried the test  
of pain with great severity. He pushed  
a needle nearly full length into her  
back and also into her arm, and rather  
savagely poked his finger in her eyes  
always a decidedly unpleasant opera-  
tion, to say the least of it. In neither  
instance did the sleeper manifest the  
smallest recognition of his action. Nor  
was there even a twitching of a nerve.  
—St. Louis Republic, Oct. 12.

The Number seven.  
No one who reads the Scriptures  
can fail to notice the frequent occur-  
rence of certain numbers, and in both  
the Old and New Testaments we find  
that unusual prominence is given to  
the numbers.

The Old Testament opens with the  
creation of the world, which is said to  
have occupied six days, and the sev-  
enth was devoted to repose; and among  
the Jews the seventh year is also con-  
secrated to the rest of the year, and is  
called sabbatical year; and the seven-  
times seventh year is styled the year  
of jubilee.

It would be almost impossible to  
mention all the instances in which the  
number seven occurs in the Scriptures;  
but we will briefly notice a few of them  
and perhaps some of our readers may  
be interested to search for themselves  
for a number which figures so con-  
spicuously in the sacred writings, and  
to whose religious significance many  
scholarly heads have given much time  
and thought.

In the Old Testament we have the  
seven days of the week; we find also  
that in certain sacrifices the sprinkling  
of blood was repeated seven times; that  
a leprous house was closed for seven  
days, and afterward sprinkled seven  
times; the consecration of the priests  
continued seven days; the feast of the  
tabernacle lasted seven days, and chil-  
dren were not circumcised until they  
had reached their seventh day. All  
are familiar with the story of Jacob  
who served seven years each for Rachel  
and Leah. In Pharaoh's dreams, the  
number seven as applied to the king  
and the ears of corn, signified the sev-  
en years of plenty and of famine that  
were to come upon the land of Egypt.

Seven years were required to conquer  
Canaan, the temple was seven years in  
building. Naaman was commanded to  
wash seven times in Jordan. In  
compassing the city of Jericho, seven  
priests bearing seven trumpets of ram's  
horns, preceded the ark; they thus  
marched about the city seven days,  
and on the seventh day seven times.  
As a magical charm, Samson was  
bound with seven green withes, and  
seven locks of his hair were woven  
with the web.

In the New Testament we have the  
seven baskets of fragments. In Mat-  
thew xxv. 21, 22, we read; "Then  
came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how  
oft shall I forgive my brother who  
sins against me? Till seven times?  
Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto  
thee but until seven until seventy times  
seven."

In the book of Revelation the num-  
ber seven is used very frequently.—  
There are seven churches of Asia,  
seven golden candlesticks; seven spirits  
of God, the lamb with seven horns and  
seven eyes; the book with seven seals;  
seven angels with seven trumpets;  
seven thunders; seven vials with seven  
last plagues; the earthquake de-  
stroying seven thousand men; and the  
beast and dragon each having seven  
heads. The witnesses prophesy in  
sackcloth the half of seven years, and  
lie unburied the half of seven years.—  
Oliver Optic's Magazine.

Pickling Pork and Curing  
Hams.  
In the "Country Gentleman" of  
Sept. 8, "A Farmers Wife" asks for  
directions for pickling pork. The fol-  
lowing is our method, and we doubt  
if any other country gentlemen dine  
on better pickled pork than those at  
Haw Hill:

For each 100 pounds of pork, weigh  
out 8 pounds of salt. After the meat  
is cold, rub each piece well with part  
of the salt. Repeat the operation the  
next day. The third day take the  
remainder of the salt, which should  
be about 5 pounds, add to it 2 pounds  
sugar, 4 ounces saltpeter, 1 pint of  
molasses, and about 3 gallons of wa-  
ter. Boil and skim, and when cold,  
pour over the meat, which should

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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.

In the meantime have been closely  
packed in a suitable vessel and weight-  
ed down just enough to insure its all  
being covered with the brine. Eight  
pounds of salt, 2 pounds sugar, 4 ounces  
saltpeter, and 1 pint of molasses,  
are enough to cure 100 lbs. of pork in  
good style, and if 3 gallons of water  
does not make brine enough to cover  
the meat, (which is sometimes the  
case when the pieces are so rough  
they cannot be packed close,) more  
water must be used. In six weeks  
the meat should be taken out, and the  
brine boiled again and skimmed, so  
as to remove the blood. Rinse the  
meat in cold water and rinse out the  
vessel, then repack, and when the  
brine cools, pour it over as before, be-  
ing sure to have enough to cover all  
the meat. To this end it may be ne-  
cessary to make some new. About  
the last of March or first of April,  
the brine should again be boiled and  
skimmed, and the meat replaced as  
before. If kept in a good cellar it  
will remain good and palatable as far  
into summer as you may choose to  
save it, and when taken out to cook  
will be found to look as bright and  
fresh as fresh pork itself. We cure  
hams and shoulders in the same way—  
only that at the end of six weeks they  
are taken from the brine, hung up to  
dry, and then smoked. Better cured  
hams we have never seen. It is  
sometimes convenient to cure the  
hams and shoulders and pieces for  
pickle pork all together in the same