THE POST.

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The Post.

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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 3, '67tf

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

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SAMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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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 language fluently. Office between Hall's and the Post office.

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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67tf

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE.
Persons in need of a good and durable Sewing Machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on on SAMUEL FAUST, Agent, Selinsgrove. [Jan. 24, '68

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

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa

Y. R. WAGNER, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
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Will attend to all business entrusted to his care and on the most reasonable terms, March 12, '68tf

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. 6-38tf

F. W. SCHWAN, M. D.,
SURGEON & PHYSICIAN,
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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 employees. [Jan. 9, '67t

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

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

MERCHANT HOUSE.
H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r.
J. C. NIPE, Clerk.
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MILLER & ELDER
WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS
Stationers, Blank book Manufactures and dealers in Wrapping, Blasting, Curtain and Wall papers Paper Bags &c General Job Printers
No. 204 North Third street above Race
Philadelphia Pa.

SELECT POETRY.

A MESSAGE.

After the battle of Forbach a French officer of Cuirassiers was found dead, with a letter crumpled in his hand.

It was only a crumpled letter,
In a careless, girlish hand;
It was only a childish message
From the sun-kissed southern land.
It was only a brief memorial
Of the tears the absent shed;
It was a trifle from the living,
And a message to the dead!

"Father, dear, you are gone to battle,
But I think incessantly,
As I miss your morning blessing,
What your sufferings must be!"
So she wrote, and so he held it,
With a blessing on her head,—
When the token of the living
Was a message to the dead!

"I'm so good, dear—oh, so steady—
You would wish me to be so;
If I'm quiet, half your dangers
Dear mamma need never know.
So, good-bye, papa! God bless you!
Guard and bless you evermore:—
See! I send you fifty kisses
From an ever ready store!"

It was only a crumpled letter
In a dead man's hand that day,
Just to show how hearts were aching
In his own land far away.
It was only a loving message
From a loving child that sped,
But the words the living pencilled
Were a message to the dead.

Take it not then from his fingers,—
Lay it with him in the grave,—
If it be a consolation,
'Tis the latest he will have.
For I think the bullet reached him
As the tender words were read;
So that when the angels told it,
'Twas no message to the dead!

Two Yards of Earth.

Two yards of earth and a marble bust,
Reared aloft from the common dust,
And a hero's sabre covered with rust,
The sunset's splendor streaming round,
And athousand glories under the ground.

Two yards of earth and the potter's field,
With mdrciful angels alone to shield
A murderer's grave, a convict fled,
Into the future to meet the dead;
And the rank wild grasses scattered around,
And the crimes & curses under the ground.

Two yards of earth and heaven's air
Fanning the lillies white and fair;
And modest violets gathered around
And spotless virtue under the ground.

Two yards of earth, and a woman's name
Whose life was woe and whose death was shame,
And the cold rain beating a naked mound,
And a thousand miseries under the ground.

Two yards of earth! O, who shall say
Wnether of these is the better clay!
God gives grace in our hapless round
That leads us to the kingdom under the ground.

THE TWO PATHS.

"Come George, just a drop at parting. Heaven only knows when we may meet again. You are to settle among the hills of Berkshire in the West, and I among the vales of Middlesex, in the East. Just a glass to our success."

"No, Malcom; if I would accept a true pledge of success I must not find it in the wine cup. I hold the cup as a signal of failure."

They were young men, both of them—just admitted to the bar, and ready to enter upon the practice of their profession.

An on this bright, crisp, autumnal afternoon, George and Malcom were to separate. They had selected their fields of labor, and were prepared to enter upon the work.

"Pooh!" cried Malcom, in response to his friend's last remark, "there's promise in bright wine if one knows how to use it. Come and take a parting glass with me."

"No, Malcom, you must not ask me. Were I to take the cup to my lips, I shoule fear it as I might a vipea taken to my bosom."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to be a toototaler?"

"Upon that course I am resolved, and let the future decide between us."

And shortly after this thay parted.

Malcom Carling removed to Middlesex county, where he very soon gained for himself a host of friends and an extensive practice. His intellect was brilliant; his wit was redy and caustic; his humor was rich and exuberant, and his flow of language was from a fount of thought and imagery that never failed. His path seemed pleasant. Only flowers of rarest colors and most exquisite fragrance hedged it, while sweet music kept time to the dropping of the glittering sands in the glass. It was the path he had chosen from the first. Its goal was the highest possible plane of the social life, and the presiding genius was the Spirit of the wine cup.

He reached the goal ere he knew it. All the joys of life he had chosen had been tasted ere he reached his prime. A brief space, and the flowers began to wither; the thorns protruded, bare and sharp; the sweet music grew fainter as discordant notes crept in to mar and break the harmony; and the sands of the glass—dropping, dropping, dropping—had lost their glitter, and now fell darkly and solemely into the back flowing tide of the time that was lost.

George Nixon Briggs established himself in Berkshire, and pursued his way in the path he had chosen. All that he was he owed to his own endeavors; and all that he must hope for in the future must come through the same channel. At the age of thirteen he had been apprenticed to a hatter, at White Creek, New York, where he remained two years. At the age of gfteen his brother had taken him from the hatter's shop and sent him to an academy. In one year thereafter, his brother had died, from which time he had been left to steer his own bark, and to select his own chart.

True to the loftier instincts of his nature he had selected the path of honor and moral duty, feeling assured that if he sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all other things would be given unto him. He was a social man—pre-eminently so—and a more genial companion never blessed the social circle; but he did not prostitute the higher nature to the allurements of the festive board; nor did he allow himself to be deceived by the false glitter of the bacchanalian tinsel. He lived true to the pledge which he had taken in his early manhood—the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors—and the longer he lived the more reason had he to bless God for the choice he had made.

At the age of thirty he was elected to Congress from the Berkshire district, and in that capacity he was retained during six successive terms, declining further service in that direction upon being nominated to the office of Governor. At the age of forty seven he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, to which office he was annually re-elected from 1843 to 1851.

It was a cold, bleak day in March, Governor Briggs had just descended from his room in the State House, and was leaning against the railing which guards the statute of Washington, in conversation with a friend when a page approached and handed him a note. He broke the seal and read. It was from the Mayor of the city, informing him that a man had been picked up in a gutter during the night by the watch, and was now pronounced to be dying of delerium tremens. "He says," wrote the Mayor, "that he knew you once—that you were his friend and schoolmate. He will not give his name. If you would like to see him, come soon."

The Governor hastened down to the City Building, and with Dr. Smith, the city physician, he went down into the police station where the poor man lay.

Alas! he would never have recognized in that wasted, shattered wreck of humanity the friend of his youth; but so it was. Oh! what a sad, sad sight!

"Has he any consciousness left?" asked the Governor.

"He has had one or two lucid spells, but the delerium has about spent itself. He can rave no more."

At this moment the sufferer started and opened his eyes—dark, cavernous eyes, bleared and ghastly, but with a gleam of intelligence in their sunken pepths.

"Who spoke?" he demanded in a hollow, whispered tone.

"Malcom, it was I. Don't you know me?"

The poor man struggled to raise himself and the attendants helped him; and when he nab been lifted to a sitting posture, with pillows at his back, he looked up.

"I know the voice," he said.

"And don't you know the face?—Look at me, Malcom."

A little time, and something like a smile broke over the wan and haggard face

"George! is it you?"

"Yot, Malcom. I am your old school fellow. You surely remember me now?"

Malcom Carling grasped the hand of his friend and gazed up into his face. Another faint smile crept in upon his scarred and tortured features, but it quickly faded away and something like a pearl glistened upon the drooping lashes.

"Malcom, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing—nothing, George. I am past help. I chose my own path and I have traveled in it—and here I am. But you—you. Ah! why should I murmur? You chose the better path, George, and there you are. You Governor of Massachusetts; and I—I—"

The voice choked, the features were convulsed; a moment so, and then the eyes were opened, the smile flitted back, and he murmured, as his head sank, "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

He had reached the end of the weary way, and another victim lay wrecked upon the terrible reef which a pernicious appetite has reared amid the waters of life.

Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Mickle.

When Benjamin Franklin opened his printing office in Philadelphia, he was obliged to struggle against many adverse circumstances.

He was young and poor; the country was new, and the public mind was unsettled, and two printing offices of established reputation were aready doing a thriving business in the place. He knew that he must succeed, if he succeeded at all, by honorable dealing energy, and perseverance.

There lived in Philadelphia, at this time a gentleman of wealth and position by the name of Samuel Mickle. He was one of those morose persons who take a most dismal view of human affairs, and go about prophesying disaster and ruin. He looked upon the settlements in the New World as failures, and expected that Philadelphia would spedily decline, and return to the primitive wilderness.

Having plenty of leasure, he made it a sort of a missionary work to disseminate these startling opinions and to warn those who were prospering in a business way, and those who were engaging in new enterprises, of the impending doom.

Hearing that young Franklin had opened a printing office, he concluded to make him a call, and accordingly appeared at the door one day of the new establishment. Franklin's experience in business had not been promising thus far, and his view of the future was anything but cheerful. His face brightened, however, when he saw the portly old gentleman at the door, and noticed his elegant and courtly bearing, thinking that he might have come with preposals for work.

"Are you the young man that has just opened a printing office?" asked Mr. Mickle.

Franklin answered in the affirmative.

"I am sorry—very sorry," said he old gentleman, looking very solemn, and speaking in an impressive manner. "It must be an expensive undertaking, and your money will all be lost. Don't you know Philadelphia is already falling in to decay. Most of its business men are obliged to call their creditors together. I know as an undoubted fact," he continued, with great emphasis, "that all the circumstances that might lead one to think otherwise, such as the erection of new buildings, and the advanced prices for rent, are deceitful appearances, that will make the ruin more sweeping and dreadful when it does come?"

He then proceeded to illustrate these statements by detailing the private affairs of a number of individuals into whose business he had been prying.

"He gave me," says Franklin, "so long a detail of misfortunes actually existing, or about to take place that he almost left me in a state of despair."

Franklin, however, recovered his self possessin, and resolved to redouble his energy, and to work as he had never worked before.

"The industry of this Franklin," said Dr. Baed, at a meeting of the Merchants' Club, not long after the occurance of the incident we have related, "is supeior to anything of the kind I have ever witnessed. I see him still at work when I return from the club at night, and he is at it again in morning before his neighbors are out of bed."

The success of Franklin as a printer is well known, and we need only allude to it here. But poor Mr. Mickle?

"He continued," says Franklin "to live in this place of decay, and to declaim in the same style, refusing for many years to buy a house, because all was going to wreck; and in the end I had the satisfaction to see him pay five times as much for one as it would have cost him had he purchased it when he first began his lamentations.

Almost every young man of enterprise encounters a Samuel Mickle. To such the example of Franklin affords a wholesome lesson.

How to Make a Thousand Dollars.

My gettin' the better of my wife's father is one of the richest things on record. I'll tell you how it was. You must know that he is monstrous stingy. The complaint seems to run in the family, and everybody round our parts used to notice that he never by any chance, asked any body to dine with him. So one day, just for a chunk of fun, I said to a friend of mine, Jebby Dawkins—a dreadful nice fellow is Jebby—"I'll bet you a penny worth of shoe strings gins a row of pins that I get old Ben Merkins, that's my wife's father, to ask me to dinner."

"Yeou get out," said Jebby; "why yeou might as well try to coax a cat into a shower bath, or get moonbeams eout of coweumbers."

"Well," said I, I'm going to try."

And try I did, and I'll tell you how I went to work.

Jist as old Ben was sitting down to dinner at 1 o'clock, I rushed up to the house, at a high pressure pace, red hot in the face, with my coat tails in the air, my eyes rolling about like billiard balls in convulsions. Rat tat tat—ding a ling a ling. I kicked up an awful rumpus, and in a flash out came old Ben himself. I had struck the right minute. He had a napkin under his chin, and a carving knife in his hand. I smelt the dinner as he opened the door

"O, Mr. Merkins," said I, I'm tarnation glad to see you. I feared you mought not be at home—I'm almost out of breath. I'm come to tell you I can save you a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars," roared the old man; and I defy a weasel to "pop" quicker than his face burst into smiles. "A thousand dollars! Yeou don't say so! Du tell!"

"Oh!" said I, "I see you are just having dinner now. I'll go and dine myself, and then I'll come back and tell you all about it."

"Nonesense," said he, "don't go away; come in and sit down and enjoy yourself, like a good fellow fellow, and have a smack with me. I am anxious to hear what you have to say."

I pretended to decline. "I'd come back;" but I thoroughly stirred up the old chap's curiosity; and it ended by his fairly pulling me into the house, and I made a rattling dinner of beans.

I managed for some time to dodge the main point of his inquiry. At last I finished eating, and there was no further excuse for delay; besides old Ben was getting tigety.

"Come, now," said he, "no more preface. About that thousand dollars. Come let it out."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said I, "yeou have a darter, Misery Ann, to dispose of in marriage, have you not?"

"What's that got to do with it?" interrupted he.

"Hold your proud steeds—don't run off the track—a great deal to do with it," said I. "Neow answer my question."

"Well," said he, "I have."

"And you intend, when she marries, to give her $10,000 for a portion?"

"I do," he said.

"Well, neow, there's the pint I'm coming tow. Let me have her, and I'll take her with $9,000; and $9,000 from $10,000, accordin' to simple subtraction, jist leaves $1,000, and that will be clean profit—saved as slick as a whistle!"

The next thing I knew there was a rapid interview going on between old Ben's foot and my coat tails—and I'm inclined to think the latter got the worst of it.

Gambling.

While gambling is forbidden by law in this country, as well as in others, it is one of the growing, as well as grossest, evils of the day. Though money acquired by this means cannot be recovered by law, uncounted sums, fabulous amounts, are lost and won at gaming tables. Games of mixed chance and skill were forbidden by the Romans, and the players reputed infamous. Tacitus says, the ancient Germans were passionately devoted to the vice of gaming with dice, when sober, as a serious employment; and, when stripping of everything else, staked their personal liberty; if losers, they suffered themselves to be sold! Henry VIII of England, issued a proclamation against dice, cards tables, and bowls—and these were seized and destroyed in many places—but the king himself was a great gambler, and lost much of the plunder of suppressed abbeys at games of chance.

The election of a notorious New York gambler to Congress, was a great offence against virtue and good order. Recently it has been attempted to brave public opinion, in the establishment of a gambling house at Saratoga. John Morrissey, the Congressman from New York city, erected at an expense of one hundred or more thousand dollars, an elegant clubhouse. It was open to the public last summer, during certain hours of the day, for their examination and admiration. Beside the room especially and elegently fitted up with gaming tables and other facilities for gambling, there is a large dining-room, where free dinners, wine and cigars were included, daily served at 4 o'clock to patrons.

It can be easily inferred from such outlays what must be the profits of such an esteblishment. The regular cost of running this house, during the watering season, is estimated at $25,000.

Another more recent attempt to legalize the gaming saloons has been made in Baltimore. The establishment is said to have cost some hundreds of thousands of dollars; for the mere furniture cost $50,000, and the dinner service $20,000, the two items making $70,000. Then there are rich paintings, and equally rich statuary. The proprietors must have "invested" $300,000 in the building and furnishing and decorating this magnificent gambling palace. There was a grand "opening," to which were invited eminent member of the Maryland legislature, of the municipal government of Baltimore, judges of the highest courts, &c., &c. The dinner was of the most sumptuous character, with so lack of the richest wines. The morale of this grand feast is found in the play which came off as a matter of course; the proprietor of the establishment won from his wine-imbibing guests $20,000—enough to pay for his dinner service.—*Christian Mirror.*

Educating Children.

No man or woman can educate children properly unless their precepts are confirmed by example. Talk to your son as long as you please upon the advantages of temperance, and then let him see you in a state of intoxication the next day, and all your labor will be fruitless. Enlarge, in the presense of your daughter, upon the value of integrity, and then allow her to hear you utter a falsehood, and she will contrast the theory and practice, and conclude that the former is worthless. Parents must educate themselves before they can hope to instruct their children, and must lead a life in conformity with the principles they teach, if they expect any beneficial results from their endeavors.

Another matter of the greatest importance in educating children is the winning of their confidence; their hearts pine for sympathy. If they are in trouble encourage them to reveal their perplexities to you; sigh with them when they are sad and rejoice with them when they are happy. A girl who has been in the habit of imparting all her childish sorrows to her mother, and as there found a heart which would beat in unison with her own, and not withhold her confidence as she grews in years. Remember that children while a blessing to their parents, are also a responsibility. You have the power to train them to good or evil; you can make them useful members of society, or render them nuisances to the community; to you destiny is confided to a great extent, and from you will be required an account of the stewartship.

"Rum did it all," said a man on the gallows, "and I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

How Mike Rode the Bull.

Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off when he saw Deacon Smith's bull making at him. The bull was a vicious animal, and had come near killing two or three persons; consequently Mike felt rather "dubus." He did not want to call for help, and the nearest place assistance could arrive was the meeting house, which was, at the time, filled with worshipers, among whom was "the gal Mike was paying his devours to." So he dodged the bull, as the animal came to him, and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged round till he was nearly dead, and when he thought he could hold out to longer he made up his mide he had better "holler."

And now we will let him tell his own story.

"So locking at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let some one know what I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long before I seen the deacon's two dogs coming down as if they war seeing which could get thar first. I knowed who they were arter—they'd jine the bull ag'in me. 'So,' sez I; 'old brindle, ridin' is as cheap as walkin', on this route, and, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar' back o' your'n.' So I warn't very long gitting astride of him.

"Then, if you'd been there, you'd have sworn thar warn't nothing human in that mix, the sile flew so orfully, as the critter and I rolled the field—one dog on one side and one on the other, trying to clinch my feet. I prayed and cussed, and cussed and prayed, until I could'nt tell which I did at last—and neither warn't of no use, they were so orfully mixed up.

"Well, I recon I rid about a half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it was time to take in a supply of wind, and cool off a little. So when he got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted; so, sez I old boy, you'll lose one passenger sartain. So I jist clum up a branch, kaklerlating to roost thar till I starved afore I'd be rid about that ar way any longer. I war making tracks for the tree, when I heard something an orful buzzin' overhead. I kinder looked up, and if thar wasn't—well, there's no use swearin'—but it war the biggest hornet's nest ever built. You'll gin in now, I recon, Mike, because thar's no help for you. But an idea struck me then that I stood a heap better chance 'hen ridin' the bull than were I was. Sez I, old feller, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next station anyhow, let that be whar it will.

"So I jist dropped abroad him agin, and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changing quaters, and, gentlemen, I'm a liar if thar wasn't a half a bushel of the stingin' varmints ready to pitch into me when the word go was gin. Well, I reckon they got it, for all 'hands' started for our company. Some on 'em hit the dogs, about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on brindle.

"This time the dogs led off fust, dead bent for the old deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get away, we followed; and as I was only a deck passenger, I had nothing to do with steerin' the craft—if I had, we shouldn't have run that channel anyhow. But, as I said before, the dogs took the lead, brindle and I next, and the hornets drekly arter. The dogs yellin', brindle hollerin', an the hornets buzzin and stingin'.

"Well, we had got about a hundred yards from the house, and the deacon heard us and cum out. I seed him hold up his hands and turn white. I reckon he was prayin' then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon; and it warn't long neither afore the whole congregation—men women and children—cum out, and then all hands went to yellin'. None of them had the fust notion that the brindle and I belong to this world. I just turned my head past the congregation. I seed the run would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead. Well, we reached the fence, and I went ashore over the whole critter's head, landing on the other side, and lay there stunned.

"It warn't long afore some of them as was not scared, came runnin' to see what I war—for all hands kalkerlated that the bull and I belonged together. But when brindle warked on by himself, they saw how it war, and one of 'em said:

"Mike Fink has got the scrummage once in his life."

"Gentlemen, from that day to this I droped the courting business and hain't spoke to a girl since, and when my hunt is in upon this earth, there won't be any more Finks, and it's all owing to Deacon Smith's brindle bull."

DR. HALL thinks there is some risk in attempting to reduce or add to one's weight. After instancing a fat man, in good health, who succeeded in reducing his bulk to a number of pounds, but was soon after attacked with a painful and dangerous malady he says, if a man can sleep soundly, has a good appetite, with no unpleasant remainders after meals, the bodily habits are regular every day, he had better let himself alone, whether he is as big as a hogshead or as thin and dry as a fence rail.

"What is home without a mother?" as the young girl said when she sent the old lady to chop wood.

Farmer's Almanax.

Josh Billings has just prepared a burlesque upon the old fashioned Farmers' Alminac, full of weather prognostications, family receipts, and moral advice to farmers. We make the following extracts from the work for the year 1870, which is stated to be "few years from leap year, and ninety-four years since the American people left Great Britain to take care of herself, and started a song little business of their own, which I am instructed to state, is payin well, containing all that is necessary for an Alminax, and a good deal besides."

When a rooster crows he crows all over.

A new milk cow is a step mother to every man's baby.

Fools are the whet stuns uv society.

If a man haint got a well balanced head, I like to see him part his hair in the middle.

Flattery is colone water, to be smelt uv, not swallered.

There is one good substitute for the endearments of a sister, and that is the endearments of some other fellow's sister.

He whom the good praze, and the wicked hate, ought to be satisfied with his reputation.

About the hardest thing a fellow can do is to spark two girls at onst, and preserve a good average.

Going to law iz like skinning a new milk cow for her hide, and giving the beef to the lawyers.

Mother!—The holy thoughts and memories that cluster around this name can never be so well expressed as in the calm utterance of the name itself.

The man who has just found out that he can't affork to burn green wood, has taken his fust lesson in economy.

A lie is like a cat, it never comes to you in a straight line.

The longest-lived thing I know of is a nickname.

Most men go through life as rivers go to the sea, by following the lay of the ground.

OUR HANDS.—The human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility govern its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instinctly, as if the hand itself were the seat of the will; its actions are so free, so powerful and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollections of the feeble and ill directed efforts of its first exercises by which it has been perfected. In the hand there are twenty-nine bones from the mechanism of which result strength mobility and elasticity. On the length, strength, free laternal motion, and perfect mobility of the the thumb, depends the power of the hand its strength being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguishing character of the human hand.

THE FATE OF A YANK.—During our war their was a girl, and she always felt "like she was in Georgy," because she lived there. Writing to a northern friend one day she remarked that there was a wounded Yank at their house and she was going to pizzen him. Writing again, she said that there were southern girls who were everlastingly "going for" those blue-coated Yanks, and she should never speak to them no more.

Another letter said that the wounded Yank who was stopping at her house was getting along finely, and she hated to kill him, but she knew her duety. There were several letters after that; and the last one concluded: "By the way dear that wounded Yank wants to marry me; and I've finally determined to let him do so, and to pizzen him afterward. I think I know my duety." She certainly did so, for she and the unhappy Yank, shortly after the last letter was written, became one of the best families that Vermont ever had.

AT one of the railroad depots in the vicinity of Elizabeth, intending travelers were recently amused in this wise. A merchant purchased a ticket, and then addressed the agent:

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this are 'office until the train starts. I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk.

"Well, stranger, that is cruel; but your both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you."

"Take him out!" roared the clerk.

"Well, stranger, I don't think your's honest, and you want watching. Here Dragon, said he to the dog, sit down here and watch the fellow sharp, and turning on his heel, said to the clerk, put him out, sir, if he's troublesome."

The dog lay there till the train started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better part of the office.

A GOOD story is told of a rather verdant agricultural laborer, who having by hook and by crook scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer, with a request to take charge of it for him. A year after the laborer went to a friend to know what would be the interest on it.—He was told three dollars. "Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me for a year, and I want to see him [illegible]