THE POST.

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

Y. L. 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, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. 6-38tf

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

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

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The Post.

VOL. 8. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., DECEMBER 1, 1870. NO. 38.

READING RAILROAD — Winteer Arrangement, Monday Nov 21 1870.

Great Trunk Line from the North and North west for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: at 3.10, 8.10, 10.50 a. m., and 2.50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 10.10 a. m., 3.50, 5.50 and 10.00 p. m., respectively. Sleeping cars accompany the 3.10 a m., train, without change.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00a m, 12.00 Noon, and 5.00 p m. Philadelphia at 8.15 a m and 3.30 p m; Sleeping cars accompany the 5.00 p m trains from New York, without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 a m, 2.50 and 4 05 p m, stopping at Lebanon and principal way stations; the 4.05 p m train connecting for Philadelphia, Pottsville and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, Leave Harrisburg at 3.40 p m

East Pensylvania Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 5.00, 10.30 a.m., 12.45 noon, & 4.45 p.m. Returnig, leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon and 5.00 p. m. and Allentown at 7.20 a.m. 12.25 Noon 2.55 4.20 and 8.45 p. m.

Way passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7.30 a m, connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 6.20 p m. stopping at all stations

Leave Pottsville at 9.00 a. m., and 3.10 p. m.; Herndon at 10.15 a m; Shamokin at 5.40 and 11.20 a. m.; Ashland at 7.05 a m, and 12.50 noon, Mahanoy City at 7.51 a. m. and 1.35 p. m., Tamaqua at 8.33 a m, and 2.40 p m for Philadelphia New York, Reading, Harrisburg, &c.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna R R at 8.15 a m for Harrisburg, and 12.05 noon for Pinegrove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation train: Leaves Pottsville at 5.40 a. m. passes Reading at 7.30 a m, arriving at Philadelphia at 10.20 a. m. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.45 p m, passing Reading at 7.25 p m, arriving at Pottsville at 9.10 p m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train Leaves Pottstown at 7.00 a m, returning leaves Philadelphia at 4.00 p m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7.20 a m, and 6.15 p m for Epората, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 7.45, 9.05 a m, 3.00, and 5.30 p m; returning leave Schwenksville at 7.00 and 8.20 a. m, 12.50 Noon, and 4.30 p m, connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Pottstown ot 9.40 a m. and 6.20 p m, returning leave Mount Pleasant at 7.00 and 11.25 a m, connecting with similar trains on Reading railroad.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Brideport at 8.30 a m. and 2.05 and 5.02 p m, returning, leave Downingtown at 6.55 a m, 12.45 noon and 5.15 p m, connecting with similar trains on Reading railroad

On Sundays: Leave New York at 5.00 p m, Philadelphia 8.00 a m and 3.15 p m, the 8.00 a m train running only to Reading; leave Pottsville 8.00 a m; Harrisburg 3.10 a m and 4.05 p m, leave Allentown at 8.45 p. m and 8.45 p. m; leave Reading at 7.15 a m, and 10.05 p m for Harrisburg at 5.06 a m for New York, and 9.40 a. m. and 4.25 p m for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and excursion tickets, to and from all points at reduced rates.

Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.

Reading, Nov. 21, 1870.

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Sept. 1, 1870.

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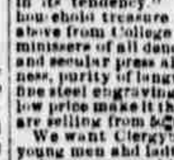

WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, Market St. Middleburg Pa.

HAVING located in this place I would respectfully inform the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity that I am prepared to repair CLOCKS AND WATCHES cheap and expeditiously. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
W. GRANELLO.
Middleburg, Nov. 24 1869.

ALLEGHENY HOUSE.—
Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street, (*Above Eighth.*)
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KLECKNER & CAWLEY,

SELECT POETRY.

LESSONS.

Oh dear! mamma, this lesson's hard,
Cries Charley, sorely vexed;
I cannot work this horrid sum,—
The rules are so perplexed,

The teacher is a partial thing,—
Gives lessons by the score;
And if I miss a single one,
She makes me learn it o'er.

There's Tommy Page, and Jimmy Brown,
Who never learn a rule,—
And I've the hardest, longest task
Of any boy in school.

Hush! hush! my boy, the mother said,
This whining will not do;
A lesson fit for Tommy Page
Would be no task for you.

Time flies on golden wings, my child,—
Improve it while you may,
And fit yourself to take the prize
Examination day.

And those of older, larger growth,
With Charley's blindness cry:
Life's lessons are too long and hard
For one so weak as I.

My neighbor has an easier lot,—
To him no cross is given;
Why must I bear such bitter grief
To gain a place in heaven?

Why must my way be strewn with thorns
On which no roses bloom?
Why unrequited toil and care,
And constant grief and gloom?

And why should love and friendship fail,—
My dearest treasures die?
The hopes that cheered youth's rosy morn
In broken fragments lie?

Why if a kind, impartial hand
Sends blessings for us all,—
Of all His rich and bounteous gifts
My portion be so small?

But faith, with tearful eye, replies:
Cast from your heart all fear;
He knows your strength, and wisely sends
The lessons needed here.

Life's but a schoolroom, and to-day
Are tangled lessons given;
To-morrow solves the problem, with
A crown of life in heaven.

—*Phrenological Journal.*

The "Wild" Investment.

"Can you lend me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not quite out of his teens, of a middle-aged gentleman, who was poring over a pile of ledgers in the counting room of one of the largest establishments in Boston. The person addressed turned toward the speaker, regarded him for a moment with a look of surprise, and inquired;

'What security can you give me, Mr Strosser.

"Nothing but my note," replied the young man promptly

"Which, I fear, would be below per in the market,' replied the merchant, smiling.

"Perhaps so," the young man replied, 'but Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time may come when Hiram Strosser's note may be as readily accepted as that of any other man.'

"True, very true," said Barton, mildly, "but you know business men very seldom loan money without adequate security—otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."

At this remark the young man's countenance became deadly pale, and having observed a silence of several minutes, he inquired, in a voice whose tones indicated keen disappointment "then you cannot accommodate me, can you?"

'Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr Barton; and the young man retired

Mr. Barton resumed his labors at his desk, but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand that he could not pursue his task with any correctness, and after having made several sad blunders took his hat, and went out upon the street Arriving opposite the door of a wealthy merchant on Milk street, he entered the door.

"Good morning, Mr Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning," replied the merchant blandly, "happy to see you; have a seat. Any news? How's trade?"

"Without noticing the interrogations Barton said;

"Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called this morning to secure of me the loan of $2,000 for that purpose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement; "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?"

"I do not know," replied Barton, 'Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Hawley, doubtfully, "but I am heartily tired of helping to establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered from such a course?" inquired Barton, at the same time casting a rough glance at Hawley.

"No," replied Hawley, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then there is a fine opportunity to do so It may prove better than stock in bank As for myself I have concluded that if you will advance one thousand dollars I will contribute an

"Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment of that kind I will consider you very foolish."

Barton observed a silence for several moments, and then rose to depart.

"If you do not feel disposed to share with me in the enterprise, I shall advance the whole myself.' Saying which he left the store.

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk as when first introduced to the reader's attention As page after page of a woondrous ledger was examined, his despair became deeper, till at last he exclaimed:

"I am ruined—utterly ruined!'

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting room just in time to hear Barton's remark

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perrin, Johnson & Co., who are indebted to me the sum of nearly $200,000. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are passing in my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass the crisis perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide," replied Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?'

"Seventy-five thousand dollars."

"Would that sum be sufficient to

... was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased, and his business improved, while several other firms sank under the blow, and could not rally; among whom was Hawley, alluded to in the commencement of this article.

"How do you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Hawley of Mr Barton, one morning, several months after the event recorded, as he met the latter on the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily indeed," replied Barton.

"Well, do tell me how," said Hawley. I claim a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and yet you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock and have come off even bettered by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Barton. "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," replied Hawley, regarding Barton with a look of surprise; but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part, I could not obtain a dollar's credit; the banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me'

"A little investment that I made several years ago,' replied Barton smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable"

"Investment!" echoed Hawley, "what investment?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business ten years ago?"

"Oh, yes,' said Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance but what of that?"

"He is one of the heaviest dry goods dealers in the city; and when this calamity came on, he came forward and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you on the morning I called to offer you an equal share in the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in bank"

During this announcement Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh he moved on dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind clear and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman in the west had been entertaining at dinner a clerical friend from some distance. The evening was unpropitious, and the friend was invited by the minister to remain during the night, and he accepted the invitation. They walked together for some time in the manse garden At dusk the minister asked his visitor to step into the manse while he would give directions to his man-servant to get his friends conveyance ready in the morning. As the stranger entered the manse, the minister's wife mistook him for her husband in the twilight; she raised the pulpit Bible, which chanced to be on the lobby table, and, bringing the full weight of it across the stranger's shoulders, exclaimed emphatically: "Take

Don't Forget the Old Folks.

Let me say a few words to children who have gone out from their old homes, but who have parents still There is always a liability, when sons and daughters have gone away from the home of their childhood, and have formed homes of their own, gradually to lose the old attachments and cease to pay those attentions to their parents which were easy and natural in the olden time. New associations, new thoughts, new cares all come in, filling the mind and heart, and if special pains be not taken, they crowd out the old loves. This ought never to be You should remember that the change is with you and not with those you left behind. You have everything new, much that is attractive in the present and bright in the future; their hearts cling to the past, they have most in memory. When you went away you knew not, and will never know till you experience it, what it cost them to give you up, nor what a vacancy you left behind. They have not, it you have, any new loves to take the place of the old. Do not, then, heartlessly deprive them of what you still can give of attention and love.

Visit your parents. If you live in the same place, let your step be, perhaps daily, a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles, yea, many miles away, make it your business to go to them. In this matter do not regard time and expense; the one is well spent and the other will be fully, yea, a hundred fold repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that father or mother has gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel which last bore you to her side.

Write to your parents. I have known father and mother wait with sick hearts through weary months, longing that some one word might reach them from an absent son. They have watched the mails till in despair they have ceased to expect any more, and while they may not have the grief of a great bereavement, they have what is almost as bad, the bitter consciousness that they are not in mind enough even to call out a few poor lines from one whose infancy and early years they watched with sleepless love. Sons are often guilty of this crime—I can't call it less—from sheer neglect or indolence. While an hour, perhaps a few moments, would suffice to write a letter which would give unspeakable satisfaction, they let months and even years slip away in utter indifference to all the pain they are causing. Oh, how full is many a mother's heart of sorrow and foreboding, when just a few words from an absent son would fill it with joy and praise! Such indifference or neglect is shameful and wicked. One need not wonder that sons guilty of it are not prospered, that they wait in vain for those turns of fortune which will send them home, as they dream, to surprise the old neighborhood with their wealth. Their thoughtlessness has been productive only of disaster.

Keep up your intercourse with father or mother; do not deem it sufficient to write when something important is to be told; do not say "No news is good news." If it be but a few lines, write them; write, if it be only to say, "I am well," if it only be to send the salutation that says they are "dear" or the farewell that tells them that you are "affectionate" still. The little mesengers shall be like caskets of jewels; and the tears that fall fondly over them will be treasures for you. Say with a warm hearted son—

"The hills may tower, the waves may rise,
And roll between my home and me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee!"

In the passing of human life there frequently comes a time when the mutual duties of child and parent are reversed. Advancing years bring a childhood to one and the care of childhood to the other. To the aged father and mother the days of labor are over; the work of life has been done. Now attentive tenderness becomes the duty of those who once received it all themselves, while those are dependent upon it who once did it all. Now the parent is the child, and the child is the parent. The watchfulness and care of many years ago is to be repeated over again; only that the giver then is the receiver now. To a true-hearted child here is a return of love which it is good to make There is a deep satisfaction in being able to repay by words and looks the lavished love of the by-gone time.

THE REWARD OF LABOR.—If I want to be a man and succeed in life—do my stroke of work in this working world—there can be no shilly shally about beginning. I must take hold of what is before me, no matter how humble and low the place, rather than lose time and purpose waiting for something better. I must see that no infernal idea of going nicely through the motions of work without working ever enter my heart If I want the best I must give the best. The Master of us all, who said; "My reward is with me, to give unto every man according as his work shall be," never gave any man a dollar's worth of pay for ninety cents worth of work, and he never will while the world stands. So says one who has tried him in many ways for a good bargain; seven years in the factory, twenty-one years in the forge, and now eleven more in the most sacred work a man can ever do

"Not for Joseph."

"Will you excuse an interruption sir?'

Had he not been so dandified, with patent leather boots, immaculate linen, diamond studs, and a redundance of watch and chain and a superabundance of rings, his hair curled and his mustache waxed and twisted until it looked like a bit of gold floss else laid on his upper lip—Joseph Pennison, so far as form, stature, and features were concerned, was good looking. His foppishness spoiled all

So thought Mr Barling, one of our heavy men and importers, out doubling his income every year by enterprise and a personal care of his own business.

"Time, sir, is money to me—but I will give you ten minutes without charge!" said the old merchant, smiling, for the father of this young man and he had been school-mates and were life long friends.

"Three minutes will explain my business, sir. I love your daughter Evaleen, and I believe she loves me I wish your consent to marry her"

"Very well—come to me a week from to-day, at this hour, for your answer. In the meantime do not visit her, or say a word about your proposition to me."

The young man rose, bowed, and left the rich man to his business. The latter, as soon as he was alone, rung the bell. A clerk entered in response to the call.

"Send for Mr. Willingford the detective. I wish to see him at once."

The clerk left, and in half an hour the great merchant was visited by a quite sleepy-looking gentleman—the last man on earth you'd charge with being keen sighted or talented and yet one who, in his line, has no superior in America, if in the world The detective staid but a few minutes, and nobody but he and Mr. Barling knew what he came for.

The week was up. To a minute the engagement was kept, and Joseph Pennison entered the presence of the merchant. The latter held in his hand a small memorandum book, and when the young man said, "Sir, I have come for your answer," the merchant glanced at the book and smiled

"It may not seem relevant, but I have a diary to read before I give my answer,' replied the merchant. "It may interest you, so I will read aloud;

"At four, Mr——(I leave the name blank) dined at a Iobie's restaurant, in, a private room, with Madame B—— of 27th street. He called for, and between them they emptied, four bottles of champaigne. They then took a carriage and drove to a customers and procured dresses for the ball La Grand Duchess. They went to the ball, remained there until four in the morning, and were driven to the establishment of Madame B—— The next afternoon he took a stroll from his own home down Broadway, and met the fascinating Belle C——, and invited her in to dine. On this occasion only three bottles of champagne were used. The pair then drove to a theatre and occupied a private box."

"What's the matter, Pennison? Does this diary affect you? I have only reached the second day, and have not got to the gambling house in Madison Square yet."

"Mr. Barling, you set a spy on my tracks, you know you did."

"Yes, Joseph, for I wanted to know the habits of one who desired to become the husband of as good a girl as ever blest a father with her love. I was right as the sequel proves. Good morning, Mr Pennison. You need not trouble yourself to call on Evaleen after this for I shall place this diary in her hands within an hour."

You could have bought Joseph, boots, jewelry, and all, for ten cents He never felt so cheap in all his life before.

In Harrisburg there is a facinating woman who had been married four times within ten years, and there are at least a dozen men so anxious to get her that they have remained bachelors in the hope that her last husband would soon follow the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors. Sure enough a few weeks ago the man died, and all these fellows began immediately to prepare for opening the campaign against the widow. One man named Hyde, determined to have the first chance; so he jamed himself into the widow's carriage on its way home from the funeral. Taking her hand and looking with tender glances upon the handkerchief with which she sopped her dutiful tears, he asked her to be his—to let *him* take the place of her dear departed, and to comfort her in her bereavement. The widow raised her handkerchief, blew her nose gently, and said;

"Mr. Hyde I should have gladly considered your offer, and perhaps I might have accepted it, but you are too late; the minister proposed to me in the graveyard while you were lowering the coffin, and I said Yes! But I tell you what I will do: I'll give you the first chance after he dies."

Mr. Hide said he would wait.

TO MAKE VINEGAR.—Boil slowly for one hour, three pounds of very coarse brown sugar in three gallons of water; work it with a little yeast, the same as you would beer, then put it into a cask, and expose it to the sun, with a peice of brown paper pasted over the bunghole, and it will soon become good vinegar, fit for pickling

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One column one year	$60.00.
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 not more than five lines, per year.	5.00
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 person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Luxury in Ancient Rome.

If anything more is wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, demoralizing games, and grand processions; we would forget the statutes in brass and marble, which outnumbered the living inhabitants, so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered and still embellish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life, to those things which attest luxury and taste, to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living, and rich furniture. The art of using metals and precious stones surpass anything known at the present time.

In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in cookery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics signet rings, cameos bracelets bronzes, chains, vases mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, silk robes, potteries,—all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuya-root and Italian bronze were as expensive as the side boards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in the great exhibition at London. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass cutters could imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase, from the tomb of Alexander Severus, was long considered as a genuine sardonyx; brass could be hardened so as to cut stone.

The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. Perfumes and flowers were showered from ivory ceilings. The halls of Heliogabalus were hung with cloth and gold, enriched with jewelry. His beads were silver, and his table of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bed-room. A banquet dish of Drusus weighed five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold.—Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Paulina wore jewels, when she paid visits, valued at $35,000 Drinking cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare wood Sofas were inlaid with tortoise shell, and covered with gorgeous purple.

The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from golden plate, drank from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches wore embroidered robes, and were adorned with precious stones; they ransacked the earth and the sea for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bythnia, marble from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statutes from Athens—whatever in short, was precious or curious in most countries. The luxuries of the bath almost exceeded belief; and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and paintings, exhibiting an inexhaustable productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes.—*Scientific American.*

WAGES OF SKILLED LABOR.—The market value of skilled and educated labor in some departments of mechanics is enormous In the window-glass factories of Pittsburg the "blowers" and "flatters" receive as high as $250 per month; while a few of the most skillful often receive as high as $20 per day for their services! Some of the "melters" in steel-works receive from $20 to $22 per day.

Glass-silverers, in works where the largest and most expensive mirrors are required, receive very high wages. In fact, it is said that there are not half a dozen of the really proficient, in this class of workmen in the United States. Not one in a hundred of those who make the attempt can ever arrive at the requisite degree of proficiency in this business to turn out first-class work. The skill in both glass-silvering and steel-melting is in the quick and proper perception of the eye. The same remarks are also true of die cutters for type-founders.—*American Artisan.*

[Skilled and educated labor vs unskilled labor! One is of almost inestimable value; while the other, lacking nothing but the necessary training, drill, and discipline, drags on through life accomplishing little, and barely getting a living by the hardest drudgery. Skill builds engines and makes steam do the work of millions of men. Skill builds windmills and saves millions of horse-power floating about in the atmosphere. Skill makes telegraphs, sewing-machines, looms, mowers, reapers, thrashers, steam plows, railways, and steamships. Skill will yet reduce human labor to the simple management of machinery, and relieve man from the slavery of wearing his life away to get a living. Let every mother's son—and daughter,—acquire a knowledge of some art, science, by which to save toil and increase human happiness by human improvement. Every one may invent, discover, improve, and add something to the stock of human knowledge.—*Phrenological Journal.*]

CUTTINGS of grape wood should be prepared now. For out door propogation, cutting of two buds are best. Prepare them at pruning time, and tie them in bundles of 24, or of convenient size, and bury, the lower end up in some dry place. We say the lower end up, because it is desirable to keep the upper bud dormant, and allow the lower part of the cutting to be more forward.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a fountain? One is heir to the throne, the other is