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The Post.

VOL. 8. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., DECEMBER 8, 1870. NO. 39.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One column one year, One-half column, one year) and Rate (e.g., \$60.00, \$30.00).

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F. A. BOYER, JR., AUCTIONEER, Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa. Most respectfully offers his services to the public as Vendue Cryer and Auctioneer.

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

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS TOBACCO WAREHOUSE No. 322 N. THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE, H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r, J. C. NIPE, Clerk, Nos. 418 & 416 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

READING RAILROAD.—Winter Arrangement, Monday Nov 21 1870.

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

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: at 3.10, 8.15, 10.50 a. m., and 2.50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. 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 charge.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tanquesha, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Allentown and Philadelphia at 1.15, 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.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tanquesha, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Allentown and Philadelphia at 1.15, 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.

East Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 5.00, 9.30 a. m., 12.45 noon, & 4.45 p. m. Returning, 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.

Passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7.30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 2.20 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 7.00 a. m., and 12.35 p. m.; Mahanoy City at 7.51 a. m., and 1.35 p. m.; Tanquesha at 8.33 a. m., and 2.40 p. m. for Philadelphia.

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 7.00 a. m., and 12.35 p. m.; Mahanoy City at 7.51 a. m., and 1.35 p. m.; Tanquesha at 8.33 a. m., and 2.40 p. m. for Philadelphia.

Perkoma Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 7.45, 9.05 a. m., 3.00, and 5.30 p. m., returning for Schuylkill at 7.00 and 8.20 a. m., 12.50 noon, and 4.30 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridgeport 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.

Colerain Railroad trains leave Pottsville at 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.

Commuting, 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.

CABINET ORGAN AND MELODEON MANUFACTORY, Ware Room and Store on Pine Street, Factory on Snyder Street, Selingsgrove, Pa.

If you want to hear and see fine toned and beautiful Organs and Melodeons call at our Ware Room and Store. We use none but the best material in our instruments. Try one of them and you will be satisfied.

Every instrument is warranted for five years, and we guarantee to repair any of the kind we have made. Agents for the best New York and Philadelphia Organs, Violins and Accordions from \$5 to \$15. Violin Strings, Sheet Music, Picture Frames, &c., always on hand.

Call on, or address by letter, R. Z. SALEM & CO., Selingsgrove, Pa. Sept. 1, 1870.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE, OR THE UNWRITTEN WORD, By DANIEL MANNING, D. D., author of the popular "Night Thoughts." In this treatise on the language shows us untold riches and beauties of the English language, with its glowing colors, singular turns, waving images, rolling clouds, bending bow, sacred mountains, the lightning, the thunder, the lightning, the voice of heaven and vast universe with countless beings in millions of worlds, and reads to us in each line the Unwritten Word. Rose tinted paper, ornate engravings and superb binding. Rich and varied in thought. "Chaste," "Elegant and graceful in style." "Correct, pure diction, and in its tendency," "Beautiful and good." A valuable treatise for the student, the work for the student of the College President and Professors, ministers of all denominations, and the religious and secular press all over the country. Its fresh, near, purity of language, with clear open type, fine steel engravings, substantial binding, and low price, make it a book for the masses. Agents are selling from 500 to 1000 per week.

SELECT POETRY.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGH.

"Drowned! Drowned!"—HAMLEY. One more unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Goss to her death.

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care, Fashioned so tenderly, Young and so fair!

Look at her garments, Clinging like cormorants; Whilst the wave constantly Drips from her clothing; Take her up instantly, Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully; Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her, All that remains of her Now, is pure, womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutely; Rush and undisturbed; Past all his honor, Death has left on her Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers— One of Eve's family— Wipe those poor lips of hers Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses Escaped from the comb, Her fair Auburn tresses; Whilst wandering guesses Where was her home?

Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother? Or was there a dearest one Still, and a dearest one Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the sun! Oh! it was pitiful! Near a whole city full, Home she had none.

Sister, brother, Fatherly, motherly, Feelings had changed; Love, by harsh evidence, Thrown from its empyrean; Even God's providence Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood, with amazement, Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March Made her tremble and shiver; But not the dark arch Nor the black flowing river; Glad to death's mystery Swift to be hurled— Any where, any where Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly No matter how coldly The rough river ran— Over the brink of it Picture it—think of it, Dissolute Man! Live in it, drink of it Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care, Fashioned so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly Stiffen too rigidly, Decently—kindly— Smoothe her and compose them; And her eyes, close them, Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring Through manly impurity, As when with the daring Last look of despairing Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily, Spurred by contumely, Cold inhumanity, Burning insanity, Into her rest. Cross her hands humbly, As if praying dumbly, Over her breast!

Owning her weakness, Her evil behaviour, And leaving, with meekness, Her steps to her Saviour!

A Kittery (Maine) youth who desired to wed the object of his affections had an interview with her paternal ancestor, in which he stated that, though he had no wealth worth speaking of, he was "chuck full of day's work." He got the girl.

Carlyle says: "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one the less rascal in the world."

There is a man sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment in an Ohio penitentiary, who has already spent 25 years in various jails.

Confession of a Patent Medicine Man.

From Ralph Feeler's "Confession of a Patent Medicine Man," in the December No. of the Atlantic Monthly we make the extract:

My corn salve was made of potash and gum arabic. It would do its work in five minutes, but, of course, it made the foot outrageously sore afterward. This was a matter of very little inconvenience to me, because my business required me to be moving continually from place to place.

I always managed to get out of town on the flood tide of my reputation as an effective chiropodist. It will be easily believed that I did not acquire my skill and self-reliance, as an operator, all at once. My corn salve grew in my confidence from the feet it fed on.

You think that is a queer expression? You cannot, then, be aware of the corrosive nature of potash. Well, sir, experience and special knowledge are everything in one's business. I will confess that I was nervous before my first patient. The salve had never been tried, and a friend told me I had better not try it.

But my subject was a good one, rather an abject, too, in life. I think you hardly ever heard before of a poor shoemaker with corns. That describes my first patient. I mustered up courage at last, and flourished an old razor at him with quite a professional air for a youth of 16.

The job was not as neat as I learned to do afterward, but still it gave temporary satisfaction; and I sold that shoemaker two boxes of the salve.

And thus I went about over a wide extent of territory, leaving I know not what number of sore feet behind me. I have no better idea how much more peddler distress I might have worked on a credulous community had it not been for an accident which, at the end of a couple of years, overtook me in my career.

I had left a great quantity of my salve and lozengers stowed away in a town which I was then making my headquarters. They were carefully packed I remember, in neat paper boxes. On my return, after an unusually long trip, I found that the infernal potash had eaten up the paper boxes, and, making its devouring way to my cough-lozengers, and involved my whole stock in one agglomerate mass of ruin.

Out of my temporary despair, however, sprang a lucky inspiration. You have doubtless heard much of the happy elasticity of youth. There is, I grant something available in that. But I found something a great deal better for my business in the rapid growth and physical changes of that period of my life.

The fact is, I had grown and altered so in appearance since I had first started out with my corn salve, that at the time of this appalling accident, no one of my first patients would have recognized me from a mere surgical acquaintance of two years before. I may say here, in fact that these repeated changes in my physical appearance, aided by the cropping of hair, or the abandoning of it to excessive length, and at last, by the coming of the beard, were all through by early experiences of un told advantage to me.

Thus in the course of time I became personally acquainted with all the people who could be duped in a given region of country, and with every new project or nostrum, I returned unrecognized to them, over and over again. Now out of the potashes of the agglomerate ruin of my entire stock in trade sprang, Phoenix-like, a lucky inspiration, as I have before said, without the present indolent joke, which is altogether accidental. While contemplating my irrevocable loss, I conceived the idea of a patent pain killer, which I would go about selling to cure the sores left by corn salve.

As a general thing, money, or I should say, the want of it, goes the immortal work out of first class brains. I read the substance of that remark in a newspaper; or was it a magazine? It doesn't matter; I believe it, and I verified it in the production of that pain killer; that's enough. Well, sir, the project worked to a charm. I commenced operations, of course, in almost the exact traces of my former chiropodist exploits. It was not long, therefore, till I came upon my first patient, the shoemaker. I began cautiously to extol the stomachic virtues of my medicine, and gradually led up to its external application. It was good, I assured him, for bruises, sprains—keeping my eye especially on his, from under my hat, to catch any faint gleam or recognition, sprains, wounds, sores—

"On the foot?" asked he, interrupting me in my catalogue of positive cures.

"Certainly; better for the feet than anything else."

"Well, I have sore feet, and that's the fact," said the shoemaker. "You see there was a rogue of a fellow around here a couple of years ago curing corns, and he made my feet sore. If I ever catch the villain I'll use a strap on him; that's what I'll do."

I now felt sure, I need scarcely add, that my former patient did not recognize me, and so I sold him two bottles of pain killer to cure the sores I had made two years before.

It was not, perhaps, a remarkable fact that my pain killer went faster than my corn salve, the corn salve, I did a thriving business in this—so thriving, indeed, that I gradually caught up, as I may say, with the interesting time between the sale of the latter and former articles. That is,

my earlier traces became so recent that my disguise grew perilous. But there was such a demand for the pain killer that I went on, notwithstanding the danger. One day, however, I encountered a surely young fellow upon whose feet I had operated not very long before. In his eagerness for relief he was in the act of purchasing it at my hands, when suddenly recognizing me, he changed his mind, and gave me a sound thrashing instead.

That put an end to the pain killer business. I returned considerably bruised, to my headquarters, and set all my energies to work on the invention of something less perilous to others as well as myself. I may say here that I always kept the little town which I have called my headquarters, open to me as an asylum, by leaving it and its immediate neighborhood free from all my medical and surgical experiments.

The result of my arduous creative thought culminated this time in a paste to make old razor straps new. It proved to do its rejuvenating work by a simple application; yet it did not sell very well. From the very nature of things, I did not have the credulous woman hall of the world to work upon; they had little or no interest in superannuated razor straps. It was this consideration more than any other, I think that which inspired me with the brilliant after-thought of changing the name of my paste into that of a healing salve. This the same article became at once endowed with universal curative virtues, and became also the profession desideratum of all human nature. I suppose it would not be modest in me to say that my salve was too good for its original purpose. It is at least true that, if it failed upon razor straps, it succeeded admirably upon mankind. You will hardly believe me when I tell you, but still it is also true, that by means of an incipient beard, and my hair grown long and of a broad brimmed slouch hat as a disguise, I sold a box of my celebrated healing salve to that same innocent shoemaker, who had already twice figured as my customer. Owing to my pain killer, or the recuperative nature of his healthy frame, his feet were about well; and I am glad to add that there was nothing in my healing salve that would materially prevent his ultimate recovery.

Superstition about Storms. Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunder-storms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated more than two yards in the earth. Acting on this superstition, the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of the palace, whenever a tempest was feared, and it is recorded by Suetonius that he always wore a skin of seal around his body, against lightning. That both precautions are equally unavailing, needs scarcely to be mentioned. Lightning has been known to strike 100 feet into the earth; but not even the marvellous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electric currents remain the same. With regard to seal skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors, that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact, that, in the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes, in Langueadoc, where anciently some Roman colonies were known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their hats with them, believe themselves secure against the dangers of the storm. A French Gentleman, who writes on this subject, is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes and the more costly superstition held in reverence by his Latin ancestors. The Emperors of Japan retire into a dead grotto during the tempests which rage in their latitude; but, not satisfied with the profundity of the excavation, or the strength of the stones of which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk into their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning—a measure equally futile, since many instances are known in which the fluid has fallen upon the water with the same destructive effect as upon land.

The Lord's Prayer. A maiden knelt in the twilight and clasping her hands fervently breathed forth: "Our father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."

A mother, in great grief and agony, gazed on the child sleeping far long, last sleep, a smile wreathed her soft lips, and with hands folded across that still and paleless heart, and kneeling there, the living and the dead, she prayed: "Thy will be done."

As early buds of orient gold the sleeping land, a widow with her suffering little ones chilled by poverty and woe, bows at the throne of grace and fervently prays: "Give us this day our daily bread."

An aged father, as his loved and loving boy goes forth from his parental care to brave the cold frosts of life kneels beside him on the eve of his departure and pleads: "Lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

The stock of cotton on hand at Selingsgrove, Pa., is estimated at 100,000 bales.

Haunted Down.

About 14 months ago a cold blooded murder was committed in Coahoma county, by Mr. George Stacy. The *Avalanche* of that date gave a report, which our readers will doubtless remember. Mr. Stacy killed a Mr. Riley in his own field, while he was at his work. Both were planters, and we think neighbors. They resided east of Friar's Point, about 10 miles. Stacy was arrested, indicted for murder, gave bond for his appearance for trial, ran away and left his bondsman and surety—Judge Harrison Reid—to pay the bond. The circuit judge pronounced judgment again Reid for \$5,000 about six months ago. The court gave Reid to the 1st of December, 1870, to bring up his prisoner or pay the bond. But the prisoner was not to be found. Judge Reid applied to all the police officers and sheriffs in Mississippi and Arkansas. He applied to the detectives in Memphis, but all to no purpose. This was not calculated to make Judge Reid comfortable, for the 1st of December was rapidly approaching, and there was no escape but to pay the bond.

About ten days ago, however, Reid, at the instance of a friend, laid his trouble before Mr. Cranmer, of this city, who, having got all the points promised to do the best he could—Reid returned home to Friar's Point in better spirits, but the 1st of December haunted him. Six thousand dollars security money to be paid just now is enough to make anybody blue and miserable and wretched. The judge was not happy.

Cranmer, whose spirit of adventure has carried him to California, over the plains, and back to the States, went vigorously to work. The first point for Cranmer was the fact that Stacy has a brother residing in Jackson, Miss. Cranmer visited Jackson, became intimate with Mr. Stacy, spent his money freely, and wormed out of him enough to satisfy Cranmer that George Stacy, the murderer, was residing near Huntington, Carroll Co., Tenn. Cranmer returned to Memphis, wrote to Judge Reid that he desired him to come up, as he was confident that Stacy was alive. A few days ago Cranmer and Judge Reid started for Cranmer, a town at the junction of the Memphis and Louisville and North western railroads, about 150 miles from Memphis. Here Judge Reid was requested by Cranmer to remain until he returned, and, without informing Reid of his purposes, Cranmer departed for Huntington, county seat of Carroll county, on the train going to Nashville.

Cranmer arrived there on the night of the 17th, and, early next morning, he hired a horse. In a very curious way Cranmer learned that a Mr. Clark, Justice of the Peace in Huntington, knew Stacy and where he could be found; but that Clark would not give any information unless forced to do so. Cranmer found Clark, who is a gray-haired gentleman of good bearing, busy in his front yard nailing on the broken pailing of a fence.

"Squire Clark, I suppose," said Cranmer.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Squire Clark, you know where George Stacy can be found and I came to get the information."

"Who are you?" bristled up the old gentleman.

"I am an officer of the United States," pulling out a badge which happened to be a shawl pin; but the words "officer of the United States," spoken with a full voice and rather imposing military air, had its effect.

"I tell you, sir," said Clark, "this is a desperate community and your life is in danger. You had better leave."

"Yes; but squire, you need not be alarmed. I've been among that sort of people before. You must tell me where I can find George Stacy."

"I can't do it," said Clark.

"Then, sir, I arrest you and will keep you till you tell me where George Stacy can be found."

This forcible speech of Cranmer had the desired effect. A broad-shouldered, full-breasted man 5 feet and 9 inches high, about 45 years old, weight 180, dark, hazel, full eyes, thick, short, broad face, of weather-beaten color—and an officer of the United States, with a plug hat and double-breasted overcoat—made an impression Esquire Clark. The community, to be sure, was desperate, and if the "boys" learned of Cranmer's presence, his life would not be worth a broken jug—but Clark was not going to rot in prison.

"Well, Mr. officer, I suppose I have to tell you, my life will be in danger."

"Never mind that; get your horse and come along, sir, in a hurry. They rode four miles south of Huntington, and about 9 a. m., came in sight of a mill. "There," said Clark, "on the hill, just beyond the mill, is the house where Stacy lives; in the mill he is perhaps now. I can go no further."

"Very well," said Cranmer. "I am obliged to you."

Cranmer dismounted, tied his horse about a quarter of a mile from the mill and started on foot. He crossed the mill race on a foot-log above the mill and ran at a rapid pace, but just as he was ascending the hill in his rear and a few yards off, Stacy was in the act of jumping out of a hole, cut for the purpose. Cranmer drew his revolver and told him to stop. The muzzle of a navy repeater persuaded Stacy not to jump. Cranmer entered, placed handcuffs on him, and went to the house, a few yards off, to get ready for the trip. While at the house, Stacy's brother, brother-in-law, came up from the mill,

of them had rides—a sight that Cranmer did not like; it was calculated to make him feel lonely among strangers whose character was not altogether good for peaceful parents. But a wood-chopper came to the house to relieve Cranmer's anxiety, and as he went out the back door, of course Cranmer felt doubly comfortable.

"Who are those men?" asked Cranmer.

"One is my brother, another my wife's brother and cousin."

"Ah! are they in the habit of carrying those rifles?"

"No, they are hunting."

"Ah!"

Presently they came up to the house. Cranmer reminded Stacy that it was time to go; Stacy was ready, but Cranmer was not. He turned to the men with the rifles and with the same emphatic manner with which he had overawed Squire Clark, said:

"Mr. Stacy and myself are ready to leave, but we are not going to move a step until you leave. And the first man who makes a motion to take his rifle off his shoulder, I will shoot through the heart."

And with this he drew his navy. "And," continued Cranmer, "I want you all to march to that yonder hill, (about three hundred yards off) and if you don't move quick I'll commence firing."

They moved—and when they got to the place designated Cranmer and his prisoner mounted a horse of Clark's, Stacy first, Cranmer behind him for the railroad. The train for Nashville came first, and as Cranmer preferred a railroad car, going anywhere and in any direction, rather than remain in the charge of a desperate man, the leader of a gang of outlaws, took that train. Before getting into the cars Cranmer locked his wrist to a handrail on Stacy's, to guard against escape. They returned to McKenzia early next morning—met Judge Reid, the most surprised and happy of men. The \$5,000 were not to be paid—enough to relieve Reid or any other man.

George Stacy is now in jail at Friar's Point; will be tried, found guilty of murder, doubtless, and hung, unless he escapes or is rescued. Altogether, the arrest of Stacy is one of the most remarkable and daring feats that has ever been performed by any United States officer; or any other sort—Judge Reid has been saved from pecuniary ruin, and justice has not yet been defeated.—*Memphis Avalanche*.

The Power of a Poem. A young American residing at Hung Kung had been induced by a companion to frequent a gambling house. He was young and yielding, his false friend old enough to have been less treacherous—(one evening the two had been drinking and gambling fearfully the young man losing in every game. A new game had just begun, and while the elder man shuffled his cards, the younger leaned lazily back in his chair and carelessly commenced to hum a tune. Without thought he sang the beautiful lines of Phoebe Cary, beginning,

"One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me of old and o'er— I'm nearer to my Father's house Than I've ever been before."

The elder gambler stared at the singer a moment, then, throwing his cards on the floor, exclaimed:

"Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why, the one you have been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words with tears in his eyes, and he said he had learned them in a Sunday School in America.

"Come," said the elder, getting up, "come. Here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business."

The two men left the gambling house together, and walked away arm in arm.

Computing Interest. The Chicago Journal gives a new rule for computing interest, and says it is so simple, and so true, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk should post it up for reference. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained by so few figures:

Six per Cent.—Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand