The Post.

VOL. 8. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., JANUARY 26, 1871. NO. 46.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening by JEREMIAH CROUSE, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription,

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or $2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.

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SAMUEL ALLEMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selinsgrove Pa 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.

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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, '67

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

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST Selinsgrove Penn

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

Y. K. 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, '68t

DR J. F. KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Offers his professional services to the public. 6-38tf

F. W. SCHWAN, M. D., SURGEON & PHYSICIAN, Port Trevorton Pa. 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 ATTORNEY, MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa Office in Court House, [Sept.15, '67tf

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS' **TOBACCO WAREHOUSE** No. 322 N. THIRD S 6,38] PHILADELPHIA.

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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 Gen.

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 Hrrisburg 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 Ephrata, 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 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.

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 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.

ALLEGHENY HOUSE.— Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street, (*Above Eighth.*) *PHILADELPHIA.* KLECKNER & CAWLEY, PROPRIETORS. [6,51tf Terms $2 00 Per Day.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE, OR, THE UNWRITTEN WORD.

By DANIEL MARCH, D. D., author of the popular "Night Scenes." This master in thought and language shows us untold riches and beauties in the Great House, with its Blooming flowers, Singing birds, Waving palms, Rolling clouds, Beautiful bow, Sacred mountains, Delightful rivers, Mighty oceans, Thundering voices Blazing heavens and vast universe with countless beings in millions of worlds, and reads to us in each the Unwritten Word. Rose tinted paper, ornate engravings and superb binding.— "Rich and varied in thought." "Chaste" "Easy and graceful in style." "Correct, pure elevating in its tendency." "Beautiful and good." "A household treasure" Commendations like the above from College Presidents and Professors, ministers of all denominations; and the religious and secular press all over the country Its freshness, purity of language, with clear open type, fine steel engravings, substantial binding, and low price make it the book for the masses. Agents are selling from 50 to 150 per week.

We want Clergymen, School Teacers smart young men and ladies to introduce the work for us in every township, and we will pay liberally. No intelligent man or woman need be without a paying business.

Send for circular, full descriptoon and terms. Address ZIEGLER & McCURDY, 16 S. 6th St, Phila. 139 Race St. Cin. O. 49 Monroe St. Chi. 503 N. 6th St. Louis or 102 Main st Springfield, Mass. oct.1.—4m

WASH. GRANELLO, 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.

CABINET ORGAN AND MELODEON MANUFACTORY. Ware Room and Store on Pine Street, Factory on Snyder Street, Selinsgrove, 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 making instruments. Try one of them and you will be satisfied. Every instrument is warranted for five years. Dealers, Agents and Ministers of the Gospel, are invited to correspond with us and send for price list. We are also agents for the best New York and Philadelphia Pianos. Violins and Accordeons from $5 to $15. Violin Strings, sheet Music, Picture Frames, &c., &c., always on hand.

SELECT POETRY

THE WHOLE STORY.

Oh! yes—I'll tell you the story,
The very words that were said.
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread,
And Richard came into the pantry,
His face was exceedingly red.

And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me a glimpse of a ring;
And then—oh! yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing,
And Fanny came in with her baby,
The cunningest bunch of thing.

And the biscuits were out in a minute—
Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fany was there with her baby,
And we all sat down to tea;
And grandma looked over her glasses
So queer at Richard and me!

But it wasn't till after milking
That he said what he had to say,
How was it? Fanny had taken
The baby and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum-tree
And Richard said something low,
But I was tired and flustered,
And almost trembled I know;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle so horribly slow.

And then—let me see—where was I?
Oh! the stars grew thick overhead,
And we stood under the plum-tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed.
Well, he loves me, and we're to be married,
And that is—about what he said!

A TOUCHING LITTLE STORY.

THE last passenger was aboard; the last piece of luggage safely stowed in the hold; the last friend ordered from the deck; the plank connecting the ship with the dock withdrawn. Capt. Dovis applied his lips to his hand trumpet; the cordage creaked; the ropes whirred, and the great three-master, Clyde, with the Union Jack floating proudly from the topmast, spread out her white wings and sailed grandly out to sea, just as the last shaft of amber light from the setting sun shot across the broad waters.

At the same time a hearty three times three rang out, loud and clear, from the motley crowd gathered in groups upon the shore, in order to watch the going out of the ship, the great ship, bound for that far off land—America. And very heartily were the cheers reiterated by those assembled on deck as we receded from the shore, where the canny auld Scotchman pushed their blue bonnets back from their faces, that they might the better have a last look at their well loved sons and daughters, who had turned their backs upon their native hills and set out for the land of gold, while many a sturdy Scotch mother applied a corner of her coarse checked apron to one eye, and so made the other do duty for both, as we sailed away.

Ah! how bravely we struggled that night to keep the dread sea-sickness at bay; for on account of the roughness of the ocean, it began to show si u tl e v c fi on Zn .o distant, the zenith so very high that the great Clyde seemed but a speck floating upon the bosom of the mighty deep. For a little while the novelty of our situation delighted us, and then, as we began to realize all, we could not but grieve at what we had left behind, and looked long and earnestly at the eastern horizon, in the vain hope that its blue canvas would roll up from the waters and reveal to us again, if just for only a moment, the dear old shores.

Among the passengers on the night of our departure, I had taken particular notice of a fine looking Scotch lass, evidently fresh from the Highlands, clean skinned and lithe of limb; a young lass, who, as she shook hands with her friends, laughed heartily at their sad farewells and mournful well-wishes, and who, to take her all in all, had acted like one going to all she loved, rather than one about to leave all that was dear to her; and after that I saw no more of her until one day about four weeks after we had sailed, when, having occasion to pass through the second cabin, my attention was attracted by a feeble voice issuing from one of the berths and asking for water, and on pushing aside the curtain and looking in, I recognized in the worn wasted form, my fine healthy lass. Of course I procured some water, gave her a little to allay her thirst, bathed her

ing, and realizing that her days were numbered, resolved to remain with her for the short time left.

Poor thing! she was far from home friendless, unheeded, neglected, without one of her own kith or kin to cheer or soothe her in her last moments, without one to hold a light at the entrance of the dark valley where her feet where soon to tread, and she was very thankful for what I, a stranger, could do for her. I remained with her just two days, when she died; and died, too, without one word in regard to herself. We only knew her name to be Miss. Cameron.

At noon the following day we were all summoned upon deck to witness that most solemn sight, a burial at sea. A dead calm prevailed, not a cloud obstructed the scorching rays of the noonday sun; not even a tiny wave enlivened the bosom of the stolid deep. The bat blinded by the glare, clung tenaciously to the mast; the dolphin settled under the stern of the ship; the great Clyde dropped her sail and stood still, while the beautiful nautilus hoisted its gossamer canvas and floated gracefully by like the chariot of of a fairy queen. The dead body wrapped in its coarse shroud and bound with cordage, lay still and ghastly upon a long plank which was supported on the side of the vessel. Every passenger was on deck, but not a murmur broke the solemn silence as the minister read the burial service in a low impressive voice, and for a few moments after the "Amen" had been uttered the stillness was oppressive. Then a hand was stretched forth, and the body slipped off its rough bier and sank with a plunge into its watery grave forever.

At the same moment the nautilus folded its sails and sank from view, and the dolphin rolled away in affright; but in a few moments all was again as it had been—the nautilus reappeared, the dolphin came back, the disturbed waters grew calm, the flecks of foam melted away; while the dead girl went down, down, down, shaking and quivering and following her trembling shadow.

Towards evening a slight breeze sprang up, and with a feeling of relief we quietly moved away from the place of burial; and just two weeks from that sunny afternoon we sailed into port as an emigrant ship is usually allowed to sail. All on board was bustle and confusion, preparatory of leaving. Every passenger was busy at something or another, while I stood listlessly leaning against the side of the ship, intent on watching the movements of a great dragon fly that basked in the sunlight as it lit on pieces of orange peel, rotten apples, melon rinds and the various other refuse matter that floated in abundance upon the water. I had become so very much interested that I never noticed the little boat that had come from the shore, until it settled under the side of our ship, and a stalwart, athletic young man, with a handsome face adorned with a Scotch cap, stood up, and catching hold of the rope ladder hastily scaled it and leaped on board. He evidently had come in search of some friend or friends, for no sooner did his feet touch the deck than he looked around and anxiously scanned the faces of all the visible passengers, then strode briskly to where the captain stood, and made some eager inquiries.

That he was sadly disappointed I could plainly see, although I heard none of the conversation. The bright light died out of his eyes, the expectant look from his face, and drawing his cap down over his forehead, as it to hide the agonized expression that had crept into his face as much as possible, he sprang over the ship's edge and rapidly descended the ladder; but instead of dropping into his skiff as I had expected to see him do, he either from intent or accident, sank beneath the water the small space lying between his boat and the ship opening to receive him, and then quietly closing above him without even the sigh of a cry for assistance or a groan of anguish having escaped from his palid lips.

It was only for a moment that I stood petrified; but before I could recover from the shock and give an alarm, my brother Dave, who fortunately had witnessed his descent, had descended the ladder and was sitting in the skiff, watching with his keen hunter's eye for the coming up of the young man. For a time we feared that he had drifted beneath the vessel and

to sink the second time, an act which he evidently intended to accomplish, as he made no endeavor whatever toward self preservation, Dave was by his side, and in a manner rougher than it was gentle, caught him by the shoulders, and by dint of great strength succeeded in dragging him into the boat in a condition more dead than alive.

And that was how Hugh Carlyle came to join his lot with ours. He came West with us, and shared the rude shelter of our log cabin and its frugal fare, and hewed timber by Dave's side day after day. Either that or because I had soothed Miss. Cameron's last moments upon earth. For you see it turned out that Miss. Cameron was Hugh's sweetheart; the woman who had left all to come and join her fortune with his in a strange land, the woman he had expected to meet on the Clyde.

It was a long time after the facts became known to us before Hugh ever made a second reference to his old love; in fact not until the silver began to gleam amid his dark hair, and the deep lines to furrow his face; not until Dave, far advanced in bachelorhood, deemed it necessary to take unto himself a wife; not until to marry me seemed the only thing left for Hugh to do. And even at that late day I could not but notice with a jealous pang that the reference to the old love and the old times lacerated him to the quick.

However, I married him, and very pleasantly and happily we lived together in our Western home, Hugh doing his best to improve our new small frame house, and to cultivate the bit of clearing that surrounded us, aside from his daily labor, and I doing my best in the way of baking and brewing that backwoods cheer might atone for all the deficiencies in the way of other comforts. It was a very out-of-the way place in which we lived, and seldom was the monotony of our lives broken by the welcome footsteps of guests; consequently Hugh and I were considerably startled by a rapid knocking at our door late one cold, rainy night, as we sat cosily before our crackling hickory fire, he reading and I sewing.

However, Hugh lost no time in closing his book and hastening to answer the summons; but no sooner did he open the door than he staggered back like a drunken man, his face deadly pale; and before I had time to reach him, a small fragile woman, with hair like snow, entered, and without any hesitation advanced toward Hugh, and flinging her arms about him, sobbed out in the most piteous tones: "O, Hugh! Hugh! why did you leave me? Why did you forsake me? Why did you not come to the ship, as you promised? Why, why? And then, completely overcome with fatigue and excitement, the poor thing fell senseless upon the floor.

Hugh, looking more like a statute than a living man, gazed down for a moment upon the limp mass at his feet, and then, regaining his habitual composure, called me to his assistance, and in a few minutes, through our united efforts, we succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, and then divesting her of her saturated garments, laid her upon her bed, where she tossed and tumbled the whole night through, muttering incoherently to herself, something about 'rain, rain."

Towards morning she fell into a quiet, peaceful slumber, from which she awoke with her nerves quieted and her reason restored. But it was only the calm that usually precedes death. Towards the close of the day, just as all the little birds were folding their tired wings preparatory for a night's rest, she, her night being gone and her morning come, began to unfold her wings that she might fly away to those sunny lands where we are told there is no night; and before Hugh, who, at first signs of the death damp had ridden post haste for assistance had time to return, she had flown; not however, before she had told her strange story. Strange to us then; quite clear to us now. Hugh having through strenerous exertion, discovered the name of the young girl who died on the Clyde to be Mary Cameron, while his sweetheart's name was Jessie.

Having expected none but his own love in the Clyde, in the anguish he had felt at the news of her death he had never thought to inquire into the particulars. It seemed

tain rain storms that oft-times make the rocky defiles impassable for days and weeks. Too late for the Clyde she had embarked on the next sailing vessel, and so landed in a strange land, with the face she had expected to look upon of all others, many hundred miles distant—the dear face she had so eagerly looked forward to meeting.

Pride forbade her return; while an all powerful love, together with a slight insanity induced by the shock had urged her to pass her days and years in tracing the whereabouts of the false face, that she might look upon it if but for once. And truly she laid down her life for that one last look, although her last hours were made much happier by knowing that Hugh had not been false.

Hugh never passes by the grave at the foot of the great oak, but with uncovered head and sorrowful face.

The Widow Jones' Cow.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped, one morning, before widow Jones', and gave the usual signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping his elbows upon his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cracket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. Good morning was exchanged on both sides and the widow waited for what further was to be said.

'Well, ma'am Jones; perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows nohow, nothin' noway, do you?

'Well, there Mr. Smith, you could not have spoken my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we could fix it.'

So they adjourned to the meadow—Farmer Smith looked at Roan, then at the Downing cow, then at the widow again, and so on over the whole fifty. The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday, and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmer's wives and widow's have on Saturday, she was little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

'That Downing cow is a pretty fair creature, but'—he stopped and glanced at the widow's face, and then walked around her, not the widow, but the cow.

'That 'ere short-horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know'—another look at the widow.

'The Downing cow I knew before the late Dr Jones boughtgher.' Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed, and they both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

'Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle, but I have known better.' A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out:

'La, Mr. Smith, if *I'm* the cow you want, do say so!'

The intentions of the Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were 'out-published' they were married.—*New York Dispatch.*

This touching story is told in *Harper's Bazar* of the fires which wasted such a vast stretch of country in Canada awhile ago:

A house was attacked by the fire in the night, and the family hurredly escaped through the blinding smoke—except one. There were five children, the oldest being sixteen and the youngest three. Three times the father rushed into the burning house, each time rescuing a child. The mother was almost insensible from fright, and he had to drag her out by main force. A little one, seven years old, the pet of the family, stood and said: "Take Jane and Mollie" (the two younger ones) "first, papa!" and waited patiently until her turn. By some means, in the confusion of the hour, he thought she had been rescued, until her voice, now in tones of alarm, cried out, "O, papa, take me, too! Come, papa, come, papa!" The father dashed towards the house, which was now tottering in the flames, but was too late!" He had hardly placed his foot upon the stairs, when the roof fell in, and the entire structure came crashing down.—"Ah!" he exclaimed, in relating the sad story,

Advertising Rates.

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 Assignes 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.

Never Say Die.

Young lawyers sometimes despair of defences which have not encouragement, but old practitioners—more especially when the fees are remunerative and certain can see no discouragements held forth by the evidence, not to be conterbalanced and overcome by professional acuteness and sagacity well paid.

A prisoner was once arraigned in Kent county, Mich., for stealing pork. He retained a young, talented, and ingenious member of the profession for his defence.

Having listened to the prisoner's own story and heard from him what, in all probability, the people's witnesses would swear to, he candidly informed his client that it was useless to waste money on his defence.

"Never mind," was the confident reply; "you argue my case good and strong just as if you believed me a persecuted man, and here is $20 for you."

The lawyer worked up to the contract, and before he had half summed up he had the jury in tears at the bare idea of snatching such a bright example of domestic and social worth from the bosom of his family and the society of his neighbors, to be thrust among felons in a common jail.

To his astonishment his appeal was effective—the prisoner was acquitted.

Closeted together after the verdict and discharge of the culprit, and the $20 having been paid over, the lawyer said:

"By the by, B——, that was a most surprising verdict, considering what the Government proved."

"Not at all," was the cool reply "*six of them jurymen had some of the pork!*"

The mercury in that lawyer's bump of self esteem fell to zero.—*Rufus Hosmer.*

TERRITORIAL AMUSEMENT.—The following story is told of the early days of Wyoming Territory: In the bar-room of a wayside tavern, where the stage stopped to change horses, and where teamsters tarried to drink, a few rough customers sat one afternoon beside the stove. Enter a mountain ruffian, venomously drunk, who fetched out his revolver and commenced practicing with it at various objects behind the bar on the walls. While this was going on, the cry of an ox-teamster to his approaching cattle was heard, and soon the driver approached within the door. Stalking up to the bar he called for a glass of liquor; But as he raised it to his dirty lips, the tumbler was shattered by a well-aimed shot from the practicing man's revolver. Without a word the bull-whacker put his hand behind his back, produced *his* pistol, leveled it at the ruffian's head, and remarked as the body dropped to the floor, "That scoundrel would have hurt somebody pretty soon." He then filled another glass and drank the contents, strode out as deliberately as he had come in, and with a "Woa, haw, there!" started his oxen up the road.

HOW TO SPELL.—Often in writing, a simple word is required, of the orthography of which the writer is not sure. The dictionary may be referred to—but is not always convenient. An easy mode is to write the word on a bit of waste paper, in the two or three ways in which you are in doubt. Nine times in ten, the mode which looks right is right. Spelling—particularly English spelling, is so completely a work of the eye, that the eye alone should be trusted. There is no reason why "receive" and "believe" should be spelt differently, yet sounded alike, in their second syllables. Yet write them "recieve" and "beleive" and the eye shows you the mistake at once. The best way for young people and indeed people of any age, to learn to spell, is to practice writing. Cobbett, the famous English radical, taught his children grammar, by requiring that they should copy their lessons two or three times. These lessons he himself gave them in the form of letters; and his French and English grammars are two of the most amusing books in the English language. Of course "learning to spell" came in incidentally.—*Public Ledger.*

GOOD FARMING.—"Sambo, is your massa a good farmer?" "O, yes, massa fus-rate farmer—he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, you see, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once, den in