THE POST.

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The Post.

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One-half column, one year,	30.00.
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Every additional insertion	50.
Professional and Business cards of not more than five lines, per year.	5,00.
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignees 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.

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, '67:f

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, '67:f

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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, '68

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. 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:f

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

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

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, '67:f

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

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

MERCHANT HOUSE. H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r. J. C. NIPE, Clerk. Nos. 413 & 415 North Third Street. Philadelphia

MILLER & ELDER WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS Stationers, Blank book Manufacturers and dealers in Printing, Binding, Letter and Wall papers Paper Rags &c. General Job Printers. No. 324 North Third street above Race Philadelphia.

READING RAILROAD—Winter 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 Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 5.00, 10.30 a.m., 1.45 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 5.55 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 5.05 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 floods, 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." "A haste" "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 100 per week.

We want Clergymen, School Teachers' 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.

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ZIEGLER & McCURDY, 18 S. 6th St, Phila. 129 Race St. Cin. O. 69 Monroe St. Chi. 503 N. 6th St. Louis oct.1.—4m or 102 Main st Springfield. Mass.

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.

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Pianos and Accordeons correctly tuned and repaired on, or address by letter

P. F. SAILER & CO.

Select Poetry.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

There are lonely hearts to cheris,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls that perish,
While the days are going by.
But if a smile we can renew,
As our jorney we persue,
Oh, the good we all may do
While the days are going by!

There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
Oh, the world is full of sighs—
Full of sad and weeping eyes—
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the day are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine shall grow,
And shall keep our hearts a glow,
While the days are going by.

THE FUGITIVE LIEUTENANT

It was while the American army was freezing and starving at Valley Forge, and the British rioting and luxuriating in Philadelphia, that a lame dirty beggarly looking fellow, walking with a crutch, approached the northern outpost of the Royal forces, and, with a simple, idiotic laugh and leer, announced his intention of entering the city and taking the British General prisoner.

"Indeed?—then I shall be under the necessity of arresting you," said a young subaltern, winking at some of his companions, and assuming a serious air.

"He! he! he!" laughed the idiot; "just you try it and that's all."

"Why, my good fellow, what would you do?"

"Do?" exclaimed the other, drawing himself up with an air of defiance; "why, I'd tell the great General Washington."

"Then I am afraid to venture on your arrest. So pass on—you will probably find General Howe prepared to receive you."

The idiot suddenly looked troubled, glancing about him warily and suspiciously, as if he feared he might meet the general he was so boldly going to capture, but finally hobbled off toward the city. With some such silly dialogue he got past the different sentries, who seemed to give him no thought beyond the amusement of the time. By night he was fairly in town, and kept on his way, sometimes humming snatches of old songs, and in general not noticed much by any. Through one street to another he continued to hobble forward, till he came to one of no great length, containing a block of three story, respectable looking houses, which might be occupied by persons in middling circumstances. This street was not lighted, and appeared deserted, so that when he stopped before one of the dwellings he was not perceived.

He knocked at the door, and a woman's head appeared at the second-story window.

"Won't you give me something to eat, ma'am? I'm nearly starved!" said the idiot.

"Yes, poor fellow!" replied the woman in a kindly tone; "in a minute I will hand you something."

Shortly after a lower shutter was pushed a little back, and a hand, containing some bread and meat was thrust out.

"Mother!" said a low voice.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the female within, in an agitated tone.

"Hush!" returned the beggar, in a guarded whisper.

In a moment after the door was thrown open.

"Yes, ma'am—thank you—I don't care if I do," said the beggar, as if in reply to an invitation to come in, at the same time crossing the threshold, with an appearance of deep humility.

The moment the door was closed behind him, the man dropped his crutch and threw his arms around the other, fairly sobbing.

"Mother! dear, dear mother!"

"William!" exclaimed the other, pressing the ragged mendicant to her heart; "oh, my dear, dear William! what is the meaning of this? and how is it I find you in this sad plight?"

"I have passed the British lines in this disguise, playing the fool to the centries. But tell me how you are, dear mother, and how you fair in these troublous times?"

"Indifferently well, my son. The British are our masters here, but so far I have little to complain of in the way of personal treatment. Provisions are scarce and high, and only by the strictest economy shall I be able to live through, if they continue to retain possession of the city any considerable length of time. Your sister Mary is at your Uncle's in Delaware, and will deeply regret that she has missed this opportunity.

"And are you all, alone, mother?"

"No, two English gentlemen are boarding with me."

"Do they belong to the army?" inquired the young man, quickly and uneasily: "and are they now in the house?"

"No, they appear to be private gentlemen of some means, and neither of them is within at present. But you look troubled—have you any thing to fear, my son?"

"If detected, I may be hung as a spy."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mother, in alarm; "you terrify me! Are you here without permission? without a pass?"

"Yes—did I not say I played the fool to the sentries, and so got past them?"

"But I thought that was for your own amusement. Oh, William, if you should be discovered! Why did you venture in this desperate manner?"

"I could not get a pass, and I was so anxious to see you and Mary that I resolved to risk all."

"Quick, then, come up stairs, let us fix a place at once, before anything happens!"

Both hastened up stairs to the third story, and, after considering several places, decided that the loft close under the roof might be the best for the concealment, as the trap door leading to it could be fastened underneath, which would tend to blind a search; while the young man if pressed, could escape to the roof and, by means of a long rope, fastened to the chimney, could lower himself into either the yard or the street. This would not insure his escape, but it was the best plan the two could think of, and served to render both less fearful of detection and the serious consequences. Having provided the rope, the mother hastened to bring up a large quantity of food, which her son began to devour with a ravenousness that showed that he had told no untruth, when in the character of a beggar, he had declared himself in a state bordering on starvation.

While he was eating his mother plied him with questions concerning the army at Valley Forge, in which he had held a Lieutenant's commission, and which he had left on a furlough; and the answers of the young soldier depicted a state of destitution and suffering that caused his hearer to weep for very sympathy. Three thousand soldiers had been down on the sick list at one time, and without the common necessaries of life, had perished by hundreds; while of those capable of doing duty, scarcely one had a blanket to cover him at night, or food enough to keep soul and body together. Pale, emaciated, ragged and dirty, many with bare feet upon the frozen earth, they walked shivering through the camp at day, and crowded themselves together at night to get the little warmth they could from each other's bodies, the most forlorn and wretched set of beings that ever a nation called to arms.

"God help us all!" ejaculated the mother, in a dejected tone. "I suppose, after all our hardships, we shall be compelled to succumb to our tyrannical foes."

"Never!" cried the young officer, "while there is a thousand men left in our country to make a last desperate stand. We can only be conquered by annihilation; and if it is God's will that a tyrant shall rule over this broad continent, not a single true heart will live to feel the oppression and degradation. Ere that time, dear mother, I for one shall be beyond the reach of earthly monarch."

"God bless you, William!" cried the mother, enthusiastically, grasping his hand; "your father's spirit speaks in you. He died on the battle-field with those sentiments in his heart; and I freely give you—my only son and hope—to the glorious cause which his blood and that of thousands of others has hallowed."

For several days the intrepid young officer remained concealed beneath his mother's roof, his presence supposed to be known only by themselves. But one evening, near the end of his furlough, when he was beginning to think about preparing for his secret departure, as officer with six men appeared at the door, and said he had orders to arrest one William Ruggles, supposed to be somewhere in the dwelling.

"Why, that is my son!" said the widow, in the great trepidation.

"So much the more likely that he should be here then," was the unfeeling reply.

"And for what would you arrest him? and what would be done with him if found?"

"We shall take him as a spy, and if found guilty, he will be hung, of course, as every cursed rebel should be. Here, Badger and Wilcot, guard the back door; you, Bent and Walters, begin the search; and you James and Johnson, remain where you are. Sharp, now, all of you! Let the fellow be taken alive, if possible—but alive or dead, let him be taken. Now good woman, if he is in the house, of which we are strongly assured, let him appear and save yourself much trouble, otherwise the consequences be upon your own head."

"If you think my son is in the house, search to your heart's content!" returned the mother, externally calm, internally suffering.

And forthwith the search begun.

Meantime the young lieutenant, who heard enough to comprehend his danger, had set about effecting his escape, but not altogether in the manner first intended. He went out on the roof, it is true, and tied the long rope to the chimney, casting one end down toward the street, but this only for a blind. He had seen that the bricks of the dividing wall between the house occupied by his mother and one of the two adjoining buildings, had been loosely put up under the ridge-pole, and his present design was to remove a few of these, crowd thro' into the loft of the other house, and then replace them. This purpose he effected before the soldiers searching for him came up near enough to hear the little noise he was compelled to make. The open trap-door of the roof, and the rope around the chimney, served to misleading them, as he had hoped; and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that he heard them announce the manner of his escape. Immediately after the whole party left in haste, first threatening Mrs. Ruggles with subsequent vengence for harboring, concealing, and conniving at the the escape of a rebel spy, even though the man was her son.

When fully satisfied that all the soldiers had gone, young Ruggles attempted to return into his mother's dwelling by the way he had left, but in again displacing the bricks for this purpose, one of them slipped and went down through an open trap-door upon the floor below, making a loud noise. Immediately a light flashed up thro' the opening and a timid female voice demanded who was there.

"Lady," he began, in a gentle tone, calculated to reassure his fair hearer, "be not alarmed. I am a friend in distress, the son of your next door neighbor. I am hunted as a spy by British soldiers, and, if found, my life will be forfeited. If you cannot pity me, for God's sake pity my poor mother, and assist me for her sake!"

He presented himself at the opening to the left, and boldly descended the steps leading from it, directly before the lady, a sweet, beautiful girl of eighteen, who stood with a light in her hand, and seemed dumb and motionless with a commingling of fear, surprise and curiosity. The young man continued to speak as he descended, and hurriedly went on to narrate all that had occurred, concluded with the search of the soldiers, and his escape into the loft above.

"Thank God, it is in my power to aid you, sir!" were the first words of the girl, spoken with a look and feeling of sympathy that made the heart of the soldier bound with strange emotions.

So then went on to tell him that a cousin from New Jersey, about his size and build, and looking not unlike him, 'was then on a visit to the family, having a pass from General Howe. This pass she had that evening been looking at, and by accident it was now in her possession, the cousin having gone out with the rest of the family, and forgotten it.

"Take it and fly, and may God preserve you!" she srid. "I can arrange it with my kinsman," she continued; "I can have lost it, and he can easily procure another."

She hurried him down stairs, throwing a cloak over his shoulders on his way, which she insisted upon his wearing, saying, it had belonged to a deceased brother, and he could return it in any future time. She then hastened to get the pass, which she placed in his hand, and urged him to go at once.

"If I could see my mother for a moment," he said.

"No, no—leave all to me—I will explain all to her—go while you can, before it is to late."

"God in Heaven bless you, sweet lady!" he said, impulsively seizing her hand and touching it with his lips. "I will never forget you."

The next moment he was gone. He escaped. And true to his declaration, he never did forget the sweet girl who befriended him in his hour of peril. Years after, the honored wife of General Ruggles was many a time heard to tell of her romantic meeting with him she loved, then a hunted fugitive from the Continental army.

"I Have no Chance."

Don' say that. You have five chances in each hand. Then you have thirty-six at least in your head. Every faculty you have will vote you into office, if you will only enfranchise it, and form a confederation between the freemen in your brain and the freemen at the end of your arms. Chances, plenty of them, fall under our eyes, if we have only eyes to see them, and hands to pick them up.

The falling of an apple was the opportunity for Newton to solve the secret of the skies. A floating seaweed, drifting by the vessel when the crew were uttering mutinuous threats, was the chance seized by Columbus to pacify an incipient rebellion, and to inspire his promises of a new continent, and a new world of enterprise. The picking up, in the streets of Paris, of a pin by a poor boy, as he was going from a great bank, saddened at the denial of his application for a place, was the founding of the success and prosperity of one of the great bankers of the queen city of the world. The simple act, illustrative of the economical spirit asserting itself over present grief, was observed from the window; the lad was recalled and the refusal recalled at the same moment—industry, patience and honesty did the rest. A chance remark from a peasant girl, in an obscure country in England, falling upon the ear of the young observing thinker, Dr. Jenner, gave vaccination to the world, and saves hundreds of thousands of lives annually. A pewter plate founded the Peel family. Robberts, in the poor country about Blackburn, seeing a large family growing up about him, felt that some source of income must be added to the meagre products of his little farm. He quietly conducted experiments in calico printing in his own home. One day, thoughtfully handling a pewter plate from which one of the children had dined, he sketched upon its smooth surface the outline of a parsley leaf, and filling this with coloring matter, he was delighted to find that the impression could be accurately conveyed to the surface of cotton cloth. Here was the first suggestion towards calico printing from metal rollers. The "parsley leaf" on the pewter plate opened up a world of industry to Lancashire; and Robert Peel, to this day, is called, in the neighborhood of Blackburn, "Parsley Peel."

Richard Arkwright, the thirteenth child in a hovel, with no knowledge of letters—an underground barber with a vixen for a wife, who mashed up his models and threw them out—gave his successful spinning model to the world, and put a scepter in England's right hand such as no sovereign ever wielded.

The jumping tea-kettle lid is said to have put the steam into that boy's head who gave us the great giant of industry. A kite and a key, in Franklin's hands, were the grandparents of our telegraphs, and all the blessings of modern inventions applying electricity. A swinging, greasy lamp, just filled with oil by a verger in the Cathedral of Pisa, caught the eye of Galileo at eighteen years of age, taught him the secret of the pendulum, made many a discovery in astronomy and navigation possible, and gave us the the whole modern system of the accurate measurement of time.

Don't say you have no chance! You have the same chance, and better, than the world's greatest and best men have enjoyed. Men uniformly overrate their own strength; the former will do far less than we suppose, and the latter far more. "The longer I live," says one of earth's noble sons, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory!" That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make much without it.

Legislative Fame.

An amusing incident occured, recently, of which a state Senator was the hero. In company with some friends, he was buying some holiday presents for the "little ones" and, in the course of his peregrinations, stopped at a stand for the sale of whistling China birds, presided over by a young American. Our Senatorial friend exercised his well-known conversational powers for some time upon the youthful vender, in the meantime testing his wares, and, finding difficulty in getting suited, said—

"My little friend, this won't whistle."

The juvenile merchant, casting a knowing glance at the Senator, very quickly replied:

"Well, sir, maybe not; but the one you have got in your pocket will!"

This remark started the honest Senator, and after fumbling around in his pockets for some time to satisfy himself that he *hadn't* stolen one, he rejoined, indignantly:

"Young man, how dare you insult a gentleman in that manner?"

The boy's eyes at this moment luckily alighted upon the missing toy, and looking up at the astonished Senator, again in a sort of apologetic way replied:

"Well, sir, I happened to hear one of these gentlemen say that you were a member of the Legislature, and that's why I thought it, sir. I'm glad to see that you ain't, sir. Here's the bird, sir. Ten cents. Thank you. Good-day!"

Act From Principle.

How few person there are whose lives are governed entirely by principle, rather than inclination. Even those of us who may be endeavoring to live for high purposes, come far short our aspirations; alas! how very far short. How often we find ourselves debating with our convictions of right and duty, questioning if it might not be as well for us to yield to inclination just for the time, promising our disturbed consciences that we will make up for the present indulgence, by more vigorous self-denial and strict attention to duty. Vain, fallacious reasoning of a weak nature! we can never make up for our neglected opportunity, one misspent hour, one wrong, selfish act. Once past, the opportunity unimproved, the hour wasted, the act committed, and it beyond recall, except in thoughts of regret. We may atone for it, but we can never change the past—Alas! how painfully are we aware of this fact.

Then should we all endeavor the more earnestly to make our lives ornaments of principle; for we all know that after all, the path of duty, though sometimes rugged, is not without sweet pleasure; and let us never follow our inclinations if they would lead us away from right.—Then shall we be permitted at the last to look back upon our lives with satisfaction, feeling that we have "done what we could," and that Our Father regards us with acts of probation.

TO CURE SCRATCHES.—Somebody wants to know how to cure scratches on his horse. I will give a remedy I used for years with universal success: Take two pounds of Glauber saults, one pound of sulphur, one quarter pound of saltpeter; pulverized all finally together, and give one heaping tablespoonful once a day, thrown on the feed. Now for the feet. Take one pint of neat's foot oil and one-fourth pound of finecut chewing tobacco, and simmer them together Strain out the tobacco and bottle for use. Take castile soap and warm water, wash the part affected clean and dry thoroughly before applying the oil.—If the ankles are much sore it would be well to put cloths on them to keep the air from them while drying; when dry anoint them well with the oil for a few days; then wash as before, dry well, and apply the oil again. If thoroughly applied, it will effect a permanent cure. Keep the feet clean, and scratches will not be likely to return.

COURAGE WILL WIN.—Once a keeper of an asylum had occasion to go upon the roof of a building—a very high one. A patient, unobserved, quickly mounted the ladder after him, and confronted the keeper at the top, told him if he (the keeper) did not jump down, he (the lunatic) would throw him down. There was no mistaking the menacing look and tone. Escape was impossible. Suddenly a happy thought struck keeper. "Ha!" said he with an air of easy confidence; "to jump down would be no great feat, I tell you what—I'll go down and jump up." The challenge was off the moment it was given. The patient paused immediately. [illegible] the ladder, and the keeper [illegible]