

THE POST.
 Every Thursday Evening by
 HAN CHUBB, Proprietor.

TERMS OF Subscription.
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 the year. No paper discontinued
 unless arrears are paid unless at
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Advertisements for the county
 payable in advance.

Persons living and using papers
 in other counties, subscribers
 for the year, for the year of the paper.

FRONMILLER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Middleburg, Pa.,
 professional services to the pub-
 lic and all other professional
 entrusted to his care will receive
 attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

SIMPSON,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Selingsgrove Pa.,
 professional service to the pub-
 lic entrusted to his care
 promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

KNIGHT,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Freeburg Pa.,
 Professional service to the pub-
 lic entrusted to his care
 promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

VAN ZEGER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Lewisburg Pa.,
 professional service to the pub-
 lic and all other professions
 entrusted to his care will re-
 ceive attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

F. MILLER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Lewisburg Pa.,
 Professional service to the pub-
 lic and all other professions
 entrusted to his care will re-
 ceive attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

LISS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Lewisburg Pa.,
 professional services to the pub-
 lic and all other profes-
 sions entrusted to their care
 promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67]

ELSHOWER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Selingsgrove Pa.,
 professional services to the pub-
 lic and all other profes-
 sions entrusted to his care will re-
 ceive attention. Office two doors
 from the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 5, '67]

DELALEMAN,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Selingsgrove Pa.,
 Professional services to the pub-
 lic and all other profes-
 sions entrusted to his care
 promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67]

MYERS,
 ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
 Snyder County Penn.,
 few doors West of the P. O., on
 street. Consultation in English
 and French. [Sep. 17, '67]

BUCHER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Lewisburg Pa.,
 professional services to the pub-
 lic and all other profes-
 sions entrusted to his care
 promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67]

ER & BAKER,
 SEWING MACHINE,
 in need of a good and durable
 Machine can be accommodated at
 low prices by calling on Sam-
 uel, Agent, Selingsgrove.
 [Jan. 24, '68]

J. Y. SHINDEL,
 SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
 Middleburg Pa.,
 his professional services to the cit-
 izens of Middleburg and vicinity.
 [March 21, '67]

VAN BUSKIRK,
 MECHANICAL ENGINEER
 Selingsgrove Penn.

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

J. WAGNER, Esq.,
 JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
 103 To Waship, Snyder Co. Pa.,
 attend to all business entrusted to
 him and on the most reasonable
 terms. [March 12, '68]

J. F. KANAWEL,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 Freerville, Snyder Co., Pa.,
 his professional services to the cit-
 izens of Snyder Co. [Sep. 17, '67]

WYBELL & Co.,
 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
 AND WILLOW WARE
 China, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats,
 Cotton Lays, Grain Bags, Fly
 Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c.
 20 North Third Street, Philadelphia.
 '67

BOYER, JR.,
 AUCTIONEER,
 Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa.,
 respectfully offers his services to
 the public as Vendue Cryer and Auction-
 eer. Having had a large experience, I
 am confident that I can render perfect
 attention to my employes.
 [Jan. 9, '67]

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

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS'
 BACCAWAREHOUSE
 322 N. THIRD ST.
 PHILADELPHIA.

REHANT HOUSE.

M. MANDERBACH Prop'n.
 J. C. NIFE, Clerk,
 413 & 415 North Third Street,
 Philadelphia.

ELLER & ELDER
 WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS
 Dealers in Blank Book Manufacturers
 and in Wrapping, Binding, Cur-
 rent Wall Papers, Paps & Bags & Gen-
 eral Printers.
 20 North Third Street above Race
 Philadelphia Pa.

The Post.

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., JUNE 8, 1871. NO. 13.

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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 per-
son ordering them will be held responsible
for the money.

D. C. CLARKE,
 Importer and Jobber in
NOTIONS!
 Gloves,
 Hosiery,
 Small Wares,
WHITE GOODS!
 Trimmings, Ribbons, &c.
 AND
FANCY WOOLENS
 In Great Variety!
 37 North Third Street,
 PHILADELPHIA.

PETER SPECHT,
 Respectfully informs the citizens of this
 place and surrounding country that he is
 now prepared to manufacture to order, and
 has for sale,
**Buggies,
 Carriages,
 Sulkeys,
 Sleighs,
 Wagons,**
 &c., as cheap, and a little cheaper, than
 they can be purchased elsewhere.

REPAIRING
 of vehicles of various kinds promptly at-
 tended to. A share of the public patronage
 is solicited.
PETER SPECHT,
 Middleburg, May 3, 1871, 11.

D. B. SLIFERS,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Furniture Warerooms,
 NO. 66 NORTH SECOND STREET,
 (Below Arch, West Side.)
 Factory and Wholesale Department,
 1603 North 6th Street, above Oxford,
 PHILADELPHIA.

W. F. HANSELL,
 SUCCESSOR TO CALLEMAN & CREW,
**CROCKERY AND
 GLASSWARE,**
 No. 21 North Fourth Street,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 Original Packages Constantly on Hand.
 Represented by THEO'S SWINERTON.

**NEW FIRM
 -AND-
 NEW GOODS!**
H. G. HETZEL, P. S. McCULLOUGH,
HETZEL & McCULLOUGH,
 (SUCCESSORS TO JOHN HETZEL.)
 DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
MERCHANDISE!
 HIGHEST CASH PRICE
 PAID FOR

FLOUR, GRAIN,
 RAIL ROAD TIES,
 &c., &c.,
CHAPMAN,
 SNYDER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.
 March 17, 1870-11.

**GREAT EXCITEMENT IN
 BANNERVILLE.**
 NEW GOODS.
HELFRICH & BROWER
 Wish to inform the citizens of Bannerville
 and vicinity that they have opened a new
 stock of goods, and will keep constantly on
 hand a full assortment of
DRESS GOODS:
 Consisting of ALPACAS, POPLINS, PLADS,
 LUSTRES, DELAINES,
 CALICOES, &c.

Cloths & Cassimeres
 HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
GROCERIES:
HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE.
SALT AND FISH,
 And in fact everything usually kept in a
 first class country store. All of which we
 offer at greatly reduced prices, for Cash or
 Country Produce.
 Having had large experience in the
 business, we flatter ourselves that we can
 please and satisfy all our customers.
 Hoping by strict attention to business
 and a desire to please all, to merit a liberal
 share of public patronage. Our motto is
 "Quick Sales and Small Profits!"
 We ask at least that the public examine
 our stock and prices before purchasing
 elsewhere, as we always show our goods
 with pleasure.
HELFRICH & BROWER.
 Bannerville June 14, 1870. 17

Select Poetry.
NOBODY'S CHILD.
 Playing out in the dusty street,
 A little sun-browned girl,
 With cheeks like roses, eyes like stars,
 And waving nut-brown curls.

Plopping her shoulders and dimpled arms,
 Wee, wee, blue-berled feet
 What is she doing all alone,
 Out in the crowded street?

Of what is her mother thinking?
 Here she is never safe;
 Hat there comes a loaded wagon,
 Down goes the little walt!

Pick up the poor, crushed body;
 Bleeding and mangled now;
 See where the horse's steel-clad hoof
 Is printed on her brow!

Struggle one moment the wailing hands,
 Flutters the feeble breath,
 Now close the drooping violet eyes—
 We gaze alone on death.

Over the pitiless waxen breast
 Lay the white fingers cold,
 Here is a sad, sad history,
 But one how often told!

Fatherless, motherless, homeless—
 Poor little orphan one—
 Thanks to the merciful Father,
 Her lonely life is done!

She died, alas! as she had lived,
 And over her little bed
 No loving hand placed a flower,
 Or staid a single tear.

But white-robed forms from Eden's towers
 Looked down and sweetly smiled,
 And Jesus, in his tender arms,
 Gathered "Nobody's child!"

**Mr. Fitz Humes' Experiment,
 and how it Succeeded.**
 BY HARRAN E. WARD.

Mr. Augustus Fitz Humes sat in his
 luxurious bachelor establishment on
 B— Street and pondered deeply.
 The subject of his cogitations was a
 wife, or rather how to get one.

There were enough young ladies who
 would be glad to bless their lucky stars
 for the privilege of becoming mistress
 of his home as he well knew, but he
 also felt tolerably well assured the
 home was all they cared for. For
 the fortune they would wed the owner.

"Deuce take the money!" he ex-
 claimed. "I wish I'd never had a
 cent and then—but betteration! Then
 I should have been too poor to marry
 any way. Why couldn't I have had
 just wealth enough for all my wants
 and nothing more. I'll fill them
 though—the mean adventuresses!"

A furious pull at the bell cord
 brought the housekeeper to the room
 in a hurry.

"Pack up your traps, Mrs. Ash-
 field!" he exclaimed abruptly, "for I
 am going to close the house."

It was evident he had come to some
 conclusion.

"Shut up the house, Mr. Fitz-
 Humes?" ejaculated the housekeeper,
 almost believing she had lost her reason.
 "Why such a thing has not occur-
 red since your lamented uncle took
 possession five-and-forty years ago."

"That makes no difference, ma'am;
 I'm master here now, and I shall
 close it now for the present. Mean-
 while your pay can still go on, and
 that of such domestics as you consid-
 er indispensable. Have you no relatives
 you wish to visit?" he in-
 quired.

That settled it. The proffer of con-
 tinued pay removed Mrs. Ashfield's
 scruples quite effectually. She then
 remembered she had friends she had
 not seen for years.

Three days later Mr. Augustus
 Fitz-Humes was safely domiciled in a
 quiet boarding-house, and shortly af-
 terwards he began to sell his dia-
 mond rings, and seals, and other par-
 aphernalia of fashionable life, as well
 as dress himself in plainer clothes.
 A rumor that all his property had
 been lost through an unlucky specu-
 lation was soon afloat.

He lost friends rapidly. By two
 and three they ceased to know him
 as he met them on the street. He
 only laughed and snapped his fingers
 at them behind their backs. Had his
 adversity been real he would not
 have felt like laughing.

Then came the time when his circle
 of acquaintances were narrowed down
 to three. But three of his former
 friends still clung to him, true in ad-
 versity. It was no wonder he grew
 misanthropic.

Out upon the street one day he met
 a carriage containing some of his
 former acquaintances who'd been ab-
 sent from the city, since he closed his
 house. He thought they would not
 notice him, but each inmate of the
 carriage bowed politely as of old.

"They have not heard the news,"
 he muttered, sardonically.

He was mistaken. That night the
 owner of the carriage came to see
 him.

"Rather close quarters, my friend,"
 he said, as he took a calm survey
 of Augustus's not very pretentious sur-
 roundings.

"Pretty close, that's a fact," said
 Mr. Fitz-Humes, icily. "But since I
 lost my property, of which I suppose
 you haven't heard, I have become quite
 economical."

"But I have heard," cried his audi-
 tor, abruptly, "and that is why I
 came. I knew you needed friends
 now, if ever, and the fact is—well—
 my daughter, sir—I mean I came to
 offer the position of head clerk in my
 counting-room. Will you accept it?"

"Ahem! Well, I will think of it
 But it is a long way from my board-
 ing-house."

"Deuce take your boarding-house.
 You can board in my family as a
 well, as a sort of guest you know."

Augustus looked him over closely.
 Reuben Stanley was a wealthy man—
 very wealthy he was called—and in his
 face there was nothing to warrant the
 suspicion that he had learned Augus-
 tus's secret and wished to curry favor
 by aiding him while under an appar-
 ent cloud, so that idea was speedily
 dismissed. Of course he quickly thank-
 ed him and accepted.

Once cozily snuggled in the Stanley
 Mansion, it was not long before he
 wondered why he had not noticed
 Nellie Stanley before. She did not
 seem to feel above him, notwithstanding
 the wide difference in their posi-
 tions, and treated him as cordially—
 more cordially he thought—as before
 the change in his fortunes. He would
 not have been human had he not learn-
 ed to love her.

The climax came when she gave a
 grand party. Then before the *clique*
 of the city she did not hesitate to receive
 attentions from him, on which but one
 construction could be placed. He
 thought her quite a heroine, and as-
 ked no father proof that she could love
 him.

The next forenoon they met in her
 father's library, where he had waited
 to see her.

"Nellie," he said, as soon as the
 usual courtesies had been exchanged,
 "I come to you this morning to learn
 my fate. I know the difference in our
 positions, and would not urge you—
 only let your heart decide. My heart
 I lay before you."

She blushed prettily, and seemed
 composed for a moment, then she gave
 him her hand.

"I have loved you, O so long!"
 she said. "And I feared that you
 would never love me. You were so
 jealous before you lost your wealth
 that all were mere adventuresses. I
 was heartily glad, when papa said you
 had lost it, and I—"

"You sent him to negotiate with
 me?" cried Augustus, finishing the
 sentence intuitively and giving it
 a fatal emphasis.

"I loved you so," she murmured
 deprecatingly.

"I do not doubt it, dearest." And
 Mr. Augustus Fitz-Humes believed
 himself the happiest of men.

They were married. The wedding
 was very unpretentious, as became
 the bridegroom's straitened circum-
 stances, and he was in constant ecstacy,
 as he thought, of her surprise when he
 should tell her that his fortune still
 remained. He sat for Mrs. Ashfield
 to come and reopen the house and put
 it in condition to receive its mistress.
 Meantime they tarried at her father's.

"Augustus," said his wife one day
 "I have a favor to ask of you—will
 you grant it?"

"I will if in my power, darling!"
 he exclaimed.

"Well, poor papa is rather short of
 money—won't you lend him ten or
 fifteen thousand?"

"Me! Why you know—"

"O, I know what you have been
 pretending," was the quick reply.
 "But then it wasn't so—you never
 lost your money."

Augustus Fitz-Humes was dumb
 with astonishment and chagrin.

"How did you find that out?" he
 gasped.

"I knew it all the time. When I
 heard that you were penniless, papa
 went directly to your banker and
 learned the contrary. I think we
 managed shrewdly."

"I think you did," cried her hus-
 band, desperately; but do you think
 that I'll endure it?"

"How can you help yourself? We
 are married now—will you apply for
 a divorce?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then what will you do?"

"Answer me one question. Do you
 really love me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, if you love me, we will drop
 the subject."

"I think you'd better," she said
 quietly.

We think so too.

Soda Water—How it is Made.
 As the warm weather approaches,
 soda fountains that have lain idle dur-
 ing the winter, are mounted again,
 syrups manufactured, and various drag-
 stores and confectioneries prepare to
 furnish a large class of thirsty citizens
 with a foamy and favorite beverage.
 A large portion of our population, in-
 cluding the fair sex, drink soda water
 as the occasion offers. Even the divo-
 cee of Barbon, who sneezes at thin
 wines, and looks upon lager beer as a
 weak invention, the enemy, relishes an
 occasional glass of soda when his
 coppers are low and his blood feverish.
 Others take it with a good dash of
 whisky or brandy in each glass.

Soda water is simply plain water,
 heavily charged with carbonic acid gas,
 the gas being evolved through the ac-
 tion of sulphuric acid on lime. Formerly
 soda water was made with soda
 and tartaric acid, but as the sulphuric
 plan is much cheaper it is generally
 adopted. The fountains charged with
 soda water are subjected to a heavy
 pressure, and when the work is care-
 lessly done they not infrequently ex-
 plose; sometimes causing loss of life.
 Soda water, without syrup, if unim-
 pregnated with minerals, is a healthy
 and pleasant beverage, having a slight
 biting, stinging taste in the mouth,
 and assisting in the work of digestion,
 when taken into the stomach. In
 England it is generally taken in this
 way, or mixed with brandy. In this
 country, however, it is usually taken
 with syrups, flavored with some sort
 of fruity essence, of which the chemist
 has given us an endless variety. In
 this state soda is more palatable, but
 not so healthy.

Soda water is deleterious, mostly on
 account of the lead it holds in solution.
 Being conveyed through leaden pipes,
 the action of the carbonic acid gas
 rapidly oxidizes the metal, which is held
 in solution by the beverage. Lead, as
 is well known, is a dangerous poison.
 When the weather is hot, and the bever-
 age in demand, the danger is not so
 great, as the fountain is exhausted be-
 fore it has time to become thoroughly
 impregnated. It is not so good to
 drink soda on a cold, chilly day, when
 there is little demand for it. And oc-
 casionally, in generating the gas, the
 sulphuric acid slops over and mixes
 with the beverage.

Every popular fruit has its repre-
 sentative syrup, the customer paying
 his money and taking his choice. The
 unsophisticated fondly imagine that
 these grateful syrups are manufactured
 directly from the fruit, and it is a pity
 to undeceive them. But the glory of
 chemistry, as demonstrated in the
 manufacture of delicate flavors from
 the most unpromising substances, must
 be vindicated.

The most popular soda syrup is
 strawberry. The glorious fruit after
 which it is named numbers its friends
 by the millions, and the soda tippler,
 with the remembrance of vanished
 strawberries and by-gone cream still
 lingering on his palate, when he or-
 ders a glass of soda takes strawberry
 "in his'n." We trust that in exposing
 the formula for the manufacture of
 strawberry syrup, nobody's appetite
 will be spoiled.

Butyric ether is the base of all fruit
 syrups. Butyric ether is made some-
 times of rancid butter, though old, rat-
 ton cheese is generally preferred—the
 loudest variety of limburger affording
 the best quality of ether. The cheese
 is treated with sulphuric acid, and if a
 particularly nice and finely flavored
 ether is desired, a few chips of old
 leather are added. Any sort of leather
 will do, but old boots or shoes are pre-
 ferred. Strawberry syrup is made of
 two parts of butyric ether and one
 part of acetic ether, diluted with al-
 cohol and water. A pint of real straw-
 berry syrup added to the gallon of
 mixture, will improve the syrup, but
 it is not absolutely necessary; color with
 cochineal.

Raspberry syrup is made after the
 same formula, except that a pint of real
 raspberry syrup is added, if the chemist
 has it. If not he takes a jar of his
 strawberry syrup, colors a little darker
 and changes the label.

Sarsaparilla is the simplest and nas-
 tiest of the syrups. Molasses is its
 base, with a little essence of sassafras
 and wintergreen added. A few roots
 of sarsaparilla "biled" in the mixture
 will do no harm and no good.

Pineapple syrup is made of butyric
 and formic ether. Formic ether was
 formerly made by the action of sul-
 phuric acid on red ants, but latterly it
 is made of glycerine and soap.

Peach syrup is made of bitter al-
 monds and acetic ether. Twenty drops
 of the oil of bitter almonds will kill a
 man.

Nectar is formed by mixing various
 syrups and adding a little Maleria
 wine—the wine being compounded of
 neutral spirit, logwood, sugar and raisins.
 Lemon is the palest that can be ob-
 tained. It is made of citric acid and
 sugar, with perhaps a few lemon peels.
 The citric acid is made of lemons.

The above statements in regard to
 the manufacture of syrups are true.

A glass of soda water, with syrups,
 costs the manufacturer about a cent
 or eight and a quarter, and retails for
 ten cents.

Help Thyself.
 A merchant in the city of B—
 died suddenly some years ago, leaving
 an only son, a youth of nineteen. The
 father had been very wealthy, and
 had lavished on his boy every indul-
 gence money could procure. The son's
 life had been passed chiefly in school
 and college, where he had learned little
 either of labor or economy; and it was
 not until the news of his father's death
 reached him, that the young man
 learned that not a dollar remained of
 the fortune he had expected to inherit.

Leaving college, the student returned
 home, to learn for the first time the
 value of money by earning it for him-
 self. Without wasting time in useless
 regrets, he applied to various business
 associates of his father for employment
 but received from all very decided
 though kind refusals, on the ground
 that he knew nothing of business.—
 Nothing daunted by these repeated
 failures, the youth applied to the pro-
 prietor of an extensive brick-making
 establishment, a benevolent-looking old
 gentleman, and asked for employment.

"Employment! what sort?" in-
 quired the old gentleman, looking with
 unforgotten surprise at the slight boyish
 figure, and small white hands of the
 youth who stood before him.

"Of any sort," was the unhesitating
 reply. "I can do anything that
 others can do."

"But," said Mr. C—, "I have no
 use for employes but for hard manual
 labor, for which you are wholly un-
 fitted. Digging clay is the only work
 we have at this season of the year."

"Give me leave to dig clay with
 the rest; why cannot I do what others do?
 Anything is better than begging or
 starving."

Seeing the persistency of the boy,
 Mr. C— somewhat hesitatingly en-
 gaged him, and sent him off to dig clay
 with the other workmen. Fervently
 thanking his employer, the youth hast-
 ened to the yard, and set at once
 about his work. At sunset he had
 earned just seventy-five cents; the
 next day his earnings were slightly in-
 creased, and so a week wore on, the
 young man being usually the first one
 on the ground in the morning, though
 he had to walk four miles to the brick-
 yard. Mr. C— now became in-
 terested in behalf of one who had pro-
 ved himself so worthy of the aid of oth-
 ers by his untiring efforts to help him-
 self. A clerkship with a good salary
 was obtained, and this was but the
 steppingstone to higher and more re-
 sponsible posts; in all of which he
 showed the same energy, persever-
 ance, and true heartedness. To-day
 he is the honored president of a pros-
 perous bank, and the ever-ready and
 efficient helper of the needy and un-
 fortunate—all the result of that brave
 boy's determination to work rather
 than beg—to labor for an honest living,
 rather than talk of his misfortunes, or
 enlist the sympathy of others.—*Christi-
 an Weekly.*

The Crust of the Earth.
 If we bury a thermometer fifty feet
 below the surface of the earth the
 mercury will remain at the same point
 the year round, in winter and summer
 showing that the influence of the sun
 does not reach below that depth. If
 we carry the thermometer fifty feet
 lower, the mercury will rise one de-
 gree, and will rise in the same ratio
 for every fifty feet we go down. It
 can be easily calculated at what depth
 all known substances will melt. This
 would not exceed fifty miles. It will
 be thus seen that the crust—or solid
 part—of the earth is exceeding thin,
 in proportion to the diameter; not so
 thick as an egg shell, in proportion to
 the egg. With a crust so thin and
 constantly cooling, and producing a
 pressure upon the internal masses, it
 is not strange that the bed of the
 ocean should be elevated in a single
 day, and whole cities have been sunk
 in the same space of time. The side
 of a volcano mountain once broke
 away, and the livid masses flowed out,
 forming a river twelve miles wide,
 which, in its course, melted down six
 hills 600 feet high, filling up valleys
 600 feet deep, and spreading over a
 surface 1100 square miles.

The Democratic Convention.
 The Press very pointedly says that
 the Democratic Convention at Harris-
 burg, nominated a respectable ticket
 and adopted a respectable platform,
 (considering the men who composed
 it,) modelled after that of the Repub-
 licans of several years ago. There
 was quite a struggle over the nomi-
 nations, and the unanimity with which
 the chosen candidates were endorsed
 was by no means hearty. It is evi-
 dent by the platform adopted that the
 Democracy will make a desperate strug-
 gle for victory next fall, and that in
 order to win they will not hesitate to
 stultify themselves. The ready frank-
 ness with which they accepted the po-
 litical situation—negro equality, civil
 and political—was well simulated;
 but as they have thus squarely placed
 themselves on record we do not object
 to it. We rejoice in the moral, intel-
 lectual, and political advancement of
 any man or class of men, and we hail
 with joy this evidence that the lapse
 of years is gradually lifting the Dem-
 ocracy out of the mists of the past.

But while we applaud this action of
 the convention, we do not believe in
 the sincerity of the men who inspired
 it. The vote of the resolution recog-
 nizing the validity of the fifteenth
 amendment proves this. These men
 hate the negro as cordially to-day as
 ever. It is only another illustration
 of their farrago demagoguery, their
 utter lack of principle, and a confession
 of the weakness of their cause in the
 past and its despatchness at present.

On all the other questions treated
 of in the platform there is the same
 lack of sincerity. Who believes that
 the Democratic party is in favor of con-
 stitutional reform? With its constitu-
 tions are things to endure forever,
 and if that of Pennsylvania had been
 framed at the beginning of the Chris-
 tian era, with the ignorant masses and
 conservative (if cultured) leaders who
 make up that organization, it would
 be all the more precious.

So their resolution about the purity
 of the ballot-box in Philadelphia. It
 was no doubt inspired by the Phila-
 delphia delegation, which embraced a
 half dozen men at least who could be
 restrained by no registry law, how-
 ever stringent, and who have no more
 respect for the sanctity of the fran-
 chise than they have of reverence for
 the Deity. And yet they talk about
 frauds and forgery and murder.

Their palaver to the workingmen is
 worse than nonsense. The representa-
 tives of the laboring classes asked
 for bread, and they have been thrown
 hush. Their tariff plank is treason
 to the greatest interests of the State
 —the industries in which our miners
 and mechanics have their living.

We have read nothing so stultifying
 so impotent, and so meaningless as
 this Democratic platform since the
 Tammany convention promulgated its
 principles. It will make a laughing
 stock of its authors in every workshop,
 farm-house and counting-room of the
 Commonwealth, and render our success
 at the polls next October all the more
 certain.

WHAT DOES IT PROFIT?—The soul
 is the life, the inner; the world is the
 habitation, the outer. When I see
 a man who has consecrated his time
 to money-getting, whose walls hang
 thick with pictures he never cares to
 look at, and his library is filled with
 books which he never cares to read, I
 ask myself, what does it profit?
 When I see a man who clothes his wife
 in silks and satins, and gives his chil-
 dren all that money can purchase, but
 has no kins for the one, and no com-
 brace for the other, and never time
 to bind them to him by cords of loving
 sympathy, I ask myself, what does it
 profit? When I see a man rising by
 sinuous processes to places of high
 honor in the state, only to be despised
 by all who track his slimy pathway
 thither, I ask myself, what does it
 profit? When I see the "rich fool" of
 the present day wandering where he
 shall bestow his accumulated goods,
 and never hearing the warning voice
 which every recurring funeral repeats
 in his ears, "Thou fool—thy soul shall
 be required of thee," I ask what does
 it profit? O reader! shroud to bal-
 ance advantages in every bargain, con-
 sider whether you are bargaining away
 yourself, and if so, what profit there is
 or can be, let the price be what it
 may.

A citizen of Nebraska was boasting
 that in his town there wasn't either a
 doctor, a lawyer, or a clergyman, and
 only one rum-seller.

"How many inhabitants are there
 altogether?" asked a bystander.

"Well," was the reply, "there's only
 my family and my brother Jake's, and
 Jake is the rum-seller."