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# The Post.

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Adv.  
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not more than five lines, per year, 5.00.  
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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.

J. P. CRONMILLER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Middleburg, Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other professional  
business entrusted to his care will receive  
prompt attention. [Jan 3, '67]

A. C. SIMPSON,  
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Offers his professional services to the pub-  
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business entrusted to his care will receive  
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prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

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(Successors to J. P. & J. M. Linn.)  
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public. Collections and all other profes-  
sional business entrusted to their care  
will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selingsgrove Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other professional  
business entrusted to his care will re-  
ceive prompt attention. Office two doors  
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '67]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selingsgrove Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to. Collec-  
tions made in all parts of the State.  
He can speak the English and German  
languages fluently. Office between Hall's  
and the Post office. [Jan. 3, '67]

N. MYERS,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW  
Middleburg Snyder County Penna.  
Office a few doors West of the P. O. on  
Main street. Consultation in English  
and German languages. [Jan. 3, '67]

C. BUCHER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67]

ROVER & BAKER,  
SEWING MACHINE.  
Persons in need of a good and durable  
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at  
reasonable prices by calling on S. W. ROVER  
& BAKER, Agents, Selingsgrove.  
[Jan. 24, '68]

D. R. J. Y. SHINDEL,  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,  
Middleburg Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the citi-  
zens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

D. F. VAN BUSKIRK,  
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST  
Selingsgrove Penn  
[Jan. 3, '67]

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

W. WAGNER, Esq.,  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.  
Attend to all business entrusted to  
care and on the most reasonable  
terms. [March 12, '67]

R. J. F. KANAWEL,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Greenville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the  
public. [Jan. 3, '67]

J. BOYER, JR.,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the pub-  
lic as Vendue Cryer and Auctioneer.  
Having had a large experience, I  
assure that I can render perfect  
attention to my employes. [Jan. 9, '67]

J. PARKS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW &  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
Middleburg, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa.  
Office in Court House, [Sept. 16, '67]

WIS BREMER'S SONS  
WAREHOUSE  
322 N. THIRD ST.  
PHILADELPHIA.

CHAMBERLAIN HOUSE,  
MANDERBACH PROP'Y,  
J. C. NIFE, Clerk,  
& 415 North Third Street,  
Philadelphia.

W. & ELDEN,  
WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS,  
Blank Book Manufacturers  
and Wrapping, Binding, Cur-  
rent Wall Papers, Paper Bags & Gen-  
eral Printing.  
30 North Third Street above Race  
Philadelphia Pa.

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,  
Sulkies,  
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 patron-  
age is solicited.

D. B. SLIFER'S  
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 CAFFMAN & CREW,  
**CROCKERY AND  
GLASSWARE,**  
No. 21 North Fourth Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Original Packages Constantly on Hand.  
Represented by THEO'S SWINEFORD.

NEW FIRM  
—AND—  
NEW GOODS!  
R. 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, 1870-1871.

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.

Select Poetry.

INFELISSIME.

A PHASE OF THE "WOMAN" MOVEMENT.

Say, "Squire, I've quit on Susan and I want a  
bill to show  
That she ain't got no claim on me, but's got to  
lose her run—  
And twist us, 'Squire, she jest kin hoe it like any  
other man,  
For she is keen to hatch and gritty to carry out  
a plan.

Ye see, she's a woman's righter and thinks her  
sex ain't free,  
And to vent her spite agin the law, she makes it  
but for me.  
I call it rough, but Susan seems to think it's  
strictly just,  
Because the law's agin her, to make me get up  
and dust!

We didn't hitch well from the start, for I was on  
the rack  
And swapt a cow for three bound pups, the pret-  
tiest ever made,  
The cow her father she her—but a man's wife's  
thing is his—  
Wal, from that day agin my trades she's had a  
project!

She scolded when I traded off ten South Down's  
for a gun—  
We misted the wood and nutten, but a man must  
have some fun—  
And when I swapt her chickens for a patent  
milking stool,  
She snarled, "What good's a milking stool with-  
out a cow, ye fool!"

I've allus had a hankerin' for labor savin' tools,  
But Suke says patent rights is only traps for  
ketchin' fools.  
The woman is that contrary she's allus been dis-  
gusted.  
Since my patent steam egg hatcher, knocked her  
over when it busted!

Ye see, till we was married, I wasn't with a red,  
But, turnin' Susan's things, I got a heap of stud  
ahead—  
Dogs, guns, steel traps, and patent rights of  
things that's labor savin'—  
But every time I made was sure to set that  
woman a-ravin'!

She twitted me of foolin' off her property for  
trash,  
And tried to shut down on it. Now wasn't that  
rather trash!  
I told her I was agin the law's idee—  
She grabbed the tater smasher and forth withy  
went for me!

We had a little interval of explanation then,  
In which she vowed she wouldn't stand the  
tyranny of men—  
I told her I could stand some tater smashers or  
blows  
But if she tried to hepken me, I'd raise the  
very deuce!

"I'm too much of a man," she said, "for you to nose  
around,  
And in this room I weigh just sixteen ounces to  
the pound!"  
You see, this year behind my ear, Wal, when I  
spoke of lost  
She dug my patent mop-stick and that there's  
no mark she left!

She took to runnin' after these 'ere woman-  
suffrage critters,  
Which she disgested me I took to runnin' after  
suffrage!  
I'm satisfied she don't respect her husband as  
she ought ter,  
Which comes of the condemned rebellious notions  
they have taught her!

For feminine equality she says she's an aspirant  
And vows she "will not cringe nor bow for no  
foeminate tyrant!"  
That's me, ye know—yet there's one she  
likes to do for me,  
She dusts my jacket and cleans me out with  
peaky energy!

I'm peacably inclined myself but Suke is quar-  
relsome.  
You don't hear a complaint from me if we don't  
have a crumb,  
For three days in a stretch; but Susan she'll  
git  
up and rane,  
About such little things as that, enough to raise  
the hair!

I love a lively woman, but Suke carries things  
too far,  
I suppose she'll be disgusted when she finds I've  
quit on her,  
But I'm a man of spirit and I won't be licked, ye  
see,  
Day after day, without one break "for death or  
victory!"

LATER.  
'Squire, never mind the paper; Suke has adver-  
tised, for spite,  
That she won't pay no debts for me! That's  
where she's got me tight!  
For I'm dead broke, she says I must light out,  
I must go and  
She's gittin' me in one of those things they call a  
quandary!

What Five Dollars Paid.  
Mr. Herriot was sitting in his office  
one day when a lad entered and hand-  
ed him a small slip of paper. It was a  
bill of five dollars, due to his shoe-  
maker, a poor man, who lived in the  
next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle  
this soon. It isn't convenient to-day."  
The boy retired.

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five dollar  
bill in his pocket, but he felt as if he  
couldn't part with it. He didn't like  
to be entirely out of money. So, acting  
from this impulse, he had sent the  
boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot  
for the next five minutes. Yet his  
thoughts were very busy. He was not  
altogether satisfied with himself. The  
shoemaker was a poor man and needed  
his money as soon as earned. He was  
not unadvised to the fact.

"I almost wish I had sent the five  
dollars," said Mr. Herriot at length,  
half audibly. "He wants it worse than  
I do."

He mused still further.  
"The fact is," he at length ex-  
claimed, starting up, "it's Grant's money  
and not mine; and what is more, he  
shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and  
left the office.  
"Did you get the money, Charles?"  
said Grant, as his boy entered the shop.  
There was a good deal of earnestness  
in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad.  
"Didn't get the money?"  
"No, sir."  
"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"  
"Yes, sir; but he said it was no  
convenient to-day."  
"Oh, dear, I'm sorry!" came from  
the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop  
when the boy came in; she had seen  
arise and was leaning on the counter;  
a look of disappointment was in her  
face.  
"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee,"  
said Grant. "I was sure of getting

the money from him. He never dis-  
appointed me before. Call in tomorrow  
and I'll try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well  
as disappointed. Slowly she turned  
away and left the shop. A few min-  
utes after her departure Herriot came  
in, and after some words of apology  
paid the bill.

"Run and get this bill changed,"  
said the shoemaker to his boy, the mo-  
ment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as soon as the  
change was placed in his hands, "take  
two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to  
Mr. Weaver, across the street. Tell  
Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him  
for having loaned it to me this morn-  
ing; and sorry that I hadn't as much  
in the house when he sent for it an  
hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elley, but I  
assure you I have not," said Mr. Weav-  
er, the tailor. "I paid out the last  
dollar just before you came in. But  
call in tomorrow, and you shall have  
the money to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I  
have not a cent to bless myself with,  
and I owe so much at the grocer's  
where I deal that he won't trust me  
for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled and the  
woman lingered. Just at this moment  
the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are three dollars Mr. Grant  
borrowed of you this morning," said  
the lad; "he says he's sorry he hadn't  
the money when you sent for it a  
while ago."

How the faces of both the tailor and  
the needlewoman brightened instantly  
as if a gleam of sunshine had penetra-  
ted the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you,"  
said the former, in a cheerful voice,  
and he handed the woman the three  
dollars he had received. A moment  
after he was alone, but with the glad  
face of the poor woman whose need  
he had been able to supply distinct  
before him.

Of the three dollars received by the  
needlewoman, two went to the grocer  
on account of her debt to him; half a  
dollar was paid to an old needy col-  
ored woman who had earned it by  
scrubbing, and was waiting for Mrs.  
Elley's return from the tailor's to get  
her dues, and thus he able to provide  
an evening's and morning's meal for  
herself and children: The other half  
was paid to the baker when he called  
toward evening to leave the accus-  
tomed loaf. Thus the poor needle-  
woman had been able to discharge  
three debts, and at the same time re-  
establish her credit with the grocer  
and baker, from whom came the largest  
portion of food consumed in her little  
family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On  
her arrival home, empty handed, from  
the shoemaker, who owed her two  
dollars for work, she found a young  
girl, in whose pale face were marks of  
suffering and care, awaiting her return.  
The girl's countenance brightened as  
she came, but there was no answering  
brightness in the countenance of Mrs.  
Lee, who immediately said, "I am  
sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me  
off until tomorrow. He said he hadn't  
a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very  
great. For the smile she had forced into  
life instantly faded, and was succeeded  
by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very bad-  
ly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half  
choked voice, for the sudden change  
in the girl's manner had affected her.

"Oh, yes, m'am, very badly. I left  
Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl,  
and a blanket wrapped all around her  
feet to keep them warm; but she was  
coughing dreadful from the cold of the  
room."

"Havon't you a fire?" asked Mrs.  
Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy  
coal I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together  
and an expression of pain was about  
passing her lips, when the shoemaker's  
boy came in.

"Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant  
sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" This excla-  
mation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.  
On the part of Harriet, to whom  
\$1. was due, a gush of silent tears  
marked the effect this timely supply  
of money produced. She received her  
portion, and without trusting her  
voice with words, hurried away to  
supply the pressing wants of home.

A few doors from the residence of  
Mrs. Lee lived a man who some months  
before had become involved in trouble  
with an evil-disposed person, and had  
been forced to defend himself by means  
of the law.

He had employed Mr. Herriot to do  
what was requisite in the case, for  
which service the charge was five  
dollars. The bill had been rendered a  
few days before, and the man, who was  
poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He  
had the money all made up to within  
a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed  
him, and she had promised to give it  
to him during this day. For hours  
he had waited, expecting her to come  
in; but now had nearly given her up.

There was another little bill of three  
dollars which had been sent in to him,  
and he had just concluded to go and  
pay that when Mrs. Lee called with  
the balance of the money—the dollar  
—which she had received from the  
shoemaker, Mr. Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket  
book of Mr. Herriot was no longer  
empty. His client had called and  
paid his bill. The five dollars had  
come back to him.

HOME AGAIN.

A STRANGE RAILROAD INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Washington  
City Capital writes thus of an incident  
on the Boston and Albany rail-  
road a short time ago:

I ran across what first struck me as a  
very singular genius on the road from  
Springfield to Boston. This was a  
stout, black-whiskered man, who in-  
dulged, from time to time, in the  
most strange and unaccountable mar-  
noeuvres. Every now and then he  
would get up and hurry away to the  
narrow passage which leads to the  
door in these drawing-room cars, and  
when he thought himself secure from  
observation, would fall to laughing in  
the most violent manner, and continue  
the healthful exercise until he was as  
red in the face as a lobster. As we  
nearly Boston these demonstrations  
increased in violence, save that the  
stranger did not go away to laugh, but  
kept his seat and chuckled to himself,  
with his chin deep down in his shirt  
collar. But the changes that these  
portmanteau underwent. He moved  
them here, there, and everywhere; he  
put them behind him, in front of him,  
on each side of him. He was evi-  
dently getting ready to leave, but as  
we were yet 25 miles from Boston,  
the idea of such early preparations was  
ridiculous.

If he had entered the city then the  
mystery would have remained unsolved  
but the stranger at last became so ex-  
cited that he could keep his seat no  
longer. Some one must help him,  
and I was the nearest, he selected me.  
Suddenly turning, as if I had asked a  
question, he said, rocking himself to  
and fro in his seat the meantime, and  
slapping his legs, and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years!"  
"Ah!"  
"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't  
expect me for six months yet, but I  
got through and started. I telegraphed  
them at the last station; they've  
got it by this time."

As he said this he rubbed his hands  
and changed the portmanteau on his  
left to the right side, and the one on  
the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.  
"Yes, and three children," he re-  
turned, and he got up and folded his  
evercoat anew, and hung it over the  
back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous about the  
matter, ain't you?" I said watching  
his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think I was," he  
replied; "I hain't slept soundly for a  
week. And do you know," he went  
on, glancing around at the passengers,  
and speaking in a lower tone, "I am  
almost certain this train will run off  
the track and break my neck before I  
get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I  
have had too much good luck for one  
man lately. The thing can't last;  
'tain't natural that it should, you  
know; I've watched it. First it rains,  
then it shines, and then it rains again;  
it rains so hard you think it's never  
going to stop; then it shines so  
bright you think it's always going to  
shine; and just as you are settled in  
either belief, you are knocked over by  
a change, to show you that you know  
nothing about it."

"Well, according to that philoso-  
phy," says I, you will continue to have  
sunshine, because you are expecting a  
storm."

"It's curious," he returned, after a  
pause "but the only thing which  
makes me think I'll get through safe,  
is because I think I won't."

"Well, that is curious," said I.  
"Lord, yes," he replied, "I'm a  
machinist—made a discovery—no-  
body believed it; spent all my money  
trying to bring it out—mortgaged my

home—all went. Everybody but my  
wife—spunky little woman—said she'd  
work her fingers off before I should  
give it up. Went to England—no  
better there; came within an ace of  
jumping off the London Bridge; went  
into a shop to earn money enough to  
come home with there; I met the man  
I wanted. To make a long story short  
I've brought thirty thousand pounds  
home with me."

"Good for you," I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "thirty thousand  
pounds; and the best of it is she  
doesn't know anything about it. I've  
fooled her so often, and disappointed  
her so much that I just concluded to  
say nothing about this. When I get  
my money, though, you better believe  
I struck a bee line for home."

"And now you will make her hap-  
py," said I.

"Happy?" he replied. "Why,  
you don't know anything about it.  
She's worked like a dog while I have  
been gone trying to support herself  
and the children decently. They  
paid her thirteen cents a piece for mak-  
ing course shirts; and that's the way  
she lived half the time. She'll come  
down there to the depot to meet me  
in a gingham dress and a shawl a hun-  
dred years old, and she'll think she's  
dressed up. Oh she won't have any  
clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not,"  
and with these words, which implied  
that his wife's wardrobe would soon  
rival that of Queen Victoria's, the  
stranger tore down the passage way  
again, and getting in his old corner,  
where he thought himself out of sight  
went through the strangest portmou-  
che, laughing his mouth into the  
drollest shapes, and then swinging  
himself backward and forward in the  
limited space, as if he were walking  
down Broadway a full rigged metro-  
politan swell. And so on until we  
rolled in the depot, placing myself on  
the other car, opposite the stranger,  
who, with a portmanteau in each  
hand, had descended, and was stand-  
ing on the lower step, ready to jump  
to the platform. I looked from his  
face to the faces of the people before  
us, but saw no sign of recognition,  
suddenly he cried: "There they are,  
and" and laughed outright, but in a  
historical sort of a way, as he look-  
ed over the crowd I followed his  
eyes, and some distance back, as if  
crowded out and shouldered away by  
the well dressed and elbowing through,  
a little woman in a faded dress, a well-  
worn hat, with a face almost painful  
in its intense but hopeful expression  
glancing from window to window as  
the coaches glided in. She had not  
seen the stranger, but a moment after  
she caught his eye, and in another in-  
stant he had jumped to the platform  
with his two portmanteaus, and mak-  
ing a hole in the crowd, pushing one  
here and there, and running one of  
his bundles plump in the well-devel-  
oped stomach of a venerable looking  
old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed  
toward the place where she was stand-  
ing.

I think I never saw a face assume  
so many different expressions in so  
short a time as did that of the little  
woman while her husband was on his  
way to her. She didn't look pretty.  
On the contrary, she looked very plain  
but somehow I felt a big lump rise in  
my throat as I watched her. She was  
trying to laugh. God bless her, how  
completely she failed in the attempt,  
her mouth got into that position, but  
it never moved after that, save to draw  
down at the corners and quiver,  
while she blinks her eyes so fast that  
I suspect she only caught glimpses of  
the broad shouldered fellow who el-  
bowed his way so rapidly toward her.  
And, then, as he drew close and dr-  
pped those everlasting portmanteaus,  
she just turned completely around,  
with her back toward him, and cover-  
ed her face with her hands. And  
thus she was when the strong man  
gathered her up in his arms as if she  
had been a baby, and held her sobbing  
to his breast. There were eno-  
gaping at them, heaven knows, and I  
turned my eyes away a moment, and  
then I saw two boys in threadbare  
roundabouts standing near wiping  
their red eyes and noses on their little  
coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at  
every fresh demonstration on the part  
of their mother, who seemed as if the  
pent-up tears of all those weary months  
of waiting were streaming through her  
eyes.

A young lady at Indiana not very  
long since killed a skunk with a but-  
cher knife. Her lover came to see her  
that night and told her that he could  
not marry her unless she quit using  
such hair oil.

Signs of the Times.  
Few amongst us realize that we are  
living through the most startling  
epoch the world's history has ever re-  
corded. Events have transpired dur-  
ing the last twenty years sufficient to  
make the history of a century in an-  
cient times. Wars have been waged  
and battles fought, to which the wars  
of the Titans were but child's play.  
The thunders of the Gods of Homer  
stand realized, and men are slain by  
the million in a way that the grand  
old Greek never thought of in his  
wildest dreams. It is but as yester-  
day since the roar of the last gun died  
away at Richmond; Paris is yet  
smouldering; Russia is in Turkestan  
with troops; Afghanistan is steeping  
—dies in blood; the Cuban insur-  
rection is not yet crushed out; Tur-  
key is preparing for war; Mexico is  
on the eve of a bloody contest; Per-  
sian's dying of famine; and the echoes  
of our heavy guns are even now  
ringing amongst the hills of the  
Cora.

Politics and religion are agitating  
the world. A dynasty that has ruled  
in Rome a thousand years is threat-  
ened with annihilation. Another dy-  
nasty that has cursed a people for half  
a century is flung aside, worthless and  
powerless, while standing amidst  
the red hot smoking ruins of the cap-  
ital of a brave people are contending  
factions, each as venal and corrupt as  
the other.

Truly, we may stand appalled at  
the picture and ask, "What next?"

Billings Homely Advice.  
Don't swap with your relaxation un-  
less you ken afford to give em the big  
end of the trade.

Don't take yer terbacker box out in  
in kumpany.

Say, Hey are ye? to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and  
keep a good stock of impudence on  
hand.

Don't take anybody's advice but  
your own.

It costs more to borrow than it does  
to buy.