

**THE POST**  
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# The Post.

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., OCTOBER 26, 1871. NO. 33.

## Select Poetry.

**DO SOMETHING.**  
If the world seems cold to you,  
Kindle fires to warm it!  
Let their comfort hide from view  
Winters that deform it.  
Hear us as frozen as your own  
To that radiance gather:  
You will soon forget to moan,  
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a "wilderness,"  
Go build houses in it!  
Will it help your loneliness,  
On the winds to din it?  
Raise a hut, however slight  
Weeds and brambles smother,  
And to roof and meal invite  
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's "a vale of tears,"  
Smile till rainbows span it:  
Breathe the love that life endears;  
Clear from clouds to fan it.  
Of your gladness lend a gleam  
Until souls that shiver  
Show them how dark sorrow's stream  
Blends with hope's bright river.

**The Dead Letter.**  
BY JOHN G. Saxe.  
And can it be? Ah, yes, I see,  
"Thirty years and better  
Since Mary Morgan sent to me  
This mummy, mummy letter.  
A pretty hand (she couldn't spell),  
As any man must vote it;  
And 'twas as I remember well,  
A pretty hand that wrote it!"

How calmly now I view it all,  
As memory backward ranges—  
The talks the walks that I recall,  
And then—the postal changes!  
How well I loved her I can guess  
(Since each is Cupid's hostage)—  
Just one-and-sixpence—nothing less—  
This letter cost in postage!

The love that wrote at such a rate  
(By Jove! it was a steep one!)  
Five hundred notes (I calculate)  
Was certainly a deep one;  
And yet it died—of slow decline—  
Perhaps forgotten if 'twas mine  
Or Mary's firing kites was mine!

At last the fatal message came:  
"My letters—please return them;  
And yours—of course you wish them;  
I'll send them back or burn them."  
Two precious fools, I must allow,  
Which ever was the greater:  
I wonder of 'em wiser now,  
Some seven winters later!

And this alone remains: Ah, well!  
These words of warm affection,  
The faded ink, the pungent smell,  
Are food for deep reflection.  
They tell of love, the heart contrives  
To change with fancy's fashion,  
And how a drop of moist survives  
The strongest human passion!  
—Harper's Magazine for November.

**UNCLE WILDER'S SURPRISE.**  
"Your aunt Charlton and cousin Jennie will be here on the next train Russell," said Mr. Wilder to his nephew. "You had better harness your pony chaise, and bring them from the—"

"Can't. Am going away myself, sir."  
"The deuce you are!" responded the old gentleman, pushing his spectacles up over his forehead, and regarding his nephew with an air of surprise and consternation.

"Yes, sir," Charley Hunt invited to his place for a few weeks, and I thought I might as well go now as any time."  
"I should say that it was a very queer time to be leaving home. Your aunt and cousin will consider it a personal affront, sir."

"It is not intended as such, sir. Though to be frank, considering the object of Jennie's visit, I prefer not to see her. And I must say that I think she would have shown more sense and delicacy if she had stayed away."  
"Your cousin is a lovely girl, Mr. Impudence, and won't be likely to go a begging."

"I don't doubt it in the least. But for all that, she won't suit me for a wife, uncle."  
"How do you know that, you conceited donkey, when you have never seen her?" inquired the old man, bringing his nose down upon the floor with startling emphasis.

"Common sense tells me that no marriage can be a happy one that does not spring from mutual love. And one thing I am resolved, that I will never marry from mercenary motives."  
"Nobody wants you to marry the girl unless you like her!" roared Mr. Wilder, his face growing purple with rage and vexation at his nephew's perversity. "All I ask is that you will stay and see her. And this is a point I insist upon—yes, sir, I insist upon it."

"I am sorry to disobey you, uncle, but if I should stay, it will only give rise to conclusions that I am anxious to avoid. But I will tell you what I will do: I will relinquish all claim to the property that you are so anxious should not be divided. As that seems to be the main object, I think that it ought to be satisfactory to all parties."

He nodded good-humoredly to his uncle, as he glanced in, who glared after him in speechless rage.  
"He shan't have a penny!" he growled as sinking back in his chair, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"What's the matter now?" said the gentle voice of his wife, Polly who had just entered the room.  
"Matter enough. I should say Russell has gone—actually cleared out, so as not to see his cousin. What do you think of that?"

"I think you will have another attack of the gout, if you get yourself excited," said the good lady, as she placidly resumed her knitting.  
"What's to be done now?"

"Nothing that I can see. If Russell and Jennie had seen each other before they had any notion that you wanted them to marry, ten to one but that they would have fallen head and ears in love with each other; but as matters are now, I don't believe that it would be of the least use. From what Ellen writes me, I should think Jennie to be as much opposed to it as Russell. She says she cannot bear to hear his name mentioned, and that it was as much as she could do to get her consent to come at all, when she heard that Russell was at home."

"They are a couple of simpletons," said the old gentleman, testily. "I've got half a mind to make another will, and leave my property to some charitable institution."  
In going to Dighton, whether he was bound, Russell Wilder had to travel part of the way by stage.

There was only one passenger beside himself, for which he was not sorry, the day being very hot and sultry.  
This passenger was a lady—there was an air of unmistakable ladyhood about her which told him that. He noticed particularly the daintily gloved hands and well fitting boots.

Her graceful form indicated that she was both young and pretty, but he could not see her face on account of the cautious veil that hid it.  
But as soon as she got comfortably settled in the corner with Russell assisted her she threw it back, disclosing a fair sweet face, lighted by a pair of wonderfully bright black eyes which shot a swift bewildering glance into his, that were so intently regarding her.

The sudden starting of the coach, which sent some of the lady's parcels from the seat to the floor, gave Russell an opportunity of speaking, as he returned them, of which he was not slow to take advantage.  
From this they fell easily into conversation; and it was curious how sociable they became.

They talked of this beautiful scenery through which they were passing; of the newest books and latest magazines, some of which Russell had with him.  
The lady inwardly thought her companion to be the most entertaining and agreeable man she ever met with. And as for Russell, he often lost the thread of his discourse in admiring the red, dimpled lips, and the pearly teeth they disclosed whenever she spoke or smiled.

Certain it is, his four hours' ride from P—— to Dighton, were the shortest four hours he had ever known in his life.  
"Where do you want to be left, sir?" inquired the coachman, as he entered the village.  
"At Mr. Charles Hunt's Locust Hill. Do you know where that is?" said Russell, putting his head out of the window.

"Certainly take you there in a jiffy."  
"Why there's where I am going!" said the lady opening her eyes widely. "Nelly—Mr. Hunt's wife is my most particular friend; we used to go to school together."  
"And Charley Hunt is my most particular friend, and one of the finest fellows in the world."  
"How very odd."  
"How very fortunate!" exclaimed Russell, with a meaning glance at his fair companion, which made the rosy cheeks still more rosy. "Might I take the liberty of inquiring—?"

But just at this moment the stage stopped in front of the house, on the porch of which stood Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, enjoying the evening breeze.  
In a moment Russell was shaking hands with the former, while his companion rushed eagerly into the arms of the surprised and delighted wife.

"Why, what a happy surprise, Joe!"

given up all idea of seeing you, this summer."  
"And I had no idea of being able to come, until just before I started. You see, mamma—my step-mamma, you know—was going to Uncle Wilder's and she insisted on my going with her, to see that hateful, disagreeable cousin of mine, that they are determined to marry me to. So when she was busy packing, I just put on my things and slipped off, leaving a note to tell where I was going. Wasn't that a good joke on them all?"

"I should think it was," said Nelly with a burst of merriment, far more than the occasion warranted.  
"When I saw who your companion was, I thought you were out on your wedding tour."

"No, indeed, never saw the man until he got into the stage at P——. But really, he is the finest looking man I ever saw, and so agreeable. Who is he?"

"Oh, I'll introduce you when you come down stairs. There's Sarah wanting to see me about supper. You'll have only time to dress. Mind and look your prettiest!"

And with a roguish shake of her finger at her friend, Nelly ran away to see about supper.  
If Jennie did not look her prettiest she certainly looked very lovely as she entered the supper room, her linen suit exchanged for a fresh, soft muslin, whose simplicity and purity were relieved only by the velvet colored ribbons in the hair and around the throat.

Russell had taken great pains with his toilette as could be seen by his spotless linen and carefully arranged hair.  
The pause that followed Jennie's entrance was broken by Mr. Hunt, who in response to a meaning glance from his wife, said:

"Ru so, allow me to introduce to you your cousin Jennie; Miss Charlton—your cousin, Russell Wilder."

The embarrassment which followed the blank astonishment into which this announcement threw the parties so unexpectedly made known to each other, was quickly dispelled by the turn that was given it by their host and hostess.

"I suppose you'll want to book yourself on the next stage?" said Mr. Hunt, shyly to Russell, who had been taken into his friend's confidence.  
"And you," said his wife, turning to Jennie, "I don't suppose anything could tempt you to remain, now that you have seen that hateful disagreeable—"

"Nelly!" interrupted Jennie, crimsoning as she remembered her words.  
"Well, I won't then. But you must let me laugh! Just to think of both running in the same direction, and to the same place!"

The ringing laugh that burst from Nelly's lips were so contagious to be resisted, even by those at whose expense it was raised.  
This merriment was followed by a general good feeling, and a pleasant party never gathered around a social board.

We need hardly say that Russell did not take the stage next morning, nor did Jennie seem at all disposed to cut short her visit on account of her cousin's unexpected appearance.  
When they did go, they went as they came, together.

Mr. Wilder's astonishment was only equalled by his delight, on looking out of the window to see the two walking up the path toward the house arm in arm, and apparently on the best terms.

As for Russell and Jennie, they seemed to regard the unexpected meeting as an indication of their "manifest destiny," accepting it as such, much to the joy of their uncle, whose darling wish was accomplished in the marriage of the two thus made happy in spite of themselves.

**TO REMOVE WARTS.**—Warts are not only very troublesome but disagreeable. Our readers will thank us for calling their attention to the following perfect cure, even of the largest without leaving a scar. It has been tested by the writer: "Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart and tie it on, or if the excruciating is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of plaster. It may be removed during the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off." The same prescription will cure corns.

## HISTORICAL FIRES.

The following account of some of the principal fires of modern times may be of interest at the present time.  
LONDON 1666.

On the 2d of September, 1666, the city of London was almost utterly destroyed by what has since been known as the Great Fire, which in five dreadful days of ruin and terror and panic laid two-thirds of the English metropolis in ashes. It broke out upon a Sunday, at two o'clock in the morning in a bakehouse, near the tower. Thirteen thousand houses, eighty-nine churches and many public buildings were reduced to charred wood and ashes and 200,000 people rendered homeless and utterly destitute. Three acres without the walls were entirely devastated.

A graphic description of this dreadful conflagration is given in the "Diary" of John Evelyn.  
"The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished that from the beginning—I know not from what, despondency or fate—they hardly strived to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them—so, as it burned both in length and breadth, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments and ornaments, being after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distance one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air, and prepared the material to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture and everything. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such a happy the world has not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect like the top of a burning oven, the scene above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieks of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches was like an hideous storm, and the air about so hot and inflamed that at last no one was able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for nearly two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation, nearly fifty miles in length. Thus I left it in the afternoon burning—a resemblance to Sodom or the last day. London was but is no more!"

**NEW YORK 1845.**  
The greatest fire, since that of December, 1835, that has devastated property in this city, began on the morning of the 20th of July, 1845. The fire originated in a sperm oil store in New street, near the corner of Exchange place, about three o'clock on the morning named, and spread over a great part of the territory which had been the scene of the conflagration of 1835. The flames were communicated to a coal factory adjoining and nearer to the corner of Exchange place whence they passed along Exchange place to Broad street. There they enveloped a building in which was a quantity of saltpetre, or gunpowder, on storage. When the building had been burning for about fifteen minutes a most awful explosion took place which shook the city like an earthquake. The building was blown up, and with it some other buildings, immediately after the explosion fire was discovered in four different places, and shortly the rear of the entire block was blazing. Soon the fire leaped to the south side of Broad street, passing at the same time to Broadway. On Broadway they spread downward toward the Bowling Green, and on Broad street north towards Wall street and south to Beaver street along which they passed to New street, both sides of which had been devastated. Both sides of the Exchange place from Broadway to Broad street and half way to William street were burned. Every building on Broadway from Exchange place down was leveled, and then the flames turned into Marketfield street, where they checked. Three hundred buildings were destroyed. The loss was estimated at \$6,000,000, six persons were killed by the explosion.

ry of New York occurred on the night of the 16th of December, 1835. At between eight & nine o'clock on that evening the fire was discovered in the store No. 25 Merchant Street, a narrow street that led from Pearl into Exchange Street, near the then Post Office. The flames spread rapidly, and at 10 o'clock forty of the most valuable dry goods stores in the city were burned down or on fire. The narrowness of Merchant street, and the gale which was blowing, aided the spread of its destructive element. The night was bitterly cold, and though the firemen were most energetic, the freezing of the hose and the water in their defective engines, combined with their sufferings from the weather, made their efforts of little avail. The flames spread north and south, east and west, until almost every building on the area bounded by Wall, South and Broad streets, and Coenties slip, was burning, gutted or leveled to the ground. 530 buildings were destroyed; they were of the largest and most costly description, and were filled with the most valuable goods. The total loss was \$15,000,000.

**PHILADELPHIA, 1859.**  
This fire originated about four o'clock on the afternoon of July the 9th, 1859 in a store at 78 North Delaware avenue. It was beyond control when discovered, and soon spread, despite the most strenuous effort to prevent it, to the store houses adjoining. When the fire had reached the cellar of the building in which it had originated two explosions occurred which rent the walls of the building and threw flakes of combustible matter in all directions, setting fire to many other buildings. Suddenly a third and most terrible explosion occurred, by which children were killed and several buildings a number of men, women and dogs demolished. This disaster caused a panic among the firemen and spectators, and in the effort of all to escape from danger many were trampled upon and injured. Some were thrown into the Delaware and others jumped to get away from the falling bricks and beams sent up from the burning building by the explosion. The number of persons who lost their lives by the explosion was about thirty, nine persons who jumped into the river in a fright were drowned and about one hundred persons injured. The area over which the fire spread contained about four hundred buildings. The loss was about one million dollars, and the fire would be a comparatively small one had there been no loss of life.

**PITTSBURG, 1845.**  
Pittsburg, Pa. was visited by a most destructive conflagration on the 19th of April, 1845. Twenty squares, containing about eleven hundred buildings, were burned over. So short was the time between the discovery of the flames and their spread through the city that many persons were unable to save any of their household goods, while others, having got theirs to the walk, were compelled to flee and leave them to be seized and destroyed by the element. The merchants were equally unsuccessful in saving anything from their warehouses. The loss was estimated at \$10,000,000.

**PHILADELPHIA, 1865.**  
The most terrible conflagration of which Philadelphia was the theatre—after that of July, 1859—occurred there on the morning of February 8, 1865. Like its predecessor it brought death to many, and in the most horrible and painful manner. The fire originated among several thousands of barrels of coal oil that were stored upon an open lot on Washington street near Ninth. The flames spread through the oil as if it had been gunpowder, and in a very short time two thousand barrels were ablaze and sending a huge column of flame and smoke upward. The residents of the vicinity awakened by the noise of the bells and firemen, and frightened by the glare and deafness of the fire rushed in their night garments into the streets that were covered with snow and ash. The most prompt to leave their homes got off with their lives; but those near the spot were the fire commenced, and not prompt to escape, were met by a terrible scene. The blazing oil poured into Ninth street and down to Federal, making the entire street a lake of fire that ignited the houses on both sides of the street for two blocks. The flames also passed up and down the cross streets and destroyed a number of houses. The fiery torrent was whirled back and forth along the street at

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its course. People leaving their blazing homes, hoping to reach a place of safety, were ransacked to death by it. Altogether, about twenty persons were roasted in the streets or houses. The loss of property amounted to about \$5,000,000, and fifty buildings were destroyed.

**SAN FRANCISCO, 1851.**  
"The most destructive of the many conflagrations which have occurred in San Francisco began on the 3d of May, 1851, at eleven o'clock p. m., and was not subdued until the 5th instant. The loss that was caused by it amounted to \$3,500,000, and it destroyed 5,500 buildings. The fire began in a paint shop on the west side of Portsmouth square, adjoining the American House. Although but a small blaze when discovered, the building was within five minutes enveloped with flames, and before the fire engines could be got to work the American House and the building on the other side of the paint shop were also burning. The building being all of wood and extremely combustible the fire spread up Clay street, back to Sacramento and down Clay street towards Kearney with fearful rapidity. Soon the fire department was compelled to give up every attempt to extinguish it and to confine their work to making its advance less rapid. Pursuing this plan they checked the flames on the north side at Dupont street. But in every other direction it took its own course and was only arrested at the water's edge and the ruins of the houses that had been blown up. The shipping in the harbor was only protected by the breaking up of the wharves. Thousands of persons were made homeless, a long time after lived in tents. During the continuance of the fire a number of persons were burned and others died from their exertions toward subduing it.

Another large fire devastated a great portion of San Francisco in June, 1861. It occurred on the 22d of that month, and 500 buildings were destroyed by it. The loss was estimated at \$3,000,000.

**CHICAGO, 1867, 1868.**  
On the morning of the 13th of October, 1867, a fire occurred in Chicago which, though the amount of property destroyed by it was comparatively trifling was made awful by the loss of human life which it caused. The fire broke out in a large double store in South Water street, and spread east and west to the buildings adjoining, and across an alley in the rear to a block of new buildings. All these were completely destroyed. When the flames were threatening one of the buildings a number of persons ascended to its roof to there fight against them. Wholly occupied with their work, they did not notice that the wall of the burning building tottered, and when warned of their danger they could not escape ere it fell, crushing through the house on which they were, and carrying them into its cellar. Of the number fourteen were killed and more injured. The loss on property caused by the fire amounted to over half a million of dollars.

The fire which occurred on the 28th of January, 1868, was the most destructive by which Chicago had ever been visited. It broke out in a large boot and shoe factory on Lake street, and destroyed the entire block on which that was situated. The sparks from those buildings set fire to others distant from them on the same street, and caused their destruction. In all the loss was about \$3,000,000.

**PORTLAND, 1866.**  
The terrible fire which laid in ruins more than half of the city of Portland, Me., commenced at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th of July, 1866. One half of the city—and that the one which included its business portion—was destroyed.

Two thousand persons were rendered homeless. The loss was estimated at \$10,000,000.

**CHARLESTON, 1833.**  
Charleston, S. C. was on the 27th of April, 1833, visited by one of the most destructive fires that has ever occurred in any city of this country. There were 1,158 buildings destroyed, and the loss occasioned was about \$3,000,000.

—A "put up job"—A section.  
—An inn-vocation—Tending bar.  
—The best "help"—Help yourself.  
—Coming to grief—Meeting trouble half way.  
—A Western sign of distress—hogs at half past.

—How to get a roaring trade—Buy a meersgarn.  
—Advice to sock menders—Do your darn best.