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# The Post.

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than one year are payable at the time  
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son ordering them will be held responsible  
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**J. P. CHRONMILLER,**  
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. 8, '67]

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will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

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sional business entrusted to his care will  
receive prompt attention. [Jan. 8, '67]

**CHARLES HOWER,**  
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Offers his professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other profes-  
sional business entrusted to his care will  
receive prompt attention. Office two door  
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 5, '67]

**SAMUEL ALLEMAN,**  
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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.

**L. N. MYERS,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
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Office a few doors West of the P. O. on  
Main street. Consultation in English  
and German languages. [Jan. 5, '67]

**J. C. BUCHER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewistown Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 8, '67]

**GROVER & BAKER,**  
SEWING MACHINE.  
Persons in need of a good and durable  
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at  
reasonable prices by calling on or send-  
ing orders to  
Saml. East, Agent, Selinsgrove.  
[Jan. 24, '68]

**DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,**  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,  
Middleburg Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the citi-  
zens 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. W. 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]

**DR. J. F. KANAWEL,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the  
public. [March 8, '67]

**GRAYBILL & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE  
Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats,  
Brushes, Cotton Laps, Grain Bags, Fly  
Nets, Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c.  
No. 345 North Third Street, Philadelphia.  
Feb. 7, '67

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

**B. T. PARKS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW &  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa  
Office in Court House, [Sept. 16, '67]

**LEWIS BREMER'S SONS**  
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE  
No. 322 N. THIRD  
PHILADELPHIA.

**MERCHANT HOUSE,**  
H. M. MANDERBACH Prop'r.,  
J. C. NIER, Clerk.  
Nos. 418 & 415 North Third Street,  
Philadelphia

**MILLER & ELDER**  
WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS  
Stationery, Blank Book Manufacturers  
and Dealers in Writing, Blotting, Cur-  
tain and Wall Paper, and all kinds of  
Stationery and Printing.  
No. 418 & 415 North Third Street, Phila.

## Select Poetry.

### A BOLD HARPER.

Harper never struck a nobler key or drew  
a finer contrast than in the following:  
COLUMBIA SPEAKS.

What craven fool I have come to this, that  
a mob can overawe  
The guardian of my children's rights, my  
servants clothed with law!  
That they should weekly truckle, when  
they should be stout and true,  
Be recreant to the cause of right, and only  
brave in wrong?

Abject and weak I trembled when firm  
ye should have stood,  
And linked your hands in those of men  
whose hands are swift to blood;  
Your very slaves and tools in wrong your  
masters have become;  
They raised the sword above your head,  
and you were meek and dumb!

Traitors to law and Me, arise, and to the  
rearward stand!  
It is not fit that they should rule who fear  
a mob's command,  
But first the lesson learn that I am here to  
teach—  
The rights of all my children shall be the  
rights of each!

The lowliest and the weakest have rights  
must be protected;  
The rights of all within the law must be  
respected;  
Columbia knows no difference of race,  
 creed, or condition;  
No chain upon the conscience here of State  
or Inquisition!

But oh, my children, native here, or seek  
ing here a home,  
From Old-World tyranny and wrong, when-  
ever ye may come,  
Can ye not learn to blend in peace, a free  
and happy nation,  
And differ but as freemen may, with gen-  
erous toleration?

The land is broad enough for all, the laws  
are framed to bless,  
Strong to protect the rights of all, and ne-  
ver to oppress a nation,  
And if the rights of one may be by many  
trampled down,  
We might as well go back to lords and  
rulers with a crown.

And you, if still your craven hearts can  
feel a manly thro',  
Learn toleration don't include submission  
to a mob;  
Go, gather up your scattered wits, and  
ever, from this day,  
Remember that my motto is, "Give each  
and all fair play."

**Marrying a Wife and a Fortune.**

"Have you heard the news about  
Miss Temple, Ned? said Charley  
Ashton, as he sauntered leisurely up to  
the desk which Edward Farnham oc-  
cupied in Messrs. Smith & Jones'  
office on Wall street.

The warm blood colored Ned's  
cheek in spite of all his struggles to  
prevent it, and he replied:  
"No; I hope no harm."  
"Well, I should guess it wasn't—  
Come put up your books, and as we  
so up town I'll tell you."

"No; I cannot leave yet. I have  
not finished my balance."  
"Oh, pah! finish that to-morrow  
before ten o'clock. I wouldn't work  
as hard on you for any man living,  
much less these bankers, who think  
all a fellow is made for is to work and  
make money for them. Come along!"

"No; I cannot go."  
"Well, then, the tale is short is,  
she's had a big fortune left her, some  
say five hundred thousand dollars."  
An involuntary sigh escaped Ned,  
and he rather muttered than spoke.  
"I'm sorry to hear it."  
"Why, what's got into you, you  
silly? Sorry! Why, I haven't heard  
anything to please me so much for  
many a day. I always liked the girl  
but I'm not philosopher enough to  
marry her for love alone. My doc-  
trine is, when poverty comes in at the  
window love goes out at the door."  
"I'm afraid I don't agree with you  
in all things, but I have no time to  
discuss it now. Miss Temple, in  
my opinion, would be a fortune for  
any man, did she not possess a cent  
of money."

"Fshaw, Ned, that's old fogey  
Love in a cottage! hal hal Well, I liked  
her pretty well before, but can't help  
thinking her attractions very consid-  
erably enlarged since I heard that  
news. Never should I have thought  
of anything but a pleasant acquain-  
tance—guess I'll go in for her now.  
Good bye, old fellow, and don't hurt  
yourself working over those books."

Ned made no reply, but he felt as  
if he would like to grind beneath his  
heel one who could speak so irrever-  
ently of her, who to his idea, combin-  
ed every grace of heart and mind;  
perfection of form and feature, which  
should make up a perfect woman—  
His thoughts turned to action, and he  
caught himself stamping his heel on  
the desk stool with such force as to  
almost dent a hole in it, and looking  
up, saw Mr. Smith's steady gaze fixed  
upon him.

Back to his work he tried to bring  
his thoughts, but they were not sub-  
ject to his will, and he found himself in  
great danger of writing the thoughts  
pressing through his mind. "She is  
lost to me now. Oh, how I wish it  
had never happened!" He shut the

book put away his papers, and with  
that dreamy, lost, far away kind of  
look, passed unheeding among the  
throng on the money mart of the new  
world.

Charley Ashton lost no time in im-  
proving his opportunities for that  
night found him seated *le-ta-let*  
with Miss Temple in a cosy little room  
in twenty-first street.

Miss Temple was an orphan, and  
had for years lived with her aunt—  
her father's sister. An income of  
four hundred dollars a year had been  
left her, which at least supplied all  
necessary wants. She was not a-  
shamed to assist her aunt about many  
things—some would call it meddling;  
and in form and feature, heart and  
mind, all her acquaintances said, fully  
sustained the high opinion we have  
seen Ned Farnham had of her.

Ere the evening was over, Charley  
Ashton had succeeded in appearing  
deeply in love, and not many days  
passed ere he proposed and was ac-  
cepted. Of all her male acquaintances  
Miss Temple had preferred the  
two young men mentioned. It was  
true she had rather leaned to the quiet,  
steady Mr. Farnham, but of late  
he had ceased to visit her, while Mr.  
Ashton's presence had been almost  
constant. Hence she had persuaded  
herself that she loved and accepted him.

Charley urged a speedy marriage;  
why, came in conversation too long  
for me to detail, wherein it appeared  
that some of the "boys" on the "street"  
were fixing up a pool to buy a cer-  
tain stock, and our friend Ashton  
wanted some of the five hundred thou-  
sand dollars to put in it. Anna Tem-  
ple preferred a longer time; urged  
that time would make them know  
each other better, especially in the  
intimate relation they now stood.  
Charley vowed he would never change  
and he knew that time could never  
develop any faults in her.

"But," said Miss Temple, "there is  
another reason, and I think I can be  
free with you now; I have spent so  
much of my little income—and aunt  
has no spare money—that I have no  
means of defraying the necessary ex-  
penses."  
"But you have the fortune left you  
by your Australian uncle, and even if  
you have not received it, your agents  
will certainly make an advance."  
"I have no fortune, dear Charley—  
Some thought it was mine, but the  
fortune to which you probably allude  
was left to my cousin, Miss Anna  
Thompson Temple, to whom I intro-  
duced you at the Philharmonic."

"Ah, it was indeed! She is a fa-  
vored young lady; and how much  
does she receive?"  
"Report said five hundred thousand  
dollars, but cousin Nan has been in-  
formed by the agents that there is but  
ten thousand dollars in money, the rest  
in houses and lots at Melbourne,  
valued at ninety thousand dollars."

"Ah, well, really, how these things  
do spread. But to our matter; I  
guess Miss Anna, you had best have  
your own way."  
The hours of that evening dragged  
slowly along, and as they lengthened  
Mr. Charles Ashton's manner became  
more and more formal. He left,  
and Anna's warm heart was sad as  
she thought over the cool manner  
and the cooler parting. No sleep  
came to her eyes that night.

"Can it be?" she said to herself  
a thousand times, "and yet it must,  
for his manner changed almost from  
my telling him Nannie's fortune."  
The next night Charley was not in  
his place, and the next still more.  
About a week after, a short note in-  
formed Annie that having lost all  
his earnings in a bad speculation, he  
could not think of holding her to an  
engagement which would be out of  
his power to consummate in years.

To say this did grieve her would be  
false, but did not require many days  
to teach her that she had not loved  
Charles Ashton as she should the  
man she was to marry.

Again our two young men met and  
this time on Broadway. Charley gay-  
ly sauntering along, hailed Ned in his  
old family way:  
"Well, old boy, off early to-day?"  
"I've been promoted, and am not  
obliged to work so late, though I do  
often; then I think of taking a ride  
in the park; my head has ached much  
of late, and I am more nervous than  
formerly."

"Shouldn't work so hard; don't get  
any thanks for it. By-the-by, that  
fortune of Miss Temple's turns to be  
all in the eye."  
"How—what's that?" was the eager  
reply.  
"Well, a Miss Somebody Temple

had about a hundred thousand left  
her; but it wasn't our pretty little  
friend."  
"But I heard you were attentive,  
some said engaged."  
"There's no telling what might have  
been, but for that fool of an uncle mak-  
ing a mistake in names. However  
it's all over now. You know that I  
at least, can't afford to marry a poor  
woman, no matter if she is a peri-  
I know that you entertain some sort of  
a foolish notion that love, etc., will do  
but it is all both. Give me the dime  
my boy. When poverty comes in at  
the door, etc., you know. Take my  
advice, and drop all such foolish ideas.  
Ashton might as well have talked  
to the lamp-post for all the hearing  
Ned Farnham did. What he was  
thinking of we cannot say, but he did  
not go to the park that afternoon, but  
the evening found him in the little  
parlor which so often had been greet-  
ed by Charley's presence. Ere the  
evening was over he had explained  
his long absence, told of his better  
prospects, and offered his heart and  
hand. She asked three weeks to  
consider, he to visit her as often as  
he pleased. At the end of that time  
he was accepted, and Annie learned  
what true love was.

Here my story might end, but there  
is a sequel. Some months after the  
engagement, Mr. Smith, tapped Ned  
on the shoulder, and mentioned him  
to the private office.

"Going to marry my niece?" said  
that gentleman.  
"I am engaged to Miss Anna Tem-  
ple, sir, and we expect in a quiet way  
to be married one month from to-day.  
But I was not aware that she was  
your niece."

"Neither was I until a few days  
since. As for your quiet way, un-  
derstand me, sir—the child of my only  
sister can be married nowhere else  
than in my house. Come now no flash-  
ing! I've heard all about. But she's  
poor—poor as Job's turkey, and I've  
too many children to give her more  
than a decent wedding."

Ned did not understand the expres-  
sion on Mr. Smith's face, but felt a  
little angered, and replied:  
"I should never have addressed her  
and I would release her this moment  
if I knew she were an heiress."  
"No, you don't; no you don't. I  
know you, and I know the whole sto-  
ry. You can go."

Ned pondered long over this singu-  
lar conversation, but got no satisfac-  
tion from his own thoughts or Anna.  
She replied only by a smile and a kiss.  
Notwithstanding all the urging of  
her new found uncle, Anna refused to  
leave her aunt until the time for the  
wedding. The event came, and the  
ceremony was over. Then Mr.  
Smith called the young couple in his  
library, and drawing from his safe a  
strong iron box, said:  
"Now, young man, you're tied hard  
and fast, and I'll tell you that you've  
got a heiress and a rich one, too. A  
foolish brother of her father's, who  
would go to Australia, took it into his  
head to die, not long since, and left such  
a bequest will that it has taken over  
six months to get at the straight of it.  
We were his agents, and kept the  
matter to ourselves, because it was a  
large sum, and might create imposters.  
We soon disposed of the one hundred  
thousand dollars to Miss Annie Thomp-  
son Temple, but the contents of this  
box, one hundred thousand pounds, in  
coin, we used more scrutiny in as-  
signing and in the course of our inves-  
tigations, I not only found the right-  
ful owner of our trust, but the child  
of my only sister. Sir, you are worth-  
y of her, and what is of less value  
her fortune. The morning papers  
will announce you as a partner in our  
house."

**Poverty.**

A broken-down spendthrift in Mad-  
ville gave the following toast at a din-  
ner:  
"Here's to poverty—it sticks to us  
when all friends forsake us." There  
is truth in this; but how few care to  
number poverty among their friends,  
and how few too, labor as diligently  
as they should to keep from its un-  
welcome embraces. The most casual  
observer cannot fail to note the mass-  
es around him; there is scarce one in  
a score who does not appear to be  
courting the intimacy of this com-  
panion of which it may be truly said, it  
sticks closer than a brother."

The young man who begins life with  
no other capital than a good name, a  
strong arm, and his own energies, has  
the world before him and a compe-  
tence if he will; for in this wonderful  
country of ours we do not believe it  
possible for a young man to fail in win-

ning a livelihood, and lying aside  
something for a rainy day, unless he  
deliberately resolves upon the oppo-  
site.

Occasionally one of such laudable  
intentions, and practices is met with,  
one who has early learned to take  
care of the pennies, knowing that the  
dollars will take care of themselves;  
but for every instance of this kind we  
have a dozen who appear to have no  
thought for the future; who, as soon  
or before they earn a dollar, have  
plans laid for the spending of it, who  
spend all they toil for in extravagant  
dress, cigars, tobacco, lager, and in  
fact any and everything but that  
which will prove of permanent or in-  
deed any value to them.

These are the ones who from early  
youth court the embraces of poverty  
—nor do they woo in vain. It comes  
as certainly as that disease, disgrace  
and degradation follow indulgence in  
strong drink, and like the young  
spendthrift already quoted, can with  
all sincerity drink the toast, "Here's  
to poverty—it sticks to us when all  
friends forsake us."

**Destruction of Rats.**

Several years ago, we took possession  
of an ancient mansion, in which the  
rats reigned supreme. The nights  
were made hideous by their noc-  
turnal rambles and gymnastics. The  
revels they held banished sleep from  
all but young eyes. A council of war  
was held on the side of the beds,  
and several remedies were proposed—  
but *cats, cats*, were considered the  
only means of defence; so two good-  
sized grinnakers were procured, and  
the conflict raged during a whole sea-  
son. Many of the aged of the tribe  
went the way of all animal flesh, but  
the profligence of the females was too  
much for their enemies, the cats.  
Another remedy was thought and  
found; copperas or sulphate of iron,  
is very obnoxious to rats. Mix it  
with whitewash prepared in the com-  
mon way, and add the copperas until  
it becomes quite yellow. Witwas the  
whole collar wall, sides and ceiling,  
giving two coats of it if the underpin-  
ning is not well covered at first. Seat-  
ter the green crystals of the copperas  
in every crevice and chink in the  
walls; throw it broadcast into the  
corners of the rooms, and your rats  
will make a grand stampede for other  
and more agreeable quarters. At  
least that was the result from our ap-  
plication of it. All night there was a  
hurrying and skurrying in ratdom;  
a new house must be sought. The next  
morning the cats had rat sport in the  
wood-house and barn; the rats were  
attacked, and forced to surrender *hors  
du combat*. The cats could not eat all  
their spoils in one day.

It is now six years since the cop-  
peras whitewash or yellow wash was  
applied. Every Spring, crystals of  
copperas are thrown broadcast about  
the cellar, and no rat dares show his  
wickedhead. Occasionally a timid  
squeak or a feeble gnawing is heard  
in the wall. The sounds are from  
new comers, who soon beat a retreat.  
There is no gnawing among the old  
rafters—no playing ball with butter-  
nuts, as of yore, in the midnight  
hours. One huge cat, of the mascu-  
line gender, keeps watch and ward  
over the premises, but with all his  
watching and prowling around, he  
cannot feed himself, and is forced to  
seek his meals in the kitchen. In a  
closet where we were delighted to  
creep and steal jellies and sweetmeats  
bits of the copperas were scattered,  
and not a trace of them is to be seen.

Last Autumn our neighbors were  
silly troubled with rats; apples, parsnips,  
squashes and apples disappeared  
mysteriously, or were devoured on the  
spot, but the contents of our boxes  
were untouched. The copperas does  
not seem to poison them; no dead  
ones were found, excepting those  
brought in by the cats; but it appears  
to be obnoxious to them, and so they  
"vanish" the ranch."

The copperas is an excellent disin-  
fectant; no better can be found for  
purifying old cellars, drains, vaults,  
&c. It is used every spring to sweeten  
the milk cellar, and a saucer of it  
always sits in the wash stand, and  
sinks. It is very cheap only six to  
eight cents per pound.

An Irishman never forgets his wit,  
let his situation be what it may. As  
an example we clip the following from  
an exchange: "An Irishman, confin-  
ed in the county jail at Luccan, on  
being asked what trade he would  
choose replied: "Shoemaking is a  
party good trade, but if they allow  
me to take my choice, I'll be a printer."

## GOLDEN GRAINS.

Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst teach—  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another soul wouldst reach;  
It needs the overflowing heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thought  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and thy word  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be,  
A great and noble deed.

## Do not Live Beyond Your Means.

"This is pleasant!" exclaimed a  
young husband, taking his seat in the  
rocking chair as the supper things were  
removed. The fire glowing in the grate,  
revealed a pretty and neatly furnished  
sitting room, with all the appliances of  
comfort. The fatiguing business of  
the day was over, and he sat enjoy-  
ing what he had all day been anticipating  
the delights of his own fireside. His  
pretty wife, Esther, took her work and  
sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of  
one's own," he again said, taking a  
satisfactory survey of his little quar-  
ters. The cold rain beat against the  
windows, and he thought he felt real-  
ly grateful for all his present com-  
forts.

"Now if we only had a piano," ex-  
claimed his wife.  
"Give me the music of your own  
sweet voice before all the pianos in  
creation," he observed complacently,  
but he felt a certain secret disappoint-  
ment that his wife's thankfulness did  
not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our  
friends," said Esther.  
"Let our friends come to see us,  
and not to hear a piano," exclaimed  
the husband.

"But, George, everybody has a  
piano, now-a-days—we don't go any-  
where without seeing a piano," per-  
sisted the wife.

"And yet, I don't know what we  
want one for—you will have no time  
to play on one, and I don't want to  
hear it."  
"Why, they are so fashionable—I  
think our room looks nearly naked  
without one."

"I think it looks just right."  
"I think it looks very naked—we  
want a piano shocking!" protested  
Esther emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.  
"Your lamp smokes, my dear,"  
said he after a long pause.

"When are you going to get a  
chandelier? I have told you a dozen  
times how much we needed one," said  
Esther, pettishly.

"These are pretty lamps—we don't  
need a chandelier," said her hus-  
band.

"These lamps are the prettiest of  
the kind I ever saw."  
"But, George, I do not think our  
room is complete without a chande-  
lier," said Esther, sharply. "They  
are so fashionable! Why the Morgans  
and Millers and many others I  
might mention, all have them; I am  
sure we ought to."

"We ought to if we take pattern  
by other people's expenses, and I don't  
see any reason in that."  
The husband moved uneasily in his  
chair.

"We want to live as well as others,"  
said Esther.

"We want to live within our means,"  
Esther, exclaimed George.  
"I am sure we can afford it as well  
as the Morgans, and Millers, and  
Thors; we do not wish to appear  
mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.  
"Mean! I am not mean!" he cried  
aggressively.

"Then we do not wish to appear  
so," said his wife. "To complete this  
room, and make it look like other peo-  
ple's, we want a piano and chande-  
lier."

"We want—we want!" muttered  
the husband, "there's no satisfying  
woman's wants, do what you may."  
and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a simi-  
lar dilemma! How many houses and  
husbands are rendered uncomfortable  
by the constant dissatisfaction of a  
wife with present comforts and present  
provisions! How many bright pros-  
pects for business have ended in bank-  
ruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy  
this secret banking after fashions  
be necessities! Could the real cause  
of many failures be known, it would  
be found to result from useless ex-  
penditures at home—expenses to an-  
swer the demands of fashion and what  
will people think?"

"My wife has made my fortune,"  
said a gentleman of great possessions  
"by her thrift and prudence and  
cheerfulness, when I was just begin-  
ning."

"And mine has lost my fortune,"  
answered his companion, "by useless  
extravagance and repining, when I  
was doing well."

What a world does this open to the  
influence which a wife possesses over the  
future prosperity of her family! Let  
the wife know her influence, and try  
to use it wisely and well.

## Woman's Inhumanity.

A contemporary remarks: "There  
is much food for reflection in the fol-  
lowing questions and answers: "Who  
hits a woman when she is down?"  
"Why, another woman." That's so!  
If women were as severe upon men  
who transgress the bonds of morality  
and decency as they are upon trans-  
gressors of their own sex, we should  
have speedily inaugurated a reform in  
society that would be worth a thou-  
sand midnight missions or Rosine  
associations. Women are like crows  
—we hope the ladies will pardon us  
for this comparison—but it is a truth  
for one even if not tasteful. We say  
Women are like crows. One of their  
number falls wounded by sin, and  
she is immediately set upon and torn  
to pieces. The doors of respectable  
associations are closed against her.  
The virtuous female turns from her  
with loathing and disgust. Even the  
common sympathy of human nature is  
denied her. No help for the stinging  
woman. No help!

But what of the man who has  
wrought this poor creature's ruin, and  
who has led her steps into the paths of  
folly and sin? Is he taboed by wom-  
en generally? There are noble  
women who would scorn to meet on  
any terms the man through whose in-  
strumentality an unsuspecting sister  
has fallen. But, alas, how rare are  
such instances! The most licentious  
men well known to the world—worse  
the men upon whom we have seen  
virtuous women lavish their sweetest  
smiles. They had really access to the  
very heartstones of households where  
the presence of a fallen woman would  
have been regarded with as much  
alarm and horror as that of one plague-  
smitten. Oh, the cruelty and injus-  
tice of women. "Man's inhumanity  
to man makes countless thousands  
mourn." What of woman's inhuman-  
ity to woman?

Old Snow—You possibly think  
that if you look very sharply at an  
old shoe when you throw it away,  
you will know it again if ever it comes  
back to you. But that does not at all  
follow. One of these days you may  
button your dress with an old pair of  
slippers, comb your hair with a boot,  
or grasp a cast off gaiter in your hand  
while you eat your dinner. You do  
not see how this can be? Well we  
will tell you. Old shoes are turned  
to account by manufacturers in the  
following manner: They are cut into  
very small pieces, and kept for a couple  
of days in chloride of sulphur. The  
effect of this is to make the leather  
hard and brittle. Next, the material  
is drawn from the action of the chlor-  
ide of sulphur, washed with water  
and dried. When thoroughly dry, it  
ground to powder, and mixed with  
some substance like glue or gum,  
that causes it to adhere together. It  
is then pressed into molds and shaped  
into buttons, combs, knife handles, &c.  
So you see how it may come to pass  
that you will comb your hair with a  
boot, or fasten your clothes with a  
slipper.

"Why, captain, you appear to have  
a bad cold." "Yes madam," said the  
captain, who is fond of working in  
his shirt sleeves, "I suppose I deserve  
it I caught it while breaking the  
seventh commandment last Sunday."

The party, male and female, started  
and looked blank, and the lady who  
brought out the remark said as well as  
a choking fit would let her: "Well  
upon my word, captain, considering  
the unusual circumstances of the case  
and your present surroundings, it was  
hardly