

THE POST
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[March 21, '67]

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[Jan. 3, '67]

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[Jan. 3, '67]

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[March 12, '67]

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[Jan. 3, '67]

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[Jan. 3, '67]

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Respectfully offers his services to
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Having had a large experience, I
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[Jan. 9, '67]

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Office in Court House, [Sept. 10, '67]

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The Post.

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., JANUARY 25, 1872. NO. 45.

Select Poetry.

Prayer I Don't Like.

I do not like to hear him pray,
Who loaves at twenty-five per cent;
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent;
And in that case I should have feared,
Which says the lender shall be blest;
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, "Take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray,
On knotted knees about an hour,
For grace to spend eight days the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour,
I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never needs her home to say,
"I want a better home to me."
I have the prayer so loud and long,
That I could offer for the orphan's soul
By him who ever him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth fool.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"With jeweled ears and golden dress,"
"Which washerwoman told all day,"
"Which washerwoman told all day,"
"Which washerwoman told all day,"
"Which washerwoman told all day,"
"Which washerwoman told all day,"
"Which washerwoman told all day."

I do not like to hear him pray,
"If I could I hope to be forgiven,"
"No angel's wing then would I have—
They're lost a million miles from heaven."
[Jan. 3, '67]

Deacon Dodd.

Deacon Dodd once feelingly said
About his Betsey, long since dead,
"If ever an angel loved a man
That angel, sir, was Betty Ann.
If I happened to scold her, she was
Just man—that is what Deacon Dodd."

She'd slip her arm up to her eye,
And never say a word but only cry,
"But, father, please don't like to be told,
That Deacon Dodd, like other men,
Wanted a wife, and married again;
But he married a most interesting soul.
And now 'tis the Deacon's turn to weep,
As he gets well wrapped from week to week;
But rather than 'open his head' he'd
Bury."

He wishes the second was with the first;
But as she's as tough as a hickory limb,
No doubt she'll live to say of him,
"If ever a saint the footstep led,
That man—that saint—was Deacon Dodd."

Useless Expenditure.

Philip Marston has labored for the
past ten or fifteen years to accumulate
a little property that is yet in-
sufficient to maintain himself and
family without laborious industry and
constant saving. He therefore toils
early and late to increase his income
and share all to give his children a
creditable education; for he holds
education to be of the first importance
to all who would become useful citizens.
He prizes it the more because he ne-
ver had the advantages of early and
careful school training; and he con-
stantly urges his children to improve
their opportunities while yet young.
He is an excellent mechanic, but is
wholly self-taught. When his found-
ing his business required a knowledge
of the principles of mathematics he
bought a second-hand Euclid, and
after many months of close study at
odd moments, became master of it.
Then the theory of civil architecture
attracted his notice, and he made
himself familiar with it that there
was a constant wonder among his fel-
low workmen how "Marston had
learned what he knew about Archi-
tecture." Had they seen him toiling
over his books there would not have
been so much wonder at its progress.
His book on Architecture was well
worn from constant use, and his
pockets were generally stuffed with
scraps of paper containing propositions
in Geometry, problems in Mechanics,
and items concerning architectural im-
provements. But this extra and con-
stant toil was regarded by Mr. Mar-
ston as the penalty of a lack of early
training; and he dwelt often on the
blessed time of ease he would have
had, if these things could have been
learned by him when he was young.

"Children," he would say, "if I had
had the advantages of schooling that
you now have, I would not now have
been obliged to devote so much of my
time to remedying the defects of early
training or rather no training at all."

One evening he had been lamenting
his lack of opportunities, when
Charley Marston, the oldest of four
children, said:

"Father, I want money enough to
purchase a ball and bat. All the boys
are going to have them, and they
are going to organize a company of
'Blue Stockings,' and are going to
dress in uniform."

"I had not heard of that," said Mr.
Marston.

"Yes, and I have been chosen
pitcher."

"Indeed! Does it not require much
time and practice to become a skillful
base-ball player after the new method?"

"Of course it does; but we are to
meet every afternoon."

"I do not approve your course in
this matter, for several reasons; but

if all the other boys are going to have
balls and bats, and new suits, we must
try and see what can be done."

"Bravo! thank you father. O, won't
we wax 'em?"

Amelia spoke, rather impatiently:
"I think it is too bad that Charley can
have all sorts of things to play with
and we girls cannot have anything."

"What do you want, Amelia?"
asked her father.

"I want to join the gymnastic class
just organized by Doctor Tortorella,
who lectured to the school last week
on the necessity of gymnastics for the
health." The Doctor said there was
not one of us girls that hadn't a crook-
ed spine or that was not round-should-
ered; and that we will all surely
have the consumption, if we do not
expand our chests. He said the great
evil of the present generation was too
much brain-work, and too little exer-
cise. Our teachers joined in with
Doctor Tortorella, and said it was
very word true, and that unless some-
thing was done immediately, the ris-
ing generation would all be in their
graves in a very short time.

"And what did he propose as a
remedy?" asked Mr. Marston.

"He said if we would join his class
in gymnastics our chests would be
expanded and long life would be the
result."

"Do you think you need this treat-
ment?"

"I am certain of it; I felt a pain
in my chest this morning."

"It does not seem to me, daughter,
that you need anything to expand
your chest, for you are now almost as
broad as you are long."

There was a laugh at Amelia's ex-
pression; for she was one of the plump-
est, healthiest girls in the neighbor-
hood.

"How much will it cost to join
the class?"

"Only twelve dollars for the whole
course."

"Is that all?"

"You have to pay a trifle for the
use of the gymnastic implements, and
then you are expected to buy your
own self-expanding chest-expander; and—
O yes, I forgot; all the girls have
gymnastic dresses."

Here little Edie bounded into the
room crying "O papa, I forgot—"
"You want something, I suppose,"
said her father.

"Yes, I do; I want a set of ex-
panders."

"Is that necessary for the health?"

"Of course it is; Professor Butler
gave a lecture to the school a few days
since, and said if there were more crook-
ed playing, there would be less
headache and lowness of spirits. And
our minister too, last Sunday evening
spoke of croquet as a christian game;
and I know it is just splendid. I
learned to play it of Cal. Wagner who
has a beautiful twenty dollar set."

"Well," said Mr. Marston, "we will
talk over the getting of all these things
when your mother gets through wash-
ing the dishes."

In a few moments Mrs. Marston
came into the room weary with hard
work, and hanging herself on a chair
with the exclamation, "I am so tired."

"Amelia, you ought to help your
mother with the house work."

writing books there is a constant
changing or desire to change.
No sooner is one book or system of
Penmanship introduced than another
and professedly better one is pre-
sented for our approval. When these
changes are really necessary, I am
willing to submit to them, but it
looks as if the whole school book busi-
ness were run in the interest of
school-book compilers and school book
publishers. And when we add to this
the innumerable "extras" which call
for the constant expenditure of mon-
ey, it makes our boasted free educa-
tion really one of the heaviest burdens
we have to bear. And the worst of
it is, that all these expenditures are
saddled on the people under the pre-
tense that they are essential to what
is considered the really sound cur-
riculum of study. Your base ball, for
instance, comes under the guise of a
necessity for a better development of
American muscle; your light and
heavy gymnastics are for weak chest-
ed people—like Amelia, and your cro-
quet is for the promotion of Christiani-
ty at twenty dollars a set. Mind
you, the parties who earnestly advise
these things are those who are to be
financially benefited, or those who
are in the enjoyment of comfortable
salaries. They have little idea of the
mischiefs they are doing by the public
endorsement of these extravaganzas.

They generally have no appreciation
of how hard it is to gain a competence
by hand. Farmers, mechanics, labor-
ing people of all classes, know that
earning money is slow work. Now,
my children, with your high notions,
you do not understand the value of
money, and I am going to give you a
clear comprehension of it. I have two
propositions to make, and if, upon
careful consideration, you assent to
them, I will get you the thirty dollars
worth of muscle and chest-develop-
ing and Christian-forming material
which you desire."

"What is your proposition?" asked
Charley.

"It is this: your dear grandmother
who has been sitting there in the cor-
ner knitting all the evening, is now
nearly eighty years old; and yet she
keeps almost constantly. You know
she keeps up supplied in warm stock-
ings. The stockings are worth from
50 to 75 cents per pair; and my propo-
sition is to let her knit enough to
pay for these stockings of Christian
muscle that will cost about thirty dol-
lars. It will not take her more than
three months."

"For shame, Papa!" cried all the
children.

"Then you don't approve of this
proposition?"

"It's perfectly awful!" said Amelia.
"Well then, I have another one;
Your mother does her own housework
—has always preferred to do so, that
something might thereby be saved
for your education. Now the wages of
a girl to do this work would be about
two dollars per week. (we say nothing
of the girl's board) which is saved in
cash. I propose to put off the pur-
chase of these muscle-forming mate-
rials until the amount at two dollars
per week is realized from your moth-
er's labor."

"Why, Papa, you're crazy!" cried
Amelia.

"Only to think," said little Edie,
"of poor mama's washing dishes to
pay for gymnastics and croquet!"

"Or for base ball uniforms," said
Charley.

"I declare, papa," said Amelia, "I
never before thought these things were
extravagant; I supposed gymnastics
and croquet really necessary."

"That is because teachers, and too
often ministers, are constantly endors-
ing every new-fangled extravagance
that comes up. But since you do not
approve either of my propositions, I
must tell you why I cannot spare the
money for these things. In the first
place, there are yet three payments
due on our little home; and secondly,
somebody must pay the grocer, the
butcher, the tailor, and the merchant
for our daily food and clothing. In
the meantime, we can open a little
school of our own, and we can store
our minds with useful knowledge, even
if we are not in uniform. As to the
muscle, a little housework, a little
sawing wood, and gardening, and
some excursions that we will have in
the fields will make the muscle, and
it will not cost us a penny."

From that evening there was a dif-
ferent state of affairs in the Marston
household. There was more consid-
eration on the part of the children
towards their parents, although Mr.
and Mrs. Marston have hard work to
stem the popular current of extra-

gance which is now sweeping over the
land. But, on the whole, there is
sound progress in curbing the extra-
vagant notions that have become lea-
ding elements in our educational sys-
tem, and are really the "eat-worms"
of material prosperity.

Printing House Square as it Was.

In the earlier days of Printing-
House Square, New York city, before
the name of the square had been
thought of, no printing was done on
the premises. The American Tract
Society was the pioneer, and next the
"New York Observer." When the
Tract Society was formed in 1815, the
ground on which its beautiful house
now stands was occupied by a misera-
ble old wooden tavern and its sur-
roundings were in keeping with it. Space
street was a narrow lane, but soon
was widened thirty feet. On its north
east corner, "The Sun," the first
daily penny paper, and "The Plebe-
ian," were printed, before the "Tri-
bune" building was erected.

Directly opposite the Tract House
on Nassau street, where the "Times"
office now is, was an old one story
wooden lecture-room, and on Brook-
man street was the Brick Church, be-
tween which was a grave yard with
many broken and broken headstones.

From the upper story of the Tract
House, between the church and the
lecture room, there was a delightful
outlook across the Park. In 1826,
the "New York Observer" occupied
the third story of the building. One
afternoon after a beautiful shower
when the declining sun was shining
in all its brilliancy through the open-
ing leaves and upon the green grass of
the Park, a number of gentlemen
were admiring the view. Professor
Morse graphically remarked, "The
people who occupy this house have a
fine prospect beyond the grave."

After a few years the wooden lec-
ture room gave place to a large Brick
Chapel, which stood till 1855, when it
was demolished with the brick church
itself, and the beautiful "Times Build-
ing" was erected, covering the whole
area.

The improvement thus commenced
by the Tract Society in 1826, has
since been steadily going on. Spruce
street has been almost wholly built up,
and Nassau street rebuilt for down-
low Beckman and Ann streets. The
printing has been extended, till in ad-
dition to all the book printing, several
of the leading secular and religious
journals are located upon and send
out their immense daily and weekly is-
sues from Printing-House Square.

Historic Phrases.

Samuel Adams, known for many
things, seldom lost his name associ-
ated with the phrase first applied to
him to England—"A nation of shop-
keepers."

Franklin has said many things that
have passed into maxims, but nothing
that is better known and remembered
than "he has paid to dear for his white
teeth."

Washington made but few epig-
rammatic sentences. Here is one:
"To be prepared for war is the most
effective means of preserving peace."

Old John Dickinson wrote of
America in 1778: "Give me liberty
or give me death," and "If this be
treason, make the most of it."

Thomas Paine had many quotable
epigrammatic sentences: "Rise like a
rocket, like a stick!" "Times
that try men's souls." "One step
from the sublime to the ridiculous,"
etc.

Josiah Quincy, Sr., said: "What-
ever or however we shall be called on
to make our exit, we will die free-
men."

Henry Lee gave Washington his
immortal line: "First in war, first in
peace and first in the hearts of his
countrymen."

Charles Cateworth Pinckney de-
clared in favor of "Millions for de-
fence, but not one cent for tribute."

Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we
must," is from Josiah Quincy, 1811.

Andrew Jackson gave us, "The
Union—it must be preserved."

Our Illinois there is a child, now
three months old, weighing two pounds.
Its length is only seven inches, and
its face about the size of a watch crys-
tal. Its tiny arms are so slender that
a small finger-ring can be slipped on
either of them to the shoulder. This
little creature is already making quite
a noise in its part of the world, and
hundreds have called to see it. Its
parents are of standard size.

Mean Christians.

Rev. Dr. Francis Prime, of the N.
Y. Observer, a few weeks ago offered
a reward of Fifty Dollars for an au-
thentic case of meanness to ministers
and their families. "meaner than the
one where a minister's wife was in-
vited to visit one week among the
people and that weeks board was de-
ducted from his salary!" A number
of persons, in communications to that
paper, have laid claim to the reward
(none from this region, of course),
bringing to light "sublimely" cases of
meanness. One case is this: A be-
nevolent (?) society employed a hard
working missionary for \$100 per an-
num, out of which he had to pay house
rent and support his family. He hired
on a humble cottage with a small
poor garden attached. By hard work
during odd hours, the good man ex-
cised his little lot to produce a few veg-
etables. The Rev. Secretary of the so-
ciety happened along when the vege-
tables were at their prime. He pro-
ceeded to inventor them, and arrived
at the conclusion that they were worth
\$18. This amount the Society de-
ducted from the \$100 salary! Anoth-
er. At a donation, the articles were
marked at their highest market value,
and the total amount deducted from
the salary! One package of pepper
was marked "2 cts.," and that also
deducted. If all Right-Peas don't
pepper the eyes of such "donors," it
will only be because his friends have
donated all the pepper. Another:
At a donation, two hams were sent in,
valued at five cts each, and deducted
from the minister's salary. The de-
nors made a mistake in parting with
the hams; they will have use for them
themselves, one of these days, or
would have if they were less proud.
One more: A stranger presented a
clergyman with five dollars. The ves-
try heard of it, and deducted it from
his salary. Other cases of meanness
are given by Dr. Prime, but these
will answer.

A Broomstick Fate.

A letter in the St. Paul Pioneer
from Mankato, Minn., relates the
troubling to death of a woman and her
four children in Noble county, that
State, during the absence of the drunk-
en husband and father, who left them
desolate during the recent cold wave
then. The letter says: He left her
out on the open prairie, in the dead
winter, with scarce a stick of wood,
and what is still more incredible, while
she was daily expecting confinement.
The day after he left came the fearful
storm of the 21, and when that was
expended the poor woman found her-
self without fuel. She knew that she
could scarcely expect her husband
home for several days, as it took that
time generally for him to recover from
his spree, and the conviction came to
her that her family would soon freeze
to death unless succor could be had
from the neighbors, the nearest of
whom was three miles distant. So on
Monday this desperate woman, at that
time in so delicate a condition that she
might be confined to her bed, started
out in the fierce cold for help. At
least such is the supposition, for next
day some of the neighbors found her
body, together with that of a new-
born babe, stark stiff in a snow bank,
where she had fallen faint and perish-
ed. Horrified, they picked her up and
carried her home, and here to their hor-
ror, they found the three little ones also
frozen to death. The drunken brute
of a husband and father was hunted
up, and friends in this city telegraphed
for, who at once went up and saw the
bodies decently interred.

EARN WHAT YOU SPEND.—Three-
fourths of the difficulties and miseries
of men come from the fact that most
want wealth without earning it, fame
without deserving it, popularity with-
out temperance, respect without vir-
tue, and happiness without holiness.
The man who wants the best things,
and is willing to pay just what they
are worth, by honest effort and hard
self-denial, will have no difficulty in
getting what he wants at last. It is
the men who want goods on credit
that are snubbed and disappointed,
and overwhelmed in the end. Happi-
ness cannot be bought by the bottle,
nor caught up by the excursion train,
nor put on with any robe or jewels, or
eaten at any feast. It does not exist
in any exhibition, excitement, or
ownership, but comes from the use of
the faculties of body and mind.

A Kentucky girl was recently struck
by lightning, but the only apparent ef-
fect of the stroke was to photograph a
young man who was standing near her
upon her breast. Whether this will
result in any ill-consequences remains
to be seen.

Selling the Point.

A boy returned from school one day
with a report that his scholarship had
fallen somewhat below the usual aver-
age.

"Well," said the father, "you've
fallen below this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew if the son did not,
He had observed a number of dime
novels scattered about the house; but
had not thought it worth while to say
anything until a fitting opportunity
arrived. A basket of apples stood
upon the floor, and he said:

"Rumple out those apples, and take
the basket and bring it to me half-
full of dry apples."

Suspecting nothing the son obeyed.
"And now," he continued, "put
those apples back in the basket."

When half the apples were replac-
ed, the son said:

"Father they roll off. I can't put
on any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you
can't put them in. Do you expect
to fill a basket full of chips and then
fill it with apples? You will you
didn't know why you fell behind at
school, and I will tell you. Your
mind is like that basket. It will not
hold only so much, and here you have
been for the past month filling it up
with chip dirt—miserable dime no-
vels."

The boy turned on his heel, whis-
pered, and said, "Whew! I see the
point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in
the house from that day to this.

Other and older persons might well
see the same point. A mind filled
with fiction hates and rejects truth.
A person reading history, art, science,
or travels, may grow wiser every day;
but a man may read fiction a hundred
years, and know no more when he
finishes than when he began.

There is real sin and sorrow, and
suffering enough in this world for us
to pity and relieve, without wasting
our tears over the troubles of some fic-
tious "Matilda Jane;"—and there is
work and enterprise, and energy
enough in real life to engage our pow-
ers, without resorting to cheap novels
for inspiration and excitement.

But unfortunately, the girls who
will shed as many tears over some he-
roine's fictitious sorrow as they would
while peeling a pan full of onions,
are the very persons who would turn
up their noses at a suffering beggar,
and let a sick person starve, unvisited
in a garret. And the boys who were
heroic over the great doings of some
count, hero or cut-throat, are too lazy
to earn an honest living, and are will-
ing to have their mothers wait on
them and black their boots while they
lie in bed after sunrise, or smoke ci-
gars and swear, to prove that they
are men!

Don't fill your apple basket with
chip dirt.

The St. Louis Democrat says:
The mind of the average American
gains is largely democratic. It is no
respector of persons. All day long a
crowd of street boys had been having
high old sport at Twelfth and Pine in
shying snowballs at passers-by. They
prolonged the fun much to the indig-
nation of the possessors of the glit-
tering targets of silk hats, and the
vexation of the souls of patient pol-
icemen, all through the afternoon.
When Alexis came he was immedi-
ately recognized. With a chorus of
yells, "There's the Duke!" "Give it
to the son of a Czar," the mitrailleuse
of snow balls was discharged. Royal-
ty ducked beneath the fast descending
missiles. Ducking, however, availed
not, and Oksouff alone of the party
successfully ran the battery. Alexis
feigned a smile while the cold snow
sifted down his