

OR,
fair its
color.
dressing
is at
creable,
and
for
ing the
It soon
faded
hair
original
with the
Thin
checked,
lways,
restore
do and
an be
stimu-
new
stead
sedi-
ous,
hair
and
The
the
rma-
no-
hose
make
inju-
only
nted
NG,
ble,
dosa
asta
ssy

THE POST
every Thursday Evening by
MORIAN CROISE, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription,
DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable
in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid
at the year. No paper discontinued
unless arrears are paid unless at
the option of the publisher.
Persons lifting and using papers
not to others become subscribers,
liable for the price of the paper

C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will
be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 3, '67]

C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 17, '67]

W. KNOHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederickburg, Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 17, '67]

M. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown, Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 3, '67]

W. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown, Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 3, '67]

M. L. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown, Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 5, '67]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 5, '67]

J. 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. Office between Hall's
and Post office. [Jan. 5, '67]

J. C. BUCHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown, Pa.
Professional services to the pub-
lic, and all other professional
business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 3, '67]

GROVER & PARKER,
SEWING MACHINE.
Persons in need of a good and durable
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at
reasonable prices by calling on SAU-
LER FAUST, Agent, Sellinggrove.
[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]

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

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Pena Twp., Snyder Co. Pa
[Jan. 3, '67]

Y. L. 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]

D. R. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centreville, Snyder Co. Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the
public. [G-381F]

GRAYBILL & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOOD AND WINDOW 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,
Frederick 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 employees.
[Jan. 9, '67]

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

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE
No. 322 N. THIRD
6,88 PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE.
H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r.
J. C. NIFE, Clerk.
Nos. 413 & 416 North Third Street,
Philadelphia

MILLER & ELDER
WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS
Stationers, Blank book Manufacturers
and dealers in Wrapping, Binding, Cur-
tain and Wall papers Paper Bags &c. &c.

Advertising Rates.
One column one year - \$20.00
One-half column one year - 10.00
One-fourth column one year - 5.00
One square (10 lines) one insertion - 75.
Every additional insertion - 50.
Professional and Business cards of
not more than five lines, per year - 5.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator
and Assignee Notices - 2.50
Editorial notices per line - 10.
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.

Select Poetry.

Work and Wait.
A husbandman, who for many years
Had plowed his field and sown in tears
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.
"I toil in vain!" These rocks and sands,
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in the barren lands.
"My drooping vine is withering;
No promising grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.
"My flock is dying on the plain,
The heavens are brass, they yield no rain,
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"
While yet he spoke a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:
"The germs of fruit and life must be
Fostered and hid in mystery,
Yet some can toil in vain for me.
"A mightier hand, more skillful than thine
Must hang the cluster on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.
"Man can work; God can create;
But they who work and watch and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late,
"Look up to heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunder in thine ear,
An answer to thy doubts and fears."
He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star.
And every thirsty rock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain.
And in the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with his rainbow pen:
"Seed time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

MARION'S TRUST.

Howard Clifford was a single man
aged thirty-five, and lived on a farm
in a small New England village. The
only members of his household besides
himself, were Dennis O'Brien, his man-
servant, Mrs. Watson, his housekeeper
and Marion Clark, who assisted Mrs.
Watson in performing the household
duties.
He lived a very secluded life, and
had very few near neighbors. His
property he inherited from his father,
and was said to be the richest man in
the country.
At the close of a dull November
day, he was busily employed, in what
served him as a sitting-room, library
and office, in looking over a package
of papers, when he was interrupted by
Dennis.
"What is it, Dennis?" he inquired,
looking up from his paper.
"A dispatch, sir, from B—; it
has just arrived."
Mr. Clifford took it, and looked it
over, then turning to Dennis, ex-
claimed:
"Dennis, harness up immediately,
and prepare to take me to H—. I
wish to get there in season to take the
last train to B—. Here Marion!"
As he observed her passing the door,
"I wish you to take care of these pa-
pers for me; and in this drawer,"
walking to an old-fashioned secretary
that stood in one corner, "is a package
of money that I intended to invest to-
morrow, but my sudden journey to
B— will prevent."
"Are you going away to remain all
night, sir?" timidly inquired Marion.
"Yes, I have just received a telegram
informing me of the dangerous
illness of an old friend, one whom I
knew in my school-boy days, and we
entered into an agreement with each
other, that when one of us was taken
away, or on our dying bed, that the
other should, if by any means possible,
visit him. I have just received intelli-
gence that this friend is dying, and I
must try to catch the train for B—
to-night. Dennis will take me to
H—, but will get back here before
it is time to shut up the house, so you
need not feel any afraid during my ab-
sence."
"Do you know, sir, if you shall be
gone more than one night?" she asked.
"I cannot tell," he replied. "Prob-
ably not. I shall hire a conveyance
home from the station at H—, as
Dennis will not know when to come
for me."
At this moment Dennis reappeared,
requiring information regarding the
horse to be taken. Mr. Clifford went
down with him, leaving Marion to col-
lect the scattered papers. These she
put into the drawer designed by Mr.
Clifford, closed it, locked it, and put
the key in her pocket. She then re-
placed the fire, and drawing an arm-
chair near, sat down and busied her-
self with a book.
Soon she heard the departure of the
carriage, and Mrs. Watson closed the
doors, after which she ascended the
stairs and entered the room where
Marion sat. They remained there
until they heard the sound of wheels,
ascended to the

Work and Wait.

It was Dennis returned from
H—. After he had taken care of
his team, he and Mrs. Watson together
proceeded to close the house. He
then immediately proceeded to his
chamber. Mrs. Watson also retired,
and Marion again entered the sitting
room. She looked the door and with-
drew the key, with the intention of
passing an hour or two in reading.
But she found the book less interest-
ing than before, so she closed it and
sat gazing abstractly into the fire.
And with a strange persistency her
mind ran upon all its horrible stories
she had ever read or heard. In vain
did she picture to herself a happy
home, with herself as mistress (for
Marion was but nineteen, and like all
young girls, was given to building cas-
tles in the air); in vain did she try to
bend her thoughts to any other sub-
ject; her visions, bright and golden
at ending with the thought of the
money in the drawer, and that it was
in her care, and she must guard it in
spite of everything. And then she
would go over in her mind the particu-
lars of some robbery, which had
been in her thoughts, perhaps, for
years.
Determined, at last to rid herself
of such foolish thoughts, she arose and
walked to the window; but it was with-
out—so dark that she could not see
the least thing—not even the trees
that stood in front of the house. As
she walked back to her seat she cast
eyes around the room, to assure her-
self that everything was as it should
be, and put out the light. The fire af-
forded light enough so that she could
see all parts of the room distinctly,
and drawing her chair a little nearer,
and throwing a shawl over her shoul-
ders, she settled herself down for a
nap, having made up her mind to re-
main there for the night. Her vision
of robbers and assassins had left her,
and in a short time she was asleep.
She had slept perhaps for two or
three hours, when she was awakened
by a slight noise. She could not tell,
at first, what it was, but it was soon
repeated, and she knew that some one
was trying to unlock the door. In a
short time they succeeded, and she
heard them stealthily cross the room.
By this time the fire had burned down
and the room was in total darkness but
the robber brought with him a dark
lantern, which he placed upon the sea-
cretary in such position that Marion
could see his movements plainly while
she was entirely hidden from view. She
sat there and watched him, almost stu-
pified with terror, until he had suc-
ceeded in fitting a key into the drawer
which contained the package of money
and opened it. Then she thought, "if
he should chance to see me after he
obtains the money, he would not hesi-
tate to murder me." So she resolved
to make one effort to help herself and
the money too. She remembered as
she glanced around before putting out
the lights, she had noticed standing
in one corner of the fireplace, an old-
fashioned iron poker. And now while
he was busy looking over the drawer
for the money, she noiselessly crept
across the hearth, possessed herself of
the poker, and with a prayer in her
heart for aid, swiftly and silently made
her way behind him, and with all her
strength she brought it down upon his
head. With a deep groan he sank
down upon the floor. It was but a
moment for Marion to secure the mon-
ey, close and lock the drawer, remov-
ing the keys which he had left hang-
ing in the lock, and possessing herself
of the lantern, left the room. She
closed and locked the door upon the
villain, and hastened up the stairs to
arouse Dennis. Receiving no answer
to her knocks and calls she opened
the door and looked in. He was not there
but his boots were sitting besides the
bed, which looked as though he had
lain down on the outside. A terrible
suspicion broke upon her mind; the
thief down stairs and Dennis were one
and the same. He had overheard Mr.
Clifford when he was talking about the
money to her; for although he had
left the room, he could not have got
out of hearing—and had made up his
mind to gain possession of it. And
now if he should come to himself and
escape from the room where she left
him, he could easily overpower her and
Mrs. Watson, for he well knew there
was no one else in the house, and the
nearest neighbors lived half a mile off.
With these thoughts in her mind she
hurried to Mrs. Watson's room, and
awakened her by violently shaking
her by the arm.
"Good gracious, Marion, what is
the matter?" she exclaimed; "you
act as though you had seen a ghost!"
"I have not," returned Marion;
"but there is a man in the sitting

Work and Wait.

room with a mask on, and I believe
it is Dennis."
"Dennis! Well, what does he want
with a mask?"
"I cannot tell; it may not be he,
but why is he not in his room?"
Mrs. Watson was now thoroughly
awakened, and had begun to com-
prehend what Marion was saying.
She arose hastily from her bed,
and dressed herself, and having fast-
ened the door, Marion related to her
what had transpired. She was, if
possible, more frightened that Marion
had been, fearing that he would come
and murder them. Marion assured
her that he could not. She had locked
him in the room, and besides he lay
senseless upon the floor. But she in-
sisted that he might recover and break
open the door, and he would be sure
to come there; he would be enraged
at losing the money, and it would have
been much better if Marion had let
him keep it, and crept out and left him
coming up the stairs, now." And
thus she kept Marion and herself in
torment, until daylight began to dawn.
With increasing light her courage
began to return, and she consented to
accompany Marion down to the sit-
ting room door and ascertain if they
could, if he was still alive. They list-
ened intently before venturing to en-
ter the room, but could hear no sound.
Summoning all her courage Marion
opened the door and looked in. The
room was empty. An open window
revealed the way the villain had se-
cured his liberty. He had clambered
down by a trellis that supported some
vines by the window, and made good
his escape; and although Mr. Clifford,
upon his return, offered a reward for
his apprehension, he was never heard
of again in that part of the world
again.
Many years have passed since then,
and Marion is now the mistress of a
happy home, the cherished wife of
Howard C. Ford; and she has been
heard to say more than once, that that
night of terror brought her the great-
est happiness of her life.

Murder Most Foul.

The Chicago Post of Saturday
says: some two years ago a Russian
of good family, named Alvin Van
Panwitz was compelled to fly from
Germany on account of having been
engaged in a duel which resulted fat-
ally. He had some small means
with him, and received a half yearly
remittance from his family. He re-
turned a farm from R. C. Adams, of
Dwight, which he cultivated, assist-
ed by a hired man named Frederick
Shafer. On Tuesday, January the
2nd, he drew part of his money, and
after visiting some saloons with Sha-
fer and another man, left for home
with them. He and Shafer quarrel-
ed en route, and their companions left
the sleigh about half a mile from
town. Nothing was heard or seen
of Panwitz for some days, and this
exciting suspicion, inquiries were
made of Shafer, who stated that his
employer had gone to Chicago, leav-
ing him instructions to draw the
money to market, and then follow him
to the city with his team to engage in
hauling debris. But Shafer, who
was hauling corn to Nevada, told dif-
ferent stories there, and he was taxed
with falsehood. Becoming alarmed,
he took the team and all the effects of
the murdered man, and started with
them for Chicago.
Constable Sutton, of Gardner, and
Detective Winstead, of Wilmington,
traced Shafer to this city, where he
was found in a livery stable, attend-
ing to the horses, which he had offer-
ed for sale at a very low price. He
was arrested, manacled, and taken
back to Dwight, where, on Tuesday of
last week, he confessed the crime.
He said that while going home, Pan-
witz quarreled with him, and that both
were drunk. After reaching home,
Shafer put away the horses and en-
tered the house, where he found Pan-
witz divested of his clothing and ly-
ing on the bed. The quarrel was at
once renewed by Panwitz in a hard
bitter manner, and for some return
on the part of Shafer, he at once
jumped off the bed and dealt the lat-
ter a kick in the small of the back,
and dropped back upon the bed again;
upon which Shafer seized a monkey-
wrench of large size, which was lying
on the table close by, and struck him
on the right temple with it; the force
of the blow broke the skull, and he
found that he had killed him. He did
not remember having struck him
more than once, though examination
proved that the wounds could not
have been made by less than six por-

Lively Bear Fight.

The Williamsport Gazette says:
A gentleman reached Williamsport
on Friday evening last, from a "log-
ging camp" in Potter county, where he
has been for five weeks past, who re-
lates the particulars of an exciting
encounter with an old bear and two
cubs. It appears that a man named
Jonah Elmaker, and his wife, had
made a small clearing in Jackson
township. They have a comfortable
log cabin, a small barn, several head
of cattle and a few pigs. About nine
o'clock on the evening of January 31st,
Mr. Elmaker heard a great commotion
among his cattle and pigs at the barn.
On rushing out to ascertain the cause
of alarm, imagine his surprise on find-
ing that an old bear and two cubs had
attacked a yearling calf. The cattle
were snorting and bellowing at a fear-
ful rate, whilst the pigs were squealing
as lustily as if they expected to be
despatched every minute. The bear
had thrown the calf down and was
preparing to drag it out of the yard.
The cubs were running around snap-
ping their teeth and uttering half ap-
pressed growls of delight at the pros-
pect of a "good square meal."
Mr. Elmaker returned to the house
at once, informed his wife, and made
preparations to attack the bears. He
seized his rifle, whilst his wife armed
herself with a long handled double bit-
ted axe. Thus armed they advanced
to the attack. The bears, made bold
and fearless by hunger did not seem
inclined to give up their prey. Rising
upon her haunches the old bear show-
ed fight, and the cubs crouched behind
her snarling fiercely. Mr. Elmaker
raised his rifle and fired at the black
monster, thinking that if she were
killed the cubs could easily be de-
spatched or driven off, but owing to
the excitement under which he was
laboring, he missed his aim and only
broke the left fore paw of the animal.
With a fierce growl of rage, caused by
the painful wound, the old bear rushed
at her assailant, followed by the cubs.
They stood their ground for a few
minutes. Mr. Elmaker clubbing his
rifle, whilst his wife cut one of the cubs
severely in the shoulder with the axe.
The rage of the animals became fearful,
and the great danger of facing them
at once became apparent. Retreating
rapidly to the house, they barred the
door and prepared to defend them-
selves. Mr. Elmaker succeeded in
reloading his rifle, and firing through
the window, killed a cub. The old
bear now attempted to climb the log
house, but owing to her broken paw
was unable to do so. Another shot
from the rifle wounded her severely in
the head, when she set up the most
hideous howl of rage. Failing to get
another shot at them, the parties inside
remained in a state of siege, prepared
to resist any further attack. The ani-
mals battered around until midnight,
when they retired and all became still.
On making search in the morning the
old bear was found dead about six
hundred yards from the house, and
the cub laid where it fell in the early
part of the engagement. The other
had disappeared in the forest.
The two dead bears were secured and
dressed. The old one weighed 350
pounds, and the cub 193. The El-
makers have a sufficiency of bear meat
to last them for the balance of the
season. The skins will be brought to
Williamsport soon and offered for sale.
The affair caused much talk in the
neighborhood for several days. It is
scarcely that bears are so bold, but their
bravery on this occasion was caused,
no doubt, by the cravings of hunger.
The calf was badly lacerated by the
teeth and claws of the animal, but will
recover. Mrs. Elmaker says she is
ready for the next raid.

The Town of Sitka Alaska.

The following not very cheerful pic-
ture of the town of Sitka, is from the
pen of a correspondent of the Phila-
delphia Press:
The village contains forty or fifty
houses. The population consists of
one thousand Indians and two thousand
dogs. Of the dogs, all but one are of
the same shaggy, wolf-like type seen
among the Indians of the Alaskan
coast. The exception was a bony-legged,
bearded cur of civilized breed, the only
one among the two thousand that
showed a lack of civility by barking at
our heels. The houses much more
resemble the semi-subterranean abodes
of the Laplanders and Esquimaux
than the wigwams of American Indi-
ans. Like the oak described by the
American poet, they extended as far
into the earth as above it. Some of
them are twenty or thirty feet square,
and built of very wide cedar planks;
many of the four feet across, worked
out by these rude people.
We entered several. Creeping
through apertures, both square and
round, not more than three feet in di-
ameter, we descended flights of steps
into the large single room. In the cen-
tre of each a fire was built on the
ground, and in the centre of each roof
a hole, out of which passed a small
portion of the smoke, the rest of it re-
maining for the benefit of a salmon
hanging over our heads, and to make
sore eyes for the inmates. The whole
inside is floored, except the fire-place
in the middle. On both sides are the
sleeping places, covered with skins and
blankets, and in some instances separ-
ated by low partitions. In the rear
and on shelves below the dormitories
were stored potatoes and dried
meat in small bales, covered with
matting. Their largest potatoes are
the size of a bulled walnut.
Good Friends.
"I wish that I had some good
friends to help me on in life?" cried
little Dennis, with a yawn.
"Good friends! why you have ten
replied his master.
"I'm sure I haven't half so many,
and those I have are too poor to help
me."
"Count your fingers, my boy," said
his master.
Dennis looked at his large strong
hands.
"Count thumbs and all," added the
master.
"I have; there are ten," said the
lad.
"Then never say you have not got
ten good friends able to help you on
in life. Try what those true friends
can do before you begin grumbling,
and fretting because you do not get
help from others."
If you are not your own friend, it is
foolish to expect others to befriend
you. Providence only helps those
who help themselves.
**WHAT can a man have in his pocket
when it is empty? A big hole.**
"You'll grow up ugly if you make
faces," said a maiden lady to her little
niece. "Did you make faces when
you were a girl, aunty?"

Telegraphic Trick.

A San Francisco paper says: Two
young men, telegraphic operators
boarding at one of our leading third
class hotels, and being of somewhat
hilarious disposition found great
amusement in carrying on conversation
with each other at table by ticking
on their plates with a knife, fork or
spoon. For the information of those,
not familiar with the telegraphy it
may be well to state that a combina-
tion of sounds or ticks constitutes the tele-
graphic alphabet, and persons familiar
with these sounds can converse there-
by as intelligibly as with spoken
words. The young lightning strikers
as already stated, were in the habit of
indulging in table talk by this means
whenever they desired to say any-
thing private to each other. For in-
stance, No. 1 would pick up his knife
and tick off some such remarks as this
to No. 2:
"Why is this butter like the offense
of Hamlet's uncle?"
No. 2—"I give it up."
No. 1—"Because it's rare, and
smells to heaven."
Of course the joke is not appreci-
ated by the landlord (who sits close by,
because he doesn't understand tele-
graphic tricks, and probably he would
not appreciate it much if he did), but
the jokers enjoy it immensely and
laugh immoderately, while the other
guests wonder what can be the reason
for this merriment and naturally
conclude that the operators must be
idiots.
A few days ago, while the fam-
ous routine were seated at breakfast,
a stout built young man entered the din-
ing room with a handsome girl on his
arm, whose timid, blushing counte-
nance showed her to be a bride. The
couple had, in fact, been married but
a day or two previous, and had come
to San Francisco from their home in
Oakland or Mad Springs or some other
rural village, for the purpose of pass-
ing their honeymoon. The telegraph
tinkers commenced as soon as the hus-
band and wife had seated themselves
at the table.
No. 1 opened the discourse as fol-
lows:
"What a lovely little pigeon this is
longside of me— isn't she?"
No. 2—"Perfectly charming; looks
as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth
just married. Don't you think so?"
No. 1—"Yes, I should judge she
was. What luscious lips she's got!
If that country bumpkin besides her
was out of the road, I'd give her a
kiss and a hug just for luck."
No. 2—"Suppose you try it any-
how. Give her a little nuzzle under
the table. With your knee."
There is no telling to what extent
the impatient rascals might have pro-
ceeded but for an amusing and entirely un-
foreseen event.
The bridegroom's face had flushed
and a dark scowl was on his brow
during the progress of the ticking
conversation; but the operators were
too much occupied by each other to
pay attention to him. The reader
may form some idea of the young man's
consternation when the partner of the
lady picked up his knife and ticked up
the following terse but vigorous mes-
sage:
"This lady is my wife, and as soon
as she gets through with her breakfast
I propose to wring your necks—you
insolent whelps!"
Their countenances fell very sud-
denly when the message commenced.
By the time it had ended they had lost
all appetite and appreciation for jokes,
and slipped out of dining room in a
very rapid and ceremonious manner.
The bridegroom, it seems was a telegraphic
operator, and "knew how it was him-
self."
A man from one of the rural districts
recently went to Washington to see the
sights. A member of the House,
whose constituent he was, said: "Come
up to-morrow and I will give you a
seat on the floor of the House."
"No, you don't!" replied Jonathan;
"I always manage to have a cheer to
set on at home, and I bet I ain't come
to Washington to set on the floor! In-
jens may do that when they come, if
they like, but I that an civilized, don't
do it."
A MONSTER.—There is now confined
in the Mecklenburg (Va.) county jail
a man who boat to death his little son,
aged fourteen years, with tobacco sticks
and then buried him with his own
hands. Immediately afterwards he
took his little daughter, who he feared
would betray him, tied her with ropes,
and proceeded toward the river with
her, with the intention of drowning her.
Before he succeeded in perpetrating
the second murder, he was discovered
and arrested by a neighbor, who heard
the screams of the girl.