

# THE POST.

MIDDLEBURG.....MARCH 6, 1871

## Philadelphia Prison Sketches

Feeling a tap on my shoulder, I turned and encountered a pair of distended, lurid eyes glaring fiercely into mine, while a wail of uttermost unuttering and fatid breath swept down my lungs. He was of the medium stature, with narrow, bony, bent-over shoulders, one of which was higher than the other; thin, quivering lips, and damp, long-fingered fingers.

"He is a morphine-eater andclairvoyant," said the keeper, laying his cold, clammy hands on my head.

The foreteller of events said, in grave, melancholy tones: There is a great forest filled with singing birds, of feathers many hues and iridescent. The soft murmur of splashing brooklets and rocky, haunted falls make musical the perfume air. Sweet nature revels from her mystic abode depths, a lake of pink white light that whilst round me in concentric waves. 'Tis the spirit. The grass and earthy vaults. The spirit of my dead mother smiles sadly down on me. Her eyes are wet with tears shed for her unhappy son. Behind and before her I behold the spirit of Moses, with Bompas on his left hand and Sir William Jenkins on his right. All is over. Once more—'tis mortal." Lowering his eyes from their ecstatic upward gaze, he said: "Have you any morphine or opium?"

I shook my head; he uttered an oath and shambled quickly away.

He was from Lucknow, an officer in the British army; fought a duel with his brother-in-law and killed him; afterward attacked by jungle fever and recovered only to be a lunatic. Even before this illness he was somewhat of a spiritual and believer in mesmerism and Jackson Davis; now he is perfectly mad on the subject.

Here comes a venerable old sinner, who will quote scripture to you while he is stealing your peck-bock if you are not careful.

Tearing my eyes in the direction signified, I observed an aged, white-haired, portly man, decked with gaudy ribbons and trinkets of every description. He was striding theatrically toward me, holding open before him a ponderous edition of the Bible. Donning a pair of silver-studded spectacles, which imparted to his grave, impulsive features an air of almost opposite solemnity, he began to read from the opening chapters of St. John.

I listened in silent and devout meditation, he meanwhile edging closer to my side. Suddenly I felt a hand pressing on my elbow, and the minute after I clutched the old fellow's fingers, and to my intense amusement discovered that he had secured both my gold eye-glasses and a twenty-five cent stamp. Holding in front of his insatiable face the guilty, fat fingers, I laughingly exclaimed: "No, no, you are too inconsistent; keep the money, but give me my glasses!"

The keeper laughed outright, while the aged sinner, waving me with supreme scorn, retreated to his chair but, regarding the twenty-five cent note, however, where he occasionally eyed me in disdainful anger.

"He is a kleptomaniac," explained the keeper, and has been for 20 years a source of great shame and mortification to his friends and family, but he is now where there is but little to steal and what he does purloin is restored every month or so to the rightful owners. We make a raid on his drawers, closets and pockets, and it is really astonishing what an amount of odds and ends he manages to secure in the course of a month.

**AN INVOLUNTARY HIGHWAYMAN.**—On a recent evening, a Brooklynite was walking along Atlantic Avenue, when he was jostled and passed by a stranger. Soon afterward, discovering that his watch was gone, he hurried after the stranger, presented a revolver at his head and grimly said, "Give me that watch!" The stranger started over at once. On reaching home the gentleman began telling the story of his adventure to his wife, when she interrupted him by saying, "Why, John, you left your watch on the bureau this morning, and I have been wearing it all day."

A man in Memphis, desiring to see the Grand Duke, took off his coat, and carried a large Saratoga trunk on his shoulders up stairs, thus evading the police, who had strict orders to keep all strangers out of the Peabody House. After carrying a two hundred pound truck up two flights of stairs, he didn't see the Grand Duke, and found somebody had stolen his coat.

A demure-looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth and people will respect you." And he hurried on much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

## LIGHTNING RODS.

The North American Lightning Rod Company of Philadelphia.

Manufacture and put up their Celebrated

Copper Covered

LIGHTNING RODS,

at reasonable prices and in a manner

that cannot fail to give general satisfaction.

AGENTS OF THE COMPANY

have been in Snyder County every summer for

several years past, and they are here now.

Those who want a good Rod, should not fail to consult with the Agents.

J. S. BURKHART,

Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pennsylvania

Keeps constantly on hand a large and well-made assortment of Tin, Sheet-Iron Ware, Stores, &c., &c.

He is Agent for the following named articles:

"THE MORNING GLORY."

Littlefield's Patent Improved Bass

COAL STOVE.

In this pattern of The Morning Glory, several new and important changes have been embodied, which cannot be soon to be imitated. This new stove is made entirely of cast iron, so fitted as to be Wright, but can be made with sheet-iron upper portion, when preferred by the purchaser. Its economical design is simplicity, making it a handsome piece of furniture, far more roomy than any other stove made. It is found economical, though resembling some of the former patterns of The Morning Glory, is quite different, making it more substantial and durable, and its exterior finish is equal to any other.

The grass and earthy vaults.

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