The Post.

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THE POST

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J. P. ORONMILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Middleburg, Pa., Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan 2, '67tf

A. C. SIMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selinsgrove Pa., Offers his professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67tf

J. W. KNIGHT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Freeburg Pa., Offers his Professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Jan. 17, '67tf

WM. VAN GEZER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg Pa., Offers his professional service to the public. Collections and all other Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

GEO F. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg Pa Offers his Professional service to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Jan. 3, '67tf

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL (Successors to J. F. & J. M. Linn,) ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa. Offer their professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67tf

CHARLES HOWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selinsgrove Pa., Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professions business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office two door north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '6

SAMUEL ALLEMAN. HORACE ALLEMAN.

S. ALLEMAN & SON. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Selinsgrove Pa. All professional business and collecting entrusted to their care will be promptly attened to. Can be consulted in English or German. Office, Market Square.

L. N. MYERS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW Middleburg Snyder County Penn'a Office a few doors West of the P. O. on Main street. Consultation in English and German tongues. Sep. 6'tf

J. C. BUCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg Pa., Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67

GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE. Persons in need of a good and durable Sewing Machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on on SAMUEL FAUST, Agent, Selinsgrove. [Jan. 24, '68

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Middleburg Pa., Offers his professional services to the citizens 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. 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, '68tf

DR J. F KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa., Offers his professional services to the public. 6-38tf

GRAYBILL & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN WOOD AND WILLOW WARE Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats, Brushes Cotton Lays, Grain Bags, Fly Nets, Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c. No 845 North Third Street, Philadelphia. Feb. 7, '67

GEO. W GRANELLO, Esq., JUSTICE OF THE PEACE & Conveyancer. Middleburg Snyder County, Penna. Conveyancing in all its branches expeditiously executed. Debts and accounts collected. Instruments of writing drawn with care and accuracy. Apr.15-72.tf

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

THO'S SWINEFRD, WITH W. F. HANSELL, Removed from 21 N. Fourth Street. CHINA GLASS & Queensware, 61 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA. Original Packages Constantly on Hand

MILLER & ELDER. WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS Stationers, Blank book Manufacturers and dealers in Wrapping, Blasting, Curtain and Wall papers Paper Bags &c General Job Printers No. 420 North Third street above Race Philadelphia Pa.

FAIRMOUNT HOUSE, NEAR THE DEPOT, Middleburg, Pa. GEORGE GUYER, PROPRIETOR This house is in close proximity to the depot and has lately been rebuilt and refitted. Rooms commodious—the table well supplied with the best the market affords—and terms moderate.

BROWN HOUSE, PAXTONVILLE, (Benfer Station. HENRY BENFER, Proprietor. The undersigned adopts this method of informing the public that he has opened a hotel at the above named place, on the road from Middleburg to Beavertown, and that he is prepared to entertain the public with first class accommodations. HENRY BENFER. April 6, 1871.

WALKER HOUSE, McClure City Pa. R. D. WALTER Proprietor. This a new house, newly furnished and is now open to the traveling public. It is located near the depot. No effort will be spared by the proprietor to make the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.

DAVIS HOUSE, At the Mifflin, Centre, Sunbury & Lewistown R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorrace Sts., Lewistown Pa., George Flory & Son, Proprietors. ☞ Open Day and Night for the accommodation of travelers. A first class Restaurant is attached to the hotel, where Meals at all hours can be had. Terms sareonable. 9,43-tf

BUMGARDNER HOUSE, (Opposite Reading Railroad Depot) Harrisburg, Pa., A. H. LANDIS, Proprietor. ☞ Every effort necessary to insure the comfort of guests will be made. The house has been newly refitted. [oct18,1871tf

ALLEGHENY HOUSE.— Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street, (Above Eighth,) PHILADELPHIA. A. Beck, Proprietor. Terms $2 00 Per Day. [9,4

JOHN H ARNOLD, Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURG, PA. Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb 9,'7

J. THOMPSON BAKER, Attorney-at-Law, Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa. ☞ Can be consulted in the English and German languages. OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store 8-49y

SAMUEL H. ORWIG, Attorney-at-Law, OFFICE, 717 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

A. G HORNBERGER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE Perry Township, Snyder County, Pa. Collections, Conveyancing, and all other business pertaining to the office will be promptly attended to. Office near Troutmansville.

J. C KREITZER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Chapman township Snyder Co. pa. Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

DR. J. W. ROCKEFELLOW, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Offers his professional services to the citizens Middleburg and vicinity. [June1-tf

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF THE BES RYE WHISKEY, POLDURE PEACH WHISKEY, BRANDY, GIN, AND SYRUPS Just received and for sale at the Eagle Hotel, in Middleburg. JOHN A. STAHLNECKER, Aug. 18, 1870.

D. B. SLIFER'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Furniture Warerooms, NO. 66 NORTH SECOND STREET, (Below Arch, West Side.) Factory and Wholesale Department, 1603 North 6th Street, above Oxford, -8tf] PHILADELPHIA.

JACOB P. BOGAR, WITH UBERROTH, BERGSTRESSER & CO. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH, PROVISIONS, &c. No. 206 North Wharves, (above Race St.,) 9-7tf PHILADELPAIA.

J. B. SELHEIMER, DEALER IN HARDWARE, Iron, Nails, Steel, Leather, Paints, Oils, Coach & Saddlery Ware AND MANUFACTURER OF Stoves & Tinware, MARKET STREET, Lewistown, Penn'a. November 2, 1871-tf

T. J. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. MIDDLEBURG, SNYEDR CO., PA. Offers his Professional Services to the public Consultations in English and German.

Select Poetry.

Prayer and Potatoes.

[If a brother and sister go naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, 'Depart ye in peace; be ye warmed and filled,' notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?—James II, 15 16.]

An old lady sat in her old arm chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And hungry-worn features.
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat in her old arm chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now, now they were gone; of bad and good:
Not one was left for the old lady's food.
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said: "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go?
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon as ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes,
She said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not much mind to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon come over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never for once of potatoes.
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way:
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to give his hoarded potatoes,
So not hearing, of course, what the old lady said:
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, goodness and grace
But when he prayed 'Lord, give her peace,
She audibly sighed, 'Give potatoes."
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought he heard in its stead,
That same request for potatoes.

Deacon was troubled, knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so,
And about those carnal potatoes.
So ending his prayers, he started for home;
The door closed behind, he heard a deep groan,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"

And the groan followed him all the way home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"
He could hear it no longer; arose and dressed,
From his well-filled cellar taken in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut,
But there she sat in her old arm chair,
With the same wan features, same wan air:
And entering in he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choice potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggered and pale no more:
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may."
And he knelt him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured out his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed,
As never before his lips essayed,
No longer embarrassed, but free and full
As poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded a loud "amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you hear this simple tale
Pray for the poor, and praying, prevail?
Then preface your prayer with alms and good deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants and their needs;
Pray for their peace and grace, spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance, all these are good,
But don't forget the potatoes!

Testimony at the Right Time.

The case pending before our court interested the people deeply. A few months prexiously Jacob Ames had died, leaving property to the amount of fifty or sixty thousand dollars, all of which was readily available. At first it was supposed that the old man—he was eighty-seven—had died without having made a will, as he had often been heard to remark that making a will seemed like a preparation for death, and as there could be no question about the inheritance of his property, he did not choose to make any such, to him, ghostly testament. His direct and only legitimate heirs were two orphans, both girls, children of his only daughter. One of them was a cripple, requiring almost the individual care and attention of the other, and both were beloved by all who knew them. While people were feeling glad that the orphan sisters were to be thus grandly provided for, a man named James Arnold presented a will for probate, said to be the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Ames, made several years before. This Arnold was a nephew-in-law of old Jacob, the child of a wife's sister, and had for several years been employed as business agent and general accountant for the deceased; and when he caused the will to be presented, he produced a number of witnesses, who declared that they had often heard old Ames say he had made the only will he should make, and that James Arnold was his heir; and what seemed to make the matter sure, two witnesses to the will, former servants or employes of the testator, swore point-blank to having seen Ames' place his signature to the document, after which they signed their own names. Honest people shook their heads at this, for these two witnesses—a man and his wife—were not above suspicion. In fact it was generally believed that a small sum of ready money would buy them, body and soul. I entered the court-room late in the afternoon of the third day, just as the last witness was about to leave the witness box; and the witness was Thomas Cloudman, the servant just alluded to. He had been questioned by a juryman, and had made a plain statement. Everything was against the poor deserving orphans, and all in favor of the dispised nephew. In fact, no honest man, under the evidence, could have brought in a verdict against Arnold's claim.

The juryman who had questioned this witness sat at the end of the box; and close to him, among the spectators, stood old Harvey Goodrich, who was at that time employed in the paper-mill of Day & Lyon, at Portland. I had known him years before, when he worked for Rice, of Newton. The juror held the will in his hand, open, and Goodrich cast his eye upon it. I saw the old paper maker start and tremble.

"Let me look at that!" I heard him whisper, for I stood close by.

The juror, without considering, handed him the document; and before the counsel could interpose and regain it, Goodrich had seen all he desired, and his first movement, after relinquishing the will, was to hasten to the side of the orphans attorney, and whisper hurriedly and excitedly, in his ear. I saw the attorney, whose name was Shipman, bend his head attentively, and then start to his feet. What was it? In those few brief moments the whole audience had caught the fever of excitement, for it was clearly evident that something of importance was on the tapis.

"May it please you honor," said Shipman very quietly—so camly and so quietly that we feared it could be nothing of importance, after all—"I must ask the indulgence of the court. I wish to present new and important testimony."

There was a slight war of words between the opposing counsel, after which, by permission of the court, the old paper-maker took the witness box, he gave his name, residence, occupation etc, and then Mr. Shipman placed the will in his hands.

"Mr. Goodrich, will you please examine that document?"

"I have done so, sir."

"What is the written date of that will?"

"September fifth, eighteen hundred and forty one," answered the witness, reading from the instrument."

"Now, Mr. Goodrich, will you please inform the jury and the court, if you observe anything else upon that paper which you hold in your hand, that would positively affect the reliability of that written date. Make your own statement, in your own way; only make it concise and clear."

"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," commenced the witness, "this piece of paper which I now hold in my hand was manufactured by myself and was calendered upon a machine of my invention. The water-lines, in place of the ordinary blue ruling, were included in my improvement. You will also observe upon close inspection—though the ink upon the surface has somewhat obscured it—my own stamp in watermarks. Your honor can examine it for yourself."

The judge took the document, and held it up against the strong light; and voluntarily he read aloud, so as to be heard by all in the room—for every breath was hushed—"H. Goodrich's Patent. Eighteen Hundred and forty-three!"

"Yes, your honor, broke in Goodrich, whose professional integrity was now on the balance, "I can solemnly swear that that sheet of paper was not made until at least two years after the date of the instrument which has been written upon its face."

The paper was given to the jury, who were all upon their feet. Arnold's counsel counsel demanded to see it, Mr. Cloudman and wife got up, and tried to leave the room, but were prevented. Judge and bar were in a state of ferment; while the dense audience swayed to an fro in eager, painful suspense. Would this old man's testimony have its legitimate weight? Everyone was satisfied that there was now no question of the utter fraudulency of the pretended will, but how would the jury view it.

Ah! how could it be otherwise? There was a witness more potent to an intelligent court and jury than speech of tongue. The contested will bore in its innermost heart—in its 'heart of hearts"—the emphatic evidence of the base lie upon its written face. other witnesses were called—one paper maker and two paper-dealers—but the thing was settled. The water-line date of the paper was evidence enough. A little while and the Judge gave his charge—about as brief a charge I ever heard. A little longer and we knew that the orphans were the true and legally established heirs to Jacob Ames's fortune. I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Suffice it for me to say, that the purjured parties were severely punished, while the sun of joy and gladness cast its gracious beams upon the beloved and deserving sisters.

How they Fight Whales.

The following vivid sketch of a whale hunt is from a correspondence of the Baltimore *Commercial Bulletin*, of a recent issue:

We are now within a cable's length of the nearest whales, a score of boats close in our wake, and another ship's boat lapping upon us Grim John Daggett, the mate, seemed going mad his eyes starting from their sockets, teeth clinched, and bareheaded. I pulled the after oar, and so he guided the boat with one hand; his other at every stroke caught my oar, throwing it against my breast, while its long blade quivered like a piece of spring steel. Still the other boat gained—creeping slowly abreast of us.

"Pull, men—oh, if you love money, pull! Don't let the boat pass us! Oh, spring, every mother's son of you—boys, if you love, pull. A keg of terbaccer among yer, if we get up to this whale! Ah, he blows! Oh, God, what a back, broader'n the old woman's parlor. Steady, now men; not a whisper, if you want to live! One morke stroke—stand up, harpooner. Don't ye miss him, boys! loook out when he rounds up—cool, my boy, cool—give it to him."

Down under my oar blade I saw a huge black body, and the boat struck something harder than a wave.

"Starn all! starn all! I tell ye," thundered grim old Vickings; and I knew that we were fast. Heavens! how the line flew out, as if madened with pain the monster plunged downward One—two—three hundred fathoms of line out, not a sound in the boat, save the cracking of the line as it runs smoking along the loggerhead, the mate tightening it every bound it would bear—every man braced firm in his seat, grasping an oar and waiting. But now the slender cord slackened, for tired and breathless, our prey is coming up.

As I leaned over the gunwale the waters were clear as crystal, and I fancied I could see the immense depth in the tranquil element. It is possible a more than fabled giant is coming thence to battle with us. And in a few minutes will it be his blood or ours that shall turn this pellucid blue to turbid crimson? A shout startled me, and looking around, there lashing the sea to snow drifts, rolled our prey. And what an antagonist! At least eighty feet long, of huge girth, he lay on his back (the cachelot's favorite way of fighting,) his head depressed, and jaw, fully fifteen feet long, elevated in the air, and bristling with sharp gleaming, white teeth. His roaring was fearful. Down to our oars, and in a moment our mate had his lance at work.

Keen as a razor blade, that long thin lance found its way through hide and sinew, past piled up flesh and rib, burying its head in the very vitals of the monster. His throes of agony were terrible and pitiful. At every lance thrust his huge body would quiver along its entire length, and the bright red blood, hot from his heart, rush in a torrent from his spiracle. In vain he turns upon us—the well trained crew slip the boat out from under his very jaw, and he shuts it down to crush us, and as he rushes by, again the lance cuts its cruel way.

No play, this kind of hunting. No long ranged rifles fired from a safe distance. A grand hand-to-hand combat, grappling the greatest living animal in a life and death struggle. No place in that boat for weak nerves. These be earnest men snatching subsistance for families from out of the sea, and conquering its king. He strives to escape, but the iron is galling, and spouting ten gallons of blood at every breath, he is growing weak. The blood has covered us; and the old mate looks like the butcher he is. Oh, old fellow! your enemies have closed upon you, and no fear. It is your life or theirs, and man triumphs over the brute.

But now the coup de grace is given, and he is dying. On one side, swimming blindly, he sweeps grandly around in a narrowing circle, until at last, heading towards the sun, as visions grow more and more dark, a mighty throe shakes the huge form, a convulsive shudder as in a last vain struggle for life, and a huge, unwieldy moss, heaving upon the long swells, attest man's supremacy upon the waters as well as upon the land.

While we had been at work, the other boats had not been idle. While our whale appeared from the first plunge, the whole school had surrounded him, or in a whaler's parlance, "brought to," for there is a deal of honest sympathy in a school of sperm whales. A fleet of boats dashed in and each quickly selecting his prey, commenced the work of death. The scene was a perfect pandamonium—the whales, entangled in many lines, striving to escape; here one on his back, his great bristling jaw elevated, and lines attached to other whales wound round and round it; there another, trying to fight his way clear of the mass, dealing tremendous blows with "flukes" and fins. The surrounding boats press upon them, the lances flashing in the sunlight, the shouting crews covered with blood, wild with excitement and joy. T waves caught a bright, red tin were floating in a sea of blood.

But, one after another away from the entangled ma into his "flurry," and drag him the boat, the officers still the lance—the monster, forsa the school, yielded and turne up." Our ship secured three o prizes, among which our boat tured the king, being what is te ed a "hundred barrel faller." noon we had them alongside th ship, secured them with massive chains, and made sail to gain an off ing before beginning the work of cutting in.

A Novel Scene in a Court-Room.

The Providence *Journal* says: An unusual scene took place during the trial of the case of Burgess vs Anderson. The case is brought to recover moneys won at various times from the plaintiff at faro by fraudulent practices. The plaintiff used, as an illustration of the technicalities of the game, a complete faro table with its marking apparatus and silver case-keeper's box. An expert, Mr. Daniel H. Helme, took his seat at the table and played the game, the counsel and other spectators won their bets, although luck was largely in favor of the bank. He then took a set of "strippers," that is, a pack in which certain of the cards were trimmed at the side to an edge, unobservable to the eye but easily perceived by the touch of the dealer. By this device the dealer knew the position of any card, and by dealing two at a time when necessary, was able to make the opposite players loose at will. This false deck of cards being inserted into the box, the spectators, betting at choice against the bank, found that the dealer distributed the favors of fortune all to himself, and were at once convinced how immoral a thing gambling is. The expert testified that he had been in the service of the defendant and had used the "strippers to defraud the innocent customers. The defendent denies the use of the "skin game" at his place, and says the story of the expert is a fabrication resulting from a personal enmity. However that may be, that such a sinful game is possible seemed to be pretty clearly demonstrated in open court.

FEW WORDS.—Some men use words as riflemen use bullets. They say but little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, e guide with their eyes and face, o on, till what you say can be ed in a word or two, and the lance out a sentence pierce the to the quick, and are done. conversation falls to their mind river into a deep chasm, and is from sight by its depth and darkne They will sometimes surprise you w a few words, they go to the mark l a gunshot, and then they are sil again, as if they were reloading. Se men are safe counselors, and t friends when they profess to be such To them truth is more valuable th gold, while pretension is too gauzy deceive them. Words without poi to them, are like titles without mer only betraying the weakness of t blinded dupes who are ever used promoters of other men's schemes.

Advertising Rates.

One column one year	$300.00
One-half column, one year,	80.00
One-fourth column, one year,	40.00
One square (10 lines) one insertion	75.
Every additional insertion	50.
Professional and Business cards of not more than five lines, per year.	6,00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices	2,50
Editorial notices per line	15.

All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

On Bathing.

The benefit to be derived by all classes from personal ablution is of universal interest, and highly esteemed in ancient record. The physical strength and vigorous constitution of the Greeks and Romans are justly attributed as much to their habits of bathing as to their regular exercise. It must be remarked generally, in reference to cold bathing, that the head should touch the water first, as the blood naturally recedes from that part of the body which first comes in contact with the cold. The water, on touching the surface of the body, gives a shock to the whole system, and the blood is forced from the superficial to the deep seated vessels; and on leaving the water, provided the bather has been in a moderate time, a reaction takes place from the centre to the surface; this kind of circulation is very healthy, and in it consists the great benefit of the cold bath. Warm baths are of greater importance than is generally supposed. They may be taken with great advantage both summer and winter, and while the body is at any degree of temperature They are not in any degree, when used in moderation, debilitating; but, on the contrary, are attended with health and vigor. The warm bath has a powerful effect in exciting the circulation of the blood, and in promoting perspiration and other natural secretions, thereby effectually arresting many incipient diseases. In connection with the bath, for any common ablution, common salt may be advantageously used. It dissolved in water, and prevents any risk of taking cold; it is also a powerful tonic, and general invigorator of the system.

LAW.

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If the considera
given and the amount can be proven.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of dishonor within twenty four hours of its non-payment.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

Principles are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The acts of one partner binds all the rest.

How to Sleep.

We are often asked for a prescription for preternaturally wakeful persons. The "high pressure" principle on which many of our business men work their brains and abuse their bodies, begets an irritable condition of the nerves, and a morbid state of mind, very antagonistic to quiet and refreshing sleep. Such persons will often go to bed weary and exhausted, but cannot sleep; or sleep dreamily and fitfully; or lie awake for hours, unable to sleep at all. We have tried many expedients to induce sleep with more or less success, and have read many receipts which proved better in theory than in practice. The very best method we have yet discovered is that of counting. Breathe deeply and slowly (without any straining effort) and with every expiration, count one, two, three, etc., up to a hundred. Some persons will be asleep before they can count fifty in this manner. Others will count ten twenty, or thirty, and then forget themselves and cease counting. In such cases always commence again at once. Very few persons can count a hundred and find themselves awake; but should this happen repeat the dose until cured.—*Science of Health.*

DRY CLOUDS.—Two boys among the blackberry bushes, saw a cloud rising, and heard a sound like thunder. One, timid said to the