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J. P. GEORGE, Proprietor.
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
Office in Court House, [Sept. 15, '87]

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, '87]

G. ROVER & BAKER, SEWING MACHINE.
Persons in need of a good and durable Sewing Machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on Samuel Rover, Agent, Selingsgrove. [Jan. 24, '88]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL, Surgeon and Physician.
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '87]

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, Surgical & Mechanical Dentist.
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JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq., Justice of the Peace.
Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

W. M. 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, '88]

DR. J. F. KANAWEL, Physician and Surgeon.
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. [6-38]

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. 845 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Feb. 7, '87

GEO. W. GRANELLO, Esq., Justice of the Peace & Conveyancer.
Middleburg Snyder County, Penna.
Conveyancing in all its branches especially in the sale of real estate. Deeds and accounts collected. Instruments of writing drawn with care and accuracy. [Apr. 15, '87]

B. T. PARKS, Attorney at Law & District Attorney.
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.
Office in Court House, [Sept. 15, '87]

THO'S WINEFRD, WITH W. F. HANSELL, 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, Binding, Carbons and Wall Papers. Paper Bags &c. Wholesale Prices.
No. 455 N. 3rd Street above Race Philadelphia Pa.

The Post.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO. PA., JUNE 27, 1872. NO. 15

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 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.

FARMOUNT HOUSE,
NEAR THE DEPOT,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
GEORGE GUYER, PROPRIETOR.
This house is in close proximity to the depot and has lately been rebuilt and re-fitted. Shows commodious—pleasant well supplied with the best market affords and is very moderate.

BROWN HOUSE,
FAXTONVILLE, (Near Station).
HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.
The proprietor has the method of furnishing the public that he has opened a hotel at the above named place, on the road from Middleburg to Saxtonville, and that he is prepared to entertain the public with first class accommodations. [Apr. 5, 1872.]

WALKER HOUSE,
McClure City Pa.
R. D. WALTER Proprietor.
This is 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 Mills, Centre, Saxbury & Lewisburg R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts., Lewisburg 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 reasonable. [9-33-87]

BUNGARDNER HOUSE,
(Opposite Reading Railroad Depot)
Harrisburg, Pa.
A. E. LAWRENCE, Proprietor.
Every effort necessary to insure the comfort of guests will be made. The house has been newly refitted. [OCT. 18, 1871.]

LEIGHENY HOUSE,
Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street,
(Above Eighth),
PHILADELPHIA.
A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms \$2.00 Per Day. [216-84]

JOHN H. ARNOLD, Attorney at Law,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb. 9, '87]

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

SAMUEL H. ORWIG, Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE, 71 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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

J. C. KRITZER, 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 of Middleburg and vicinity. [June 11]

FINE ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST RYE WHISKEY, FOLDURE 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. SLIPPER'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, -St- PHILADELPHIA.

JACOB P. BOGAR, WITH UBERROTH, BERGESSER & CO. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH, PROVISIONS, &c.
No. 206 North Wharves, (above Race St.), 9-71f PHILADELPHIA.

J. B. SELHEIMER, DEALER IN HARDWARE,
Iron, Nails, Steel, Leather, Paints, Oils, Coach & Saddlery Ware AND MANUFACTURER OF Stoves & Tinware.
MARKET STREET, Lewisburg, Penna., November 2, 1871-87

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

Select Poetry.
A DANGEROUS MAN.
BY CAPTAIN BUNT.
Mr. Sumner says that Grant is a bold, bad, dangerous man.—Newspaper.
"A bold, bad man is General Grant," Said Floyd one gloomy night, As out from Donaldson he crept, And took his hasty flight. From Pillow's trembling lips there came An echo sounding much the same. And Buckner though his chief was right, Nor longer durst maintain the light; And then came down the rebel "bars," And from the fort hung stripes and stars. "That Grant's a dangerous man," said they; And doubtless think the same to-day.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant," Said Beauregard one morning, As from the haughty towers he brow The victor's wreath was torn; And from the field his legion went, By orders General Grant had sent. Then Eilsh's field was ours again, Despite the host of Rebel men, Who came an army boasting loud, But went a panic-stricken crowd; For Beauregard, and all his men, Perhaps, thought Grant was dangerous then.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant," Said Pemberton, one day; "Entrepreneurs are of no avail, He will not stay away. A stubborn, mulish, dangerous man! He wants our rebel, dangerous man! And still Grant's cannon raked the town, Until the rebel flag came down; And then our banners rent and torn, Wreathrough the streets of Vicksburg borne.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant," Said Lee, "that's plain to see; He must be very bold, indeed, To think of whipping me. Then Petersburg and Richmond fell; Then Appomattox—maybe—well, At last our heroes' work was done; The final victory was won. Perhaps the people may forget These things; but then, they haven't yet. They need, then such "dangerous men, And think, perhaps, they may again,

"A bold, bad, dangerous man is Grant;" Jeff Davis thought the other day, When he turned off in crinoline, When he to the "last ditch" came. A Kuklux's gentle voice was heard, And—"Grant is dangerous" averred. It needs must be that this is so, For all these rebels sought to know, Then Hall and Trevelyan—good honest men—Saw "Grant is bold and bad," and when Such men declare it, then forthwith, Folks know that Sumner tells the truth: —Galena Gazette.

The Last of a Coquette.
BY A. V. HILL.
Everybody said Belle Gray was heartless. She was twenty-one years old, and beautiful beyond description. The hearts of at least a dozen suitors had laid lead at her feet, and she had remorselessly crushed them all. And now George Winter was in her toils. He had fallen hopelessly in love with Belle Gray—as every one could see—coquette and all as she was; and nearly everybody pitied him, while a few of the flintier ones said he was a fool. For six months he had paid his addresses to the beauty, and had had success far beyond what he could have expected. But she had not encouraged others before him in the same way? Had she not, like the *ignis fatuus*, led them—in pursuit of the treacherous flame, her heart—led them, as the tradition says, to destruction, in the dismal slough of despair? Not that those dozen hearts had exactly broken, either; nor that those dozen lives had been quite blighted, for they had all recovered the shock, and after a season of melancholy, some had actually married—a thing which, in the first bitterness of disappointment, they had solemnly vowed never to do. But George Winter had faith in Belle Gray. He loved her, and all the world could never have persuaded him that she designed to cast him away—that she was trifling with his affections, with the deliberate intention of crushing his heart when it should be once helplessly in her power. George had a pretty cousin, named Nellie Winter, and she was like a sister to him. One summer evening she ventured to tell him what the talk was among the circle of young folks with whom they associated—namely, that he was soon to be added to the long list of Belle Gray's victims. "Oh," said George, "it is only the talk of those who were less fortunate than myself."

"But it may not be, George," said Nellie. "It may be a more serious matter than you think. I know that you are wrapped up in Belle." George blushed, and tried to stammer something, but ignominiously failed. "Yes, you are, George. No use denying it. Now if she should treat you as she has others—"

George turned pale. "If she should, George. I should pity you, indeed. I know what a blow it would be to you."

"Nellie," George said, "you could never make me believe that she is trifling with me."

"Could anybody?"

"No—no one living."

"Couldn't she herself?"

"Well, I— I suppose I should have to believe her; but she will never pronounce such words."

"Try her."

George started nervously. "Try her, George, before you go too far. Test her sincerity without delay. Every day that passes only strengthens your attachment for her. Then, when the blow comes—if it does come—it will be the harder. If you are to learn at some time or other that your affections have been wasted the sooner the better."

George looked very serious. "You are afraid to," said Nellie. "But how shall I do it?"

Nellie pondered a moment and then said: "I will tell you: Make use of a little fib. Have an interview with her; put on a sad and melancholy face, and tell her that you are ruined—that you have met with reverses and lost all your possessions. Then see how quickly she will drop you."

George was thoroughly startled. He had never before allowed himself for a moment to question Belle Gray's good faith, but now he felt with a faint heart, that it might be so, and the very possibility was torturing to him. Then he asked himself: Could it be that this proud beauty would be the same to him—meet him with the same sunny smile and musical voice if he were poor? And yet, if she truly loved him, why should it change her?

He revolved the matter in his mind for a long time—flung it in every light—was confident and despondent by turns, and finally decided to put the matter to a test. All that night the demon of doubt haunted him, and the more he thought of the past career of Belle Gray the stronger grew his misgivings. How vividly he remembered now the despairing face of the wretched Ned Lark, when the reputed coquette had jilted him; how he had moaned and sighed, day and night, for nearly three weeks; how he had regretted his birthday; how he had longed for the retirement of the tomb; how he had even talked of getting rid of himself by foul means; how he had finally, in a spirit of utter desperation, gone and married another girl—with whom, by-the-way, he had lived happily enough, to all outward appearance. What if it should be his own fate to marry some one else? No, he never would! Not far off there was a beautiful little lake, of a few miles in extent, on which the young people of the neighborhood went rowing in the summer and skating in the winter. It was summer now, and on a beautiful moonlight evening, a small boat glided out from the woodland shore, sending forth the ripples on either side in vain pursuit of each other.

George Winter and Belle Gray were in the boat. They had taken boat rides together before, so that, to a casual observer, this occasion, was not an extraordinary one. George had determined to play his part, and had served himself for a very fine piece of acting. Among other things, he must appear as sad as possible, in view of his alleged bankruptcy. But he found very little difficulty in appearing sad and uneasy. He was so in reality, for he was so impressed with the importance of the issue; and he trembled as he thought that, before that little boat should return to her moorings, hope might have departed from his heart forever.

Belle Gray was in a pleasant and joyous mood, but she could not help observing the passive bearing of her companion. She asked him what was the matter. He replied: "Oh, nothing! and piled his oars in silence."

When they were out on the bosom of the lake, he rested, and uttered a sigh. "George," she said, "there is something the matter. Tell me what it is." George was silent a moment.

"Won't you confide in me?" she asked. "Yes, Belle," he replied, while his voice trembled with real emotion. "It is perhaps to you I should first communicate my misfortune."

"Misfortune?" she echoed. "Yes. Not that I care so much for the misfortune, but the consequences it must entail—the loss of you."

The moon was shining on her beautiful face, and George, could not fail to see that it turned very pale.

"Belle," continued George, with great emotion, "I have just received bad news from the city. I have been possessed of a considerable amount of wealth, left me by my father, and for some time I have left it all in the hands of a legal friend of mine in the city. He has been unfortunate in investing it; has lost it all, failed himself, and this night I am not worth a dollar—I am a beggar."

"But, George, you—"

She was very pale, and her voice failed her.

"Of course," George continued, "I could not think of dragging you down to poverty with me. I had hoped, as things were, that there would be no obstacle to our happiness; that we might go through life so joyfully together, never to be separated on this side of the grave; but now—"

Here George broke down. "And are you really as poor as you say?" she asked in a strange voice. "Yes; yes; I could not be poorer."

"But may your fortune not be saved yet, or some portion of it?"

"There is not the slightest hope," he replied, gloomily.

"And you naturally think," she went on, with a stange calmness, "that under the circumstances it would be best for us to forget old pledges, and pursue our ways separately?"

"Yes—for your sake," he replied; then mentally added: "Oh, Heaven, it is true! She is ready to give me up!"

"And you are not worth a dollar?" she again asked, with a singular tone and manner.

"Not a dollar!"

Her plump arms were around his neck in a moment, and she actually kissed him. Not merely once, but five or six times, and then a number of times after that, which could not conveniently have been counted.

"George Winter," she whispered, could you think me so lost to principle as to be ready to renounce you in your adversity? You do not know what a true woman's heart is. I would not part with you for the world now! I am heartily glad that you are poor. I have enough for both, and all that is mine shall be yours forever more! I have read your heart correctly this night, and I know you are neither an unprincipled adventurer nor a shallow fop, such as I have spurned in times past. I have been termed an unfeeling coquette, but God knows that I never yet brought pain to one whom I believed to be honest and upright in heart. If you love me—and I know you have not lightly told me so—never think of your lost fortune again."

And two months later Belle Gray, the coquette, married the man whom she still believed to be penniless, and not long afterward he confessed his innocent stratagem—taking care to blame it all on his pretty cousin.

"If I had known that—" she began, but stopped and kissed him.

They have been married ten years now, and she is the best wife living—he says.

A Good Old Story.—A friend of Dean Swift's one day sent him a turbot as a present by a servant lad, who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything from the Dean for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the sturdy door, and putting down the fish on the floor, cried out, rudely, "Master has sent you a turbot."

"Young man" said the Dean, rising from his easy chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair; we will change places, and I will show you how to behave in the future."

The boy sat down, and the Dean going out, came up to the door, and making a low bow, said: "Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present."

"Does he?" replied the boy. "Return him by best thanks, and there's halfpence for yourself."

"The Dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit.

Mammoth Surgery.
The most colossal surgical operation ever performed upon a living creature was witnessed by a select few in this city on yesterday morning. Everything about the affair was on the most stupendous scale, as the subject himself is the largest bit of flesh and bones now in this country. Of course this means the elephant Romeo, now performing in this city.

Romeo is getting old; his flesh is slow to heal; and a lack of knowledge how to treat elephant sores, coupled with many misapplied remedies, soon placed the old hero in a sad plight. The wounds festered, inflammation increased, had become worse, until now his legs resemble the catacombs of Rome, being more receptacles of corruption. When the menagerie reached the city, it became painfully evident Romeo could not go any farther unless some relief was afforded, and as Chicago is famous for the quality just now, it was determined to take advantage of the respite afforded from travel during a nearly two weeks' stay, and place the great hulk on the stocks.

After a full hour spent in slashing, gouging and scraping, during which the poor beast was rid of fifteen or twenty pounds of putrified flesh, and a pound or two of bone, the surgeons concluded that sufficient for a day might be the evil thereof, and desisted from that part of the operation, to enter upon another ten-fold more painful and harrowing.

While these excruciations had been progressing, men were busy at the furnace heating huge soldering irons, several inches in diameter, to a white heat. These were now brought into requisition to remove the proud flesh. When Dr. Withers approached the animal with the first glowing iron a shiver ran through his frame, and he was disposed to resent any further aggression, but being convinced by the pointed arguments of his keeper that it was all for his good, he jessed another low thunder, which was echoed from every cage, and straightened his trunk, and braced himself for further martyrdom.

The red hot iron was now run into tunnel No. 1 the length of about a foot, and a hissing sound, followed by dense volumes of fumes and an intolerable stench, issued from the opening. The poor brute shook like an aspen, made a slight start or two in resistance, but soon settled into quietness again. Another red hot iron was introduced, again there was a quiver of the whole frame, but this time he only drew up his back and changed his position a trifle.

The blood now began to flow from the caverns in capious supply, a sight that made all the animals of the enclosure desperate, and lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, panthers, wolves and others of the innumerable horde whose cages formed a circle about the martyr, joined in low growls, which were intensified to roars and shrieks as the fumes of the burning flesh filled their nostrils.

When the din and noise was somewhat quieted, the operation was proceeded with, and during the two following hours above thirty red hot irons were thrust into the poor brute's carcass. When the surgeons finally desisted it was not because they believed their task completed, but because the caverns had assumed such dimensions that the two-inch irons proved too small to be further effective. Besides Romeo was evidently weakening and getting a little "groggy" from loss of blood.

The openings were then thoroughly washed with lotions, and afterwards carefully bound up.

The old fellow has always displayed a strong predilection for candy and other sweet things. After the operation, a nice big stick was proffered to him, but he refused it with a solemn shake of his head.

When the animal's naturally vicious temper is taken into consideration, his noble behavior during the painful operations can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that, with an elephant's proverbial sagacity and fine instincts, he was convinced that it would rebound to his good. Otherwise he would have thrown his tormentors about like "the leaves on the strand," and might, controlled by a pious inspiration, have knelt on one to two.

The gentlemen who operated upon him express strong hopes for his recovery. (Romeo, subsequently died from the effects of his disease and its treatment.

The body has been donated by Mr. Forepaugh to the Chicago Medical College, where the mounted skeleton and stuffed skin will be placed in the anatomical museum. Scarcely had "Romeo" breathed his last, when Mr. Forepaugh, with characteristic energy, sent a telegram to his agent in New York, authorizing him to draw upon Jay Cooke & Co., to the amount of \$30,000, and directing him to proceed at once by the first steamer to London, and purchase the wild and ferocious specimen because, as he quereyly expresses, he will be "less stupid and more ambitious" than one which has been thoroughly subdued. —Chicago Times, of the 10th inst.

An Eagle Watching for an Infant.
The family of Jacob Decker resides near upper Ithaca lake, about two miles west from Copake village, Columbia county, New York. In the family is an interesting daughter about three years of age. Last Sunday afternoon she stood prattling in the door yard, when the unusual merriment attracted the attention of the mother. The latter proceeding to the door, was almost paralyzed with fear at discovering an enormous eagle sailing around the child in graceful eddies, each circuit bringing it nearer to its victim. Quickly comprehending the situation, she rushed from the door and clasped the child in her arms. While conveying it to the house the eagle hotly contested the right of possession, and twice approached near enough to the child to touch the hair with its beak. But Mrs. Decker, being a woman of muscular strength and great presence of mind, defied the child, and succeeded in conveying it to the house uninjured. The eagle, apparently unwilling to relinquish its prey, hovered around the house, and the mother fearing that it would break through the windows, hid her child in a closet until the bird disappeared at nightfall. The next morning the winged monster made its appearance, hovering closely around the house for some time, and then perched itself upon an adjacent tree. The mother becoming alarmed, notified the neighbors of the fears, and before the bird was aware of his approach an amateur marksman sent a bullet through his head, and the game dropped to the ground. It proved a splendid specimen of the American bald eagle, measuring six feet six inches from tip to tip.

Popping the Question.
Mehitable Merit, a young lady of thirty-nine, who never had a chance to change the alternative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting-room, when a knock was heard, and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle. "Goodness, gracious!" thought she, "I wonder what he's come for—can it be—"

"How do you do, Miss Merit?" said Solomon. "Pretty well, thank you, Mr. Periwinkle. Not but I feel a little lonely now and then."

"You see as I was coming by I thought I'd step in and ask you a question about—about—"

"I suppose," thought Mehitable, "he means about the state of my heart."

"The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I feel a little delicate about asking but I hope you won't think it strange?"

"O no," stammered Mehitable, "I don't think it at all strange, and in fact, I've been expecting it."

"Oh," said Solomon, rather surprised, "I believe you have in your possession something of mine."

"His heart, he means," said Mehitable, aside. "Well, sir," she continued aloud, "it may afford you pleasure to learn that you have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own."

"What I got your umbrella?" exclaimed Solomon in amazement. "I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given to me."

"I beg your pardon," said the discomfited old maid, "but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella, which I borrowed some time ago, here it is. I was thinking of something else."

"If," said Solomon, there is anything of yours that I have forgot, I shall be happy to return it."

"Well, no, it's no matter," stammered Mehitable, coloring. "Good morning."

Pretty together. "Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?" Johnny. "Yes, ma'am. Mother says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

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The Republicans National Convention which yesterday most worthily discharged its trust by nominating for President Ulysses S. Grant of Illinois, and by nominating for Vice President Hon. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, will be remarkable in the political history of this nation, even in comparison with similar occasions of the past.—Washington Chronicle.