

THE POST
Published every Tuesday Evening by
GEORGE GUYER, Proprietor.
Terms of Subscription.
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable
within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid
within the year. Newspaper discontinued
unless all arrearages are paid, unless at
the option of the publisher.
Subscriptions outside of the county
payable in advance.
Persons living and using papers
sent to others become subscribers,
and are liable for the price of the paper.

A. W. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Solingrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the
public. All legal business entrusted to his
care will receive prompt attention. Office
over the door above the New Lutheran Church,
July, 4th '72.

J. P. CRONMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middletown, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. [Jan. 5, '67]

A. C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Solingrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will be promptly
attended to. [Jan. 15, '67]

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.
All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

W. M. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention.

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

J. M. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middletown, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Solingrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. Office two doors
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 5, '67]

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

L. N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Middletown Snyder County Penna.
Office a few doors west of the P. O. on
Main street. Consultation in English
and German languages. [Sep. '67]

J. C. BUCHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown 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 Samuel
Foster, Agent, Solingrove. [Jan. 24, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middletown Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Middletown and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Solingrove Penn

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Penna Twp., Snyder Co. Pa

Y. H. 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

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.
6-381f

GRAYBILL & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE
Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats,
Brushes, Cotton Laps, Grain Bags, Fly
Nets, Buckets, Trunks, Wicks, &c.
No. 429 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Feb. 7, '67

GEO. W. GRANELLO, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE &
Conveyancer.
Middletown Snyder County, Penna.
Conveyancing in all its branches especially
attention given to the preparation of
deeds and wills drawn with care and
accuracy. [Apr. 15, '67]

B. T. PARKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW &
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa.
Office in Court House. [Sept. 16, '67]

W. F. HANSELL,
China Glass &
Queensware,
61 NORTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

T. J. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public.

The Post.
VOL. 10. MIDDLEBURG. SNYDER CO. PA., JULY 25, 1872. NO. 19

Advertising Rates.
One column one year \$50.00
One-half column, one year, 30.00
One-fourth column, one year, 15.00
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 per-
son ordering them will be held responsible
for the money.

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

BROWN HOUSE,
PAXTONVILLE, (Near Station)
HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.
The undersigned adopts this method of inform-
ing the public that he has opened a hotel at the
above named place, on the road from Middle-
burg to Paxtonville, and that he is prepared to
entertain the public with first class accommo-
dations. [April 4, 1871.]

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 Summit Centre, Surlbury & Lewistown
R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts.,
Lewistown Pa.,
George Flory & Son, Proprietors.
Open Day and Night for the accommo-
dation of travelers. A first class Restau-
rant is attached to the hotel, where
Meals at all hours can be had. Terms
reasonable. 9-43f

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

ALLEHENY HOUSE,
Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street,
(Above Eighth),
PHILADELPHIA,
A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms \$2 00 Per Bar. 116394

JOHN H. ARNOLD,
Attorney at Law,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
Professional business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. [Feb. 9, '71]

J. THOMPSON BAKER,
Attorney at Law,
Lewistown, Union Co., Pa.
Can be consulted in the English and
German languages. [Jan. 15, '67]

SAMUEL H. ORWIG,
Attorney at Law,
OFFICE, 117 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

A. G. HORNBERGER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Perry Township, Snyder County, Pa.
Collections, Conveyancing, and all other busi-
ness 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 busi-
ness entrusted to his care will be promptly
attended to.

DR. J. W. ROCKEFELLOW,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Offers his professional services to the citizens
of Middletown and vicinity. [Jan. 11, '67]

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

D. B. SLIFERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Furniture Warerooms,
NO. 66 NORTH SECOND STREET,
(Below Arch, West Side.)
Factory and Wholesale Department,
1603 North 8th Street, above Oxford,
-81f PHILADELPHIA.

JACOB P. BOGAR,
WITH
UBERROTH, BERGTRESNER & 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,
LEWISTOWN, PENN'A.
November 2, 1871-f

Select Poetry.
I Am An American.

There is no spot beneath the sun
More free than the Land of Washington;
In laws each man himself has made,
His own will simply is obeyed;
His servants rule—but wear no crown—
Who sets them up can pluck them down,
Should they prove faithless to their trust,
They're in the balance common dust—
There is no prouder heart of man
Than **"I AM AN AMERICAN!"**

No lord nor master will be own,
Save the Almighty on His Throne,
And Him His worshipers, as inclined,
By details of his heart or mind;
Demands his right, renews the wrong,
Protects the weak, nor deems the strong;
No matter whence his fathers came,
He shares the birthright with the name—
The poorest, humblest man's a man,
A sovereign, if—American.

It is that little heaven, said
To sweeten our daily bread—
Is that spark of Heavenly birth,
Which shall eternally the earth!
That same divine, which yet shall mould
The truest type of man is gold;
Before whose test, scintillations rank
Small talk, and chains shall cease to clank
And the great brotherhood of man
Be hand and heart American.

It is not bounded by degrees,
Nor limited by shores or seas;
Nations, their systems shall combine,
As stars and constellations shine,
And in harmonious numbers move
Around the Sun of Truth and Love—
For Union, Liberty appears
The endless music of the spheres,
And man's Millennium—God's the Plan—
Is—**The Whole World American.**

Goed to Matiny.
BY A. F. HILL.

I was second mate of the Castle-
Will Burden, an old friend, was
mate; Captain Stone was master
We were bound for Rio Janeiro.
Will had brought his wife on
board, because she had been in poor
health, and the doctors had said that
a voyage to the tropics was all she
needed. She did rapidly improve as
we sailed southward. She was a
beautiful woman, and a sweet-tem-
pered, amiable one.

I had sailed with Will Burden some
years before. He was naturally kind-
hearted, while he was strict in the
matter of discipline as a seaman, and
possessed a very determined spirit.
We had never sailed with Captain
Stone before, and we knew nothing
of his character; but we had not
been many days at sea when we dis-
covered that he was a very tyranni-
cal man. Not only were his harsh-
ness and arrogance leveled at the sub-
missive sailors, but he was haughty
and supercilious toward the mate and
myself—which is a thing very unuse-
ful, as it is generally desirable with
the most overbearing captain to retain
the good-will of his officers. I
experienced some misgivings about it;
not on my own account, for I had re-
solved to bear everything patiently
to the end of the voyage, but I feared
that Will might not be able to endure
so much. Although as particular in
observing a superior's authority as he
was strict in enforcing his own, he was
a terrible man when aroused to just
anger.

Twenty-three days passed, and we
were off Cape St. Roque, Brazil.
We had got along thus far after a
manner. I had suffered various in-
sults from the captain, and Will him-
self had been subjected to some con-
tumely.

I was off watch one afternoon, and
was sitting under an awning near the
forecastle, when I was aroused from
a dozy reverie by the loud, angry
voice of Captain Stone at the cabin
door.

"Not another word!" I heard him
say, with an oath. "Give me any
more of your impudence, and I'll put
you in irons and keep you there till
we reach Rio!"

Looking in the direction, I saw the
captain turn into the cabin, while Will
Borden approached me, accompanied
by his wife. Something had hap-
pened. She looked the picture of
terror, while Will was pale as death
with anger. His eyes shone with a
ferocious light, that contrasted strangely
with his bloodless face.

"Never mind. Be quiet, Will!" I
heard his wife say. She was trem-
bling from head to foot.

"What's the matter, Will?" I asked
in a low tone, as they reached me.

He could not speak at first, but
presently replied, in a husky voice:
"He has insulted my wife, Joe—
grossly. I could have borne anything
but that!"

"Sit down, Will!" I said, pointing to
a spare spar that was lashed to the
starboard bulwark. "It is shady there.
Sit down with her."

Urged by his wife, Will took a seat
on the heavy timber, and she sat down
beside him. He did not speak, but
glared silently at the deck.

"How can I?" I asked after a
minute.

"She has just come out and told
me," he replied, grinding his teeth.
"I remonstrated with him quietly, and
he treated me like a dog. I wish we
were at Rio. I don't think I can stand
it."

At this moment the captain's
harsh voice was again heard on deck.
He was cursing one of the sailors,
simply out of pure viciousness, and
wound up by knocking him down
with a belaying pin. Nor did he stop
at that. He began to administer force
kick upon the sailor's head and face.
He was in a terrible humor. But,
exasperated beyond all discretion, the
poor fellow struggled to his feet and
with a blow sent the captain sailing
against the bulwark.

With a terrible oath the captain
sprang into the cabin, and the next
instant resposered with his revolver.
The sailor, who was bleeding profu-
sely, ran forward and took refuge
under the fore-castle deck, among
some boxes, coils of rope and anchor
chains. Captain Stone followed.

"Come out, wretch!" he yelled, per-
ple with rage, while he leveled his re-
volver.

Without waiting to see if his terri-
ble command would be obeyed, he
commenced firing, and three shots
rang out in rapid succession.

A scream of agony came from the
deep recess of the fore-castle. All was
excitement. Will sprang to his feet,
his wife fainted. Captain Stone re-
turned to the cabin.

I told several of the sailors to see to
their companion, who was either killed
or wounded, and I hurriedly procured
some water, though it was by no
means cool, and dashed it into the
face of the fainting woman. She was
soon restored to consciousness. Then
I turned again toward the fore-castle.
A dense volume of smoke was issuing
therefrom, and several voices screamed
"Fire!"

The truth was, one of the cap-
tain's bullets had pierced a case of
phosphorus, shattering the glass jars
in which it was contained, thus per-
mitting the water to escape, when it
immediately took fire.

The alarm rang from the jib to the
spreader.
Will and I hastily directed the
sailors to bring out the hose, and to
the pumps; and the captain came
out again, swearing and swearing.
He appeared to me like the Evil one
himself.

A dense volume of smoke rolled
out from the fore-castle, then a burst
of flame.
"Get the hose, quick!"

"We can't," was replied. "They
are in there where the fire is."
Heaven's! We were at the mercy
of the flames.

"The buckets! the buckets!"

But the fire gained strength so rap-
idly that buckets of water dashed
upon it seemed like mere tear drops.
The wounded sailor, the victim of
Captain Stone's brutality, did not
appear, and I realized with a sick-
ening horror, that he was roasted.
I never saw him again, for his spirit
went up in that roaring cloud of
smoke and flame.

Orders were given for the man at
the wheel to put the ship before the
wind. It was a respite, but not
preservation. All our efforts were
insufficient to subdue the flames, and
it became clear to every one that the
Castle was doomed. The forward part
of the vessel was wrapped in
flames that licked the yards of the
fore-mast, sending burning frag-
ments of canvas floating through the
air, and presently the lower masts
caught and became a sheet of flame.

The heat became insufferable, and
all hands prepared to abandon the
vessel. Two boats were lowered aft,
and hastily stocked with provisions.
One of these boats was a life boat,
which was presumed to be the cap-
tain's boat in extremity, and the other
a yawl. There were two boats
forward, on the roof of the "house on
deck," but they were already wrap-
ped in flames.

The hot breath of the devouring
element was keenly felt, and it was
evident that we could not remain on
board five minutes longer.

The captain began giving direc-
tions as to the manning of the two
boats, ordering that Mrs. Burden be
consigned to the life-boat. Of course
it would have been natural to sup-
pose that Will would be placed in
the same boat.

The carpenter and four sailors
were next ordered into the life-boat,
while the remainder of the crew were
hastily embarking in the yawl.

The flames came nearer, and the
heat was almost scorching.
"Mr. Burden," said the Captain,
"you will take charge of the yawl."
The persecution and tyranny of
Captain Stone did not even cease
at this trying time. With a spirit of
devilishness that I had never seen
before, he intended deliberately to
separate husband and wife—not them-
selves on the wide sea in two differ-
ent boats, that the fortunes of the
ocean might send far apart before
many hours.

"But, sir," said Will, "my wife"—
"Do as I tell you! This is no time
for argument!" exclaimed Captain
Stone.

"But you do not mean to separate
my wife and me?" said Will.

"I will be obeyed!" thundered the
captain. "Do as I tell you! Go
down into the yawl instantly!"

"Captain Stone, will you not
change your order?" asked Will,
with a strange calmness.

"No!"—with the same calmness—
"you shall not separate my wife and
me."

"What! Dare you disobey me?
Do you hear me, wretch? Obey in-
stantly, or your life will pay for it!"

And the captain put his hand in
his pocket where his pistol was.
Mrs. Burden, who sat in the life-
boat at the ship's side, uttered a
scream, and struggled to climb back
into the burning ship.

The captain uttered a terrible oath
and drew his revolver. I had notice
of a look of peculiar significance in
Will's eye, and I now understood
what it meant. His time for action
had come. So quickly that I could
not realize it, he snatched the pistol
from the captain's hand and turned
it upon the tyrant. I had no time
to think before the sharp report rang
out, and Captain Stone fell to the
deck, with the blood flowing from his
breast.

"Good!" I could not help exclaim-
ing. "Right, Will. Get to the boat
now—quick!"

Dashing the weapon from him,
Will climbed down to the life boat,
where his half-fainting wife clasped
him hysterically in her arms, and in
a moment I was with him. Both
boats then, with every living soul on
board, pushed off from the burning
ship, leaving the body of the tyrant
commander to be burned, like that of
his victim in the fore-castle.

Having a Home.
We join with a contemporary in an
appeal to all young men to make an
effort to secure a home as soon as
possible.

To the hard working, industrious
mechanic or laborer, what can be more
pleasant, more gratifying than to re-
turn after his day's work is over, to
his home, where his family is anx-
iously awaiting his return, and sit
down under his own roof, and be able
to say to that family for whom he
lives and for whom he toils:—"This
much of God's acres do I own. I am
not afraid when the quarter or year
passes around, a surly unsympathiz-
ing landlord will come demanding
his rent, and if I have not been able
to save so much, will turn us out to
hunt another home, and again, per-
haps, be subjected to the same misfor-
tunes." And it is the same with the
business man, and the professional
man. And yet how few, comparatively
speaking, secure for themselves a
home, although all will admit that,
had they made the effort in time,
they had taken advantage of some
particular opportunity which they re-
collected, they might have one. Had
they not wasted their time and
means, they, too, might be able to sit
down under their own "vine and fig
tree." And here lies the secret why
so many are without homes of their
own. Hundreds of people who, had
they been vigilant might have bought
and paid for a comfortable home, or
might say almost without an effort,
"But because their income was so
small, and it took all to provide for
their families, or to keep up to the
style while single, they thought the
balance too small to be worth saving,
and were waiting until they could,
by some speculation or "wreck" of
good luck, make a big haul, and
then they would provide a home.
But, alas for them, the big haul was
never made, and after old age had
come, they could look back and see
chances they had of purchasing at
such low figures that they could have
paid for it—that had they disposed
with only a portion of the luxuries
and unnecessary things they regularly in-
dulged in, it would have been more
than sufficient.

There is scarcely a young man that
does not spend foolishly. In a few
years, the price of a comfortable home,
Your young days is the time, and if
your savings are small, it is a few years
they will amount to a much larger sum
than you are aware. And real property
is the safest investment you can
make. It is always growing in value.
Many persons have made indepen-
dent fortunes when they did not
expect to, by buying a piece of
ground. Even in your own neighbor-
hood you can find instances where
men have bought, and perhaps were
laughed at for so doing, and in a few
years it became very valuable, and
that which they were laughed at for
buying, and was looked upon as a waste
of capital made them wealthy.

A diffident youth was paying his
addresses to a gay lass of the country
who had long desired of bringing
things to a crisis. He called one day
when she was alone. After settling
the merits of the weather, the girl
said, looking shyly into his face:
"I dream of you less night."
"Did you? Why, now?"

"I dreamed that you kissed me."
"Why, now I what did you dream
your mother said?"

"Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home.
A light dawned on the youth's in-
telligence, singular sounds broke the still-
ness, and a few weeks they were
married.

Laborers and mechanics, engaged
in all kinds of work, are either on a
strike, have just made one or are
talking about entering on such an en-
terprise.

Open The Door.
Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in;
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so young and so cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children:
See! they are coming in throngs:
Did they sit down to the banquet?
Teach them your beautiful songs
Pray you the father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children,
"Of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

Open the door for the children:
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Send them to God's land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so young and so cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

An Extraordinary Story.
Some six years since a young law
student of this city fell in love with
and courted a beautiful girl, who re-
turned his passion, and the two be-
came engaged to be married. The
young gentleman was poor, however,
and not yet admitted to his profession,
so that marrying for the present was
out of the question. He was madly
in love, however, and fearing that be-
fore he could secure a sufficient com-
petence to justly marry her he might
lose the object of his affections, he
pleaded with her to have a secret mar-
riage, and promised that immediately
after the ceremony she should return
to her home, and he would, as usual,
go to his bachelor quarters. After
much persuasion she consented, and
the two were united in wedlock at the
Church of St. John, in Georgetown,
by the Rev. Mr. Tillinghast, upon
the 26th of June 1856.

The young man for a while was
true to his promise, but he soon be-
came as impatient for the possession
of her person as he had been for
the secret marriage. Of course she
yielded, but they both kept the
secret, and as progress in the law
was very slow, she at his suggestion,
brought an influence to bear upon the
administration that resulted in an
appointment to a western territory.
Her social position and connections
were sufficient to control the appoint-
ment, and she had money enough to
provide him with an outfit.

The young man departed, and
made quite a successful career for
himself in his new field of operations,
and, writing regularly and returning
at intervals, he assured her of his
heartfelt affection and earnest endeav-
ors to procure a home suited to her
needs, when she was telegraphed to
meet him in Cincinnati. She hasten-
ed to him in Cincinnati. She hasten-
ed to meet him in Cincinnati. She hasten-
ed to meet him in Cincinnati.

He met her at the depot, and she
was surprised to find her husband in
a state of great excitement. As told
her that he had got involved in some
unpleasant transactions, and the choice
was presented to him of either mar-
rying a very rich woman, who loved
him to distraction, or being sentenced
to the penitentiary, and that he
had married and was now in her
power. She could punish him for his
dastardly conduct, and if she did that
he could not complain; he added,
however, that he had parted from the
woman at the door of the church,
that he did not love her, and could
not love and one but his lawful wife.

Appealed to in this manner she
could only ask him what could be
done, saying that she was ready and
willing to shield him to the last. He
then suggested, a divorce, and said
that he could go to New York and
procure one without any difficulty.
To this she consented, and the two
wended their way to the great com-
mercial centre, where he found a di-
vorce lawyer, and in three days a di-
vorce was procured upon testimony
manufactured between the husband
and shyster, of the most extraordi-
nary character. One man, for example,
by the name —, swore that he had
known the plaintiff and her husband
for years in Downingville, Pennsylva-
nia, a place the poor woman had never
seen.

Another witness calling himself —,
swore that the parties were bona fide
residents of New York, and that he
had frequently accompanied the de-
fendant in nightly visits to houses of
ill-fame; that on one occasion, he had
waited at such a place for the defen-
dant until tired, and then went to the
room, knocked at the door, and being
told to come in, found the defendant
plunging in his clothes, with a prosti-
tute undressed in the room. Upon
this showing the divorce was
granted, and the decree went up as
follows:

That the marriage between the said
plaintiff, —, and the said defendant,
—, be dissolved, and their said mar-
riage is hereby dissolved accordingly.
And the said parties are and each of
them is free from the obligations
thereof. And further that it shall be
lawful for the said plaintiff to marry
again in the same manner as though
the said defendant was actually dead.
But it shall not be lawful for the said
defendant to marry again until the
said plaintiff be actually dead.

Enter, S. Jones, Judge.
The poor wife returned to her
home, feeling that she had done a
heroic act in shielding the man she
loved, and sustaining herself with the
thought, time rolled on, until one
morning she awoke to the start-
ling fact that she had been cruelly
slandered. She learned that the man
to whom she had clung was about to

marry a fashionable lady of the first
connection in the land. She made
inquiry and found to her sickening
disgust, that the day was actually set
upon which this infamous outrage
was to be perpetrated. She hastened
to New York and procured a certified
copy of the decree intending to ap-
pear at the church on the day of the
mock marriage and forbid the bands
by presenting a copy of the legal docu-
ment that showed that, although
separated from her, he was not au-
thorized to marry another.