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The Post.

VOL. 11. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., MAY 8, 1878. NO. 8.

THE POST.
Published every Thursday Evening by
JENNIFER CRONIN, Proprietor.
Terms of Subscription.
FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable
within six months, or \$2.50 per month
within the year. No paper discontinued
until all arrears are paid unless at
the option of the publisher.
Subscriptions outside of the county
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Persons fitting and using papers
forwarded to others become subscribers,
and are liable for the price of the paper.

W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Offers his professional services to the
public. All business entrusted to his
care will receive prompt attention. Office
at the New Lutheran Church,
July 4th '72.

CRONIN, JENNIFER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Offers his professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention. [Jan 2, '78]

A. C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Offers his professional services to the
public. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. [Jan 17, '78]

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Offers his professional services to the
public. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. Jan 17, '78

W. M. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Offers his professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention. Jan 3, '78

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Offers his professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention. Jan 3, '78

J. M. LINS, A. H. DILL
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
Offer their professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to their care
will receive prompt attention. [Jan 3, '78]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Offers his professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention. Office two doors
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '78]

S. ALLEMAN & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Sellinggrove 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 & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Middleburg Snyder County Penna.
Office a few doors East of the P. O. on
Main street. Consultation in English
and German languages. Sep. 57

H. H. GRIMM,
Attorney & Councillor
AT-LAW.
Office N. E. Cor Market & Water Sts
Freeburg, Penna.
Consultation in both English and German
Languages. Dec. 19, '72.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE.
Persons in need of good and durable
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at
reasonable prices by calling on Sam-
uel Faver, Agent, Sellinggrove.

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

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

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

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. 6-38

GRAYBILL & Co.,
Woolen and Drapers in
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE
Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brocade, Mats,
Brushes Cotton Laps, Grain Bags, Fy
Nets, Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c.
No. 420 Market Street, Philadelphia,
Feb. 7, '67

W. W. GRANELLO, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE &
Conveyancer.
Middleburg Snyder County, Penna.
Conveyancing in all its branches
promptly attended. Drafts and contracts
correctly drawn with care and
accuracy. April 1874

B. T. PARKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW &
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.
Office in Court House, [Sept. 15, '78]

S. EDWIN LONG,
THE
Hood Bombrient & Co.,
Wholesale Dealers Importers &
Jobbers of
DRY GOODS NOTIONS
and Carpets.
No. 311, 313 and 315 Market St.
Philadelphia Pa. 9-40

COUNTY OFFICERS.
POST OFFICE ADDRESS.
JENNIFER CRONIN—Hon. Jos. C. Bucher,
Lewisburg, Union county.
ASSOCIATED JUDGES—Hon. Geo. C. Meyer,
Freeburg, Hon. Jacob G. B. Stimmel, Do-
ningtown.
PROSECUTOR AND CLERK OF THE COURTS—
JENNIFER CRONIN, Middleburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER—Samuel B.
Schick, Middleburg.
SHERIFF—Daniel Bolander, Middleburg.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—Philip Kinney,
Seavertown, Adam J. Fisher, Sellinggrove,
John E. Hefner, Penn's Creek.
JURY COMMISSIONERS—Henry B. C. W. S.
Freeburg, George G. Horstberger, Mi-
dlemont Mills.
COURT SHERIFFS—Aaron K. Gilt, Mi-
dlemont.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY—Benjamin T. Parks,
Middleburg.
TREASURER—Jacob Gross, Beaver Springs.
AUDITORS—John S. Hassinger, Middle-
burg, Samuel A. Wetzel, Seavertown, D.
Dieffenbach, Salem.
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Middleburg.
MERCANTILE APPRAISER—Wells O.
Holmes, Sellinggrove.
CONVEYANCER—Peter Hartman, Penn's Creek
CONVEYANCER—Wm. Noelling,
Sellinggrove.
TERMS OF COURT—Fourth Mondays in
February, May and September and Second
Monday of December of each year.

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 re-
fitted. Rooms commodious—the table well
supplied with the best the market affords
—and terms moderate.

BROWN HOUSE
FAXTONVILLE, (Near Station).
HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.
The undersigned adopts his method of inform-
ing the public that he has opened a hotel at the
above named place, on the road from Middle-
burg to Seavertown, and that he is prepared to
entertain the public with first class accommo-
dations. HENRY BENFER.
April 6, 1871.

WALKER HOUSE,
McClure City Pa.
NICHOLAS SIMON, 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 Millin, Centre, Surbury & Lewisburg
R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Doreas Sts.,
Lewisstown Pa.,
George Flory & Son, Proprietors.
Open Day and Night for the accom-
modation of travelers. A first class Res-
taurant is attached to the hotel, where
 meals at all hours can be had. Terms
reasonable. 9-45-17

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

UNION HOUSE,
Middleburg Pa.
DAVID KERSTETER, Proprietor.
Accommodations good and charges mod-
erate. Special accommodations for driv-
ers. A share of the public patronage is
solicited. D. KERSTETER.
April 6, 1871

A. LLEGHENY HOUSE,
Nos. 512 & 514 Market Street,
(Above Eighth),
PHILADELPHIA.
A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms \$2.00 Per Day. 718[9,4]

T. J. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO. PA.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Consults in English and German.

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,
Lewisburg, Union Co. Pa.
Can be consulted in the English and
German languages. OFFICE—Market Street, opposite a Wall's
Smith & Co's Store. 5 42y

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

J. C. KREITZER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Shannon Township Snyder Co. Pa.
Conveyancing, collecting and all other busi-
ness entrusted to his care will be promptly at-
tended to.

DR. J. W. ROCKEFELLOW,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Offers his professional services to the citizens of
Middleburg and vicinity. [Jan 11, '71]

JACOB F. HOGAR,
WITH
JERROTH, BERGSTRESSER & CO.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FISH, PROVISIONS, &c.
No. 308 North Wharves, (above Race St.),
PHILADELPHIA.
9-71

J. WILLIAMS, JR.,
MANUFACTURER OF
VENETIAN BLINDS,
AND
Window Shades,
For Stores Churches, Private Dwell-
ings, Offices, &c.
No. 15 N. 3rd Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
E. H. Reporting promptly attended to.

Poetry.
It Never Pays.
It never pays to growl and fret
When fortune seems your foe;
The better deed will brush ahead,
And strike the braver blow.
Forgo it is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the way,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.
It never pays to foster pride,
And squander time in show;
For feuds that won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noblest worth
Of all the earth
Are gains of heart and brain,
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.
It never pays to hate a foe,
Or cater to a friend;
To fawn and flatter much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe;
For flirts and debts,
And pampered pets,
Unbounded mischief brew.
It never pays to wreck the health
In drugging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A doxy oot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
The wealth with which to buy,
Not of contentment brings.
It never pays! A blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn the truth,
That nothing pays man's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

Select Tale
The Relentless Creditor.
BY SAMUEL L. LANE.
Those who have read Foster's Life of Goldsmith, and the biography of another distinguished man who had the misfortune to live and flourish during the same period, know so well that it is needless here to refer to it, how in-
tentionally the old law of debtor and creditor operated in the British do-
minions. It was a period in which men had not yet begun to recognize the fact that punishment has other and higher aims than the gratification of revenge; that even extreme punish-
ment is, after all, but a necessity that some shall suffer for the good of all. The poor debtor, in those days, being unable to pay his debts, was remorselessly thrown into prison, and there left to languish and pine away, though possessing hands and skill which, with a little assistance, would in a short time enable him to pay off all his liabilities. This was not all. The law gave the creditor, if he so elected, the power of seizing the body of a dead debtor on its way to the churchyard, and holding possession of it until the friends of the deceased had established their right to it by discharging the indebtedness. Goldsmith, by his "Vicar of Wakefield," first made the people aware of the monstrous injustice which, as regarded debtors, was then perpetrated under the name of law. Poor Goldy was competent to speak of it from experience.
The great masses of the people, however, had from the beginning a vague idea that this punishment of insolvent debtors was right. This was especially the case in Ireland, and hence, among the poorer classes there, the extraordinary sympathy shown for "poor devils who had blundered into debt"; a sympathy which was only equalled in intensity by the antipathy shown for bailiffs, process-servers, and "nick namers." Unfortunately there is too much reason to believe that the sympathy shown for poor debtors had the effect of increasing their number; for the sympathy sometimes rose to the degree of heroism; and a young blood allowed a pound a week by his father, would contrive to live at the rate of twenty pounds a week. Then would come judgments and attachments and the young blood would be put on the defensive. All kinds of stratagems would be resorted to in order to capture him, and sometimes the bailiffs might count themselves lucky if they did not get shot or drowned. The bailiffs were regarded as outcasts, whom anybody might assault with impunity, and who received no respect whatever even from those who needed their services and were willing to retain them. But the class of debtors here spoken of do not present as legitimate objects for sympathy; nor did they always stand in need of it, generally taking care to keep out of the way, or when danger menaced, getting away to Brussels, Baden-Baden, or some other place on the Continent.
The class against whom the law operated with terrible and unjust severity were honest business people, whose little ventures in life had suddenly and sadly realized the truth, that—
"Life is a changeable ocean,
Where sunshine and shadows abound,
Where the surface seems least in commotion,
The shoals of misfortune are found."
Many a poor tradesman, once in flourishing circumstances, has been doomed to drag out years in the debtors' prison, and knew that his family were starving, because his

were powerless to aid them.
Among the most relentless of creditors was a broker, whom, for convenience, we shall call Snifters. Snifters dabbled in stocks, lent money on bond and mortgage, shaved notes, and resorted to every other method of making an honest penny. In the course of his business he turned many a poor family into the street, after selling their last bedstead and chair. The poor folks hated him. They said that the curse of the widow and orphan was upon him.
Among his debtors, however, there happened to be a Councillor Reynolds. Reynolds had borrowed of him the sum of one hundred pounds. Being unable to pay it when due, he with difficulty obtained the extension on the note, and only on an anxious consideration. Reynolds was so exasperated that he was determined to give the old fellow some trouble.
Snifters called several times subsequently, but every time Reynolds contrived, on some pretext or other, to further defer the day of settlement. At last the old fellow began to make an ominous show of impatience.
"Well, sir," he said, rather testily; "will you please say definitely, once for all, when you will let me have the amount of my note?"
"My dear fellow," said Reynolds, "I do feel sorry that your little claim has not been settled. Well; it shall be settled now. You know Dr. Tompkins. I'll just give you an order on Dr. Tompkins. If he has the money on hand he will pay you, and if not, he will tell you 'it's all right,' and he will send it to your house. You may depend on him."
Snifters felt reassured, and Reynolds wrote:
"DEAR DOCTOR:—This will introduce you to a friend of mine, Mr. Simon Snifters, 12 Balmigoo Place. He is afflicted with a very disagreeable scorbatic affection, but is so sensitive that he will not speak to you or anybody else about his case. The palms of his hands are affected, and he is troubled with an irresistible desire to scratch them. Say nothing, but make him up some remedy, and I will call and settle with you.
Truly Yours,
Reynolds."

This letter he enclosed, and having carefully sealed it, told Snifters to take it to the doctor. A beam of satisfaction played over the features of old Snifters, as he took the note and departed for Dr. Tompkins' residence. Dr. Tompkins was at dinner when he arrived, and having read the note did not seem in any amiable mood, for he had not had a bite in a week, and here his services were asked on credit. Snifters, seeing his morose expression, naturally attributed it to disagreeable feelings at being obliged to pay the money. He was not surprised, therefore, when Dr. Tompkins, folding up the epistle, suddenly addressed him in the words, "That will be all right."
Snifters was satisfied, and having apologized for the unseasonableness of the hour, (the savor of the dinner had invaded the doctor's study), he took his leave.
In about two hours afterward, a boy rang the bell at Mr. Snifters' dingy residence. Snifters saw the boy as he approached. He knew it was Dr. Tompkins' boy. Now he was sure to get his money. He hastened to open the door, and had it opened just as the boy rang the bell.
"The doctor says as how this is for you," said the boy, handing a little packet done up in white paper.
"All right," said Snifters, taking it and the package felt remarkably light for specie, and it could not be bank notes. He carefully unrolled the wrapping, and what did he find? A pill-box, labeled, "The ointment, as directed. Rub the palms well every night on going to bed."
Snifters was furious. He rushed, in a terrible rage, to the office of Mr. Reynolds. "What the devil is the matter?" asked he.
"Look at this!" and he threw down the pill-box rudely on the table.
Reynolds affected not to understand him, but Snifters soon made him aware of it with violent gestures and execrations.
"Ah," said Reynolds, "only a mistake; he has sent the money to some one else, and the ointment to you."
"Well," said Snifters, his face purple with rage, "all I have to say is that if this claim is not settled to-morrow, I shall take legal steps."
"Well I am sorry to say that I cannot meet it to-morrow, but I'll tell you what I can do. You see that silver tray there?"
"Yes."
"Well, you are a judge of such things; you have been in the business, I believe?"
"Yes."
"Well, I think you will find that it is in value more than one hundred pounds."
Snifters eyed the tray, took it up in his hands, and seemed mentally to estimate its weight. "Yes," he said, at last, "I think so."
"Well, then, take it—put it under your coat and take it away with you. If any one asks you what you have got, tell them you have got nothing."
Old Snifters at first hesitated, but evidently believing that this was his only chance of ever getting his hundred pounds, he at last agreed to do as Reynolds directed. He put the tray under his coat, and was already going down stairs when the voice called him in the hall with the words

"What have you got there?"
The thought never occurred to old Snifters till now, that the proposition of Reynolds that he should carry off the tray was only part of a preconcerted plan to get him into a scrape. What he should do, he could not decide, and a repetition of the question "What have you got there?" in a more peremptory tone, completely overwhelmed him.
"Nothing," he answered.
"You lie, you old scoundrel; you have got my master's silver tray," and putting his hand under old Snifters' coat, he caught hold of the plate and dragged it forth.
Poor Snifters was horrified. The waiter called a policeman. Snifters was taken, with the tray, to the police headquarters, where the waiter entered a charge and poor Snifters was committed.
Up to this time, Reynolds chose not to appear in the matter. That evening, however, old Snifters sent for him.
Reynolds hastened to the jail, and asked for Snifters.
"Sir," said the warden, "begorra, I'd advise you not to go near him, for he's a ravin' mad."
Reynolds, however, sought the place where Snifters was incarcerated.
"For God's sake, get me out of this," he piteously exclaimed, "What's the punishment?"
"Transportation for a term of years."
"O, Lord!" groaned Snifters; "what shall I do? I will pay you if you will get me out of this."
"Have you got that note of mine?"
"Yes—here it is."
Reynolds then explained to the authorities that he permitted Snifters to take the tray by way of hypothecation and that when the arrest was made he was not present to interfere. Snifters was at once released. Reynolds asked him to dinner next day, and paid him his hundred pounds, in full, taking care to remind him that he ought in future to think of his own jail expenses when he meditated putting some poor debtor in limbo.

The Value of Time.
Spring is at last nominally here. The field labors of the year will commence, and we should see that everything is ready for systematic work. How to make money by farming is the great question. There are two ways of getting rich. One is to spend less than you earn; and the other is to earn more than you spend. It may be thought that this is a distinction without a difference; but such is not the case. The farmer who aims to save 50 cents out of every dollar he gets is a very different man from the farmer who aims to get \$1.50 instead of \$1.00. One saves just as much money as the other. But the latter has just twice as much to spend as the former. And it will make quite a difference to a farmer and to his family, and to the community in which he lives whether he spends \$500 or \$1,000 a year; or still more whether he spends \$2,000 instead of \$1,000. The distinction is not a trifling one. It is one worth considering. We believe in economy, but we believe still more in work. When John Johnson was plowing one hot day in his summer fallow, a butcher came to buy some cattle. Mr. J. told him his price and then started the horses, and the butcher walked by his side. He was very fat, and the land was soft and mellow, and the perspiration soon burst from every pore. By the time he got to the end of the field, he was willing to "split the difference." Mr. J. turned in again, and the butcher still walked by his side. When they got back to the starting point, Mr. J. put in the plow again and started the horses. "Hold on, Johnson," exclaimed the butcher, "I'll take 'em; I will not walk up and down that field again for double the money." Here is a man that knows his own mind—knew what his cattle was worth; and above all he knew the value of time. He knew that a man and his team were worth 30 cents an hour. He knew that if he stopped and went home with the butcher the men in the field would be likely to do less work while he was gone. An hour's idle talk would probably have cost him 50 cents. He was determined to save fifty cents, and run the risk of the butcher not giving what the cattle were worth. And this affords one reason why Mr. Johnson has lived in great comfort brought up a large family, and made over one hundred thousand dollars by farming.—[Amer. Agriculturist.]

ARMENUS WARD once lent money. He thus recounts the transaction: "A gentleman friend of mine came to me with tears in his eyes, I said, 'Why are these weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his farm and wanted to borrow \$200. I lent him the money and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me, forever I ventured to remind him of the \$200 borrowed. He was much cut up; I thought I would not be upon him—I told him I would throw off \$100. He brightened—shook my hand—and said 'Old friend, I won't allow you to out do me in liberality—I'll throw of the other hundred.'"
—Man like to see themselves in a looking glass.

A Dead Body Preserved Over Fifteen Hundred Years.
The tomb of Edward I., who died in 1307, was opened January 2, 1770, after 403 years had elapsed. His body was almost perfect. Canute, (the Dane), who crossed over to England in 1017, was found in 1776 by the workmen who repaired Winchester cathedral, where his body had reposed nearly 750 years, perfectly fresh. In 1509, three Roman soldiers, fully equipped with warlike implements, were dug out of a bed of peat in Ireland, where they had lain probably 1,500 years. Their bodies were perfectly fresh and plump.
In the reign of James II. of England, after the fall of the church at Ardley, in Warwickshire, there was taken up the corpse of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who was buried there the 10th of October, 1539, in the twenty second year of Henry VIII.; and although it had lain there seventy-eight years, the eyes, hair, flesh, nails and joints remained as though it had been but newly buried.
Robert Braybrooke, who was consecrated bishop of London in 1381, and who died in 1404, and was buried in St. Paul's was taken out of his tomb, after the great fire in 1666, during the repairs of the cathedral, and although he had lain there no less than 262 years, his body was found firm as to skin, hair, joints and nails.
Petro Rodriguez, a Portuguese jeweler while pursuing his occupation in the city of Mexico, was, in 1595, accused before the tribunal of the inquisition, and after a variety of tortures, was condemned to be buried alive in a vault in the Convent de St. Domingo in that city. He was then thirty two years old. The Convent de St. Domingo was lately demolished in search of treasure supposed to be concealed there, and the body of Rodriguez taken out of the vault exactly as when placed there 270 years before. His daughter, two and a half years of age, was lying under her father's feet, and as perfectly preserved as himself. The evidences of torture on the body of the jeweler are fearfully apparent. In one respect, however, the appearance does not coincide with the record which we have given. The miserable man must have died in the hands of his tormentors. The positions of his hands show that he was suspended by the body and neck until he died. Marks of the cord and of the burning iron are deeply recorded on various parts of the body. His hair and beard are firm, his skin natural in hue and texture, without the least trace of decomposition in any part.

CATCHING REINDEER.—In many bleak, Northern regions these animals are the sole support of the people. When liberated from the harness they go directly in pursuit of food—a peculiar species of nutritious moss, which their instinct enables them to find deeply covered with snow. Sometimes as many as one hundred start off foraging, there being nothing provided for them by their master. Like camels under similar circumstances, when unladen, they stroll off miles in different directions. When they are wanted again their seeking clad drivers get behind them in several directions, and by hallooing and throwing snowballs and making considerable uproar the deer are gradually driven into a smaller circle. The lead is then encoiled by a small cord, the men drawing in nearer and nearer till it strikes their long legs. They neither try to leap over nor break it but huddle together as close as possible.
Finally, the two ends meet, held by one person, while the others enter under the line and select the animals they want, seizing them by the horns, bringing them outside and tying them to something strong enough to hold them till harnessed to the sled. The remainder again scatter in pursuit of moss.
Strong, tall and fleet though the reindeer are, able with a sweep of their antlers to mow down a score of sturdy Northmen, they cower at the voice of men. Their masters are rude, harsh and unkind toward them, and the deer are always in fear of them. Under so circumstances of oppression or hardship do they evince the slightest resentment. They are so timid that the sound of their driver's voice sets them running at such speed that they will die before halting if the drivers continue to urge them.

A strip of sand, now part of the lead on which Trenton, N. J., is built was thought to be of so little value, in 1805, that its owner in selling out his property, did not think it worth while to mention it in the deed. As Trenton grew, this sandy strip was covered with buildings, and the heirs of the original owner now claim possession, with so fair a prospect of getting it, that a liberal offer has been made to buy their claim. The land which was valueless in 1805 is now valued at \$400,000.

APPLYING ASHES TO POTATOES.—My experience in applying ashes to potatoes, with the best result, has been to put on a single handful to each hill soon after they are planted, and before they get out of the ground I have increased my crop one-half by so doing. By making an experiment in the same field, by leaving a row without ashes, I have seen the result. I consider ashes better than plaster for potatoes; worth to us 25 cents per bushel.—J. D. BARDALE, in Rural New Yorker.

The Duck.—Of this bird Josh Billings thus discourses: "The duck is a foul. There ain't no doubt of this—naturalists say so, and common sense teaches it. They are built something like a hen, and are an up and down, flat footed job.
"They don't kack like the hen, nor kro like the rooster, nor holler like the peacock, nor scream like the goose, nor turk like the turkey; but they quack like the root doctor, their bill resembles a veterinary surgeon's.
They have a woven fut, and can float on the water as natural as a soap bubble.
They are pretty much all feathers, and when the feathers are all removed and their innards out, there is just about as much meat on them as there is on a crook necked squash that has gone too seed.
Wild ducks are very good shooting, and are very good to miss also, unless you understand the business.
You should aim about three feet ahead of them, and let them fly up to the shot.
I have shot at them all day, and got but a tail feather now and then. There are some kind of ducks that are very hard to kill, even if you do hit them. I shot one hole afternoon three years ago, and at some decoy ducks, and never shot one of them. I never told of this before, and hope no one will repeat it—it is strictly confidential."

A lady who had boasted highly at a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him thus: "Charley, my dear, why you have some beans?"
"No," was the ill measured reply of the patient child.
"No!" exclaimed the astonished mother, "why not?"
"No," answered the child, "because I don't eat beans."

A Miraculous Escape.
The fertile imagination of the most sensational novelist or playwright seldom produces anything at all probable which has not its parallel in strict truth. We are now to tell a story of three cities, Lewes (Delaware), Philadelphia, and New York, which would be incredible were it not that our facts are obtained from wholly trustworthy sources. On the 11th of March last, Captain S. H. Mills, of New York city, was drowned, or, as it has since turned out, merely supposed to be drowned, at Lewes, Del. He fell overboard from his schooner. Upon the body being recovered, and every attempt to restore life had failed, it was placed in a coffin, and then again in the usual outer box, and shipped by Adams' express to the friends of the unfortunate man in New York city.
It remained in Philadelphia from 6 p. m. to 1 a. m. Upon its arrival in New York the certificates of the Lewes, Del., doctor was discovered to be somewhat informal, and the advice of the Board of Health was asked. It was at last concluded to open the cases, and when this was done the man was found to be alive. The best medical aid was immediately called in, and it was at once thought possible to remove the captain with safety to the Bellevue Hospital, where he now is. He is not only doing well, there is every probability of his speedy and permanent recovery.—How he existed in those airless cases passes comprehension. He was boxed up for thirty five hours, a length of time very few persons would care to attempt existence merely without drink or food.
He will live to tell his strange experience. The would be novelist will here find a mine. Was he unconscious of the whole, or was the terrible fate which seemed inevitable present to his understanding? Are questions it would be interesting to have answered. We trust that in mercy it was not permitted him to know aught until his awakening, for if he was conscious during his journey, the mental torture may have so worked upon him that he will live his term with darkened mind.
His case is a most extraordinary one, and should have the examination of medical experts. Doubtless the officers of the Adams Express office in this city will give any additional information to those who wish to study and are capable of studying the affair. The beauty and pleasure of death by drowning has time and again been written of, and if any are capable of giving their personal experience of such an occurrence clearly, Captain Mills can do so, for he was so nearly drowned that he must have known all but the final gasp of death.
How narrowly he escaped being buried alive may be imagined from the fact that up to the time of opening the box there was no idea that he had lived. Even then he might have been sent to his grave had not the peculiar flush upon his face attracted attention. One may well shudder remembering how difficult it sometimes is to tell the living from the dead, and that the imagination can picture nothing more horrible than a breathing man consigned to a tomb. We have heard of other incidents where the living have been all but buried, and indeed buried, but we do not call to mind a case as wonderful as this in all its details. As bearing upon the affair, the intense cold about March 11 should be remembered.—Press.

THE DUCK.—Of this bird Josh Billings thus discourses: "The duck is a foul. There ain't no doubt of this—naturalists say so, and common sense teaches it. They are built something like a hen, and are an up and down, flat footed job.
"They don't kack like the hen, nor kro like the rooster, nor holler like the peacock, nor scream like the goose, nor turk like the turkey; but they quack like the root doctor, their bill resembles a veterinary surgeon's.
They have a woven fut, and can float on the water as natural as a soap bubble.
They are pretty much all feathers, and when the feathers are all removed and their innards out, there is just about as much meat on them as there is on a crook necked squash that has gone too seed.
Wild ducks are very good shooting, and are very good to miss also, unless you understand the business.
You should aim about three feet ahead of them, and let them fly up to the shot.
I have shot at them all day, and got but a tail feather now and then. There are some kind of ducks that are very hard to kill, even if you do hit them. I shot one hole afternoon three years ago, and at some decoy ducks, and never shot one of them. I never told of this before, and hope no one will repeat it—it is strictly confidential."