

THE POST. Published every Thursday Evening by JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r. Terms of Subscription, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or \$2 1/2 if not paid within the year. No paper discount on small all arrearsages are paid unless at the option of the publisher. Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers, and are liable for the price of the paper.

The Post.

VOL. 11. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JULY 24, 1873. NO. 18.

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, 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.

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

J. P. CROMMILLER,
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. 3, '67]

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

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Freeburg 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,
Lewisburg 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,
Lewisburg 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. LINS, A. H. DILL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove 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,
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. '67]

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 a good and durable Sewing Machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on SAMUEL FAUST, Agent, Sellinggrove, [Jan. 24, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 31, '67]

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Penn 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, '69]

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. [6-28-67]

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. 420 Market Street, Philadelphia, Feb. 7, '67

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

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

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Post Office Address.
PRESIDENT JUDGE—Hon. Jos. C. Bucher, Lewisburg, Union county.
ASSOCIATE JUDGES—Hon. Geo. C. Mayer, Freeburg; Hon. Jacob G. L. Sinsler, Selinsgrove.
PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS—Jeremiah Crouse, Middleburg.
RECORDERS—Geo. H. Beckler—Samuel B. Schrock, Middleburg.
SHERIFF—Daniel Balendor, Middleburg.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—Philip Kinney, Beaverstown; Adam J. Fisher, Sellinggrove; John T. Hoffmeyer, Penn's Creek.
JURY COMMISSIONERS—Henry H. C. W. A. Froehring, George G. Harshberger, Mt. Pleasant Mills.
COUNTY SURVEYOR—Aaron K. Gill, Middleburg.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY—Benjamin T. Parks, Middleburg.
TAXASSES—Jacob Gross, Beaver Springs; Andrew—John S. Hessioner, Middleburg; Samuel A. Wetzel, Beaverstown; D. Dieffenbach, Salem.
COMMISSIONERS CHARGED—Andrew Peters, Middleburg.
MANUFACTURER APPRAISER—Wm. H. O. Holmes, Sellinggrove.
CORONER—Peter Hartman, Penn's Creek.
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT—Wm. Neuding, Sellinggrove.

TERMS OF COURT—Fourth Mondays in February, May and September and Second Monday of December of each year.

FAIRMONT 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 market afford—and terms moderate.

BROWN HOUSE,
PAXTONVILLE, (Center Station),
HENRY BECKER, PROPRIETOR.
The undersigned admits the right of future tenants to the public that he has opened a hotel at Paxtonville, on the road from Middleburg to Beaverstown, and that he is prepared to entertain the public with first class accommodations. [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 Mills, Centre, Snyder & Lewisburg, B. R. Depot, corner of Water and Forest Sts.,
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. [9-13-67]

BUMGARDNER HOUSE,
(Opposite Reading Railroad Depot),
Harrisburg, Pa.,
A. H. LANDIS, PROPRIETOR.
Every effort necessary to insure the comfort and satisfaction of our guests. The house has been newly refitted. [Jan. 1871]

UNION HOUSE,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.,
DAVID HERBST, PROPRIETOR.
Accommodations good and charges moderate. Special accommodations for drovers. A share of the public patronage is solicited. [April 6, 1871]

ALLEGHENY HOUSE,
Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street,
(Above Fifth),
PHILADELPHIA,
A. Beck, Proprietor,
Terms \$2 00 Per Day. [Dec. '67]

T. J. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.
Offers his professional services to the public. Consultation 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. [Feb. 1871]

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

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 of Middleburg and vicinity. [Jan. 1871]

JACOB P. BOGAR,
WITH
BERROTH, BERGSTRASSER & CO.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FISH, PROVISIONS, & C.
No. 206 North Wharves, (above Race St.),
PHILADELPHIA.

B. J. WILLIAMS, JR.,
MANUFACTURER OF
VENETIAN BLINDS,
AND
Window Shades,
For Stores Churches, Private Dwellings, Offices, &c.
No. 16 N. Sixth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Repelling promptly attended to.

Poetry.

OLD AGE.
Often think each uttering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once was a heart as young as warm,
As full of life though as a mine!
And even had his dream of joy,
His own unquelled, pure passions;
Commencing when the pushing boy,
First tarried at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth;
Would think his years of love were
More passion, more unvarying truth,
Than any tale told of or since.
Yes, they could tell of tender days,
As twilight pined in daisy shade,
Of days more bright than modern days,
And made more fair than modern maid.

Of whippers on a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
Our memory lips to give or speak.
Of passions undimmed and true;
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that bloom but to fade.

Of leaning eyes and tremous gay,
Of kindled form and sunny brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now!
And is it thus? In human love,
So very light and frail a thing?
And man's life's brightest visions move
Forever on time's restless wing?

Most all the eyes that will be bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this.
Then, what are man's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth,
Forever must take away from us?

SELECTED.
WHO IS GUILTY?
"The man waits outside," said Mr. Spencer Fenton's servant as he stepped in front of the law office table, piled with books and law papers.

Mr. Fenton's servant was a man of penetration, and knew where to draw the dividing line between the common-law man and the higher order of being known as the "gentleman."

"Let him come in," said Mr. Fenton, quietly, as he took a pistol from a drawer, laid it on the table and dropped a newspaper over it.

Mr. Fenton was a lawyer in good practice in a large city, and was known as widely among the class of customers for whom he practiced as a celebrated lawyer of "Great Expectation" and fame.

The man was admitted, and proved to be a sullen-looking British paragon.

Mr. Fenton looked once at this square-jawed savage face, and judged his man.

"You may go, John," he said to his servant.

"Take an hour or two for yourself, if you like."

John went out, and the lawyer then took a seat at the table opposite his client, looking at him sternly.

"Now, my man," he said quietly, "we are together, and I want to know exactly how this matter stands."

"I'm going to tell you how it stands, honest injun, I am."

"For five hundred dollars," "Very well."

"Then I'll tell you. The man that put up that job is Seth Amity, the cashier of the bank."

How do matters go on at the bank? "They are in a terrible confusion, for there is absolutely no clue to the scoundrels who robbed the safe. They were cunning enough not to take anything except gold—actually leaving a large quantity of notes, which they might have had as well as not."

"Do you suspect any one connected with the bank?" "I own I have my suspicions, Mr. Fenton, but I have no proofs, and as the man and I are not good friends it might look like personal enmity on my part if I spoke of it."

"The safe was opened with the key and word."

"Yes; that is the puzzle, for only two of us had the word. The key is another matter, and it might have been taken in a dozen ways. Why, if the directors did not have the utmost confidence in me I might have been suspected myself. Are you going to the house?"

"No; but you must give me the name of the man you suspect of course it will go no farther than myself."

"Henry Dana, the assistant cashier," replied Seth slowly. "You know he has not been friendly with me since he knew that Mary and I were engaged, for he hoped to succeed himself."

"Umph! You are going to the house to see Mary?" "Yes; I thought perhaps you were going down. I can't stop a moment, so, good-bye, and if you find out anything let us know at once."

He hurried out, and Fenton remained with his head upon his hands, in deep thought. He trusted Seth Amity so far that he had accepted him as the affianced husband of his only daughter, whom he loved as if she were his own child.

He knew that his informant was a brute, but a good spy, and he had given him trustworthy information before, and it looked bad for Seth.

If it proved true, he would be the one to break the daughter's heart, and consign Seth Amity to a prison cell for years. But he had been retained by the bank officials to work up this most audacious robbery, and he would do his duty. Seth hurried down to the cars and stepped up to the Fenton residence. As he went up the steps the door opened, and a young man stepped out, who cast a savage glance at him, and passed by without saying a word.

"What is Henry Dana doing here?" he muttered, "and what a malicious glance he gave me. I must understand this at once."

He touched the bell and sent up his name by the servant who answered the call.

Directly after the girl came back with a card, upon which was written in a delicate female hand:

"Not at home to Mr. Amity. I will be glad to see you again. Mary Fenton."

Seth looked wildly at the servant, and then tearing the card in pieces he stamped upon them furiously, and hurried out into the street, his heart full of doubts and fears. Mary had refused to see him again. Who had poisoned her mind against him, and how should he unravel the web which fate seemed weaving around him?

Senter was at hand at the appointed time, and met Fenton at his office where they were joined by a police man. Fenton had named himself, and after a stern command to be careful what he did, the informer took the lead, walking several paces in advance of the others, and not appearing to belong to them. He took a cab at a corner stand, and they followed his example, and after ordering their driver to keep the other cab in sight, they drove through the city, and half an hour after they were in a side street, where the houses were of the class known as suspicious. The cabmen had their orders and drove away, and Senter joined the party.

"Where is the place, you?" said the policeman.

"Gentleman Tom's," replied Senter.

"Tom keeps a little game of faro, and a good many rough customers hang around him," said the policeman. "Will you go in?"

"Of course said Fenton, quietly.

"You are a game," muttered the policeman. "This way, then."

He opened a gate and by his talismanic power of certain words and knocks they were soon inside of the house, in which the gambling was in full blast.

his daughter.—There are over forty thousand in gold in the bank, and the specie will flow in heavily tomorrow. This will make us rich enough to retire and live like honest men!"

Twice during the next day Seth passed Mr. Fenton in the street, with a wild, excited look in his handsome face, and the lawyer found it hard to believe the evidence of his own ears.—Seth did not look like a criminal, but rather one whom some unexpected sorrow had driven to despair.

At night Seth rose, with his hair drawn closely over his brows, and read through the alley at the back of Morston's Bank and reached a door, which opened by a key, and they entered. A man lay sleeping on the floor, who was quickly overpowered, bound and gagged. The one who appeared to be the leader showed them the way to the place where the other watchman was seated, and holding a revolver, he was disposed of as quietly as the other, and left upon the floor helpless, and then the leader produced the key to the vault and opened it as easily enough. The floor was quickly strewn with small round cases, each of which represented a large sum in gold.

A man was glancing over the prize, which far exceeded their expectations, then came a sudden rattle of three men, and the three robbers were secured before they had time to think of danger.

"Taken in the net, Seth Amity," said Fenton, shoving himself. "You cannot hope for mercy at my hands, so, good-bye, and if you find out anything let us know at once."

One of the robbers removed his cap and held up a lantern, and they saw not Seth Amity, but Hugh Dana, his dark face distorted by rage.

"I am beaten; take me to prison; let me help myself from the whole world!" said Dana.

So the three robbers went to prison, and Seth Amity was carried in the eyes of all men, and what he cared for most, the notice of Mary Fenton, Dana had told her that he had robbed the bank, and that the officials had proof of his villainy, and she was so strong enough to cast off the man she believed to be a villain. She made ample amends for the treatment of doing for she saw her wife, and will love him the better because she found him so noble a man.

The stolen property was nearly all recovered and returned to bank. Dana was sent to Sing Sing, where he was found dead in his cell six months after the prison door closed behind him. Whether he died by his own hand or conflicting passions of his own heart, no one knows.

Death Warrant of Jesus Christ.
"Come, say the Governor of the State," said just put into my hands the most important and interesting judicial document to all Christians that has ever been recorded in human annals, that is the original death warrant of Jesus Christ. The document was faithfully transcribed by the editor in these words:—

Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting in the Presidential chair of the Praetory, condemning Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious voice of the people saying:—

1. Jesus is a seducer.
2. He is a scold.
3. He is the enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself, falsely, the son of God.
5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.

He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

Order the first contention, Quibus Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution.

Forbid any person, whomsoever rich or poor, to interfere with the death of Jesus Christ.

The witnesses who signed the condemnation of Jesus:—

1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee.
2. Joanna Robani.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capen, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem through the gate, Strabones, The above sentence is engraved on copper; on one side are written the words: "A similar plate is sent to each tribe." It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the ancient city of Aquila in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1810, and was discovered by the commissioners of art of the French army. The French translation was made by the commissioners of art. The original is in the Hebrew language.

LIFE INSURANCE DECISION.—A life insurance case has just been decided by the United States Circuit Court at Des Moines, Iowa. A wife brought suit against the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance company, for a policy on the life of her husband, who disappeared mysteriously at Chicago in 1867, and has not since been heard from. The company claimed that the disappearance was no proof of death, but letters of administration had been taken out, and the court decided that such letters were evidence of his death, and that the policy was paid.

George Wolphum, a strolling vagabond, attempted to hang himself in the Pottstown prison with a heavy brass watch chain. George's ambition was not realized, from the fact that the chain snapped asunder when his weight was thrown on it.

The Whipping Post in Delaware.

A correspondent of the New York World, under date of May 24th writes an interesting letter in reference to the barbarous manner in which criminals of Delaware are treated. He says:—

The Delaware people say that the whipping post is a good thing. It promotes a healthy circulation of the blood; it frightens New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians and Jerseyites away from the State, and then—and this seems most reasonable—it is the only means they have. New York, New Jersey, and other persons common with us, visited by Buffalo Bill the "Yellow Stocking" and other slayers, but Delaware can't raise money enough to entice them within her borders.—And Barrum—the only boy-gun for them—Delaware would be lost under his manhood hand. And so they have the whipping post, and every Saturday in May and November the citizens draw their coats, and taking their opera glasses, children and servants with them, proceed to the jail, there are three jails—one in Newcastle, one in Georgetown and one in Dover. Then the gates are thrown open and the crowd rushes in and fills the court yard and the street, and warms with Sunday suits on an August in their month's stand beside the great post, spitting tobacco juice on the crowd, and loudly scolding the children, and by a debate, fair-haired youngsters of fourteen or fifteen, with great tears streaming from his blue eyes and his white hair, he is led to the delightful scene of the audience, as he goes from the inner court of the prison and the warden pinches his shoulder with the post with iron hands, while the sheriff swings his "cat-o-nine-tails" and a number of pleasure seekers from the immediate crowd. The sheriff looks his clear little border, tips a meaning wink to a bystander, and then he raises the "cat," steps a little back, and when it comes on the boy's back, the things wind up for his arm and bite great holes in his side and chest, while his back is striped red and white. "Two," says the warden. "Oh! hi!" from the boy, and crash, down comes the post again and again, and the boy's back is all raw, and bleeding, with great ridges across it. The little fellow in his agony adds, once or twice "for God's sake" to be more mildly whipped, but his sobbing cries, and when the ten lashes have been dealt, he staggers, faint and exhausted, into his cell. "And there's justice for you." Our sheriff says—no word of chicken about him; says a representative citizen, and the crowd murmurs, "No, indeed!" There is no first-class drama today—nothing but this laughable boy-whipping scene. They did expect a woman to be whipped. Indeed that is what drew such a crowd! but the Governor postponed that part of the show, and so the audience quickly disperses, after another boy has been whipped.

No one is to be pardoned, and the rottenness and shame that the child brings brought to throw at the poor fellow—washed on the top of a high platform over the whipping post with his head in a lamp in light, and the heavy southern sun blazing away on him, exposing his face to assume an expression of excruciating pain—the rotten eggs and other missiles are useless, and the dear little child—desperately, then in the gutter or throw them at some negro limping through the street.

The woman who was to be whipped last Saturday is a fine-looking, neatly attired young girl, betrayed by a white man, and through ignorance led to slaughter her offspring. She would have made a rare show at the "post," and one used only to intrigue delicate, sophisticated women, based to the waist, her flesh torn by the whip, and piteous cries escaping her lips, to realize the entertainment to be derived from a Delaware flagging. One need only to imagine this to understand how rare a treat, how humorous a spectacle, such a performance must prove to the crowd of men and boys and the little child doted rather in the court yard at a distance.

I interviewed the girl, Meester, and found she was fined only \$5.00, he sides appearing in character at the post and then retiring to her chamber for her life. She said she would rather live her life to the State all her life than pay it, and then she begged for five cents, which I produced and thrust through the bars. They have a curious way in Delaware of arresting thieves (very strange to a New York reader) and making them pay a restitution of the amount stolen before they can leave the prison. It is a sort of "back-pay" deal, and smile is carried still further, for the thieves undergo great discomfort and its grace after their terms are out. They are obliged to wear a great black letter "C" sewed to their backs for six months after dismissal. I give to you the performance as I saw it, and in very truth it seems to be popularly regarded as an amusement, as I have said.

Class Bonnets.
Whatever may be said of the aim or result of the Vienna Exposition, it has certainly been the means of bringing together the choicest products of the world, and giving the people of various nations new ideas concerning matters of which they had never before thought. In no direction has a wider range been given than in the manufacture of glass, and new forms, designs and uses of this material are now presented to the world for the first time. Complicated among these is a lady's bonnet or head dress, which for elegance and beauty cannot be excelled. The idea of a glass hat is certainly novel, and many objections might be made to it on account of the fragile material, but in reality the glass is much stronger and more durable than the delicate material now in use for the same purpose.

These articles may be imagined, come from Bohemia, and they have already gained a fair share of popularity. Specimens have been sent to Paris and London, and that we should not be behind hand in so important a matter, an enterprising firm in Westmore Pennsylvania have imported quite a number, and will immediately begin their manufacture, to be ready for the fall season.

These hats are of the most delicate and beautiful design, and such is their adaptability to all costumes and occasions that they will probably soon come into universal use. The body of the hat is made of pieces of fine glass, fastened closely together by a gutta serena head, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, which is the only piece of fabric used in the manufacture. The trimmings on the outside are after the prevailing mode, consisting of wreath flowers, feathers and ribbons, all made of delicately spun glass of wonderful beauty. Of course all the trimmings have their natural colors, and by a patent process the glassy appearance is so well subdued that the material is not suspected. The most beautiful flamingo bird's head flowers are used for ornamentation, and colored so naturally that in appearance they are far superior to the usual artificial goods.

It is almost incredible the small amount of glass that enters into the construction of one of these hats, for the thread is so fine that a great space is covered without any perceptible increase in the weight. They weigh but a few ounces, or about the one-fifth the average weight of the present style. With the care that is usually given by a lady to a new hat, these articles will outlast twenty of them, for there is no wear to them; moisture will not stain them, and if dust should settle on their beauty, it is readily removed by a gentle spray of water. The colors are so blended that for ordinary occasions they present a general neutral tint, but at a small additional expense they can be made to flash and sparkle like diamonds, either in the sunlight for a carriage costume, or in the light of a ball room, or at the opera. Their cost is insignificant, and as it is understood several well-known firms are going into the business extensively, they may soon be expected to appear on our streets. It is probable, however, they will not be readily known, as the resemblance to expensive materials is so great.

Worried over Many Things.
He is a happy mortal who each night of his life is not haunted by fears and worries; but lest thieves break into the house to disturb his slumber.

Or, lest a narrow well be a stormy sea which will interfere with important engagements.

Or, lest the bill for his hat will be sent in before the money is ready to cancel the debt.

Or, lest the pigs will creep under the garden fence and root up the cabbage plants.

Or, lest the dirt in the next yard will blow on my lawn and ruin my flowers and things yield better than his own.

Or, lest he will end his days in poverty.

Or, lest the house will take fire, and he be driven forth with singed garments.

Or, lest the morning paper may announce the failure of the bank where his money is deposited.

Or, lest some body may say something bad about him which his neighbor will believe.

Or, lest the house may be struck by lightning.

Or, lest sometimes he will get his just deserts, and have to begin at the lowest round of the ladder of fortune, and try working up an honest plan.

Or, lest the fashion may change during the night, and he have to send for a tailor before breakfast.

Or, lest there may be a frost that will nip the buds and kill the fruit.

Or, lest the baby may have the croup.

For a fact, he who is not worried over many things is a marvel, who has time and frequent inclination to alleviate the real troubles of those around him.

Those who are so utterly bound up in self, as to fret continually lest imaginary ills may interfere with personal desires, are selfish to observe the needs of their fellow beings.