

Published every Thursday Evening by
BERNARD CRONER, Prop'r.
Terms of Subscription,
\$10 DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable
within six months, or \$2.50 per
month. No paper, unless paid in
advance, until all arrears 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.

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
No. 4th St. near the New Lutheran Church.
July 4, '72.

P. CRONMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. 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 pub-
lic. 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 pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
Jan 17, '67.

W. M. VAN GEZEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. Jan 3, '67.

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. Jan 3, '67.

M. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. Jan 3, '67.

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Sellinggrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. 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 SAM-
UEL FAUST, Agent, Sellinggrove.
Jan. 24, '68

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.
Middleburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Middleburg and vicinity.
March 21, '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, '68

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
Net, Buckets, Trunks, Wicks, &c.
No. 429 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,
Crock & Saltery Ware

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Post Office Address.
PRESIDENT JUDGE—Hon. Jos. C. Bucher,
Lewisburg, Union county.
ASSOCIATE JUDGES—Hon. Geo. C. Moyer,
Freeburg, Hon. Jacob G. L. Shindler, Sel-
lingsgrove.
PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS—
Jeremiah Croner, Middleburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER—Samuel B.
Schuck, Middleburg.
SHERIFF—Daniel Bolender, Middleburg.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—Philip Kinney,
Beavertown, Adam J. Fisher, Sellinggrove,
John T. Huffnagle, Penn's Creek.
JURY COMMISSIONERS—Henry Brown,
Freeburg, George G. Hornberger, Mt.
Pleasant Mills.
COUNTY SURVEYOR—Aaron K. Gilt, Mid-
dleburg.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY—Benjamin T. Parks,
Middleburg.
TREASURER—Jacob Gross, Beaver Springs.
ADDITORS—John S. Hassinger, Middle-
burg, Samuel A. Wetzel, Beaverstown, D.
Dieffenbach, Salem.
COMMISSIONERS CLERK—Andrew Peters,
Middleburg.
MERCANTILE APPRAISER—Wells O.
Holmes, Sellinggrove.
CORONER—Peter Hartman, Penn's Creek
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT—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, (Beaver 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 Beaverstown, 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 Mills, Centre, Susquehanna & 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 Res-
taurant is attached to the hotel, where
Meals at all hours can be had. Terms
reasonable. 9,43-105

BUMGARDNER HOUSE,
(Opposite Reading Railroad Depot)
Harisburg, Pa.,
A. H. LANDIS, Proprietor.
Every effort necessary to insure the com-
fort of guests will be made. The house has been
newly refitted. [Oct. 18, 1871]

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

ALLEGHENY HOUSE,
Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street,
(Above Eighth),
PHILADELPHIA.
A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms \$2 00 Per Day. 116,94

T. J. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Consultations 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 9, '71]
OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Wells
Smith & Co's Store 8 49y

SAMUEL H. ORWIG,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE, 111 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

J. C. KRITZER,
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. G. A. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Offers his professional services to the citizens of
Middleburg and vicinity. [Aug. 14, '73]

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

B. J. WILLIAMS, JR.,
MANUFACTURER OF
VENETIAN BLINDS,
AND
WINDOW SHADES,
New Store Churches, Private Dwell-
ings, Office Buildings, &c.

Poetry.
They say.
They say—Ah! well! I suppose they do,
But can they prove their story true?
Suspicions may arise from naught
But malice envy want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

Select Tale
Mabel's Request.
Mabel Clifton sat before one of the
windows of her father's magnificent
mansion. A servant stood in waiting.
She was making out a list of articles
wanted for the next day, coming
footsteps arrested her attention. She
raised her eyes from the paper and
looked out. The crimson flush deepened
on her bright young face, as "Oh!"
in a tone of deep regret escaped her
lips.
She turned around after an instant
of thought and said:
"John, I am not just ready to
finish this list, and shall not send for an
hour yet. If you have anything to
attend to in the meantime you can
do it."

Mr. Clifton had been reading in a
distant part of the room.
Hearing the door close after John's
departure he said:
"You have not forgotten to send for
those wines I spoke of my dear?"
"He has not gone yet, papa."
"Ah, well, do not make it late. They
will be very busy to-night," her
father said, turning again to his paper.
"Papa?"
"Well?"
"A boon, papa. Promise to grant me,
this last day of the year, my boon?"
"What is it my love?"
"Promise to grant it first."
"Not in ignorance, my child."
"Trust me father."
She had an eager, earnest noble
look in her eyes that her father did
trust in, and he promised her.
"Well, you shall have your way."
"Father, let us abstain from using
wines to-morrow."
"What! No, no; I cannot grant you
that. No wines! Why child, have
you gone crazy? For twenty-five
years past I have offered my friends
wine on New Year's day and never
have felt that I was doing anything
wrong. What has come over you?"
"Oh, father I have never felt just
right when offering men wine, and
just now when I was making out the
order for John, I chanced to
raise my eyes just as Edgar Living-
ston was passing.
"It needed but a glance to see he
was very much under the influence
of liquor. Father, his mother is a
widow; he, her only child, all her
earthly hopes are in him. Will they
not be wrecked, think you if he in-
dulges in the wine cup? To-morrow
he will make many calls. Beautiful
women will offer him wine. He will
not have the courage possibly, to
wish to decline. To-morrow night
most likely, then, he will return home
to fill his mother's heart with sorrow.
I don't wish to contribute one drop
to that bitter cup."
"My dear, whether we have wines
or not, with him it will be all the
same, as you say he will make many
calls."
"Father, if you had a son you
would talk differently."
"Think how many young men of
the brightest future have failed, nay
worse, won truly disgrace and early
graves from the love of wine."
I feel as if Edgar Livingston stood
on the brink of a fearful precipice.
Father stretch forth your strong arm
to draw him—if only step by step.
If we do not save him, it will be a
comfort to think that we urged him
not forward on his fatal course."
Mabel, you are very much inter-
ested in the young man. Am I to
conclude—
"N, nothing more than for his own
and his mother's sake, I would en-
deavor to save him, or any other
young man in his danger, father."
"Here will be one of his first calls.
Possibly I can detain him long
enough to prevent him visiting many
places where he would be exposed to
great temptation. Oh, father, please
grant me this!"
"Really, dear, I feel disposed to
grant you this wish, but so many
will be disappointed. Besides, I
have not the courage to make this
great change, and set five hundred
tongues to work, speculating about
the cause of it. Some will declare I
am about to fail, others, that I have
grown penurious. Ah! what is it
John?"
Just then a servant entered and
handed him an envelope, saying:
"A telegram, sir."
"Mr. Clifton here it quickly open,
and read."

And hastily writing a few words
for a return dispatch, he handed it
to the servant, and turning to Mabel,
said:
"My old friend Hartwell is dying,
and begs that I will hasten to him.
I cannot deny him. So you will
have to explain to my friends to-
morrow and entertain to them the reason
of my failing to see them, the first
time for so many years."
"And—well, dear, you can do as
you choose about the bill of fare. As
I shall not be at home the folks will
not hold me responsible for what
happened in my absence."
"Oh, thank you papa, for permis-
sion to do as I choose. I will will-
ingly take all unkind remarks, if any
one feels like making them. But I
feel confident that all who have sons
will give me their kindest wishes for
withholding temptation from their
boys. And to the young men that I
shall make myself agreeable, and
have our cook make the coffee to
very fine that they will go away quite
as well pleased, and with their brains
a good deal clearer, than if I had en-
tertained them with wine."
An hour after, Mr. Clifton was on
his way to the side of his dying
friend, Mabel sat down and wrote:
DEAR FLOREY:—Come help me
receive our friends to-morrow. Papa
has been called away, and I must
have you with me, as I am particu-
larly anxious to have my reception
a success. Lovingly,
MABEL.

"Edgar likes Florey. I can plainly
see, and I think she is not wholly in-
different to him."
"Together I think we can manage
to hold him here to-morrow, and thus
save his mother a great sorrow, most
likely," said Mabel.
Mabel Clifton was one of the loveli-
est girls in P—
Friends had wondered that her
heart had not yielded to some of her
many suitors. They did not know
that she had no heart to yield to any
of those who had sought it.
The first season she appeared in the
select circle her father's wealth and
position placed her, she met
Ernest Addison.
He was a noble looking man, tal-
ented, with mild and heart alike
filled with true resolve. To Mabel he
had been very attentive and she grew
to love him, feeling sure the time
was not far distant when he would
come to tell her of his love.
But months rolled by and he
spoke not. Gradually his visits grew
fewer, until they ceased.
What it was that had come be-
tween his love and hers, she could
never think; but she felt perfectly
sure he did love her, and so, hoping
that time would solve the mystery
and bring a balm to her wounded
spirit, she watched and waited for
the coming.
New Year's day came, beautiful
and bright, Mabel and her friend
Flory never looked lovelier. Mabel
had explained her wishes and fully
infused her own spirit into her
friend.
It was impossible for an indifferent
person to feel their powers of fasci-
nation.
To Edgar Livingston, who was
one of their first guests, they were
quite irresistible. He lingered on,
notwithstanding the many efforts of
a young friend, who accompanied
him to draw him away.
"Do stay and help us," said Mabel,
and when Florey's beautiful eyes re-
peated the wish Edgar yielded.
Few, if any, went from Clifton
house dissatisfied. Everything that
heart could desire or mind suggest,
in the way of delicacies and luxuries
of the season, Mabel offered to her
guests. But as her father had said
many tongues were busy speculating
about it, and in a few hours it was
widely known that Miss Clifton was
giving a temperance reception.
Eagerly Mabel's eyes sought the
door on every new arrival of guests.
She had hoped for the coming of one
But the hours passed, and when it
grew late in the day, the hope faded,
and almost died out.
She had seated herself wearily in
an arm chair when the same greeting
that had fallen on her ears so many
times that day, "Happy New Year,
Miss Clifton," caused the bright
light to return to her eyes, the beau-
tiful flush to her face, as she rose to
receive Ernest Addison.
There was an expression in his
fine eyes, when he received from her
the fragrant cup of coffee, that re-
lieved the suspense of years. Her
heart was bounding with new hope.
Edgar Livingston had drawn Florey
to his window. They were look-
ing out on the passers by.
Reeling along the sidewalk, shunt-
ing a drunken song, came Edgar's
companion of the morning. Florey
turned from the sickening sight. Ed-
gar followed saying:
"But for you and Miss Clifton I
might have been one of that party."
And going to Mabel, he said:
"Miss Clifton, your remembrance to-
night should be painful. You have
not helped to crowd either brain or
heart of any of your friends to day,
Accept my warmest thanks for hav-
ing saved me from feeling both."
Edgar saw an expression in Er-
nest's eyes that made him think it
would be quite as agreeable to all
parties if he would take Florey back
to the room of the window, to the
plans, or anywhere out of hearing,
but then—
A few moments after his first visit
to the room in a quiet

son duet.
Then Ernest told Mabel of the love
which had been hers since he knew
her.
"I came one night to lay my heart
before you. You had many guests
and offered them wine. You noticed
not that I placed my glass untouched
on the table. I left early. I dared
not voo the heart of one who held
such a fearful temptation before me;
why, you will know, when I tell you
the terrible truth. My only brother
went down to a drunkard's grave, the
woman he loved urging him on."
"For a time mother and I woo him
from his fatal passion. He was doing
well. We believed he would fulfill
the bright promise of his early youth.
He grew to love a beautiful girl. She
was wild and thoughtless, and one
night, at a party in her father's house
she urged him to drink."
"One glass. Every one but you
takes wine," she said.
He resisted. She taunted him about
having to abstain entirely because he
had not the self control to use wine
in moderation.
"He yielded, accepted the fatal
glass from her hand, and drank, first
moderately, then on and on, in the
old fearful way until the end came—
a ruined life, and a mother's broken
heart."
Do you wonder that I fled from
you? Every hour since yearning to
return, yet dreading to.
"To-day I heard what you were
doing. Earnestly thanking God that
light had dawned upon you, I hasten
ed here to lay my heart before the
only woman I ever loved. Will you
be my wife, Mabel?"
Her heart was too full of joy—she
could not tell him in words how hap-
py she was; but her little hands lay
still in his.
She raised her eyes a moment, and
saw the love of years beaming there.
"He needed no answer."
Judging from the low tones into
which the voice in the other room
had fallen, I think some other hearts
must have found their mates. But
the pairs were separated or rather
joined again, by the return of Mr.
Clifton, who entered, calling out:
"Mabel, dear, to me these rooms
look rather dark. Let's have the gas
turned on, if you please."
"Certainly, papa."
And when there was light enough
for Mr. Clifton to look into his
daughter's eyes, he saw a bright light
shining there. Another moment when
Flory came to greet him he said with
a smile:
"Ah! I see why you young folks
know nothing of the surrounding
darkness—guided by the light with-
in. Well, have you had a pleasant
day?"
"A happy day, father, there are no
regrets to steal in and mar it," Mabel
said, with a bright smile.
"I am glad of it—glad of your re-
solve, Mabel."
How glad you will know, when I
tell you that this morning I closed
the eyes of a father whose only son
was away in some drinking saloon.
How my heart ached for that father.
And what a balm it was to think at
that time my daughter was not hold-
ing the fatal glass to any young
man," said Mr. Clifton, his voice
trembling.
Before another New Year's day
Mabel and Florey each presided over
an establishment of their own.
The happy remembrance of their
reception is never clouded by the
thought that they have added one
drop to the cup of bitterness which
so many wives, brothers, mothers and
sisters have to drink—the cup of sor-
row which is so often prepared for
them by sister women.

MENTAL ABERATION—A very
touching case of mental alienation in
a charming young lady is described
by a careful observer. Not long
ago her mother found her in her
room energetically darning stockings,
and soon after she appeared in the
kitchen and assisted that wondering
dame in making and baking bread
and pastry. Alarmed by these fearful
signs of intellectual disorder, her
father immediately sent for a
skilled physician who watched her
through a keyhole while she sewed
buttons on her father's garments and
mended those of her little brother.
Much affected, the venerable man re-
marked that never, during a medical
practice of twenty five years had he
known any young person to manifest
such symptoms as these. The most
breathtaking phase of all, however,
was shown the other day, when her
kind father, with a faint hope of re-
suing her from her sad state, gave her
two hundred dollars and told her to
buy a new dress. Alas! 'twas useless.
She instantly observed that she didn't
need a new dress, and if he would
let her keep twenty five dollars, to
pay a poor widow's rent, she'd much
rather he would take the rest of the
money for himself. For a few mo-
ments that grief stricken old gentle-
man gazed upon his hapless child,
then, bidding his fate, muttered be-
tween his sobs: "Her mind is gone!
Her mind is gone!"

—Frank Wisecorder was Frank
enough to carve Aaron Thompson
with a scythe near Wayneburg,
Greene county, the other day. A
gash was cut in the shoulder of
Thompson twenty-two inches long
and two and a half deep, nearly
cutting the vein from the body.

—There are twelve counties in this State
out of debt—Berks, Bradford, Bucks, Cam-
bria, Columbia, Greene, McKean, Somers-
et, Warren, Wayne, Westmoreland and
York.

—There is a belt one or two miles wide
in Chester county which is producing over
15,000 barrels of all sorts, two thirds more
than the entire oil region yields.

An Incident of the War.
During the siege of Fort Wagner
in 1863 the following deed of daring
was performed by John Stray, a pri-
vate in the New York Volunteers.
General Gilmore had taken steps
to reduce the fort by regular siege
and had established a parallel of
guns which was doing good work.
Unfortunately, during a night attack
on the Union works the rebels suc-
ceeded in driving them from their
position and spiking the guns in the
battery. This was a serious check
as the rebel sharpshooters, enscon-
cing themselves in rifle pits, effectually
stopped further progress on the
part of the engineer corps. One of
the spiked guns, a 200 pounder Par-
rott, completely raked the rifle pits,
and it was of the utmost importance
that it should be brought into action,
but every attempt made by the Union
men to effect this met with a murder-
ous volley from the vigilant rebel
marksmen. In this difficulty the
chief of ordnance called for volun-
teers to restore the piece to service.
To do this it was necessary to
mount the cannon and drill out the
spike obstructing the vent while the
foe were diligently occupied, on
their part, in picking off the venture-
some workman from his perch. As no
one seemed ambitious to undertake
the venture, the chief of ordnance,
Colonel Mordica, applied to Stray,
who, besides being a skillful machin-
ist, had given proof on several occa-
sions of unusual coolness and daring.
At the request of the colonel he in-
spect the gun, but the shower of
bullets which greeted his appearance
was not calculated to encourage
him, and he reported that he did not
think any one could live long enough
on the cannon to unsnipe it, and
having a wife and young children,
he was not desirous of making the
effort. Without trying to influence
him against his inclination, colonel
replied that if he were willing to
make the attempt and should be
killed, he (the colonel) would see
that his family were provided for.
This promise decided Stray, and
he concluded to try and achieve the
feat. At nightfall he went forth on
his perilous errand, armed simply
with a brace and bit. Straddling
the breach of the monstrous piece,
and crouching as low as possible, he
plied the drill vigorously. No soon-
er had he begun to work than the
enemy perceived him, and flash after
flash succeeded from the rifle pits.
It is one thing to exhibit prowess
amid the clash and rush of
battle, fired by the contagion of en-
thusiastic comrades, another to
brave death singly and deliberately.
Stray could see, as he worked, the
long rifle pits of the rebels, not a
hundred yards distant, ablaze with
the light of fifty rifles, and feel
the wind of their bullets as they
whistled past him. Occasionally one
struck the cannon, as he noticed by
the peculiar chirp of the im-
pact. Favored partly by the obscu-
rity and more by good luck, he re-
mained unscathed, save by one skin
scraping shot. In fifteen minutes—
it seemed to him an hour—the vent
was clear. As the gun was loaded,
a lanyard and a primer were passed
up to him, and these affixed, he slip-
ped quickly off. The rebels seeing
him drop imagined they had shot
him, and set up a yell of exultation,
which was suddenly checked as a
discharge of grape scattered death
among them. The rifle pits were at
once abandoned and our sappers and
miners enabled to proceed without
any further interruption. The cap-
tain of the battery reported twenty-
two lead marks from bullets that had
struck the piece.

In reward for this exploit, Stray
was offered a second lieutenancy, but
being a modest man, and not titled
by education for the position, he
declined it and was satisfied to ac-
cept the appointment of master
mechanic in the ordnance department.
This was by no means the only ad-
venture of peril that Stray was en-
gaged in during the war and his history
would make a readable volume.
He was presented by Major General
Gilmore with the bronze medal for
valorous conduct, of which I believe
but thirty nine in all were ever dis-
tributed. Stray is now an engineer
employed in a factory in Jersey City.
He is a short, thick set man of fifty
or so, with a gray beard fringing on
a quiet but determined countenance.
Mabel's less deserving name will be
handed down to posterity, to become
illustrious with time, than that of
this obscure hero, John Stray.

A clerical gentleman, in examining
a Sunday school, asked the class be-
fore him if any of them could tell him
anything about apostle Peter. A lit-
tle girl raised her hand, much to the
gratification of the examiner. "Come
up here, my good little girl," said he.
"I am so glad you remember your
Bible lesson so well. Now tell the
other boys and girls what you know
of St. Peter." The girl was quite
willing and commenced, "Peter, Peter,
pumpkin-eater, had a wife and could
keep her; he put her in a —," but
before she could get to "pumpkin shell"
the school was in a roar.

—That was a good, though a rather
severe, pun which was made by a
student in one of our theological semina-
ries, (and he was not one of the bright-
est of the class either), when he asked
"Why is Professor — the greatest
revivalist of the age?" and on all giving
it up said, "Because at the close of
every sermon there is a great awaken-
ing."

—That was a good, though a rather
severe, pun which was made by a
student in one of our theological semina-
ries, (and he was not one of the bright-
est of the class either), when he asked
"Why is Professor — the greatest
revivalist of the age?" and on all giving
it up said, "Because at the close of
every sermon there is a great awaken-
ing."

—That was a good, though a rather
severe, pun which was made by a
student in one of our theological semina-
ries, (and he was not one of the bright-
est of the class either), when he asked
"Why is Professor — the greatest
revivalist of the age?" and on all giving
it up said, "Because at the close of
every sermon there is a great awaken-
ing."

—That was a good, though a rather
severe, pun which was made by a
student in one of our theological semina-
ries, (and he was not one of the bright-
est of the class either), when he asked
"Why is Professor — the greatest
revivalist of the age?" and on all giving
it up said, "Because at the close of
every sermon there is a great awaken-
ing."

—That was a good, though a rather
severe, pun which was made by a
student in one of our theological semina-
ries, (and he was not one of the bright-
est of the class either), when he asked
"Why is Professor — the greatest
revivalist of the age?" and on all giving
it up said, "Because at the close of
every sermon there is a great awaken-
ing."

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) 1 insertion, 75
Every additional insertion, 60
Professional and Business cards of
not more than 5 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.

Gottlieb Scheerer's Little Joke.
There is an anecdote of Gottlieb
Scheerer, who, twelve years ago, was
an active Philadelphia politician, and
Vice President Dallas, which is here
first given in print. Some 30 years
ago Mr. Dallas was counsel in a case
in Philadelphia, and Mr. Scheerer was
called in as a witness. The follow-
ing questions were put by Mr. Dal-
las:
"Mr. Scheerer, were you in Harris-
burg last June?"
"Last June, did you say, Mr. Dal-
las?"
"Yes, last June; don't repeat my
question, but answer it."
After some moments of study the
answer came: "No, Mr. Dallas I
was not in Harrisburg last June!"
"Were you in Harrisburg last
July?"
He reflected again, and slowly
said, "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in
Harrisburg in July."
"Were you there in August, Mr.
Scheerer?"
The witness again meditated and
said, "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not
there in August."
"Were you there in September?"
Here Mr. Scheerer reflected longer
than before, and replied, "No, Mr.
Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg in
September."
Mr. Dallas became tired of this
barren result, and, raising his voice,
said:
"Mr. Scheerer, will you tell the
court when you were in Harris-
burg?"
"Mr. Dallas," said Scheerer, "I
never was in Harrisburg in my life!"
The court, the audience and Got-
lieb Scheerer enjoyed the joke, but
Mr. Dallas did not heartily partake
of the merriment created.

VENY DEAR.—Between Kenosha
and Milwaukee an agent of the Trav-
elers' Insurance Company, of Har-
ford, entered the car, and having
issued tickets to several of the pas-
sengers, approached an elderly lady
who it afterwards appeared was deaf.
"Madam, would you like to insure
against accidents?" inquired the agent
at the same time exhibiting to
her his ticket.
"I got my ticket down at Ken-
osha."
"Not a railroad ticket, madam;
I want to know if you would like to
insure your life against accident?"
"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my
brother, who is married up there, and
has just got a baby."
The agent raised his voice a little.
"Would you like to insure your
life against accident?"
"She has been married two years and
a half and that's the first child. It's
a gal."
Agent, still louder:
"I'm an insurance agent, madam;
don't you want your life insured
against accident?"
"Oh! I didn't understand you,"
said the old lady. "No; her name
is Johnson; my name is Evans, and
I live five miles from Kenosha."
The agent vanished.

ANOTHER MAN WANTED.—O I d
farmer Pettinfill went into his house
one day and caught John, the hired
man, hugging Mrs. P.
The farmer said nothing, and went
out into the field.
After dinner he wanted John for
something, but John was not to be
found.
"Jo went at last into John's room,
where the latter was on his knees
packing his trunk.
"What's the matter, John," said P.
"O, nothing," replied John.
"What are you packing your trunk
for?"
"I'm going away."
"Going away! What are you go-
ing away for?"