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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. Shindel, Sel-
 selingrove.
 PROSECUTOR AND CLERK OF THE COURTS—
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 selingrove; John T. Hoffmeyer, Penn's Creek.
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 COUNTY SURVEYOR—Aaron K. Gilt, Mid-
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 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 of the market affords
 —and terms moderate.

BROWN HOUSE.
 PANTONVILLE, (Center 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 Beavertown, 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, Snnyder & Lewisburg
 R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts.,
 Lewisburg Pa.
 George Flory & Son, Proprietors.
 Open Day and Night for the accommo-
 dation of Travelers. A first class Restau-
 rant is attached to the hotel, where
 Meals at all hours can be had. Terms
 reasonable. 9, 43-44

BUNGARDNER HOUSE.
 (Opposite Reading Railroad Depot)
 Harrisburg, Pa.
 A. H. LANDIS, PROPRIETOR.
 Every effort necessary to insure the com-
 fort of guests will be made. The house has been
 newly refitted. J. C. H. 1871

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

ALLEGHENY HOUSE.
 Nos. 512 & 514 Market Street,
 (Above Ethel's),
 PHILADELPHIA.
 A. Beck, Proprietor.
 Terms \$2.00 Per Day. J. C. H. 24

T. J. SMITH.
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.
 Office in 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.
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 Can be consulted in the English and
 German languages. OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls
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SAMUEL H. ORWIG,
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 CHASMAN TOWNSHIP SNYDER CO., PA.
 Copying, Collecting and all other busi-
 ness entrusted to his care will be promptly at-
 tended to.

DR. G. A. SMITH.
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
 Office in professional services to the citizens of
 Middleburg and vicinity. [Aug 11, 72]

JACOB F. BOGAR.
 WITH
 UBERROTH, BERGSTRESSER & 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 SHADDES,
 For Stores, Churches, Private Dwell-
 ings, Offices, &c.
 16 N. 7th Street,
 PHILADELPHIA.

Poetry.
The World's Opinion.
 We walk in anxious thoughtful mood;
 Our hearts we fully set
 To gain a share of this world's goods,
 No matter how we get them;
 But ah! what fairy boats go down
 In dark Oblivion's stream,
 While racing for that leafless crown,
 The outer world's esteem!
 We strive with eager feet and hands,
 Sad hearts, and faces gay,
 From youth to age we lead. Life's page
 With what will people say?

Most of us live a double life;
 The one is outside show;
 The other springs from hopes of things
 Name but ourselves must know.
 Our time is so entirely claim'd
 By worldly thoughts alone,
 If almost none our feet assuaged,
 A softer heart to own.
 And hides its earth's purest bliss,
 Far, far from the light they stray.
 Who always make their watch-word this
 "But what will people say?"

Kind acts, to bless those in distress
 Are oft in secret done,
 But how much oftener when we know
 Mankind is looking on!
 Better a kind word entered in
 The great Recorder's book;
 Than careless thousands spent to win
 The world's approving look;
 And he who does a noble deed,
 And hides it from the day,
 Be sure will gain a warmer meed
 Than "What will people say?"

There is a higher One to please,
 Who sends no cloud in vain;
 He will despise no sacrifice
 Who bears all human pain,
 And so if we could only act,
 To our own conscience true,
 Keeping God's laws of love intact
 In all we say and do...
 We would not need so mean a chart
 To guide us on our way,
 To lay his shackles on the heart,
 "As 'What will people?'"

Select Tale.
The Dark Night.
 "I can't stand it any longer, Jane, I'll go out, and perhaps something will turn up for us."
 "It's a cold night, Robert."
 "Cold, yes! But its not much colder outside than in. It would have been better if you had married John I remain," he said bitterly.
 "Don't say that, Robert; I've never regretted my choice."
 "Not even now, when there is not a loaf of bread in the house for you and the children?"
 "Not even now, Robert. Don't be discouraged. God has not forsaken us. Perhaps this evening the tide will turn, and better days may dawn upon us to-morrow."
 Robert Brice shook his head despondingly.
 "You are more hopeful than I, Jane. Day after day I have been in search of employment. I have called at fifty places only to receive the same answer everywhere."
 "Just then little Jimmy, who had been asleep, woke up.
 "Mother," he pleaded, "won't you give me a piece of bread, I am so hungry."
 "There is no bread, Jimmy, darling," said the mother with an aching heart.
 "When will there be some?" asked the child piteously.
 Tears came to the mother's eyes. She knew not what to say.
 "Jimmy, I'll bring you some bread," said the father hoarsely, as he seized his hat and went to the door.

His wife, alarmed, laid her hand upon his sleeve. She saw the look in his eyes, and she feared to what step desperation might lead him.
 "Remember, Robert," she said, solemnly, "it is hard to starve, but there are things that are worse."
 He shook off her hand, but not roughly, and without a word passed out.
 Out in the cold streets! They would be his only home next, he thought. For a brief time longer he had the shelter of a cheerless room in a tenement house, but the rent would become due at the end of the month, and he had nothing to meet it.

Robert Brice was a mechanic, competent and skillful. Three years since he lived in a country village, where his expenses were moderate and he found no difficulty in meeting them. But in an evil hour he grew tired of his village home, and he removed to the city. For a while he met with very good success, but he found the tenement house in which he was obliged to live a poor substitute for the neat little cottage which he had occupied in the country. He saw his mistake but was too proud to go back.
 "Of course I can't have as good accommodations here as in the country," he said, "but it is something to live in, and be in the midst of things."
 "I'd rather be back again," said his wife. "Somehow the city doesn't seem like home. There I used to run in and take tea with a neighbor, and have pleasant social times. There I know scarcely anybody."
 "You'll get used to it after a while," said her husband.

She did not think so, but she did not complain.
 But the time of great depression came, and with it suspension of business enterprises. Work ceased for Robert Brice and many others. If he had been in his old home, he could have turned his hand to something else, and at least could have been near his neighbors. But better he did from his pocket a bank

note and put it in Robert's hand. "It's \$50," said Robert, amazed. "I know it. This pocket-book contains \$1,000. But for you I should have lost the whole."
 "And bless you, sir; good night," said Robert.
 "Good night."
 Jane waited for her husband, in the cold and cheerless room, which for a few days longer, she might call her home.
 "Do you think that father will bring me some bread?" asked little Jimmy, as he nestled in her lap.
 "I hope so, darling," she said; but her heart misgave her. She feared it was a delusive hope.
 An hour passed, there was a step on the stairs—her husband's it could not be, for this was a cheerful, elastic step, coming up two steps at a time. She looked eagerly at the door.
 "Yes, it was he. The door opened—Robert, radiant with joy, entered with a basketful of substantial provisions.
 "Have you got some bread, father?" asked Jimmy, hopefully.
 "Yes, Jimmy, some bread and meat from a restaurant, and here's a little tea and sugar. There's a little wool left, Jane, let's have a brilliant and comfortable night."
 "How did it happen? Tell me, Robert."
 So Robert told his wife, and soon a bright fire lighted up the before cheerless room.
 The next week they moved to a better home. They have never since known what it is to want. Robert found a friend in the savings bank, and has reason to remember with a grateful heart, God's goodness on the eve of temptation.

A Strange Story.
A Freak of the late Storm in Ohio
**—It Disentombs a Skeleton—A Soldier of the Revolution Im-
 prisoned for 82 Years.**

A correspondent writing to the Piquette Democrat gives this startling narrative:
 I beg leaves to detail an incident connected with the terrible hurricane that passed over the Miami valley on the evening of the "Glorious Fourth." On the well known "old Anderson farm," whose fertile acres extend to the banks of the historic Miami, stands, or rather stood, a fine oak grove. A fortnight since the majestic trees stood erect, and intact, but now two-thirds of them arid on the ground, hurled down by the relentless fury of the last great storm. Little did the storm demon think when he set out upon his mission of destruction that he was destined to rob a tree of a secret which it has scrupulously kept for eighty-two years.

Upon the morning subsequent to the storm (Saturday) Mr. Rogers, in company with a hired man, proceeded to inquire into the extent of the damage inflicted upon his premises, and the first objective point was the ruined grove. The center tree of the plot was a noble oak, the King over its fellows, and a tree which had stood the ravages of time, seemingly unscathed, for several centuries. This tree had been snapped and felled by the storm. Upon examining the fallen trunk for the purpose of ascertaining its worth as raw timber, Mr. R. made a startling discovery. This was nothing less than the fact that the tree in falling had disengaged a skeleton.

The bones were disconnected, yellow with age, scattered over several square feet of pasture. The skull was almost intact; all the teeth save two were still in their places, and there was a scar on the left parietal bone which looked like the moment of some fierce cavalry charge. The humerus of the right arm was shattered, and save the three fingers just mentioned, the skeleton when put together was without blemish.
 The tree in falling, I should have mentioned, was rent asunder—a task not difficult of accomplishment when I refer to the fact that an examination found that at some remote date the very heart of the oak had been cleft by lightning. From a spot twenty feet from the ground upward to the first great fork a distance of ten feet—a hollow extended, and from this cavity the skeleton had been hurled.

An old-fashioned leather pocket or memorandum book lay in a remarkable state of preservation—which doubt had been dropped into the rent made by the lightning, and thus preserved while its master decayed. A few brass buttons of old and unique patterns were found near the memorandum, but it is with the latter we have to deal. This old leather purse, entirely moneyless, contained sundry papers covered with rude penmanship, quite difficult to trace as they were written on the backs of army passes and military consignments which dated as far back as 1775.

Mr. Rogers conveyed the bones to his house, and set about to read the memorandum of the captive of the tree. He read enough to learn that the eyes that once shone in the now useless sockets often looked upon Washington in the heat of battle and amid the snows of Valley Forge; and the skeleton when covered with flesh and muscle had struck many stalwart blows for our country.
 The man's name as gathered from the papers was Roger Vanderberg, a native of Lancaster, Pa., and a captain in the revolutionary army. He was an aid to Washington during the retreat across the Jerseys, and served a time in Arnold's headquarters at West Point. In 1781 he marched with St. Clair against the Northwest Indians, and in the famous or break of that General on the Wabash, November 3, of the year just written he was wounded and captured. But while being conveyed to the Indian town at Upper Piquette he effected his escape, but found himself hard pressed by his savage foes.

He saw the hollow in the oak, and despite the mangled arm, and with the aid of a beech that grew beside the giant then, he gained the heaven and dropped therein. Then came a fearful discovery. He had miscalculated the depth of the hollow, and there was no escape. Oh, the story told by the diary of the oak's despairing prisoner! How, rather than surrender to the torture of the stake, he chose death by starvation—how he wrote his diary in the uncertain light and the snow!

Here is one entry in the diary:
 Nov 10.—Five days without food when I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and flowing streams. The stars laugh at my misery.—It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve God, pity me!
 Never was such a record of suffering traced by human hand before. The entries cover a period of eleven days, and in disjointed sentences is told the story of St. Clair's defeat.
 Mr. Rogers has written to Lancaster to ascertain if any descendants of the ill-fated Captain live; if so, they shall have his bones.

Some people say that dark-haired women marry first. We differ; it's the light-headed ones.
 A young lady at Lafayette, Ind., sings all the popular songs while fast asleep, and knows nothing about it. Now, if she were to change her tactics a little, and sing all the popular songs while her neighbors are asleep, so they would know nothing about it, we should consider her a success as a singist.
 A circuit court.—The longest way home from the singing school.

arising from neighborhood do not exist in the city to same extent as in the country. So, day by day, he saw his scanty sum of money passing away, and no one extended a helping hand. Day by day he went out to do work, only to find himself one of a large number, all of whom were doomed to disappointment. If he had been alone, he could have got along somehow, but it was a sore trial to come to a cheerless room and a pale wife and hungry children, and no relief to offer them.

When, on that evening, Robert Brice went into the street, he hardly knew how he was going to redeem the promise he had made to little Jimmy. He was absolutely penniless and had been so for three days. There was nothing he was likely to find to do that night.
 "I will pawn my coat," he said at last. "I cannot see my wife and children starve."
 It was a well-worn overcoat, and that cold winter night he needed something warm to keep him warm. Weakened by the enforced fast, he was more sensitive to the cold, and shivered as he walked along the pavement.
 "Yes," he said, "my coat must go. I know not how I shall get along without it, but I can't see the children starve before my eyes."
 He was not in general, an envious man, but when he saw sleek, well-fed citizens, buttoned up to the throat in warm overcoats, come out of the brilliantly lighted shops, provided with luxuries for happy children at home, while his wife was starving, he suffered some bitter thoughts upon the inequality of Fortune's gifts, to come to his mind.

Why should they be so happy, and he so miserable?
 There was one man, shorter than himself, warily clad, who passed him with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat. There was a pleasant smile upon his face. He was, doubtless, thinking of the happy circle at home.
 Robert knew him as a rich merchant, whose ample warehouse he had often passed. He applied to this man only two days before for employment, and been refused. It was, perhaps, the thought of the wide difference between them, so far as outward circumstances went that led Robert Brice to follow him.
 After a while the merchant, Mr. Grimes, drew his handkerchief slowly from his pocket. He did not perceive that his pocket-book came with it, and fell to the sidewalk.
 He did not perceive it but Robert did; his heart leaped into his mouth, and a sudden thought entered his mind. He bent quickly down and picked up the pocket-book. He raised his eyes hastily to see if the movement was noticed. It was not. The merchant went on unheeding his loss.
 "This will buy bread for my wife and children," thought Robert, instantly.
 A vision of the comfort which the money would bring that cheerless room lighted up his heart for an instant, but then, for he was not dishonest, there came another thought, the money was not his, much as he wanted it.
 "But I cannot see my wife and children starve," he thought again. "If it is wrong to keep this money, God will understand my motive."
 All this was sophistry, and he knew it. In a moment he felt it to be so. There was something worse than starvation. It was his wife that had said that just before he had come out. Could he meet her gaze when he returned with food so obtained?
 "I've lived honest so far," he thought—"I won't turn thief now."
 It was with an effort he came to this decision; for all the while there was before his eyes that vision of a cheerless home, and he could hear Jimmy vainly asking for food. It was with an effort that he stepped forward and placed his hand on the merchant's shoulder, and extended the hand that held the pocket-book.
 "Thank you," said the merchant, turning around, "I hadn't perceived my loss."
 "You dropped it when you took out your handkerchief."
 "And you saw it and picked it up. I am very much obliged to you."
 "You have reason to be," said Robert, in a low voice. "I came very near keeping it."
 "That would have been dishonest," said Mr. Grimes, his tone slightly altering.
 "Yes, it would, but it's hard for a man to be honest when he is penniless, and his wife and children without a crust."
 "Surely, you and your family are not in that condition!" said the merchant, earnestly.
 "Yes," said Robert, "it is only too true."
 "And you are out of work?"
 "For two months I have vainly sought for work. I applied to you two days since."
 "I remember you now. I thought I had seen your face before. You still want work."
 "I should feel grateful for it."
 "You take his place at 812 a week!"
 "Thankfully, sir; I will work for half that."
 "Then come to-morrow morning, or to-morrow will be a half-day, the day preceding. Neatly take this for your present necessities."
 He drew from his pocket a bank

a Parrot with a Wicked Tongue.
 From the Detroit Free Press.
 Last winter a Gratiot street saloon keeper went to Cincinnati on a visit, and while sojourning there he came across a saloon sporting the wickedest old parrot which ever learned to speak the English language. Gratiot street stood by and heard the bird "rip and tear" for a straight hour, and when he came home that parrot came home with him. All the way up here the purchase "went for" braikemen and baggage men jipping out oaths which Captain Kidd couldn't have hauled, and the further north he came the more wicked he grew. Reaching Detroit, his cage was hung up in his saloon, and "Jack" has been there ever since, up to Friday. It was a poor day when he didn't learn some new cat or slangy expression, and finally he became so hot rabelly that a hardened villain could talk with him.
 He was sold last Friday for \$20, and his owner kept him about an hour and then sent him as a present to a minister's wife, who had been attentive to his family during sickness. She was very grateful, having often thought how nice it would be to have a talking parrot around the house. "Jack" seemed put out by the change of owners, and he set on his perch all Friday night and refused to say a word. Saturday morning the minister's wife started for Pontiac, and she carried "Jack's" cage into her husband's study that neither night be less than an hour, and the good man was scrambling away when all at once the parrot shouted: "Heart's trump!"
 The good man gave a jump and looked out of the window, thinking that a couple of bad boys were playing mischief under his shade trees. He could see no one, and supposing that he was mistaken, he seated himself and began to write again, when the parrot shouted:
 "Not any gin, thank ye!"
 Horrified, the clergyman looked around and he saw "Jack" trying to wink at him. Half doubting if it was the bird which had spoken, yet determined to find out, he inquired:
 "What!"
 "Shut up, or I'll put a lead on ye!" replied "Jack," lunging to the cage with one claw and shaking his feathers.
 "Is't possible?" exclaimed the good man drawing nearer to the cage. "Oh, my! they say his name—'Gin-eyes'—that was his name!"
 "Gin-eyes, gin-eyes!" swung furiously on the stick.
 "Vile bird, you shall go out of here!" said the minister in an excited voice. "I would as soon harbor a highwayman."
 "Rouse mit him," cried Jack, and then he chuckled and cackled as if he was laughing heartily.
 "It is a sin and a shame that men have taught an innocent bird to use such language," continued the good man, as he picked up the cage.
 "Hit him with a beer tumbler," replied the parrot, trying to fasten his claws into the ministerial hat.
 "Little did my wife dream what a viper she was bringing into the house," muttered the man. "I shall hire some boy to carry you away."
 "Send for the Black Maria," replied the bird, and while he was being carried out he continued, "Who stole the wheelbarrow?"
 The minister reached the stoop and called to a boy who was playing unmanly pug on the grass:
 "Here, bub," he said, as the boy came up; "take this bird off somewhere and give him away, and I'll give you two shillings."
 "Oh, dry up now!" growled "Jack," seeming to know that he was about to change places again.
 "Give him to any one who will take him," continued the minister. "I have received a shock which fairly makes me tremble."
 "Chuck him under the table!" called the bird, as he went through the gate, and when he was nearly a block away he could be heard singing:
 "We won't go home till morning—Till daylight does appear!"

A drover went in a restaurant on Tenth avenue last night and ordered a plate of chicken soup. After eating a few spoonfuls, he called the waiter to him and said:
 "Look here! what was the length of the sticks used by the chicken when it waded through the water on this plate?"
 "You infernal fool!" said the waiter. "The chicken didn't wade at all! It had wings and flew across the kettle, and it's shadow fell on the water and was boiled some, and that's how that soup was made!"
 The drover said no more, but finished his soup with a heavy heart, and pocketed the spoon and went away.
 "What did you paint your fence white for?" asked a man of his neighbor, whose front fence had just received a fresh coat of paint.
 "That is not white—it is green," was the reply.
 "Green! You must think me green, can't I see?"
 "I'll bet a dollar it's green."
 "I'll do it."
 "Isn't it green, and if it's fresh isn't it green?"
 The looper pulled the bet, and turned away to ponder on the absurdity of our language.

Some people say that dark-haired women marry first. We differ; it's the light-headed ones.
 A young lady at Lafayette, Ind., sings all the popular songs while fast asleep, and knows nothing about it. Now, if she were to change her tactics a little, and sing all the popular songs while her neighbors are asleep, so they would know nothing about it, we should consider her a success as a singist.
 A circuit court.—The longest way home from the singing school.

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