The Post.

VOL. 11. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 27, 1873. NO. 36.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening by JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.

Terms of Subscription,

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or $2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages 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.

A NEW CHROMO FOR 1874.
to be given to every subscriber.

Godey's Lady's Book.
the oldest magazine in America.

1874. Volume 88. 1874.

In addition to our *Splendid Steel Engravings and Reliable Colored Fashion Plates, Will be Given from time to time Elegant Chromo Illustrations,* a new feature that has never been attempted by any other magazine.

Stories by Celebrated Writers. The following popular writers, in connection with many new ones, have been engaged:—Marion Harland, Ino Churchill Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson, Louise S. Dorr, Mrs. Victor, S. Annie Frost, Sue Chestnutwood, Etc.

Our Other Departments—Model Cotages, Designs for the Work-Table. Knnitting Embroidery, with Colored Engravings of the same Net'ting, Drawing Lessons, Invaluable Receipts, Original Music, Etc., Will be Retained.

A PREMIUM CHROMO

to every Subscriber, whether Singly or in club, who pays in advance for 1874, and remits direct to this office.

TERMS:

One copy, one year	$3 00
Two copies, one year	5 00
Three copies, one year	7 00
Four copies, one year	10 00
Five copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making six copies	14 00
Eight copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making nine copies	21 00
Eleven copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making twelve copies	27 50
Twenty-three copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making twenty-four copies	55 00

Let it be understood that every subscriber and getter-up of a club will have the beautiful Chromo of "TRUE TO NATURE" sent to them, free of Postage.

☞And any subscriber in a club, or a single subscriber, can have the Chromo 'True to Nature' mounted on stiff Bristol board, ready for framing, by sending twenty-five cents additional, and the postage paid by us. We do not mount any of the other Chromos.

☞To the getter-up of a club of 4, 6, or 8 copies, we will send in addition to 'True to Nature' as an extra premium the choice of a single copy of the following four Chromos: 'My Mother,' 'The Aquarium,' 'The Singing Lesson' and 'My Pet.'

☞To the getter-up of a club of 12 copies, we will send in addition to 'True to Nature' the choice of two of the following: 'My Mother' and 'The Aquarium' or 'The Singing Lesson' and 'My Pet.' Or if desired, 'The Old Mill' and 'True to Nature.'

☞To the getter-up of a club of 24 copies, we will send in addition to 'True to Nature' 'The Old Mill' 'The Aquarium' and 'My Mother.' Or 'The Old Mill' 'The Singing Lesson' and 'My Pet.'

☞Every Three Dollar subscriber can have a choice of a copy of the following: 'True to Nature,' 'My Mother,' 'The Aquarium,' 'The Singing Lesson' and 'My Pet.'

☞Will the getters-up of clubs be particular and state what premiums they desire.

☞The premiums are only forwarded when the remittance is send to us.

☞When the subscribers all reside at one place, the premiums will be sent to the person who sends the club for distribution.

☞CANADA subscribers must send 24 cents additional for every subscription to the Lady's Book.

☞The money must all be sent at one time for any of the clubs, and additions may be made to clubs at club rates. The Lady's Book will be sent to any post-office were the subscriber may reside, and subscriptions may commence with any month in the year. We can always supply back numbers. Specimen numbers will be sent on receipt of 25 cents.

How to remit.—In remitting by Mail, a post-office order on Philadelphia, or a draft on Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore or any of our principal cities, payable to the order of L. A. Godey, is preferable to bank notes. If a draft or Post-office Order cannot be procured, send United States or National Bank notes.

Address L. A. GODEY,
N. E. Cor. Sixth and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION

which can be cured by a timely resort to this standard preparation, as has been proved by the hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietors. It is acknowledged by many prominent physicians to be the most reliable preparation ever introduced for the relief and cure of all Lung complaints, and is offered to the public, sanctioned by the experience of over forty years. When resorted to in season it seldom fails to effect a speedy cure in the most severe cases of Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Asthma, Colds, Sore Throat, Pains or Soreness in the Chest and Side, Liver Complaint, Bleeding at the Lungs, &c. Wistar's Balsam does not dry up a cough, and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most preparations, but it loosens and cleanses the lungs, and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

PREPARED BY
SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston.
For sale by Druggists generally.

N. Y. FANCY STORE

(GEO. SCHNURE'S CORNER.) **Selinsgrove, Pa.**

ESTABLISHED APRIL 1872.

S. WEIS, Dealer in NOTIONS & FANCY GOODS, LADIES & *Gents Furnishing Goods* **Jewelry, etc.**

Just Received a Full and Well Selected stock of

Fall and Winter Goods.

We have selected our stock with great care and offer it at Greatly

REDUCED PRICES

A full Assortment of SILKS, LACES, FRINGES

Embroideries, Ruches Kid gloves in large quantities, can suit any lady in Price and Color.

Hoop Skirts, Counterpanes on Hand Very Cheap. We cannot enumerate all our articles, but we assure the public that we have a large stock of goods of every description in our line on hand. A Full assortment of

HATS AND CAPS OF THE LATEST STYLES ON HAND

——Call soon and examine our Stock and you will be astonished at our low——
——prices Thankful for past favors we solicit a continuation of the same——
Oct. 16, '73. tf. ——S. WEIS, Selinsgrove, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1853. ..... REBUILT 1871

THE OLD CORNER

Rebuilt and Refurnished with the Finest and Cheapest Assortment

DRY GOODS!

NOTIONS, TRIMMINGS, QUEENSWARE,
Hardware, Groceries, Cedarware, Hats & Caps
Shoes, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Shoe Findings,
WALL PAPERS, GLASS, &c., &c.,
EVER OFFERED TO THIS COMMUNITY.

The subscriber having removed into his NEW STORE ROOM, on the Corner of Market and Pine Streets, is now prepared to offer, to his old customers, and all new ones thrt may favor him with their patronage, great inducements. He is determined tha

THE OLD CORNER

SHALL STILL CONTINUE THE MOTTO FORMERLY ADOPTED,

"THE CHEAP CORNER."

By a strict attention to business, and keeping at all times the most complete stock and selling at the lowest prices, he hopes to merit a full share of patronage.

☞All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods.☜

Selinsgrove, April 26, 1871. WM. F. ECKBERT.

1873. WINTER. 1873

JUST OPENED,

IN MIDDLEBURG, BY

Geo. Alfred Schoch.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

PRINTS, MUSLINS, DRY GOODS,
Fancy Cassimeres, Ready Made Clothing,
Hats and Caps, Shoes, Hosiery, Gloves, Notions, Shawls, Fans,
Parasols and White Goods.

ALSO---A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES,
Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Syrups, Fish, &c., &c.
TOBACCOS, SNUFF AND CIGARS.
ALSO—Queensware, Glassware, Tubs, Pails, Baskets, Etc., Etc.

I have selected the above goods with great care, and ask an examination of the same by those wishing to purchase. Call and see for yourselves. Compare my prices with others.
Thankful to my friends for their patronage in the past, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. [June 26, 1871-tf.] G. ALFRED SCHOCH.

Furniture at Your Own Prices.

GOULD & CO. SELL THE CHEAPEST FURNITURE.

GOULD & CO. sell the Best Furniture.
GOULD & CO. sell the Strongest Furniture.
GOULD & CO. sell the Handsomest Furniture.
GOULD & CO. have the Largest Stock
GOULD & CO. have all kinds of Furniture.
GOULD & CO. have the Newest Patterns.
GOULD & CO. offer Bargains.
GOULD & CO. always give Satisfaction.
GOULD & CO. buy and sell for cash.
GOULD & CO. have great advantages in manufacturing
GOULD & Co's Furniture is the most Elegant.
GOULD & CO. have Polite attendants.
GOULD & CO. have Eight Stores.
GOULD & CO. have Four Stores.

GOULD & CO.

N. E. Cor. NINTH and MARKET, Nos 37 and 39 N. SECOND St., 272 South 2d St., and 1206 MARKET St., Phila'd, Pa (Dec. 19, '72-tf

Fire! Fire! Fire!

LEBANON MUTUAL Fire Insurance Co.

OF

JONESTOWN, PENN'A.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 1, 1856.

Assetts, - - - $11 397,000,00.

David M. Rank, Pres. G. F. Meily, Tres,
Jac. G. Heilman, Sec.

Policies Perpetual. No dangerous or hazardous property insured. The insurance of this Company is confined to Farm Property and Private Dwellings.

For any information address the undersigned agent for Snyder and Northumberland counties.

H. CLAY WALKER, Ag't,
Liverpool, Perry County, Pa.
Oct. 31, '73. 6m

T. J. SMITH.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.
Offers his Professional Services to the public. Consultations in English and German.

VALUABLE Mill Property,

TWO

GOOD HOUSES,

FIVE DESIRABLE

TOWN LOTS,

AT

PRIVATE SALE.

The mill has a large custom, is in good running order, with never failing water power.

Two lots, on each is erected a good dwelling house, with other necessary improvements.

Five town lots favorably located, and well suited for building purposes.

The above named properties are situate in the Borough of New Berlin, Union Co., Pa. For further particulars on or address ALBERT HOUTZ,
New Berlin, Union Co., Pa.
Jy 31, '73

FOUND GUILTY.

A Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

Our district court was in session, and in the evening, during the recess a small party of us were assembled in the private room of the presiding judge, a man fully up to three-score-and-ten, with one guiding light while upon the bench, justice, strict and impartial; and to while away the time he told us a story as follows:

"Years ago I was Prosecuting Attorney for my judicial district. I was young then a little more than thirty—but had worded hard to instruct and improve my profession. When I became District Attorney I meant to do my duty, and as I felt myself in a measure, pitted against the whole bar, I gathered my strength and prepared to marshall all the forces at my command.

"At length came what I had long desired—a capital trial. It was a case of murder seemingly of the most atrocious character. The Attorney General came down to attend, but when he found how well I understood the case, and how thoroughly I had prepared myself, he did not propose to bother himself. He would leave me to conduct the prosecution, holding himself in readiness to render assistance, or offer suggestions in case of need.

"The case came on, and I presented the Government's complaint, and the grounds thereof. The prisoner at the bar was Charles Ashcroft, a young man of five-and twenty—intelligent and handsome—and about the last man in the world one would have selected as a murderer. Yet he stood thus charged, and the evidence was overwhelming against him.

"The facts as elicted in the evidence were these: Ashcroft had been a teacher in the academy of the town where he resided, and where the killing had been done. He had waited upon a young lady, named Susan Lattimer, and had evidently loved her very dearly; but it seemed that Susan was not inclined to be constant. A wealty suitor presented himself for her hand, and she cast off the poor pedagogue and accepted the new comer.

"One Saturday afternoon Susan Lattimer went on foot to visit an uncle who lived two miles distant, and to shorten the way she took the cart path through the wood that stretched down between the two sections of the town. Shortly after she was seen to enter this wood Charles Ashcroft was seen to follow her with a double-barrelled gun upon his shoulder. Susan Lattimer went to her uncle's, but finding only a servant of the family at home, she started back at once by the way she had come.

"In the wood on her return, she was met by Ashcroft, who stopped her, and upbraided her for her desertion of him. Two girls—one fourteen years of age and the other a year younger—who had gone to the wood for the purpose of gathering beechnuts, passed the twain while they were conversing, and heard Ashcroft "swearing terribly," as they express it, at Miss Lattimer. They heard him declare that he "would as lief die as not;" and they heard her say, "Don't kill me!" at this point the altercation frightened them, and they ran away.

"Charles Ashcroft returned to his boarding-place, pale and agitated, with both barrels of his fowling-piece empty but with no game. Later, the body of Susan Lattimer was found in the wood, not far from where the altercation had taken place. She had been shot dead, the whole of one side of her face and head having been shockingly torn by a heavy charge of pigeon-shot, evidently discharged with deliberate aim, and at a very short distance. Some of the shot were extracted and exhibited to a store-keeper in the village, who unhesitatingly declared it wrs exactly such shot as he had sold on that same Saturday to Ashcroft.

"In response to this Ashcroft could only deny in the most solemn manner, that he had not thought or offered harm of any kind to the deceased. He admitted the truth of the statement made by the two girls; and he admitted that he had purchased the shot as the store-keeper had said. His story was, that on Saturday afternoon he had gone into the wood to shoot pigeons. He did not know that Miss Lattimer had gone that way. He met her unexpectedly, and foolishly allowed himself to give vent to his feelings of indignation. For words spoken on the occasion he hardly felt himself responsible. In fact he could not remember what he did say. After talking till they had both become exhausted by intensity of feeling, and Miss Lattimer had fallen to crying bitterly, he bade her farewell, and told her he had troubled her for the last time. She sat down upon the log by the side of the path, still crying, and asked him to leave her. He obeyed her, and saw her not again until he saw her dead. In explanation of the empty barrels of his gun, and no game, he said that he had met Miss Lattimer before he had seen any pigeons, and that after leaving her he had no heart for sport. He had discharged his piece in the edge of the wood into the empty air, as he had never allowed himself to deposit a loaded gun in a dwelling house.

"There is no need that I should give you the details of the trial. Suffice it for me to say that I felt my reputation at stake as Prosecuting Attorney. The State was my client, and she demanded that I should succeed. Able lawyers were arrayed against me, with money and social power to back them, and I must overcome them in the combat if I could. I marshalled my forces and disposed of them in the best possible manner. I threw my whole soul into the work, and used every means possibly presented. I took the connection of the prisoner with the homicide as granted. Then I drew a picture of the murder which made the jury shudder and quake as they sat; and I demanded that outraged justice should be vindicated; that the community should be protected; that our homes, our highways, and by ways, should be safe to the innocent ones whom we loved. I held the prisoner up in colors so frightful and hideous that he fainted outright in his box; and then this circumstance I caught up and turned against him. I fairly carried the jury by storm; and our sympathetic and good hearted Chief Justice had allowed all his sympathies to be expanded upon the distressed and heart-broken parents and brothers and sisters of the deceased. The counsel for the prisoner were outflanked and overpowered, and they struggled hopelessly. In the end a verdict of the first degree was rendered, and the prisoner was sentenced to be executed.

"I was jubilant and proud at the close of the trial and both bench and bar complimented me. I went to my home expecting my wife to congratulate me warmly. She had been present through most of the trial, and had witnessed my triumph. But she said not a word. When I asked her if she did not join me in gratitude for my success, she shook her head.

"I am proud of my husband's legal fame," she said, but I cannot feel grateful in the present instance. I think Edward, *you have condemned an innocent man!*"

"The words struck me like a bolt of lightning,—not only the words, but the more than human feeling with which they had been spoken. I recovered myself, and laughed at the gentle woman for her misplaced sympathy. I asked her to look at the evidence."

"Look at the evidence?" she demanded. "There are unseen evidences as strong as those which are palpable to sight and hearing. The heart feels them, and the calm judgment endorses them. As I live I do not believe Charles Asheroft ever knowingly or willingly did harm to that dead girl. He knows no more how she met her death than do I."

"The flurry of conquest was over, and in my own sanctuary I sat down and reflected. I took up now the case of the defendent, and went over the whole business from beginning to the end. Shutting out the evidence directly implicating the prisoner, there was no human being who could have believed him guilty. What then, was this evidence? Did it directly connect him with the killing? No. Only circumstantially was he connected therewith. Was it possible that some one else could have done the deed? Aye, a thousand times. Was it more probable that some one else did it than that Ashcroft did it! Here was the rub. I had seen guilt in many forms, and had seen innocence accused. I had seen the guilty wretch attempt to hide his guilt and had heard him deny it *in toto*. And here came in the evidence which my wife had experienced, and which I could feel, but which could never be presented to a jury of ordinary men with moving power. In the bearing of the prisoner there had not been one shadow of that brazen impudence which is sure to crop out somewhere and somehow, in the demeanor of guilt long struggling to effect innocence. Nor had he displayed the despair of the hopelessly entrapped criminal. On the contrary, he had presented, as I could calmly review the scene, a crushed and broken heart—a manhood staggering under a frightful incubus, and a shivering, shuddering sensitiveness under the suspicions resting upon him. Now that I had won the victory, I could afford to judge without prejudice, and I found myself, ere long, in trouble. I had condemned the man; I had consigned him to the gallows.

"How—how could she have come to her death if he did not kill her? What other way is possible?"

"I had mused loud at this point, and my wife had heard me."

"There are many ways," she said, with a directness which showed that her thoughts had been in company with my own. Ashcroft left her sitting upon a log crying. When she got up to start for home she blundered along almost blindly thinking of nothing but the betrayed lover she had sent from her. There have been plenty of pigeons in those woods, and others besides Charles Ashcroft were in all probability hunting there on that Saturday afternoon.

Did you never hear of persons being shot by sheer accident in such places? What more easy than for Susan Lattimer to have suddenly come into range of a gun already aimed, with the fingers of its owner pressing the trigger?

"But," I cried, startled at the thought, had such an accident occurred the man would have come forward and owned it."

"It was not a man; but a boy," said my wife; 'and the catastrophe frightened him out of his wits—a boy who knows not the grades of homicide—who fears that the gallows would follow a revelation of the deed."

"I cannot tell you, gentleman, how that thing worked upon my mind. I came to believe that my wife had truly solved the problem; and the more I reflected the more firmly became that solution fixed in my faith. The time for Ashcroft's execution was drawing near. How could I save him? There was but one way. A new trial without some new evidence was out of the question. I must set him free. I could not see him hanged. I visited him in his cell and came away sure that he was innocent. I asked my wife if she had the will and courage to help that man to break his bonds. She flashed in the glory of her woman's power like an impatient soldier. I told her I would set her on the track, but I must not know how the work was done, nor where the prisoner had gone. She comprehended and agreed. I lent my official influence to gain her access to the jail, and she did the rest. She came home one night radient like a giant who had a glimpse of heaven. On the following morning I was informed that the condemned man had escaped. I asked my wife no questions and she offered no information.'.

"Search was instituted, but not a trace of the fugitive could be found. The time set for the execution passed, and not many days thereafter an honest farmer, living near to the uncle whom Susan Lattimer went to visit on that Saturday afternoon, came to me in great tribulation. His son, a boy of fourteen, had confessed the shooting of Miss Lattimer. I went over with the father, and saw the boy. I found him sick and nigh unto death—his life worried away by the fearful secret which he held gnawing in his bosom. I promised him, that no harm, should come to him, and he brightened up. It was exactly as my wife had suggested. The lad had seen a pigeon upon a tree, and had crept into a clump of bushes upon the opposite side of the cart path, in order that he might raise his gun without frightening the bird. He cocked the piece, had taken aim, and his finger was pressing the trigger, when Miss Lattimer with her head bent down, came directly before the muzzle. She had come like a dark shadow between him and the bird, and not until his piece had been discharged did he know what had thus suddenly obstructed his sight. When he had leaped out from his cover, and had seen the fearful work he had done, he was for a moment paralyzed with a terror that was awful. Soon the phantom of Murder appeared to his appalled sense, and he ran away and hid. And from that time he had suffered, until his secret was so near killing him that he had to let it out.

"I returned home and asked my wife if she knew where Chas. Ashcroft was. She said she knew. I told her what I had discovered and bade her bring him back. On the very next day Ashcroft appeared, and delivered himself up at the jail.

"The final result you can easily comprehend. At the new trial the boy was able to attend, and Chas. Ashcroft, was set at liberty with but little ceremony, his character fully cleared from even the appearance of guilt, and his friends multiplied in number.

"And so the life of an innocent, high-minded man was saved. He would have surely been hung had he remained in prison to the appointed day. People say it was an interposition of Providence. They little dreamed how much of that precious Providence lay in the subtle instincts and in the heart of my wife; nor did they suspect my official treason. But I never blamed myself—never. And the teaching of that experience has served me well in the latter years."

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?—"If you prefer the keg of lagar or the bottle of wine to me," said Mary, "just take them to the magistrate, and get married to them."

"What do you mean?" asked John.

"Just what I say. I don't want a young man to come here evenings chewing cloves to cover his breath, and hide his habits of drinking. If you like lager more than you love me just marry it at once, and don't divide your affections between a woman and wine—or woman and lager. Love and liquor have no affinity."

"Why Mary, how you talk!" exclaimed John.

"Yes' I mean what I say; unless you sign the pledge, and keep it, you had better not call here again."

John did sign the pledge, and he kept it, and he married Mary.—*Exchange.*

A Pennsylvania landlord, who could not get rid of a non-paying tenant, set fire to the house and had the steamers drown him out.

AN exchange says men will never know what effect it would have had on Job if eleven little girls had called on him, one after another, and tried to sell Sunday school picnic tickets.

A Virginia Darkey gives the following reason why the colored race is superior to the white: "All men are made of clay, and, like the meerschaum pipe, they are more valuable when highly colored."

Advertising Rates.

One column one year,	$60.00
One-half, column, one year,	30.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion,	75
Every additional insertion,	50
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.

That's Pretty Good.

Stotesbury lost his nose in early life during an interview with a patent hay chopper, but he succeeded in procuring a wax nose of such marvelous construction that only keen scrutiny could detect the fraud. One night last winter, while Stotesbury was on his way to Miss Johnson's, a tremendous fire broke out, and Stotesbury stopped to look at it. He became deeply interested and drew quite near to the flame.

The heat was so great that Stotesbury's nose gradually softened, and assumed something of the shape of a raw oyster. He did not notice it, but went calmly onward to Miss Johnson's. When he entered, the servant girl at the door gave one startling look at him and began to laugh in a most boisterous manner. Stotesbury, indignant, pushed onward to the parlor, as he entered Miss Johnson rose to receive him. As she caught a glimpse of him she stopped looked amazed, and then buried her face in her handkerchief in a convulsion of laughter. "What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, Miss Johnson?" demanded Stotesbury. "Oh, Mr. Stotesbury," she said "please excuse me—but wha—wha—wha—what's the matter with your nose. Stotesbury went to the pier glass, gazed at that cereous oyster on his face—jammed his hat suddenly on his head and fled from the room. As he reached the entry he found Miss Johnson's little brother just coming in the door, and that urchin perceived the condition of Stotesbury's face, he gave one wild yell and shrieked, "Oh, Tilly, come here, come here quick' and look at old Stotesbury's nose!" Then Stotesbury emerged all at once from the front door and went home. He is now wearing an India-rubber nose, and he goes past Miss Johnson's without ringing the bell.—*Max Adeler.*

A Cruel Husband.

A Lady, of Croton, who had some troubles with her husband, determined to punish him. She had seen in the papers of the revenge of a Pennsylvania woman whose husband had struck her, and she determined to imitate that female's action. When the Pennsylvania woman was struck she threw herself into a tragic attitude, and exclaimed, "Villain! nothing but death can wipe away the stain of your blow." Then she rushed out of the house, ran to the canal, and throwing her hat and shawl on the bank, flung in a big stone, which made a loud splash. She then hid in the bushes and watched with demoniac joy her husband and a party of friends grappling for the body.

When she thought she had sufficiently punished her lord she made her appearance, and was received by him with demonstrations of joy, and he begged her forgiveness, took her home and promised to be kind and loving to her forever. The other day the Croton woman had a battle royal with her husband. He didn't strike her—he was too manly for that—but he said such irritating things that she was driven to madness.

"Ithuman monster!" she shrieked, "I will never again rest beneath this roof. The river bed shall be my tomb—its waters my winding sheet."

Out she rushed to the river, which ran within a quarter of a mile of the house, threw her handkerchief on the bank—she had neither hat nor shawl on, and then she flung into the clear water a large stone. This done she hid in some trees and awaited the comming of the remorse-stricken husband. She continued to wait for about eight hours; but the remorseful man didn't come. Horrible thoughts began to agitate her mind. Perhaps he had killed the children and then committed suicide. She could not bear the suspense longer. It was dark now and she quietly stole to the house.

There were lights in it, and everything looked as cheery and pleasant as usual. She crept to the window and looked in. There sat the remorse stricken husband, with his arm around the waist of a young lady neighbor, and he was saying: "Jennie, the old woman got her back up to-day, and she went off and drowned herself. Now, you see, I don't want to break up house keeping, and if you'll consent, why, we'll get hitched in two weeks. What do you say?"

"She shan't do anything of the sort, and neither will you, you miserable, unfeeling, heartless wretch!" came from the wife and she dashed into the room. For a few minutes Jennie was tossed and tumbled about by the undrowned woman in the most horried manner, and when Jennie retired from the house she looked as though she had been through a carding machine. The Croton woman doesn't intend trying any more sentimental experiments on her husband; but hereafter do all her fighting in old fashion. It need hardly be mentioned that her husband is not in a state of perfect and unbeautitude at present.—[N. Y. Patch.

The every day cares and woes which men call drudgery are weights and counterpoises of the clock of Time, giving its pendulum a vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to be upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands do not move, the clock stands still.