The Post.

VOL. 11. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 12, 1874. NO. 46.

...Evening by ..., Prop'r.

...ription,

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Selinsgrove 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.

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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 & COUNSELOR AT LAW
Middleburg Snyder County Penn'a
Office a few doors East of the P. O. on Main street. Consultation in English and German languages. Sep.'67t

H. H. GRIMM,
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AT-LAW,
Office N. E. Cor Market & Water St's
Freeburg, Penn'a.
Consultation in both English and German Languages. Dec, 19, '72tf.

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, Selinsgrove. [Jan. 24,'68

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
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Middleburg Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67

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Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.,
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care and on the most reasonable terms. March 12, '68tf

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
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Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. 6-38tf

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

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Iron, Nails, Steel, Leather, Paints, Oils
Coach & Saddlery Ware
AND MANUFACTURER OF
Stoves & Tinware.
MARKET STREET,
Lewistown, Penn'a.

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 refitted. Rooms commodious—the table well supplied with the best the market affords—and terms moderate.

BROWN HOUSE
PAXTONVILLE, (Benfer Station.
HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.
The undersigned adopts this method of informing the public that he has opened a hotel at the above named place, on the road from Middleburg to Beaverton, and that he is prepared to entertain the public with first class accommodations. HENRY BENFER.
April 6, 1871.

WALKER HOUSE,
McC ure City Pa.
NICHOLAS SIMON, Proprietor.
This 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 Mifflin, Centre, Sunbury & Lewistown R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts.,
Lewistown Pa.,
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. 9.43-tf

BUMGARDNER HOUSE,
(Opposite Reading Railroad Depot)
Harrisburg, Pa.,
A. H. LANDIS, Proprietor.
☞Every effort necessary to insure the comfort of guests will be made. The house has been newly refitted. [oct18,1871tf

UNION HOUSE,
Middleburg Pa.
DAVID KERSTETER, Prop'r.
Accommodations good and charges moderate. Special accommodations for drovers. A share of the public patronage is solicited. D. KERSTETER.
April 6, 1871

ALLEGHENY HOUSE.—
Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street,
(*Above Eighth.*)
PHILADELPHIA.
A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms $2 00 Per Day. jy[9.4

CENTREVILLE HOTEL,
(Late Mrs. Weaver's.)
Centerville Snyder Co., Pa.
PETER HARTMAN, Proprietor.
This long established and well known hotel having been purchased by the undersigned, solicits a share of the public patronage.
April, 6, 1871. PETER HARTMAN

J. THOMPSON BAKER,
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☞Can be consulted in the English and German languages.☜
OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store 8 49y

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MIDDLEBURG, PA.
Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb 9, '71

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Window Shades,
For Stores Churches, Private Dwellings, Offices, &c.
No. 16 N. Sixth Street,
PHILDELPHIA,
N. B.—Repairing promptly attended to

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.

(FORMERLY WOOD & MANN.)
STATIONARY & PORTABLE
Steam Engines.
The Best & Most Complete Assortment in the Market.
These Engines have always maintained the very highest standard of excellence. We make this manufacture of Engines, Boilers and Saw Mills a specialty. We have the largest and most complete works of the kind in the country, with machinery specially adapted to the work.
We keep constantly in process large numbers of Engines, which we furnish at the very lowest prices and on the shortest notice. We build Engines specially adapted to Mines, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Tanneries, Cotton Gins, Threshers and all classes of manufacturing.
We are now building the celebrated Lane Circular Saw Mill, the best and most complete saw mill ever invented.
We make the manufacture of Saw Mill castings a special feature of our business, and can furnish complete on the shortest notice.
Our aim in all cases is to furnish the best machinery in the market, and work absolutely unexcelled for beauty of design, symmetry and strength. Send for Circular and Price List.
UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.
UTICA, N. Y.

Poetry.

I Want to be a Granger.

I want to be a Granger
And with the Grangers stand—
A horny-fisted farmer,
With a haystack in my hand.

Beneath the tall tomato tree
I'll swing the glittering hoe—
I'll slay the wild potatoe bug
As he skips over the snow.

I've bought myself a Durham hog,
And a gray alpaca cow.
A lock-stitch Osage Orange hedge,
And a patent leather plow.

My boots are built of cowhide
And my pants of corduroy;
And if I were but young again
I'd be a farmer boy.

Like all the honest farmers
Who with the Grangers stand,
I'm down on all monopilies
That desolate the land.

To every hardy Granger's hearth
Much greenbacks I would bring:
And this old tune I'll practice
As long as I can sing:

I want to go to Congress,
And with the Grangers stand—
A horny-handed farmer
With back pay in my hand.

The Doctor's Last Shot.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown were having a very comfortable afternoon together. Mrs. Smith who was an invalid, or thought herself one, which is just as bad, was reclining in an easy chair, and Mrs. Brown, who had run in with her knitting work just to see how she was, had been persuaded to spend the rest of the day with her friend.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, I consider it providential. That poor niece of mine was left an orphan on the cold charities of the world, and as I was the only friend she had, she came right here, of course. Well, here I am in such delicate health, needing constant attention, and I couldn't expect my own girls, poor dears, to be fussing around their sick mother all the time. I want them to enjoy themselves while they can. This poor thing needed a home, and I gave it to her at once. I said "of course, child, come right here and live with us. You can make yourself useful, no doubt, and it'll be all right." She's been here six months now, and has been a wonderful help to me. I keep her busy from daylight until dark to keep her mind off her troubles, you know, and nights when I can't sleep it's dreadful handy to have her where she can rub my back, soak my feet, bathe my head, and read me to sleep"

"Do you pay her wages?"

"Bless me, no! She said something about it one day as if she expected to be paid for her work, but I told her we couldn't think of hiring our own blood relations to work for us. I told her just to be easy about that, whenever she needed anything we'd see about it. She gave me a queer smile that I didn't quite understand or like; but, on the whole, she is wonderful quiet and gentle like, and I consider it a real Providence."

"Where is she?"

I sent her down to the back pasture to get some blackberries for my tea. I thought may be I'd relish them if they were fresh."

Down in the back pasture she was, the poor niece, Meta Langdon, but not picking blackberries. She was sitting on a mossy log among the bushes, crying as if her heart would break. It did her good; it cooled the fierce fever in her heart, and she finally grew quiet and slipped softly down on her knees and prayed long and earnestly for patience and wisdom and help from her heavenly Father. Then she caught up her pail and rose to commence her task. But it so happened that Doctor Chester, who was spending a few weeks in that delightful country place, was hunting that day. A fine plump partride flew up from the bushes just at that moment, and the doctor fired. To his astonishment the bird escaped, but a shrill scream and heavy fall, beyond the bushes made him throw down his gun and bag and rush furiously through the sharp briars, never minding the rents they made in his fine hunting suit or the cruel scratches upon his face and hands.

There lay the game he had brought down, in the shape of a young girl who was in a dead faint or killed for aught he knew. He quickly loosed her dress and dashed water into her face from the full canteen which he happened to have, finally forced a few drops of brandy between her lips. At length she opened her eyes to his great relief, and tried to rise, but a sharp cry of pain showed there was something more serious than a mere frignt.

"What is it, where are you hurt?"

"My arm," she exclaimed.

He tore the faded calico sleave open to the shoulder, and sure enough the soft white arm was covered with blood and seemed to be riddled with shot.

"Dear, dear, what have I done!" he exclaimed, hastily tying his own and her handkerchief tightly around it "There's no time for appologies or explanations I shot at a partridge, but in some unaccountable way I have shot you. Now tell me where you live so I can get you home as soon as possible. I am a physician, and we'll soon have the poor arm all right again."

"My home is just over the hill I can walk if you will help me a little" With a set, resolute face, and lips tightly closed to keep back the moans of pain, Meta, walked hastily towards home leaning upon his arm But just as she reached the gate she fainted again, and taking her in his arms he bore her rapidly to the house, and without any ceremony pushed open the parlor door and laid her upon a sofa.

Mrs. Smith screamed murder at the top of her voice, and went into violent hysterics. The doctor frowned scornfully at her, and said to Mrs. Brown: "There's no time for nonsense; bring me some cold water and bandages at once, and send somebody to the hotel for Dr. Chester's small case of surgical instruments."

Mrs. Smith, left to herself soon recovered, and insisted upon an explanation of the affair.

"It's nothing serious, I hope. I have accidentally sent a charge of shot into the young lady's arm. Are you her mother?"

"No, indeed, she is a poor dependent creature that we've taken in for charity's sake; a niece of mine, and what I'm to do with her now I can't see. I can't take care of her, and indeed, sir, it's mighty inconvenient to have her laid up just at this time. She is very necessary to my comfort. I need a sight of care and waitin' on, night and day."

"Well, madam, *she'll* 'need a sight of care and waitin' on' herself now for awhile, and must have it."

By this time the young girl revived again under the vigorous treatment she received, and the instruments were brought to him.

"Now, madam, will you tell me where to take this young lady, for she must be put to bed at once."

"Well, she sleeps in a little closet off my room——'

"That will never do. Show me the largest, best room you have in the house." Taking Meta gently in his arms, the doctor followed Mrs. Smith up stairs to a large chamber. She groaned in spirit as she turned down the white counterpane, and assisted the doctor in getting Meta undressed and into bed; but he was not to be trifled with at such a time. "Now, madam, I will excuse you, but let Mrs Brown bring me plenty of warm water and soft old linen, and remain to assist me. And I want a servant close at hand to get whatever else I may require while dressing the arm."

It was a terrible hour to Meta while he probed each wound and removed the shot that were deeply imbedded in the tender flesh. Fortunately no bone was broken, and at last it was neatly bandaged with soft linen and wet with healing lotion, and she fell asleep. Mrs. Brown proved an efficient helper; and as they passed quietly out of the room the doctor said:

"My patient must have the best of care and attention. Could you stay and nurse her for awhile?"

"Yes, I might."

"Very well; I will pay you well if you will do it, for everything will depend upon keeping her quiet now."

He met Mrs. Smith in the hall.

"Madam, this woman has consented to stay and care of your niece, and I will see that she is well paid for it. But mind what I say: you must not see her, nor must any one else see her but Mrs. Brown and myself for a week at least, for she will have a serious time of it at best.—I regret exceedingly, more than I can tell you, that I have been the cause of all this suffering, and will do my best to have her about again as soon as possible." So saying, the doctor wished them good day, and soon disappeared from their view.

"Well, now, if that isn't cool! And what am I to do about all this?" groaned Mrs. Smith, rocking herself vigorously in her great arm-chair. "And my best spare room, too! Say did he muss everything up dressing that arm?"

"Oh no! he was careful about that."

"Well, that's a comfort any way. To think I should have such trouble with that girl just when I needed her most! I think it is a very mysterious dispensation of Providence."

The next morning the doctor found Meta in a high fever, moaning with pain and delirious. The arm was badly swollen and inflamed, and altogether her case had assumed a very alarming aspect. He did not go hunting or fishing that day, but stayed by her bedside administering medicine with his own hand, and doing everything in his power for her relief. He was greatly distressed over the accident and inwardly vowed he would never fire off another gun as long as he lived.

But what a revelation of toil, hardship, and cruel wrong the unconscious Meta made in her delirium! She fancied the doctor, as he bathed her hot head and hands and soothed her as he would a child, was her mother, and she drew his head close to her lips and whispered:

O mother! I'm so glad you have come for me! I'm tired to death. Auntie has no mercy or feeling for me! She has kept me at work over her night and day, and I've gone hungry many and many a time, because I couldn' bear to eat the food so grudgingly given. O, I am so glad you have come!

Now Meta was not a beautiful girl, though she had a sweet, pure, womanly face, and great wistful eyes, and an abundance of dark, silky hair. But her small hands were brown and hardened with toil; she was poor, dependent, alone in the world except for this selfish, unnatural aunt, and the cousins who scarcely deigned to notice her.

Doctor Chester was a rich, old bachelor, not so very old either, only thirty-six.

Why he had never married no one could tell, but true it is he had remained heart whole these years in spite of the many beautiful women who had smiled gracefully upon him. But somehow this poor suffering orphan won his heart completely during that week of unconsciousness. He was charmed with her sweet prattle about her childhood; and her innocence and helplessness, together with the suffering he had so unwittingly caused appealed, strongly to his sympathies, and he fully resolved to win her love and make her his wife if possible. Never had a patient a more assiduous doctor did than poor Meta. Mrs. Smith fumed and fretted over all the fuss that they made about "that girl" until the Dr. frightened her into silence by telling her that he knew how she had treated the poor child, and that if she didn't keep quiet and have everything done that was needful for her comfort he would have her arrested and tried for inhuman cruelty.

Under his watchful care the danger was soon over, and Meta was pronounced convalescent. The doctor took her out to ride as soon as she was able, in the easiest of all carriages. Rare delicacies were sent every day from the hotel to tempt her returning appetite. The sweetest and most fragrant flowers that could be found adorned her room. Meta remonstrated with him for all this lavished kindness, but he would silence her by saying he was the cause of all her suffering and she must allow him to atone for it in every way he could. How eagerly he watched the faint color that crept into her cheeks at his approach! How tenderly and delicately he ministered to her comforts and pleasure day after day, until at last he ventured to tell her of his love and his great desire to have her for his own. He had become very dear to her during all those weeks of suffering, and she acknowledged it and promised to be his wife He hastened to inform Mrs. Smith of their betrothal and asked her forbearance for another week when, he assured her, he would relieve her from all further care responsibility of her niece. Imagine if you can her astonishment! She was completely "dumb founded!" and had not a word to say; though doubtless in her heart she thought it another most "mysterious dispensation."

The next day a notable dressmaker from the city arrived with various wonderful and costly fabrics, which she had orders to make up for Miss Langdon in the latest style. Such a time as there was then of cutting and basting, of trying and trimming! Two other seamstresses kept their sewing machines running at the highest rate of speed, until at the close of the week there was enough of a wedding *trousseau* to fill a huge Saratoga trunk. The doctor made daily pilgrimages between that chamber and the city, until at last he could not devise another thing which his darling could possibly need for dress or ornament during the trip to Europe which he had planned. Never was there a happier bride and groom than those who were made one in Mrs. Smith's parlor that bright September morning. They went immediately to his home on the Hudson where the mother received the new daughter with open arms, soon after went to Europe, where they spent a year. Meta made good use of the time by putting herself under the care of the best private teachers, and when on their return the happy doctor presented his wife to his friends, there was not among them one more highly accomplished or more elegant and refined. The doctor was very proud of her, and never tired of telling his intimate friends how he found his wife, or the result of his last shot.

—A clergyman, named Davis, was convicted in court last week for having committed adultery, with one of the sisters of his congregation, a young girl 17 years of age. Davis has a wife and three children residing at Cherry Tree. He was sentenced to the county prison. This clerical scoundrel has been preaching all over the upper end of the county, for several years, and was credited with being a sincere christian. When his time is out in prison he should be ridden out of the county on a railroad.—*Clearfield Republican.*

A despatch from Minneapolis, Minnesota, says the Indians at Vermillion Lake, are dying of starvation. They have eaten two children and one man.—The scarcity of grain and the failure of the wild rice crop are the causes. They claim that the government failed to send the usual supply of provisions. Eighty Indians are coming into settlements for relief.

Two inches cut off the hind legs makes a chair more comfortable. This sort of amputation only applies to chairs.

Death of the Siamese Twins.

The Siamese twins died on the 17th ult., at Mt. Airy, N. C. Chang was partially paralyzed last fall, since which time he has been fretful, very much debilitated and strongly addicted to drinking liquor as a means of alleviating his suffering. He has been quite feeble for several days—indeed, so much so as to confine both the brothers to bed, but the illness was not so great as to cause any anticipation of the catastrophe that was to follow.

On Friday night they retired to bed as usual, but during the night Chang became worse, and, to the utter dismay of all his friends, expired suddenly about four o'clock on Saturday morning. As soon as it was discovered that his spirit had left its earthly tenement, and that death had claimed him for its own, Eng became so terribly shocked that he raved wildly for a while, at times exhibiting signs of mental aberration.

This attack was followed with what seemed to be a deadly stupor and all now eagerly watched the fate of the surviving twin, so long and inseparably united to his now dead brother. In two hours it is supposed, from the death of Chang, Eng breathed his last. The wives and families of the twins are in deepest grief, the children, many of whom are deaf mutes expressing their sorrow and bereavement in the most pitiful manner.

The Siamese twins, Eng and Chang, were born at a small village on the coast of Siam, in the year 1811. Their parents got their living by fishing, and until 1839, when Eng and Chang were brought to the United States, they made their living by selling shellfish. Their mother bore seventeen children. At one time she gave birth to three and never less than two. But none of these children were deformed. The twins were united at the anterior part of the chest by the prolongation of a kind of a fleshy band the size of the hand. This band of flesh is about two inches broad and four inches thick.

After attracting a vast amount of attention among scientists and physiologists in the old world, they married two sisters, and settled down near Salisbury, N. C., on a plantation. In addition they had at one period ample funds invested through their agent in New York. Up to the period that each had five children all prospered well enough, but one of them had the sixth, and this awoke envy and jealousy to such a degree that the twin sisters, not being bound together like the twin brothers, would no longer live under the same roof.

The brothers, where, it seems, about sixty three years of age, but one, we believe the smaller, and feebler of the two, looked, it is said, ten years older than the other. They could either turn back to back or face to face, but that was as far as the remarkable bond that united them permitted. A few years since they corresponded with some of the leading surgical operators in London, as to the possibility of the umbilicus being cut, so that in the case of the death of one, the life of the other might be saved. At the request of the London surgeon they visited that city, and many experiments were tried to determine the safety of such an operation.

Among other things a ligature was tied firmly for a few minutes around the connection between them, so as to prevent the circulation of blood through the artery. But it seemed as if each would expire if this were persisted in. The smaller of the two fainted away and lost all consciousness, and there were symptoms that the same effect would follow to the other, but the process could not be continued long enough without endangering the life of him who was the first to faint. Since the breaking out of the rebellion the twins both dressed in the Confederate gray, and were both members of the same church, having united themselves with a small Baptist church in their neighborhood, of which they were considered worth members.

WHAT AND HOW TO FEED BEES.—Simple white sugar, coffee A, is best, dissolved by pouring boiling hot water upon it. It really makes little difference whether it is fed thick or thin, when the bees can fly and get water. We have fed sugar dry, sugar simply moistened, sugar dissolved, and sugar made into candy. But, if we must give a rule for the syrup, we will say a gallon of water to four pounds of sugar. No glycerine, no cream of tartar. We don't say they are injurious, but they are unnecessary. Fifteen or sixteen pounds of sugar are amply sufficient to winter a colony from November to April, if they had not a pound honey. It is just as good as honey—we don't say better, but some people do. It may be fed in shallow tins, with floats in them, or by throwing it into empty comb. "Novice's" tea-kettle feeder, which holds just enough to winter a colony, and from which they take it all in 24 hours, if the colony be strong is the best of all arrangements for the purpose, It is best to give them the syrup in October, but it is not too late at any time when they can fly.—*National Journal.*

Women are said to make better postmasters than men. They have more tongue for stamp licking purposes.

Advertising Rates.

One column one year,	$100.00
One-half, column, one year,	60.00
One-fourth column, one year,	35.00
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.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

The Scranton *Republican* relates the discovery, by a miner, of a copper whistle embedded in a vein of coal, one hundred feet beneath the earth. It was discovered by Michael Loughery, working in No. 10 mine Pennsylvania Coal Company's works at Pittston. In the centre of a massive piece of coal he was breaking, he found embedded what appeared to be a small wooden box of an oblong shape, which, upon being touched, crumbled into dust, and disclosed a copper whistle with a flint mouthpiece, and in shape like the ordinary tin whistles blown by children. The miner brightened it up (says the *Republican*), applied it to his month, and made it sound doubtless for the first time in centuries. The spot where it lay is about one hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. How many seasons have been swept over the terrestrial sphere, by the never ceasing tide of time, since this memento was laid carelessly aside, by some hand of a former age, is a question to form food for the reflective mind. The voice that was wont to charm the single pipe into music, must have been hushed in the age of long ago. Yet the copper whistle remains to attest in favor of the science of geology. It should be preserved in some of our museums, or by some historical society, together with a specimen of the structure in which it has slept for ages. Who shall say in the face of such a fact that our country has not known a civilization anterior to that imported here by Columbus, or that a race of enligtened human beings did not flourish and fade on this grand hemisphere ages and ages ago?

HOW SHALL A WOMAN FASTEN HER STOCKINGS?—How shall a woman fasten her stockings so as not to interfere with the circulation of the blood, or spoil the shape of the le—let us see—of the houl soit qui mally pense. After the most careful research, as far as our limited facilities would allow, we arise from our humble explorations, and humbly tender the following suggestions:

Wear them short and let the tops bubble over the shoe in the form of lace, a la beer-mug.

If you have 'em long put mucilage inside and stick 'em to you.

Have them long enough to tie about the waist, and use the top for a panier.

Edge the tops with steel and fasten a loadstone to your corset.

Fasten a strap to each stocking, extend them gracefully up each side of the body and attach, with blue ribbons, to the ear rings.

Pin them in some other article of clothing in the immediate vicinity.

[Hold still now, we are doing this for your own good.]

Fasten them to a nail and go barefooted.

Attach a small balloon to each stocking.

Make them out of material that will draw up.

If you are thirty-five and unmarried, make a hole near the top of each stocking and button it to your knee cap.

These are all the methods that suggest themselves to us at present, and of the number some one or more may be deemed worthy of adoption. We have taken a sudden and lively interest in this matter, and shall not rest until the needed reform is brought about. Woman's limbs shall not be hampered, and knotted, and deformed, if we have enough inventive faculty to bring about new and healthful ways of wearing the stocking, and we think we have. We shall continue our investigations into this subject, even at the hazard of getting our neck into the matrimonial noose. What the women of this country most need is not suffrage, but symmetry; not rights, but rationality; not a place in legislative halls, but a place to fasten their stockings.—[Exchange.

SHARP ON A LAWYER.

The spectators in a court room always enjoy the retort, when a lawyer badgering a witness, receives short replies at his own expense. Sympathy is always against the lawyer. Even the half-witted sometimes hit the weak point in harness.

"William Look—Tell us, William who made you?"

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face and looking thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered answered, "Moses, I suppose."

"That will do,' said Counsellor Gray addressing the court. "Witness says he supposes Moses made him. That is an intelligent answer; more than I thought him capable of giving' for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit it was not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence.

"Mr. Ju'ge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly,' said the Judge.

"Well, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you suppose made you?"

"Aaron, I suppose," said the Counsellor Gray, imitating that witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided; the witness drawled out "Well, now, we do read in the book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought the critter had got in here?"

The Judge ordered the witness to be sworn.

Woman suffrage promises to come before Congress for debate in a novel way. General Maxwell, who contests Mr. Cannon's seat as delegate from Utah, claims that the enfranchisement of the women there by the territorial legislature is null and void. When the Committee on Elections reports, the subject will probably give rise to a lively debate.

It is said that one of the most fussy and interesting scenes in the world is to see two old maids waiting on a sick widower—especially if he is likely to recover.