The Post.

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THE POST.

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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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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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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

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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.

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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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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,
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B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
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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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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.
No. 420 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Feb. 7, '67

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

J. B. SELHEIMER,
DEALER IN
HARDWARE,
Iron, Nails,
Steel, Leather,
Paints, Oils,
Coach & Saddlery Ware
AND MANUFACTURER OF
Stoves & Tinware,
MARKET STREET.
Lewistown, Penn'a.
December 3, 1873-tf

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 Beavertown, 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 Boreas 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. E. 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. jy6[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.
PETER HARTMAN
April, 6, 1871.

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

JOHN H. ARNOLD,
Attorney at Law,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb 9,'71

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B. J. WILLIAMS, JR.
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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 the 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 cheaply as equitable for twenty of design, economy and strength. Send for Circular and Price List.
UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.
UTICA, N. Y.

Poetry.

UNDER THE STARS.

BY R. SHERMAN SMITH.

Let changing fortune smile or frown,
Let winds blow fair or ill,
The thoughtful man has some true friends
Whose aspects charm him still.
In whatsoever land he dwells—
Where e'er his footsteps stray—
These faithful followers still are there
To smile upon his way.

They have no word of human speech,
No voice of tender tone,
Yet since Creation's morn they've had
A language all their own.
A choral strain—a harmony
So rich, so grand, so sweet,
It bids the pulses of the world
To rhythmic cadence beat.

The tuneful winds that rise and fall,
The tides that ebb and flow,
The seasons which, in varying round,
Forever come and go—
These, and the tender human heart
With all its hopes and fears,
Move to the same great laws which rule
This music of the spheres.

Ages ago, to shepherd swains
On lonely hills at night,
Soft messages of comfort came
Born on these waves of Light.
Ages ago, the sorrowing man
Who woke to watch and grieve,
Found sympathy and solace sweet
In these pale orbs of Eve.

For then, through all the fields of space,
And through the boundless air.
Floated that wondrous harmony
Which silenced grief and care.
And still the magic music comes
From its far source on high,
Bringing to sad and troubled souls
Sweet hopes that cannot die.

Oh, stars! so near to Heaven's bright gate
In trembling joy ye gleam,
Can ye not send some rays from thence
To light this earthly dream?
Not for the splendor or the bliss
Of Paradise we pray,
But that its tender peace and love
May reach us, day by day.

How I Became a Hero.

It is acknowledged by all who know me that I am a hero. It was a great relief to me when the fact was ascertained, for it gave me a confidence in myself that I did not before possess. I had long doubted whether that identity known to its fellows as Edward Brandon was a brave man or a coward, but in my first battle the doubt was removed, the matter made clear, the fact of my bravery was established, numbers witnessed it, and the general made it public.

Let me call the details, and see what claim I have to the honorable distinction.

A private in a battalion of cavalry, flanking the right of a column of infantry and quietly watching the dense bodies of the enemy as they steadily moved up into position for opening the terrible conflict, their bright arms glittering and flashing in the unclouded rays of a clear morning sun, I had not the responsibility of command to distract my thoughts from the consideration of personal danger, and I remember calculating the chances of my being one of the first victims when the black-mouthed batteries of the foe should belch forth their messengers of death. Though I sat quite firm and still, I felt very ill at ease, and looking around upon my comrades, I saw many a pale face and quivering lip, which convinced me their thoughts and feelings were similar to mine.

Why could we not advance? Why must *we* remain there, like so many statues, and let the iron hail strike us, with all our cold, shuddering reflections upon us? Oh, for action—action of some kind to ward off the thoughts that were secretly making us tremble like cowards! Were *we* cowards? Should *we* break and run at the first sight of blood? There was no telling, for *we* were yet as untried soldiers and scarcely a man among us had the right to say that he could stand fire. How was it with veterans? Did they feel as *we* felt while waiting for a battle to begin?

The suspense was awful and every minute made it worse. Why did not one side or the other fire, and break the paralizing dread? But no. Marching, marching, moving here, there and yonder, all except our column, which had got into position too soon, and must now wait idly for the dread messenger of destruction, like so many sheep in the butcher's pen.

Gradually the whole field began to settle down into a death-like quiet, and at last the two armies stood passively face to face, watching each other in that ominous silence which precedes the bursting of the tempest. And then I would have given half my life, whatever that might be, to have been safe at home. So much for that courage which men now applaud, and which is said to have won me such honorable distinction.

From my position on elevated ground I could see the headquarters of the oppressing army, with mounted officers prancing and curvetting around a centre, which I knew to be the commander-in-chief—the single human being who was to direct that host amid the roar, and rush, and carnage so soon to be. Ah, cool should be the brain and great the skill of him who is the thinking principal of such a mighty mass—whose will may be the fate of hundreds, perhaps of thousands, perhaps of a nation itself.

There was now a deep and awful silence of perhaps a minute, as if each commander dreaded to be the first to open the work of death; and then there was a single flash, a single roll of smoke, a single heavy boom, and the signal of deadly strife had been given from the cannon's mouth. Then came the united roar of more then twenty batteries all along the line, to which our batteries gave the answering roar, and in an instant the missiles of death had passed from foe to foe, and the terrible battle had begun.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, with the ground fairly trembling under the roar of cannon, and still there was nothing for me to do but sit on my horse, look down upon a cloud of smoke, listen to the sounds of strife, and calculate the chances of being suddenly hurled into eternity with every breath I drew. At first the balls went wide of the position I occupied, and men fell at a distance, but gradually the strife drew nearer and still nearer, till at length the balls began to sing around us, and the heavy smoke rolled up to envelope us in its sulphurous folds. Now the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shouts, shrieks and groans of the combatants, made a horrid din in the ears of one who, with nothing to do, wished himself a thousand miles away from that place. Why were we kept idle, to be shot at like so many dumb targets? Occasionally, as the smoke lifted, I could see cavalry charging and infantry advancing and firing, and I envied those who, while doomed to face the danger, had some action for the body as well as the mind. If we must remain in that horrible locality (and I confess I thought seriously of the chances of running away,) in the name of fortune let us have action of some kind.

"Well, Palmer, what do you think of this?" I said turning to the man on my left.

His lips opened for a reply, but none ever came. A cannon ball passed through his breast, and he fell over against me, his lifeblood staining my garments. I uttered an involuntary cry of horror, and clung to my saddle with everything swimming around me.

While thus I sat, sick, faint and dizzy, I have a dim recollection of seeing an officer dash up to the commander of our troop, and a dim consciousness that he said something in a loud, hurried tone. And I remember hearing the words:

"We must take yonder battery. Let every man do his duty. Forward! charge!"

The bugle sounded, and somehow I found my horse in motion, with my comrades riding beside me. On we went, faster, and faster, and through smoke and flame, amid a confused roar of firearms and human voices, till down went my horse, pitching me clean over his head into the arms of a man, who grappled me by the throat, and springing back struck at me with a sabre Instinctively I parried the blow, and then somehow getting the impression that if I did not kill him he would kill me, I cut him down. Then there was a rush and a whirr around me that *I* did not understand, and somebody else seemed trying to take my life. Of course it was my duty to defend myself as well as I could, and I remember striking out with my sabre right and left, though with what effect *I* really did not know.

However in something like a minute or so, *I* found myself standing all alone, just in front of a large cannon with several persons fighting near me some mounted and some on foot. One of the mounted men looked like my captain, and with a vague idea that I ought to assist him, I was moving toward him, when a sudden blow on the head sent me reeling against the cannon, and I fell down under it.

Though partially stunned, I was not deprived of my senses, and *I* might easily have got up and continued the fight, but it occurred to me that I was safer where I was; that *I* had a rather providential escape, and so I concluded to lie there for awhile, more especially as I believed I could meet my malicious charge of cowardice with the bold assertion that my wound had for the time deprived me of consciousness.

In a minute or two the gun was surrounded by my comrades, and then nine hearty cheers rent the air.

"Bravely done, my gallant fellows," said the voice of our commander, "the battery is ours, but, alas, with the loss of some of the noblest spirits that ever went into battle. Let them be taken up and carried back; some of them may yet be saved. Poor Brandon, I shall never forget him; the first upon the enemy, he fought with a valor seldom equaled. With his horse shot from under him, he engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter, and slew three desperate fellows before he was overpowered. Ah! my heart swells with pride at the thought that I command such men! Let the memory of the dead be honored."

Was he in earnest, or jest? I anxiously listened for the laugh, but none came. Could it be possible that he had mistaken me for a hero—me, who had blundered through all *I* had done, and got out of the way at the earliest possible moment? No, no. Already I was doubtless the butt of my captain and comrades.

"Ah, here he is! here is Brandon!" exclaimed two or three voices, and immediately a dozen hands assisted me out from under the cannon, and congratulations poured in upon me till I was more completely bewildered than I was unconsciously acting the part of a daring hero.

Such, then, was my first glorious exploit, with the exact amount of credit that ought to attach to it, but which *I* think *I* will keep to myself, notwithstanding I have recorded it in my journal. What business has the critical public with motives? Facts have made me a hero in spite of myself, and let the facts stand as others have recorded them.

In a few minutes another order called my corps away to another charge, but I, not being mounted, could not accompay them. So I started off afoot toward that part of the field whither *I* perceived some men carrying off the wounded. Before *I* got half way there, one of the enemy's horses came prancing down toward me, and with a sudden spring *I* caught it. *Having* mounted, I was riding away as fast as I could, when a body of cavalry came thundering along, with the bugle sounding a charge. I would have given these foemen a wide berth, but, unfortunately, my confounded fool of a horse would not let me. Taking the bit in his teeth, he rushed directly in among them, and I being a good deal excited and confused, thought I was now obliged to fight, whether I would or not. Had it occurred to me that I could surrender myself a prisoner of war, I should unquestionably have done so at once, but instead of this *I* began to lay about me right and left, with no particular design in view, except it might be to get away as quickly as I could. Surely they must have thought me either a madman or a fool, to contend single-handed with such odds, and they treated me accordingly. Sabres flashed, blows fell, and soon, with a broken arm and a broken head, I dropped from my horse, to have the little sense I possessed trampled out of *me* on the ground.

Now, seriously, this is all I personally know of the battle in which it is said I distinguished, if not *immortalized myself* by prodigies of valor, for the next I *remember* is of finding *myself* among the wounded, under the care of my surgeon, who informed me that the enemy had been defeated, and we had won a great victory. He further said that my name was in everybody's mouth, from the general down, and though a few of the more prudent were disposed to censure my rashness, yet all concurred in pronouncing me a hero worthy of the palmiest lay of Sparta.

Though excessively pale from the loss of blood, I know that some must have found its way to my cheeks as I humbly confessed that my last Quixotic charge was all the work of an unmanagable horse, but, to my surprise, the doctor affected not to believe me, and declared that true merit was always modest. After that I told others the same truthful story, with the same result, but now I do not repeat it any more, finding it a very pleasant thing to be a distinguished hero, with a some what lucrative promotion as my reward.

THE ICE HOUSE.

No well appointed farm should be destitute of its ice house, any more than of its barn or wood-house. No elaborate or costly building is needed for this use; no large expense need be incurred in making the inclosure, or filling it with ice. Some hints regarding construction, though old may be of use to those wishing to build. First, good drainage must be secured without giving the air access to the ice through the drain. If the soil is porous, or gravelly, no artificial drainage is required. It is not essential that the ice be stored underground, as it keeps quite as well above the surface. Double walls are not necessary, but in small houses are perhaps safest. The ice should be compactly packed and inclosed with packed sawdust, or tan bark, on all sides, and on the top to the depth of at least twelve inches. This packing is the great preservation of the ice. Ventilation must be given from top of the ice. With these principles in view, it is easy for a novice to build an ice-house. It is well to bear in mind that the larger the body of ice stored the better it will keep: no farm ice house, should be less than twelve feet square on the inside, and eight feet high. A few square rods of ice will suffice to fill an ordinary house, and the depth of water need not be more than three feet. It is seasonable now to build ice-houses and we hope none of our readers, who, in the past summer have vainly wished for a supply of ice, will neglect to provide for the future.—*Am. Rural Home.*

A DODGE OF THE DOCTORS.—Oftentimes doctors advertise their *immense* practice by having some one to call them out of church during sermon time. It was cruel on a certain disciple of Esculapius who once got enough at this little game.

"Doctor! doctor!" called a young urchin, sticking his head into a church door one morning just before prayer time.

"Well, who is sick now?" inquired the sexton.

"No one, as I know on," answered the innocent youth, loud enough to be heard all over the church, "but the doctor gave me a ten-cent shinny if I'd call him out of church during sermon time."

The only serious countenance in that church during the prayer that followed, was that of the doctor.

Remarkable and Horrible History of a Wild Human Family.

TUNKHANNOCK, PENN., Jan. 15, 1874—William Parks, aged about twenty-one years, has been lodged in jail at this place for repeated attempts to take the life of his father, Stephen Wells Parks, of the town of Monroe, this county. This brings into prominence the history of the Parks family known as the 'Wild Family of Monroe,' which, without exceeding the bounds of truth in the least, is one of the most singular on record.

In the fall of 1871 a party from Pittston, Luzerne County, were hunting in the mountains of this county. In a wild, lonely spot, miles from any habitation, one of them, hearing a rustling in the leaves and bushes on one side of him, was astounded to see a young woman, perfectly nude, digging among the leaves, apparently for beech nuts. She was on her hands and knees, and was not aware of the hunter's presence for some time. When she saw him she uttered a a harsh cry and started off like a deer through the wood and was soon out of sight. Determined, if possible, to find out something more in regard to this singular apparition, the hunter summoned his companions together, told them what he had seen, and proposed that they follow in the direction she had taken, and endeavor to learn where she came from.

The party walked for about a mile through the woods and came to a small clearing. In one corner of this clearing was a miserable hovel, built of logs and with a roof of straw. They went toward it. Before they reached it the girl who had been seen by their companion came out of the door, and following after her was a boy, also entirely naked. They jumped about the door as if playing, on all fours, picking up something from the ground occasionally and eating it. The hunters stood for a moment speechless with surprise at the most singular spectacle, and then approached nearer. They were soon seen by the wild beings—for wild they surely were—who at one ran swiftly off and hid in the woods.

Coming up to the door of the hut, the hunters looked in. On a bench, in the middle of the room, sat an old man reading from a large book, which rested on his knees. His clothing was scant and ragged, and evidently made by himself. A long white beard reached nearly to his waist, and like his hair, was matted and unkempt. There was no furniture in the room, except the bench. In one corner some straw was scattered about, as if for a bed. The bare ground formed the floor. Near one end of the room a hole was dug, in which there was a fire. Over this was an iron kettle, in which something was boiling. Every thing betokened the most abject wretchedness, filth and dirt were on ever side.

The old man arose when the strangers came to the door. He was below medium height, and had a sharp, bright eye and intelligent face. He invited the gentlemen into his house, and asked them, in polite terms the nature of their errand. The hunters were at a loss at first to explain, but finally told the old man what they had seen in the woods and about his door, and expressed a curiosity to know who and what the strange beings were

The old man laughed and said:

"Those are my children, William and Melvina—brother and sister. They appear peculiar to strangers, no doubt, but I'm used to 'em. Clothes are not of much account, anyhow, here in the woods."

The old man then stepped to the door and gave a peculiar shout. Very soon his children were seen to emerge from the woods and come stealthily toward the house, gesticulating and chattering a strange gibberish, and now and then laughing idiotically.

They came near enough to afford a sufficient scrutiny. Both were well formed with the exception of the lower limbs, which were distorted. The girl's face, although lacking any sign of intelligence, was not unprepossessing. The boy's features were repulsive. Their heads were small, the foreheads, sloping far back. Long, matted hair hung from their heads, and their skin was nearly black with dirt and exposure. While the strangers were looking at them the boy with no apparent provocation, struck his sister a blow in the face, uttering a peculiar cry. She ran across the clearing and the boy followed her, seizing a stick that lay on the ground. Their father started after them, shouting, "Let here alone Bill! Let her alone, I say!" "Bill" did not catch his sister, however, and ran off in another direction. The old man returned to his guests, who could not repress their astonishment and disgust, but solicited an explanation of the extraordinary and almost incredible scenes which they beheld.

The old man, without any hesitation, told them the history of himself and his wild children. His name, he said, was Stephen Wells Parks. He was born in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, and was fifty years of age. When he was twenty-five years of age he married, and moved, with his wife, to the farm where the hunters found him. His wife's health, he said, was poor, and her mind very weak. His daughter Melvina was born in 1850. She never had any care from her mother after she could walk, and no clothing except a cloth wrapped about her when it was cold. William was born two years afterward, and was treated in the same way. Parks and his wife believed that it was useless to clothe their children out in the wilderness where they lived. Neither of the children ever spoke a word beyond their strange gibberish, which they apparently understood. They ran wild in the woods, living on roots, beech nuts, berries, and sometimes killing and eating snakes and toads. Walking so much on their hands and knees, hunting their food, occasioned the distortion of their legs. Melvina had always been of a docile, gentle disposition, and easily managed.

William was quite the contrary. He was vicious and ugly from the time he could creep, and, at the time the hunters discovered the family, was getting quite unmanageable.

The "farm" was used merely to raise enough potatoes and pumpkins to furnish food for the mother and father. The children seldom ate at home, and slept in the woods when the weather was not too cold—sometimes being gone for days at a time.

In 1867 the wife of Parks left him, stating as a reason that "Bill" was getting so unmanageable and ugly that she was afraid of him. She took with her another child a baby, and had never returned. Up to the time of the visit of the hunters Parks had lived alone in the mountains with his wild, mute, idiotic children. If he had occasion to go away he always tied Bill up in the house with a strong rope, for fear he might kill Melvina. Parks said he found them a great burden, and their care interfered with his studies. Surrounded by wretchedness and filth, the father of these brutelike offsprings had learned the Bible almost by heart, being able to repeat whole chapters at will from any portion of it. He was also versed in history and mathematics, and had invented a system of short hand writing, which he used with wonderful dexterity. He exhibited specimens of penmanship executed by himself which were really elegant. He also recited selections from Shakespeare in a manner that astonished his hearers. He said he regretted his wife's absence very much, as it prevented him from investigating an important etymological theory of his.

The hunters left, finding it difficult to credit even what they had seen and heard. When the news of the existence of the "wild family" became known the "farm" was besieged with callers, and two enterprising individuals conceived the idea of securing the family and exhibiting the "wild muses" about the country. Parks was willing to engage in the enterprise, and leased his unfortunate offspring for the purpose. He accompanied the exhibition, "lecturing" upon the circumstances attending the lives of his children and himself. The "mutes" were taken about the country for a few weeks, but the speculation proved a failure, and they were returned to the wilderness. Removed from restraint, they tore to pieces the clothing that had been placed upon them as soon as they reached home

After the first excitement created by the discovery of the family had died away they were forgotten. The arrest and incarceration of one of them has again bro't them forward, and revealed a still more sickening chapter in their history.

Parks, the father, says that after their return home from the exhibition tour Bill became more and more violent in his temper. He made several deadly assaults on both his sister and father. A few months after their return Melvina gave birth to a child. This child she and Bill killed in the woods and tore it to pieces. Not long afterward Bill attacked his sister and killed her with an old knife that Parks used to cut up pumpkins with. Parks buried his daughter and ever since that time has lived in deadly fear of his son.

One day last week he attacked his father, knocking him down with a club. The old man got away from him, however, and came to this place for an officer to arrest him. Two men went to Park's place, and succeeded after a struggle in capturing him. They put a suit of clothes on him and brought him to Tunkhannock, and lodged him in jail. As soon as he was placed in the cell he tore off his clothing, and is now perfectly naked. Hundreds have flocked to the jail to see him. Parks soon afterwards returned home, and is now living entirely alone, and probably finds ample time for his studies. The wild, mute, maniac son will doubtless be sent to the insane asylum to spend the rest of his days.

It seems incredible that in this enlightened age, within the sound, as it were, of the church bells of a populous town, such a case of utter depravity and wretchedness could exist. But the above are the facts, which can be substantiated by plenty of reliable witnesses.

HERE is a Boston boy's composition on "The Horse:"

"The horse is the most useful animal in the world. So is the cow. I once had thirteen ducks and two was drakes and a Skunk killed one; he smelt Orful. I knew a boy which had 7 chickens but his father would not let him keep them and so he got mad and so he bored a hole in his mother's wash tub. I wish I had a horse—a horse weighs 1000 pounds."