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# The Post.

VOL. 12.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., SEPTEMBER 3, 1874.

NO. 22.

## Advertising Rates.

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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.

W. POTTER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selinsgrove Pa.  
his professional services to the pub-  
lic. All legal business entrusted to his  
care will receive prompt attention. Office  
above the New Lutheran Church,  
July 4th '72.

P. CRONMILLER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Middleburg, Pa.  
his professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other profes-  
sional business entrusted to his care  
will receive prompt attention.  
Jan 3, '67

C. SIMPSON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selinsgrove Pa.  
his professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to.  
Jan 17, '67

W. KNIGHT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Freensburg, Pa.  
his professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to.  
Jan 17, '67

M. VAN GEZER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg, Pa.  
his professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other profes-  
sional business entrusted to his care  
will receive prompt attention.

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

M. LANN,  
A. H. DILL,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Lewisburg, Pa.  
his professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other profes-  
sional business entrusted to their care  
will receive prompt attention.  
Jan 3, '67

HARLES HOWER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selinsgrove Pa.  
his professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other profes-  
sional business entrusted to his care  
will receive prompt attention. Office two doors  
south of the Keystone Hotel. Jan 6, '67

ALLEMAN & SON,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Selinsgrove Pa.  
his professional business and collecting  
entrusted to their care will be promptly  
attended to. Can be consulted in English  
German. Office, Market Square.

N. MYERS,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW &  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
Middleburg, Snyder County Penna.  
see a few doors West of the Court  
house on Main street. Consultation in  
English and German languages. Sep. '67.

H. H. GRIMM,  
Attorney & Councillor  
AT-LAW,  
see N.E. Cor Market & Water St's  
Freensburg, Penna.  
consultation in both English and German  
languages. Dec. 19, '67.

PROVER & BARBER  
SEWING MACHINE  
Persons in need of a good and durable  
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at  
reasonable prices by calling on SAM-  
UEL FAEST, Agent, Selinsgrove.  
Jan. 24, '68

R. J. Y. SHINDEL,  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,  
Middleburg Pa.,  
his professional services to the citi-  
zens of Middleburg and vicinity.  
(March 21, '67)

OLIN K. HUGHES, Esq.,  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

F. VAN BUSKIRK,  
DENTAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST  
Selinsgrove Penn.

H. WAGNER, Esq.,  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.  
attend to all business entrusted to  
care and on the most reasonable  
terms. March 12, '68

R. J. F. KANAWEL,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Pottsville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
his professional services to the  
public. 6-31

RAYBILL & Co.,  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
GOOD AND WILLOW WARE  
Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats,  
Wagon Seats, Brooms, Bags, Fys,  
Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c.  
420 Market Street, Philadelphia,  
p. 7, '67

T. PARKS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW &  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa.  
see in Court House, (Sept. 15, '67)

B. SELHEIMER,  
DEALER IN  
HARDWARE,  
Nails,  
Steel, Leather,  
Paints, Oils,  
Saddlery Ware  
AND MANUFACTURER OF  
Covers & Tinware,  
MARKET STREET,  
Pottsville, Penna.  
September 2, 1874

## A New Idea!

WILSON  
SHUTTLE  
Sewing Machine



FOR  
50 Dollars!!  
FARMERS,  
MERCHANTS,  
MECHANICS,  
AND  
EVERYBODY  
Buy the World-Renowned  
WILSON  
Shuttle Sewing Machine!  
THE  
BEST IN THE WORLD!

The Highest Premium was  
awarded to it at

VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair;

Northern Ohio Fair;

Amer. Institute, N. Y.;

Cincinnati Exposition;

Indianapolis Exposition;

St. Louis Fair;

Louisiana State Fair;

Mississippi State Fair;

and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE

BEST SEWING MACHINES,

and doing the largest and best

range of work. All other

Machines in the Market

were in direct

COMPETITION!!

For Hemming, Fell-

ing, Stitching, Cording,

Binding, Braiding,

Embroidering, Quilt-

ing and Stitching fine

or heavy goods it is

unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents

we will deliver a Machine

for the price named above,

at the nearest Rail Road

Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Ma-

chines for Sale.

Old Machines taken in Exchange,

Send for Circulars, Price

List, &c., and Copy of the

Wilson Reflector, one of the

## Poetry

### Nearer, O Lamb of God.

Nearer, O Lamb of God,  
Fold us in Thy  
Joined to our living bread  
Grant we may be,  
Nearer Thy wondrous side,  
Thou that hast bled and died,  
O may our faith abide  
Nearer to Thee.

While at Thy sacred feet  
Humbly we kneel,  
Thy soul-reviving grace  
Lord may we feel?  
Now let Thy spirit move  
Till from Thy throne above  
Our hearts shall burn with love  
Saviour, to Thee.

Sealed with Thy precious blood—  
Our pardon free—  
Draw us from day to day  
Nearer to Thee—  
Help us Thy cross to bear,  
Guard us from every snare,  
Jesus, our constant prayer,  
Nearer to Thee.

Chastened beneath Thy rod  
Though we may be,  
O may it bring us, Lord,  
Nearer to Thee,  
Dearest of friends Thou art,  
Nearer Thy loving heart,  
Call us from earth apart,  
Nearer to Thee.

### Select Tale.

#### Why I Am a Bachelor.

My name is Smith—John Smith  
I am sixty years of age, next birth-  
day, and unmarried. I have been in  
love, however—hopelessly in love,  
and yet I am a bachelor—why I am  
so, I have now to tell.

During my young days, I had no  
time to think of the other sex. I  
determined I would make my fortune  
first, and see about a wife after-  
wards. I worked and strove—ac-  
complished and denied myself the most  
harmless pleasures that cost money,  
yet I did not get rich as fast as I ex-  
pected, and I had reached forty years  
of age before I thought I was  
justified in looking about me for a  
wife.

When that time came I set about  
my task earnestly. I am a business  
man, and always go to work syste-  
matically. In the first place, I look-  
ed through all my acquaintances and  
friends. They were not numerous,  
and I soon found there were no  
young ladies amongst them who  
would suit me.

Then I tried the boarding house  
scheme, by which I mean, I adver-  
tised for board—and answered all  
the replies in person. Whenever I  
saw the young girls in a house, there  
I took board—but none of them  
would suit me. At last I received  
an answer to my advertisement from  
a widow lady, with one daughter. I  
called at the house and was ushered  
into an elegantly furnished parlor  
where a young lady was seated play-  
ing the piano. In spite of Shakespeare's  
denunciation of a man who has  
had no music in his soul, I never  
had any in mine. I don't know  
Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred  
—and yet, strange to say, the mu-  
sic sounded quite pretty, as it trick-  
led from her fingers. She did not  
hear me enter, so continued to play.  
I listened for some minutes, and then  
concluded gently. She turned her  
head, and with a blush, rose from  
her seat. I think I had never seen  
so beautiful a girl before. She was  
not more than eighteen years of age  
—tall and graceful—her form beau-  
tifully rounded—dark auburn hair,  
which hung in natural ringlets on a  
swan-like neck. In short, the mo-  
ment I saw her I performed the im-  
aginary pantomime of slapping my  
trousers pocket, and exclaimed  
mentally,—"here's the girl for my  
money."

"Did you want to see my moth-  
er?" asked the lovely creature in a  
musical voice.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking  
to Miss Clarkson?" I asked.

"Yes sir."  
"I have called, Madam, in refer-  
ence to a note I received—I believe  
from your mother—stating that you  
wish to take a single gentleman to  
board with you."

"Yes sir—I will fetch my moth-  
er."  
And the fairy bounded out of the  
room.

In a minute or two afterwards, the  
mother entered the room. If the  
daughter was pretty, the mother was  
decidedly ugly. She was past forty  
thin, scraggy, wore false teeth and  
false hair. When I looked at her, I  
almost felt tempted to leave the  
house—but then I gazed at the  
daughter, and determined to remain.  
The preliminaries were soon arrang-  
ed, and the next day I took up my  
board under the roof of widow Clark-  
son.

I soon felt quite at home, and de-  
termined to make myself as agree-  
able as possible. I was polite to the  
mother, tender to the daughter; and  
evidently pleased the old woman, for  
I ate but little. Our evenings were  
very pleasant—a young friend of the  
family used to drop in occasionally,  
and we played whist. The young  
man was a cousin to the family—a  
rather pleasant young fellow, and  
the time passed very agreeably  
away.

In the meantime I presented my  
suit earnestly. I have always held  
it as an axiom, that if you want to  
succeed with the younger branches  
of the family, you must pay atten-  
tion to the head—there is nothing  
like procuring "a friend at court."

This plan I followed. I was very  
polite to Mrs. Clarkson; I waited on  
her at the table; I escorted her to  
the theatre and opera, and read to  
her Cobden's last. I got on finely. I  
soon saw that she was very partial  
to me. In the meantime I did not  
neglect my suit with the object of  
my affections. I gazed on her ten-  
derly; I pressed her hand whenever  
I had an opportunity, and believed  
that I had made considerable im-  
pression on her young heart.

Things went on in this way for  
more than two months, when I thought  
it high time that I should bring mat-  
ters to a crisis.

One evening I entered the sitting  
room, and found the charming girl  
alone. The cousin had not yet come,  
although he now visited the house  
every night. This was too good an  
opportunity to be lost.

"Miss Clarkson," said I, approach-  
ing her, "I wish to have a little con-  
versation with you."

"I think I can guess what it is  
about," she said, smiling archly.  
"You encourage me," I replied,  
glad to find that my attentions had  
not been thrown away, and assuring  
her the best results from this cordial  
reception. "You think you know my  
errand then?"

"Yes indeed—your attentions are  
too pointed to be mistaken."  
"I am gratified to find you so dis-  
cerning—and I took her hand, and  
kissed it—Clarkson—allow me to  
call you—since you have penetrated  
my secret, I only want your consent  
to make me a happy man."

"Let me see your mind at rest then,  
sir—I have no objections whatever."  
I was rather surprised that she  
consented so readily. I think I should  
have taken it better if she had been  
a little more coy in the matter.

"Dear girl!" I exclaimed, "I know  
of a lover's privilege. I kissed her  
check. She did not make the slight-  
est opposition."

"You consent then," I exclaimed,  
"that I shall be your protector  
through life?"

"You are very kind, sir," returned  
the fair girl; "as I said before—I  
have no objections."

I thought she was very cold in her  
language, but I put it down to ma-  
jesty modesty.

"Charlotte your consent has made  
me the happiest of men—when shall  
the ceremony take place?"

"Don't you think mamma had bet-  
ter answer the question—you had  
better consult her on the matter."

"True, my dear child, I admire  
your delicacy—I ran to her on the  
wings of love—Oh what a happy man  
you have made me!"

"I am sure sir, I am very glad it  
was in my power to give you pleas-  
ure—I do not think you had any  
reason to doubt my concurrence in  
your wishes."

"There is no reading the human  
heart you know—I thought perhaps  
the difference in our ages—"

"What do two or three years sig-  
nify?" replied my darling, smiling,  
so that I could almost kiss her,  
and she could hold on or never  
rest at night. She stated that she  
felt something running up and down  
in the abdomen, that she frequently  
experienced the creeping sensation  
which is called irritability. She had  
been in the hospital here, and had  
been treated for various complaints,  
but found no relief. As her uneasiness  
and pains continued, so were  
the attempts to relieve her, but with-  
out success. Not long since Dr. Par-  
son's Gyles was called into consulta-  
tion and took charge of the case.

"About a week ago she became  
subject to uncontrollable uneasiness,  
and begged Dr. Gyles to perform an  
operation for her relief. This she was  
reluctant to do, thinking it would  
hazard her life; but she persisted in  
the request, and at last he yielded to  
her importunities, when on Friday  
afternoon last, assisted by Dr. James  
Davis, of this place, and Surgeon W.  
Allen, of Sweet water, he proceeded  
to perform the operation. He first  
made an incision about ten inches  
long along the medial line of the ab-  
domen. He found a tumor project-  
ing largely, about twenty-six inches  
in diameter, and irregular form. He  
opened it and found therein two rat-  
tles, one thirty-six inches, and the  
other thirty two and one half in-  
ches in length. One of the snakes  
had five rattles, and the other four  
had yellow and black spots on them,  
with white bellies. They were quite  
live, and would rattle and strike when  
disturbed. They were killed, and  
their skins and rattles are in posses-  
sion of Colonel John Stephens.

kind husband to me, respect for his  
memory—"

"My dear madam," I interrupted,  
"I am sure if the late Mr. Clarkson  
is looking down from Heaven at this  
moment, he would give his consent.  
I am rich, madam; you shall have a  
home worthy of your kind heart."

"My dear John, I can resist no  
longer," and the widow deposited  
her head of false hair on my breast.

I did not expect this demonstra-  
tion, and gently removed her head.  
Nor did I at first understand her  
calling me John—but then I thought  
as I was soon to be her son-in-law,  
that she was addressing me filially.

"John," she exclaimed, "dear John,  
I will confess the truth—I do love  
you."

"You love me?"  
"Yes dear John, your attentions  
have prevailed. I consent to be your  
wife—and I felt her serenity arm  
pass around my neck, while she  
battered my face against her hard  
check bone.

"Madam," I exclaimed, "release me  
—I hear a step."  
"No dear John, I cannot release  
you. Are you not soon to become  
my dear husband?"

And she hugged me again harder  
than before. At that moment the  
door opened, and the cousin and  
Miss Clarkson entered the room.  
When they saw our loving attitude,  
they retired laughing.

"Madam, there's a mistake," I ex-  
claimed. "I do not wish to marry  
you, but your daughter."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the cousin,  
releasing her hold. "What do you  
tell me, you bold, bad man?" Is this  
the way you treat a lone widow's  
feelings? You know as well as I do,  
that my daughter is to be mar-  
ried to her cousin next week. And  
you dare to insult me in this manner  
—but if there is any justice in the  
land, sir, I will have it."

"So saying she bounded out of the  
room."  
I received notice to quit that day  
—and three days afterward an action  
for breach of promise of marriage  
was commenced against me. It was  
in vain my counsel tried to explain  
the mistake. The evidence was too  
strong against me, and I was com-  
pelled to pay \$5,000 damages.

Since that day I have become a  
nihilist, I hate both men and  
women—but especially the latter.

The reader now knows why I am  
a bachelor.

### Most Singular Story.

A correspondent of the Morristown  
Gazette, writing from Murfreesville,  
Cooke county, Tennessee, under date  
of June 30, gives the most singular  
snake story we have heard yet. We  
clip the following:

"A Mrs. Kennedy, a woman of  
about forty, the wife of an Irish la-  
borer living off French Broad street,  
has for several years suffered greatly  
from ill health. Her symptoms and  
complaints were singular. She was  
afflicted with almost constant pains,  
so that she could seldom or never  
rest at night. She stated that she  
felt something running up and down  
in the abdomen, that she frequently  
experienced the creeping sensation  
which is called irritability. She had  
been in the hospital here, and had  
been treated for various complaints,  
but found no relief. As her uneasiness  
and pains continued, so were  
the attempts to relieve her, but with-  
out success. Not long since Dr. Par-  
son's Gyles was called into consulta-  
tion and took charge of the case.

"About a week ago she became  
subject to uncontrollable uneasiness,  
and begged Dr. Gyles to perform an  
operation for her relief. This she was  
reluctant to do, thinking it would  
hazard her life; but she persisted in  
the request, and at last he yielded to  
her importunities, when on Friday  
afternoon last, assisted by Dr. James  
Davis, of this place, and Surgeon W.  
Allen, of Sweet water, he proceeded  
to perform the operation. He first  
made an incision about ten inches  
long along the medial line of the ab-  
domen. He found a tumor project-  
ing largely, about twenty-six inches  
in diameter, and irregular form. He  
opened it and found therein two rat-  
tles, one thirty-six inches, and the  
other thirty two and one half in-  
ches in length. One of the snakes  
had five rattles, and the other four  
had yellow and black spots on them,  
with white bellies. They were quite  
live, and would rattle and strike when  
disturbed. They were killed, and  
their skins and rattles are in posses-  
sion of Colonel John Stephens.

"The tumor being removed, Mrs.  
Kennedy was instantly relieved, and  
is now doing well. The doctor calls  
the snakes *rotalis horridus*. Mrs.  
Kennedy says she swallowed two  
small, soft white eggs that she found  
several years ago, as she was walking  
out in a field near the Warm Springs,  
North Carolina. Having just come  
over from Ireland, she was not ac-  
quainted with the birds' eggs of  
America, and swallowed these eggs,  
supposing them to be partridge  
eggs."

A youth who attended a Scotch  
revival meeting, for the fun of the  
thing ironically inquired of the min-  
ister "whether he could work a mira-  
cle or not?" The young man's curi-  
osity was fully satisfied by the min-  
ister kicking him out of church,  
with the maledictory, "We cannot  
work miracles, but we can cast out  
devils!"

### An American Celanda.

According to Dr. M. F. Stephen-  
son of Atlanta, Georgia, who has  
published a little volume on geology  
and mineralogy of that State, its  
mineral wealth, as yet only partially  
developed, is not to be compared with  
its future in the production of jewels,  
particularly diamonds. In the great  
belt of its plutonic and metamorphic  
formation, extending in a diagonal  
line through middle Georgia to the  
line of its limestone formation in  
northwestern Georgia, are found  
distinct outcroppings of basaltic  
or elastic sandstone, the matrix of  
the diamond. In each of these local-  
ities diamonds of greater or less val-  
ue, according to Dr. Stephenson,  
have been found.

The most extensive of these local-  
ities is Hall county, in upper northern  
Georgia, in a belt over thirty miles  
wide, running diagonally northeast  
and southwest about seventy miles  
in every gold deposit or branch  
mine that has been worked in Hall  
county splendid diamonds have been  
found by the gold washers, who be-  
ing ignorant of their value, have lost  
or thrown them away. A few of  
them have been sent to Europe to  
be cut and set, but most of them  
have been lost. None were picked  
up except those without incrustation  
and it is well known in Brazil that  
only one-tenth of the diamonds there  
are without incrustation. In wash-  
ing for gold, all the loose diamonds  
would necessarily be lost on account  
of the construction of the machines,  
or thrown away with the quartz  
gravel. Only such as passed into  
the riffles with the grains of gold  
and fine sand were found in the pan-  
ning after the day's work was  
finished. All those picked up in Hall  
county were found in this manner.  
Most of them weighing from two to  
six carats.

Three very large ones were found.  
The first was broken to pieces by  
the ignorant miners to see why it  
was so lustrous. The second was  
used by the boys of Gainesville for  
long time as the middle man in play-  
ing marbles. But the largest by far,  
as large as a guinea egg, and partly  
encrusted, was lost soon after it  
was found by Dr. Lloyd, the discoverer  
of the Glade Gold Mine, a deposit about  
twelve miles northeast of Gainesville.  
This was ten or twelve years before  
the war.

In the four years of Dr. Lloyd's  
oversight of this gold mine, he  
Dr. Lloyd picked out of the sands  
of the panning every night after the  
day's washings, about a half pint of  
pretty shining stones, which he gave  
to his wife. Some of these the child-  
ren took a fancy to play with, and  
of course the children took a fancy to  
the largest and most brilliant. Those  
which they rejected Mrs. Lloyd put  
into an empty mustard bottle, and  
when the bottle was full she made a  
little bag and put in all that her hus-  
band brought home as a store of fu-  
ture playthings for her children.  
From the description of these it is  
inferred that these must have  
been worth from \$20,000 to 50,000  
apiece.

The large one Dr. Lloyd found not  
among the panings, but while work-  
ing himself in the mine in the place  
of a sick hand. While raising gravel  
he found a stone just like the little  
ones, except it was bright and shi-  
ning only on one side, the other side  
being covered with a crust of brown  
iron. It was about the size of a guinea  
egg. As he was obliged to work very  
hard to keep the wheelbarrows filled  
with gravel for the riffles, he had his  
pretty stone on the bank of the  
stream hard by, at the root of a large  
gum tree. But at nightfall he was  
very tired and forgot the pretty  
stone.

Twelve years after that he was  
shown a rough diamond, and was  
instantly struck with its resemblance  
to the contents of the mustard bot-  
tle, and it struck him at once that  
the stones were diamonds. He was  
at that time keeping a hotel in At-  
lanta, his wife was dead, and his  
daughter was married and removed  
to northwestern Georgia, taking  
from Hall county all the furniture  
they had during their stay at the  
mines and with it an old cupboard  
in which the bag of diamonds had  
been carelessly thrown. Dr. Lloyd,  
convinced of the value of the stones,  
at once went to visit his daughter,  
but she had no remembrance of the  
bag or mustard bottle.

Pain with disappointment the  
worn old man turned his foot-  
steps to the site of the old Glade  
Gold Mine. The ground was under  
cultivation, and where the forest and  
the old gum tree formerly stood was  
a field of waving corn. He found  
the old heaps of gravel, and for weeks  
and months sifted the sands and grit  
and sought diligently for the lost  
diamond. But all in vain. At last,  
worn and disheartened, he gave  
up the bootless search, and returned  
to Atlanta to die.

Dr. Stephenson says that there is  
not a doubt that this stone was a  
diamond, and if pure and the size of  
a guinea egg, as stated, it was worth  
at least \$25,000,000. According to  
Dr. Stephenson, it is established be-  
yond question that diamonds of  
great value have been found in Hall  
county, and that it requires only a ju-  
dicious outlay of capital and labor to  
develop diamond beds in that coun-  
ty, and perhaps in other parts of the  
State, as rich as the diamond fields  
of Brazil or South Africa.

### The Lightning Rod Man's Mistake.

Up in Blount, Georgia, the other day,  
a lightning rod man drove up in front  
of a handsome estate standing in the  
middle of trees and shrubs, and spoke  
to Mr. Summers, who was sitting on  
the steps in front. He recited Sum-  
mers, as the owner of the residence,  
and said:

"I see you have no lightning rods  
on this house."  
"No," said Summers.  
"Are you going to put any on?"  
"Well, I hadn't thought of it," re-  
plied Summers.

"You ought to. A tall building  
like this is very much exposed. I'd  
like to run you up one of my rods;  
twisted steel, glass fenders, nickel-  
plated tips, everything complete.  
Way I put one up to show you. I'll  
do the job cheap."

"Certainly you may if you want to,  
I haven't the slightest objection," said  
Summers.

During the next half hour the man  
had his ladders up and his assistants  
at work, and at the end of that time  
the job was done. He called Sum-  
mers out into the yard to admire it.  
He said to Summers:

"Now that is all well enough, but  
if it was my house, I'd have another  
rod put on the other side. There is  
nothing like being protected there-  
abouts."

"That's true," said Summers, "it  
would be better."  
"I'll put up another—shall I?"  
asked the man.

"Why, of course, if you think it  
best," said Summers.

Accordingly the man went to work  
again, and soon had the rod in its  
place.

"That's a first-rate job," he said to  
Summers, as they both stood eyeing  
it. "I'll such a man as you are.  
He's hearted, liberal, not afraid to put  
a dollar down for a good thing.  
There's some pleasure in dealing with  
you. I like you so much that I'd put  
a couple more rods on that house,  
one on the north end and one on the  
south,