

THE POST.
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The



Post.

VOL. 12.

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NO. 25.

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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 per-
iod than one year are payable at the
time they are ordered, and will be held
responsible for the money.

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove 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.

J. P. CROSSLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. [Jan. 5, '67]

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

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Freeburg Pa.
Offers his Professional services to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 17, '67]

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

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa
Offers his Professional service to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will re-
ceive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

J. M. LIND,
A. H. DILL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Lewisburg, Pa.
Offer their professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to their care
will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will re-
ceive prompt attention. Office two doors
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 5, '67]

S. ALEMAN & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
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 & COUNSELLOR AT LAW &
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
Middleburg, Snyder County Penn'a.
Office 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.
Office N. E. Cor Market & Water St's
Freeburg, Penn'a.
Consultation in both English and German
Languages. Dec. 19, '72.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE
Persons in need of a good and durable
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at
reasonable prices by calling on SAU-
CET FAUST, Agent, Sellinggrove.
[Jan. 24, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Middleburg and vicinity.
[March 21, '67]

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

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Sellinggrove Penn.

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

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the
public.
6-381f

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
best Periodicals of the day,
devoted to Sewing Ma-
chines, Fashions, General
News and Miscellany.

Agents Wanted
ADDRESS,
Wilson Sewing Machine Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
Agent for Snyder County,
J. M. PIKE,
Paxtonville, Pa.

WILLIAM SPANGLER,
MANUFACTURER OF
Carriages, Buggies & Sulkies,
Beaver Springs, Snyder Co. Pa.

Repairing of all kinds prompt-
ly attended to on short notice and
reasonable terms.
April 2, '74

Poetry

SOWING AND REAPING.
BY MISS A. A. PROCTOR.
Sow with a generous heart;
Patience not for fall or pain,
Weary not though the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring
rains,
But wait till the autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain.
Scatter the seed, and fear not—
A table will be spread,
What matters if you are too weary
To eat your food until break?
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
As your warm tears fall upon it
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day,
And ere you know what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall golden the sunny day.

Sow—and look onward, upward,
Where the stars bright appear,
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting
Or your own heart's trepidating fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

Select Tale.
BRAVE KATE.
The year 1771 was a dark and
gloomy one for our forefathers, who
were then struggling for liberty. In
South Carolina affairs were then in a
critical condition. Gen. Greene made
an unsuccessful attack on the post of
Ninety-six, and withdrew his men
beyond the Tigris and Broad rivers.
Lord Rawdon followed him, but
could not draw the patriotic general
into an engagement.

At this period there stood in North
Carolina a plain, and unassuming
house; it was a one-story building,
neatly whitewashed, and surrounded
by a fence. The garden contained
many choice flowers, and then bound-
tiful honeysuckles shaded the doors
and windows. It was the house of
Mrs. Heath, who lived with her two
daughters, while her son George was
in Washington's army fighting for
freedom.

Kate, the oldest of the daughters,
was a beautiful girl of sixteen sum-
mers; her hair had long flowing ring-
lets down her shoulders, and her
face beamed with kindness, while her
eyes shone like the pretty stars that
lighted up the azure vault of Heav-
ven.

One evening, as Kate was stand-
ing at the cottage door, she beheld
a good British soldier, returned Raw-
don.

"Lord Rawdon, you insult me, sir.
I would rather see him die a felon's
death, than see him in the King's
army," was the heroic answer.

"I see you are a rebel, too, Miss
Heath. But here comes the Colonel,"
said Rawdon, as he saw him coming
from the stable.

They entered the house and went
into a room to hold a consultation.—
Kate thought that they might have
something important to say, so she
concluded to play the part of the
eavesdropper. She told her mother
of her intentions, who approved of it,
and Kate placed herself in a position
to hear the Briton's plans.

It was a dangerous undertaking,
and she knew that if she was caught
in the act of listening she would be
treated as a spy and perhaps execu-
ted, for Lord Rawdon knew no mercy.
She cautiously approached the door
and looked through the crevice. Raw-
don and his Colonel were seated at a
small table on which lay their maps.
They were examining them closely,
while Rawdon was explaining to the
Colonel.

"Here is Greene's camp," said he,
"and here is ours. We must make a
bold strike, and if it be successful,
Greene will be destroyed."
"I don't see why it should not suc-
ceed, my Lord."
"No; if our troops fight as well as
heretofore we shall succeed," said
Rawdon, his face assuming a trium-
phant expression.

"I shall feel happy when these
cursed rebels are driven away from
North Carolina, and then their rule
will be over," said Colonel Roberts.
"We must crush Greene, Colonel.
I do not wish to go back to England

and let it be said that I was out-gen-
erated by a rebel. No, never!" ex-
claimed Rawdon rising to his feet.
"Then we make the attack at day-
break, do we not?" asked the Colonel.
"We do; have your regiment re-
ady, and make your men fight like de-
mons."
"Let us go now. But hold! what
is the counter-sign for the pickets to
night, my Lord?"
"England," answered Lord Raw-
don, lowering his voice.
Kate listened to the Briton's plans
with a wild, throbbing heart, and
she resolved to save the patriotic
army. When she heard the counter-
sign, she left the door, and busied
herself with her household duties,
and soon the officers emerged from
the room.

"We must go, Miss Heath, but
first see," said Lord Rawdon.—
"Your thanks are received."
The horses were led out, and the
officers were soon on their way.
Kate watched them till they were
out of sight, and then prepared for
her perilous journey. She threw a
shawl over her head and went to the
stable. Her feet were sore from
as she entered, and she patted
him on the head and said:
"Well, noble Solim, you must en-
deavor to get to night; if you do
not, Greene will be destroyed!"
One horseman called Solim, led
him from the stable and was soon
riding towards Greene's camp, which
was eight miles distant. She risked
swiftly, for she wanted to reach her
destination in time to let the patriot
army to form his men to meet
the assault.

The British pickets were four miles
distant, and she would be compelled
to pass through the lines; but as
she was now in the possession of the
counter-sign, she did not fear the re-
sult.

Soon Kate saw the picket's bayo-
net gleam in the moonlight, and
heard him cry out:
"Who goes there?"
"A friend with the counter-sign,"
she answered, and then she
whispered, "England!"
"All right, pass on. But stop!"
cried the picket as he caught a glimpse
of her face.

Kate stopped her horse, and hid
her hand on her pistol. He approach-
ed her and said:
"Is that you, Miss Heath?"
"It is, Guy," replied Kate, for she
recognized the soldier to be Guy
Jackson, who had often visited their
house.

"Where are you going to night,
Miss Kate?" he asked.
"I am going to see Mrs. Blake,
she is very sick."
"Just like you, Miss Kate—always
visiting the sick; you are a true
lover of good," said the laughing Brit-
ton.

"Thank you for the compliment,
Guy. But I cannot be going—good
night." And Kate was again on her
journey, while the picket returned to
his post.

She had to pass four miles ere she
would be safe, so she urged her
steed on. Before she had gone a
hundred yards from Jackson, a hun-
dred mounted Britons rose furiously
up to the picket, and their leader
cried out:
"Did any person pass this post a
short time since?"
"Yes, was the picket's reply.
"Do you know who it was?"
"I do; it was Miss Heath."
"Had she the counter-sign, sir?"
"Yes, sir."
"If she is safe, forward, men!
If she escapes, Greene is saved. A
hundred golden guineas and a com-
mission to the man that catches her
about her life," cried the leader of the
band, as they dashed after the brave
girl, leaving the picket in a state of
bewilderment.

Kate heard the sound of her pur-
suer's, and she pushed on faster. It
was a race for life or death. British
horses were fresh, whilst hers was
beginning to show signs of fatigue.
"Forward, Solim! you must take
care to Greene's camp," said Kate to
her noble horse.

But her enemies gained on her,
and one of them seemed bent
on catching her, for he was some
yards in advance of his companions.
Kate heard the ominous tramp
of his horse, and drew her pistol. Near
she came, until she was at her side,
and then cried out:
"Halt! you cursed rebel!"

These were his last words, for brave
Kate fired, and the bullet crashed
through his brain.

The others did not stop to look at
their dead comrade, but pressed on.
They neared her again, and another
trooper received his death wound.
The remainder of them halted,
and a moment after Kate heard the
American picket cry out: "Who
goes there?"
"Kate Heath," cried our heroine,
as she dashed through the line.

The soldier had raised his gun,
but when he heard the name it was
lowered, and he answered, "All
right!"
The American camp was reached.
Kate threw herself from the saddle,
and placed her faithful and noble
horse in care of a soldier.

"Where is Greene's tent?"
"To the right, there where you see
that light," replied the man point-
ing to the place.

She entered the General's tent and
found him engaged in writing. He
raised his eyes, then rose to his feet
and said:
"You come here at a late hour,
Miss Heath!"
"I do, General, you are in a very
great danger."
"How is that?" exclaimed the ex-
cited General.

The brave girl told her story, and
the patriotic General grasped her
hand, while the tears trickled down
his careworn cheeks.
"Thank God, you have saved my
army. I can never repay you."
"I want no payment. The con-
sciousness that I have done my du-
ty, and the thanks of Nathaniel
Greene, are worth more than gold or
diamonds," was the heroic reply.

"Take my thanks, my brave girl,
and may the great Jehovah watch
over and guide you through the
changing scenes of life," responded
Greene.

"And may He save my country,
too," answered Kate.
"You need rest. Here, Miss Kate,
sleep in my tent tonight, while I
seek a resting place among my men."
said the kind-hearted General.

"I do not wish to rob you of your
couch, General."
"No, my brave girl, you have saved
my country, and I must reward you
too," answered Kate.

"You need rest. Here, Miss Kate,
sleep in my tent tonight, while I
seek a resting place among my men."
said the kind-hearted General.

"I do not wish to rob you of your
couch, General."
"No, my brave girl, you have saved
my country, and I must reward you
too," answered Kate.

Kate enjoyed a good rest that
night and in the morning General
Greene came to her, and joyfully ex-
claimed:
"Good news! Lord Rawdon is in
full retreat!"
"We took a prisoner this morning
who says you frustrated their plans
and saved the army. God bless you
for the good act. But I must leave
you, for I am going to follow up
Rawdon and teach him that we can
fight!"
"When are you going home, Miss
Heath?"
"In a few minutes."
"Good-bye, and may you have a
safe journey," responded the Gen-
eral, shaking her by the hand. Her
horse was led forth, and she started
on her way home, which she reached
in safety.

"When I was a boy, like most other
boys, I often did idle and foolish
things. One day for instance, as I
was walking up the street, I saw a
broken china teacup in the road.
Picking it up, instead of letting it
alone as I ought to have done, I be-
gan to toss it into the air. This I
did several times, trying to throw it
higher with each new effort. At last,
thinking to toss it as high as the
cornice of the houses, I threw it with
great energy. Alas, for me! My
arm struck my side, and the mis-
lucky piece of china went crashing
through the window of a dwelling
house. Thinking of my fear only,
I ran home as fast as my feet could
carry me. Nor did I either pause or
look back until I turned a corner.
Shortly after this misfortune the
son of the man whose window I had
broken came home from play. See-
ing the window broken, he stood out-
side with his hands in his pockets
looking at it. A man passing said,
"Your father will think you broke
that window, my little fellow, and
he'll cane you shortly for it."
"No, he won't," said the boy calm-
ly, "for I shall tell him I didn't do
it."
"You may tell him so, but will he
believe you?" rejoined the man.
"To be sure he will. He always be-
lieves what I say."
That was nobly said, and it was as
he said. That boy wore a diamond-
necktie, called truth on his heart, and his
father knew he could trust him.

Where was I? Well, I should
have said, feeling that I had done a man
act in not going straight to the owner
of the house and confessing my mis-
fortune. For several days I carried
my secret with me. I was in ter-
rible suspense, somebody had seen me,
and should I tell my father?
At last my secret was dragged out.
A person who knew me had seen me
break the window, and told the owner
of the house. That gentleman
knew my father, and the first time
he saw him, told him what I had
done. My father paid for setting a
new square of glass, and on his re-
turn home called me to his side. His
face wore a stern expression. I
trembled and blushed like a culprit,
for I knew he had found me out.
Looking right in my eyes, he said,
"Peter, did you break Mr. Crowin
down a few days ago?"
"Yes," I replied, holding down my
head.

"What did you do that for?" asked
my father, with less sternness in
his manner.
The worst of my load was now gone.
That secret millstone which had been
crushing me was now rolled off, and
I told my father all about the affair.

"Peter, my boy," said he, after
hearing my story, "I am glad you
did not do my worst. I regret you
did not play the man when your
misfortune happened, by going to
Mr. Crowin at once. But I honor you
for frankly and truthfully answering my
question. I have paid for the win-
dow. Go. Do more careful about
breaking glass in the street, and
don't do it if you could ever be sur-
rely or foolish enough to meet with
a similar accident, don't run away
like a snail. Act the part of a
throughout honest boy and own your
fault at once."

I promised I would, and I tried to
keep my promise. The advice my
father gave me I committed to my
memory, and that you will all remember
that it is honest, noble, and manly to
confess a fault, while to conceal it is
to act the part of a coward.

Moral Courage in Daily Life.
Have the courage to discharge a
debt while you have the money in your
pocket.

Have the courage to do without
that which you do not need, however
much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak to a
friend in a steady coat, even though
you are in company with a rich one,
and richly attired.

Have the courage to speak your
mind when it is necessary that you
should do so, and hold your tongue
when it is prudent that you should
do so.

Have the courage to own that you
are poor and thus disarm poverty of
its sting.

Have the courage to tell a man
why you refuse to credit.

Have the courage to tell a man
why you will not lend him your
money.

Have the courage to ent the most
agreeable acquaintance you have
when you are convinced that he lacks
principle—a friend should bear with
a friend's infirmities but not with his
vices.

Have the courage to show your respect
for honesty, in whatever guise it ap-
pears, and your contempt for dis-
honesty and duplicity, by whom-
ever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old
clothes until you can pay for new
ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort
and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge
your ignorance, rather than to seek
for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage, in providing an
entertainment for your friends, not
to exceed your means.

Have the courage to insure the
property in your possession, and
promptly pay your debts in full.

A spoonful of brown sugar added
to four parts makes a good
candy.

When I was a boy, like most other
boys, I often did idle and foolish
things. One day for instance, as I
was walking up the street, I saw a
broken china teacup in the road.
Picking it up, instead of letting it
alone as I ought to have done, I be-
gan to toss it into the air. This I
did several times, trying to throw it
higher with each new effort. At last,
thinking to toss it as high as the
cornice of the houses, I threw it with
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carry me. Nor did I either pause or
look back until I turned a corner.
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side with his hands in his pockets
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face wore a stern expression. I
trembled and blushed like a culprit,
for I knew he had found me out.
Looking right in my eyes, he said,
"Peter, did you break Mr. Crowin
down a few days ago?"
"Yes," I replied, holding down my
head.

When an Irishman riding on a street car,
with a heavy bundle on his shoulder,
was asked why he did not set it down.
"The duffers," said Pat, "the horses
have enough already to draw and I'll
carry my bundle."

One reason why Wisconsin hired
girls get four dollars per week, is be-
cause they have to go down stairs at
midnight to investigate strange noises,
while the man of the house takes
up a position under the bed.

When a Tennessee husband
horsewhipped his wife for washing pe-
tate in his Sunday plug hat, it is
time to inquire whether this genera-
tion of man isn't getting to be too
sublimated high-toned, for the age
of the country!

When they tried to force Miss Gay
of Independence, Missouri, into a
marriage against her will, she kicked
the minister's hat off, knocked the
young man down, and rode off on a
milk-wagon to her father's farm.

"Boy," said a traveler to a dis-
belly-ached youth whom he encountered,
"don't you hear your father speaking
to you?" "Oh, yes, a s'!" replied the
youth. "But I don't mind what he
says. Mother don't either, and twist
she and I, we've about got the dog so
he don't!"

A Brookford man is willing to pay
20 cords of wood for a wife who will
cook with his idea.

The man who shoots a dozen cats
this month will stand high in the es-
timation of his countrymen.

Kissing your sweetheart in like
outing with a fork—it takes a
long time to get enough.

A policeman in New York has
robbed a prisoner of \$1,000; but we
don't know that that's news.

In a Dublin newspaper appeared
the following: "A number of deaths
are unavoidably postponed."

"Ed, how is your sweetheart get-
ting along?" "Pretty well, I guess,
she says I couldn't call my more."

A Georgia girl is going to lecture
on "kisses," in Washington. She will
borrow a man to illustrate on.

A Cincinnati physician was absent
enough to take some of his own medi-
cines. The doctor's fee was \$10.

Young men are so scarce in Mem-
phis that one is considered enough to
take care of fourteen girls at a picnic.

"Here, John, that's twice you've
come home and forgot a 'that' lock."
"La, mother, it was so greasy that it
slipped my mind!"

The second best thing with which
to enclose a lady's visit, now-a-days
is a letter with silver buckles—the first
best, a neat shawl with an arm in it.

When a Chinese man can't be on
his back and go to sleep without
dreaming of his mother-in-law, it is
considered a sufficient ground for di-
vorce.

A California Temperance associa-
tion limits the largeness of its mem-
bers to wine, beer and cider, "except
when laboring under a case of dis-
couragement, and then whisky will be
allowed."

"Look 'ere now, Saluba," yelled a
Cley county, Missouri, woman to the
oldest girl, don't haul over that well
so far. You'll fall in there some of
these days, and then we'll have to
carry water!"

When they told an Indiana woman
that her husband had been sheered up
by a reaper, she impatiently replied,
"Well, take the reaper to the barn; I
can't leave the gooseberry sauce
just now!"

Well, Johnny, how are you getting
on? How do you like your new mas-
ter? "Faith, Miss J. Jumbo," "He's
a very excellent man; you can't do
too much for him." "An' sure, Miss,
I don't mane to."

An Irishman riding on a street car,
with a heavy bundle on his shoulder,
was asked why he did not set it down.
"The duffers," said Pat, "the horses
have enough already to draw and I'll
carry my bundle."

One reason why Wisconsin hired
girls get four dollars per week, is be-
cause they have to go down stairs at
midnight to investigate strange noises,
while the man of the house takes
up a position under the bed.

When a Tennessee husband
horsewhipped his wife for washing pe-
tate in his Sunday plug hat, it is
time to inquire whether this genera-
tion of man isn't getting to be too
sublimated high-toned, for the age
of the country!

When they tried to force Miss Gay
of Independence, Missouri, into a
marriage against her will, she kicked
the minister's hat off, knocked the
young man down, and rode off on a
milk-wagon to her father's farm.

"Boy," said a traveler to a dis-
belly-ached youth whom he encountered,
"don't you hear your father speaking
to you?" "Oh, yes, a s'!" replied the
youth. "But I don't mind what he
says. Mother don't either, and twist
she and I, we've about got the dog so
he don't!"

At High Falls, New York, the
other day, a young lady, while cross-
ing a