THE POST.

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

Terms of Subscription,

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

Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

☞Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper

The Post.

VOL. 13. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., MAY 13, 1875. NO. 5.

Advertising Rates.

One column one year,	$60.00
One-half column, one year,	30.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
Every additional insertion,	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,	5.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices,	2.50
Editorial notices per line,	15

All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

SAMUEL ALLEMAN. HORACE ALLEMAN.

S. ALLEMAN & SON.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Selinsgrove 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.

SAMUEL H. ORWIG,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE, 217 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

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

L. N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR 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.

WM. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.,
Offers his professional service to to public. Collections and all other Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

J. P. CRONMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Middleburg, Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan 3, '67tf

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

HARDING & FERRIS,
Patent & General Claim Agency,
Washington, D. C.
Mr. Harding is well known through this section of the country as a thoroughly reliable man, and business entrusted to him will secure prompt attention. June 12 '72.

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL.
(Successors to J. P. & J. M. Linn,)
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
Offer their professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67tf

F. J. R. ZELLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Centreville, Snyder County, Penna
All business entrusted to his care will be well and faithfully attended to. Will practice at the several courts of Snyder and adjoining counties. Can be consulted in the English or German language. dec. 5, '72tf

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office two doors north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '67

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

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

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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.

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

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Freeburg Pa.,
Offers his Professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
Jan 17, '67tf

A. C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove Pa.,
Offers his professional service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
[Jan. 17, '67tf

GEORGE A. BOTDORF,
Attooney-at-Law,
DALMATIA, Northumberland Co., Pa
Practices in the several courts of North'd & Snyder County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Can be consulted in the English & German languages.
Mar. 6 '73.tf.

DR J. F KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. 6-36tf

DR. A. M. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sept, 73

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity.
[March 31, '67

VINEGAR BITTERS

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts. San Francisco, Cal. Agents, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

LOOK HERE! READ This!

C. C. Seebold,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.

HAS OPENED A STORE OF

HOME MADE WOOLEN GOODS.

CASSIMERS,
SATINETS,
JEANS,
FLANNELS,
BLANKETS, STOCKING-YARN,
HATS For MEN & BOYS
CARPET CHAIN
ALL KINDS & COLORS,
CARPET FILLING

CARPETS WOVE AT SHORT NOTICE & DEDUCED PRICES.

He will in a short time canvass the county and pay cash or exchange goods for Wool.

All are invited to come and see my goods and be convinced that I sell them at greatly reduced prices.

All my goods is manufactured at the White Deer Mills, Union Co. Pa. Mar 13, '75.

Dr. R. L. Walcott 181 Chatham Square
New York

WOLCOTTS PAIN PAINT.

Stops pain instantly; subdues inflamation, heals old sores—cancers, and all ulceration. It will not stain, smart or burn the skin

WALCOTT'S
Catarrh Annihilator.

For Catarrh, cold in the head, weak nerves, Paralysis, satisfaction given or money returned.

Both Remedies Sold by my Traveling Agent, Wholesale and Retail.

One trial sufficient. Tested free of charge at the Snyder county Agency. Township rights will be granted on liberal terms, in Snyder and Northumberland counties, by the undersigned.

All orders will be promptly filled by addressing LEVI KAUWEL, Gen'l Agt
Mt. Pleasant Mills, Snyder Co. Pa.
[May 28, '74tf.

Poetry.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter,
John as fat as any ox,
And Susan as fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire;
And talked of different kinds of cars,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan, she the popper shook,
And John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces got as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
And he hawhawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped and still they ate,
(John's mouth was like a hopper);
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine and then struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping—
It struck eleven and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisky, which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of the half lighted room; the highly wrought expression of the country people's faces, never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob—the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back; these were all so real, that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me as I actually shook with fear.

A low, faint cough from the corner where the bed stood seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then, in a silence where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said, in a scarcely articulate tone:

"Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will."

"He's here, father," said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick, for I haven't a long time before me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the rites."

A general chorus of muttered "Oh! musha! musha!" was heard throughout the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man or the unflinching severity of the priest is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind."

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath to my son Peter—and never was there a better son or a decenter boy! Have you that down? I bequeath unto my son Peter the whole of my two farms of Killmundemoery and Knockshedoxa, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house, the forge and right of turf on the Doone bog. I give him—and much good may it do him!—Kanty Kaskarn's acre, and the Lanay field with the Knockila. And that reminds me that my mouth is dry.—Let me taste what you have in the jug," here the dying man took a hearty pull, and seemed considerable refreshed by it.

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" said he. "Oh, I remember at the limekiln. I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant, fine crops grow there."

"Ain't you getting wake, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to feel afraid of my father's loquaciousness, for, to say the truth the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk."

"No, indeed, father, but it's the taste that is leaving you," says Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the wide cabin.

"Well, I am nearly done now," says my father. "There's one little spot of ground remaining, and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart that I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neighbors listening? Is Bill Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, father, we are all listening," chorused the audience.

"Well, then, it's my last will and testament—give me over the jug"—and here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I am not as every other part of the will. I say then, I bequeath the little plot at the cross roads to poor Con Cregan—for he has a heavy charge and is as honest and hard working a man as ever I knew. Be a friend to him, Peter, dear. Never let him want while ye have it yourself. Think of me on my death bed, whenever he asks you for a trifle. Is it down Billy Scanlan?—the two acres at the cross to Con Gregan and his heirs forever. Ah! blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart grow lighter after that! A good work makes an easy conscience. And now I'll drink the people's good health and many happy returns——"

What he was going to add, there is no saying; but Peter who now, terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people into another room, to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogans in a corner. "Con," says he, "ye did it well. But sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross?"

"Of course it was Peter," says he. "Sure it was *all* a joke, for the matter of that. Won't I make all the neighbors laugh hearty to morrow when I tell them about the two acres at the cross?"

"What?" exclaimed Peter, in amazement. "Tell 'em all about it?"

"Faith, and why shouldn't I?" returned father, drily.

"You would'nt be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against your father's dying words?" says my father—"the last words he ever spoke?" And here he gave a low, wicked laugh that made me quake with fear.

"Very well, Con," says Peter, holding out his hand, "a bargain's a bargain. Ye're a deep fellow, that's all!"

Father only chuckled a little at this, but said nothing. And so it ended, and my father slipped quietly over the log, mighty well satisfied with the legacy he had left himself. And thus we became owners of the little spot known as "Con's Acre."

A QUADRUPLE TRAGEDY.

Terrible Work of a Crazy Lover.

A letter to the *Sun* from Cuba, New York, gives details of a terrible quadruple tragedy in that region.—For some months a young Irishman named James Lafferty, living in Rockville, Alleghany county, has tried to induce the daughter of a farmer, George Vannay, living a few miles from Rockville, to marry him He was formerly in the employ of the farmer. The young girl repeatedly repulsed him. On Wednesday afternoon the 21st ult., he went to Vannay's and entered the sitting-room, where the young woman was at work. He renewed his proposal of marriage and was again refused. He took a newspaper from his pocket and pointing to an article headed "Murdered for Love," told her to read it. She took the paper, and as she was looking at it, Lafferty drew a revolver and fired. The ball entered the girl's cheek and lodged in the opposite side of her head. She started screaming towards the kitchen, when her mother came running into the room. Rafferty shot the mother, the ball entering near the right temple and lodged behind the ear. Both mother and daughter fell, and Lafferty ran from the house. Mr Vannay, who was in the barn, reached the house just as Lafferty came out, with his pistol still in his hand. Vannay exclaimed, "What in the name of God is the matter?" and ran toward Lafferty. The latter fired at Vannay but missed him. He then placed the pistol to his own head and fired two shots, blowing the whole side of his head off and killing him almost instantly. Vannay found his wife and daughter lying on the floor in pools of blood. He supposed they were dead, but they both spoke to him. He prepared to start for a doctor.—As he was running to the barn to call the a horse Constable Gannon, of Rockville, came riding up, and hailing Vannay, asked if he had seen anything of Jim Lafferty, and went on to say that old Mrs. Lafferty, his grandmother, had been found murdered in her house at Rockville, a sum of money she had in the house was gone, and it was supposed she had been killed by her grandson, who had been lurking around her house on Saturday. Vannay related the tragedy that had occurred at his house, and the officer rode on to summon a physician and give the alarm. Dr. Young, of Cuba, attended and extracted the ball from Mrs. Vannay's wound, but could not reach the one which had penetrated the daughter's head. Both of the victims are in a critical condition, but the doctor thinks they may recover. Dr. Young is also the Coroner, and he took charge of the body of the murderer and had it interred in a field near the scene of the tragedy. Old Mrs. Lafferty was found on Tuesday. There had been no stir about the house since Saturday, and it was visited by some neighbors, who supposed the old lady was sick. The door was not locked, and Mrs Lafferty lay across the bed. Evidences of a struggle were visible in the room, and her clothes were badly torn. Her face was black and blue, and around her neck were dark blue marks, as though made by the fingers of the person with whom she had been struggling. An examination showed that death resulted from strangulation. The old lady had about one hundred dollars that she had laid by to pay her funeral expenses. The box in which she kept it was broken open and the money gone. There is no doubt in the neighborhood that she was murdered and robbed by her grandson.

THE GIANTS OF THE WORLD.—There were the great Scripture giants, Goliah and Og. The former was six cubits and a span high (1 Samuel, xvii., 4), variously estimated to be from nine feet six to twelve. Og is supposed to have been even taller, from the fact that his bedstead is mentioned in Deut. iii., 2, as being "nine cubits long." During the reign of Augustus Cæsar, we read of, two giants, Idusio and Secundilla, who were each ten feet high, and after their death their bodies were kept for a long time as a wonder. During the reign of Vitellius he sent Darius as a hostage to Rome with presents, and among these was a Jew by the name of Eleazar, who was ten feet two inches high. Gabara, the Arabian giant, was nine feet nine inches high. The Emperor Maximus was eight feet and six inches high. Jacobus Damium was eight feet. Walter Parsons, seven feet four. William Evens, seven feet six inches high.

—There is a monk in a monastery in the Levant who is described as being superbly handsome, and has never seen a woman. He is said to have some curiosity as to what such a creature is like, but the wonder is that some enterprising traveler of the softer sex has not heard of his handsomness, and visited the monastery in question to see and be seen.

Coal Oil Johnny—The Career of a Spendthrift.

A writer in the New York *Ledger* says: "In answer to correspondents in your paper, I see some one asks if there was any person who received a large amount from oil wells, and who squandered the money most reckle sly. I am glad to be able to inform you that a young man named Johnny Steele had left to him a fortune about 1868 or 1869, which was estimated to be worth two millions or over—it consisting of coal oil lands and cash. A great portion of the lands he leased on royalty; and, on one occasion, after having walked around to the different wells and collected their royalties, amounting to about fifty thousand dollars, which he carried in a carpet sack, he got tired of carrying the burden, and remarked to a friend who was with him, that he would not carry the thing for it, and then threw it away, telling his friend he could have it if he would get it. On one occasion, while in a hotel in Philadelphia, the proprietor and his lady were looking out Steele to market to the proprietor that he could lease or buy his house, and asked what he would lease him the house for twenty-four hours for. All were being named, Steele leased it, and allowed every one who came to the house for that twenty-four hours to go scot free. In fact he made it a free show out" for a crowd, and everybody. While in Pacific Quarters it was his custom to engage a hackman to take him around. On leaving his stopping place at night, Steele would engage the hackman for the next day, and if the hackman was not on hand at the time named, he would buy him a fine hack and horses and present them to him, telling him to "go it on his own hook" now. On one occasion, being caught in a rain storm and getting very muddy and lost about Point Breeze, and requested the first room to the house. The landlord examining the muddy apparel closely, remarked that his rooms were all full. Steele inquired what he would sell the house for. The price being named, Steele bought and paid for it, took the best room, stayed until next day, and then left, presenting the ex-landlord the house again.

"During one of his visits to Philadelphia he desired to engage a man to drive a carriage for him. When the applicant was engaged he took him to one of the sales stables and purchased the finest pair of horses they had, then went to a carriage warehouse and purchased the finest barouche obtainable. After using this elegant turn-out for about a week, he concluded to return to the oil country, and upon leaving presented this team to the driver. There are many more just such reckless transactions. He squandered his two millions in about two years, and went to driving a team hauling oil. He appeared in nowise disheartened by his loss of fortune, and was just as gay and happy while driving the oil team as when spending his money. A short time later he received from the sale of some of his land another fortune—not as large as the former, but still a fortune. This last one was squandered in about one year. He was always a happy don't-care, look-out-for-to-day only fellow."

BRIGHAM YOUNG PROPHESIES.—At Salt Lake City, on the 11th ult., at the closing exercises of the forty fifth annual Conference of the Mormon Church, Brigham Young said that an Indian prophet in the southern part of the Territory had received a revelation from God through Adam, Enoch and Noah, that the Indians were descendants of Joseph who was sold into Egypt; that the Indians must be baptized for a remission of sins, become friends with the Mormons and stop killing each other, and that the Mormons must resist the U. S. Government and kill all United States troops sent against them. Brigham closed by prophesying that woe and sorrow would fall upon the United States, that they would soon be dismited, and that God had come forth from his hiding place and would bring misery and degredation upon the United States for their sins.

TO YOUNG MEN.—I owe my success in life to one fact, namely: At the age of twenty-seven I commenced and continued for years the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the art of arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulse that stimulated me forward and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let no day pass without exercising your power of speech. There is no power like oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears. Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influences of the one perished with the author, that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*

☞Anybody can soil the reputation of any individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of.

Man and Wife.

Twenty Thousand a Year not Enough to Marry on.

Says a New York paper: New York is crowded with rich unmarried men, afraid of the expense of supporting those gnilded butterflies. There is a bachelor at the Sixth-avenue Hotel whose income is $20,000 a year, and still he says he can't afford to get married. He's a proud fellow, and says as a single man he can have the best horses, best room, and best box at the opera. "If I should get married," he said, "I should have to stint myself or overdraw my income." "How is that?" asked a friend. "Well, now, come into the parlor and I'll show you. You see ladies are extravagant nowadays. They dress so much more than in Europe. I mean, they don't wear rich diamonds like the women of Florence and Milan, but they wear such rich dresses, laces, shawls, and furs. Now I'm poor and I would not want my wife outdressed, so I have to keep out of the marriage business. Do you see that lady there?" he said pointing to a fashionable caller. "Yes." "Well, she has one $400 pannicred, wattaued, polonaised, bequin, grosgrain dress, and I want a $41 vest. She wears a $1,200 camel's hair shawl and a $70 set of sables, while I wear a $40 overcoat. She wears a $70 bonnet, while I wear an $8 hat. She wears $200 worth of point applique and point angile, while I wear a $15 tailor. Her ordinary morning jewelry, which is changed every year, not counting diamonds, cost $400; mine cost $4." "Well, she does she has on cost $2,225, and mine cost $215, and that is only one of her dozen outfits, while I only have—say three. The fact is," said Brace, and repeated the first room for to the house. The landlord examining the muddy apparel closely, remarked that his rooms were all full. Steele inquired what he would sell the house for. The price being named, Steele bought and paid for it, took the best room, stayed until next day, and then left, presenting the ex-landlord the house again.

"During one of his visits to Philadelphia he desired to engage a man to drive a carriage for him. When the applicant was engaged he took him to one of the sales stables and purchased the finest pair of horses they had, then went to a carriage warehouse and purchased the finest barouche obtainable. After using this elegant turn-out for about a week, he concluded to return to the oil country, and upon leaving presented this team to the driver. There are many more just such reckless transactions. He squandered his two millions in about two years, and went to driving a team hauling oil. He appeared in nowise disheartened by his loss of fortune, and was just as gay and happy while driving the oil team as when spending his money. A short time later he received from the sale of some of his land another fortune—not as large as the former, but still a fortune. This last one was squandered in about one year. He was always a happy don't-care, look-out-for-to-day only fellow."

BRIGHAM YOUNG PROPHESIES.—At Salt Lake City, on the 11th ult., at the closing exercises of the forty fifth annual Conference of the Mormon Church, Brigham Young said that an Indian prophet in the southern part of the Territory had received a revelation from God through Adam, Enoch and Noah, that the Indians were descendants of Joseph who was sold into Egypt; that the Indians must be baptized for a remission of sins, become friends with the Mormons and stop killing each other, and that the Mormons must resist the U. S. Government and kill all United States troops sent against them. Brigham closed by prophesying that woe and sorrow would fall upon the United States, that they would soon be dismited, and that God had come forth from his hiding place and would bring misery and degredation upon the United States for their sins.

TO YOUNG MEN.—I owe my success in life to one fact, namely: At the age of twenty-seven I commenced and continued for years the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the art of arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulse that stimulated me forward and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let no day pass without exercising your power of speech. There is no power like oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears. Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influences of the one perished with the author, that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*

☞Anybody can soil the reputation of any individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of.

Another American has distinguished himself Abroad. His name is Holtum, and he has lately been attracting attention at the Folies Bergeress, in Paris, by having a cannon ball fired at him, and catching the ball in his hands. This prodigious feat was witnessed nightly, and although the actors present avowed that there was no trick, Pierre Veron, of the *Mode Illustre*, would not believe it. He said that the cannon ball must be thrown to Holtum from the stage. The latter made a bet of 3,000 francs that he would perform the feat under conditions which left no room to doubt, and when the bet was taken Veron designated Mabille as the place for the trial. All the journalists of Paris were invited, and they found Holtum there before his cannon. It was examined with minute care, and the heavy ball was passed from hand to hand. "I am no longer in my own house," said Holtum, "you are master here, and you must watch over all the arrangements." Having carefully aimed and lashed his cannon, it was charged, and Holtum took his place against a plank target some ten yards away. This was to show that the ball was solid, and the force of the powder great enough to send it through the plank. Holtum got the aim of his gun, and then placed his head in a certain position against the plank, giving the command to fire. The ball just grazed the hair and broke through the plank, rolling some twenty yards further on. The same ball was picked up by the journalists, who again charged the cannon and sent home the ball, and this time Holtum caught the ball in his hands as neatly as he does nightly upon the stage. He won his bet, and no one seemed disposed to accept his offer of 3,000 francs to any one who would perform the same astonishing feat. The physical force required must be enormous, but Holtum showed his strength by tossing up cannon balls as if they were so many oranges. The only precautions taken are very simple; he wears very thick leather gloves, and covers his breast with many thicknesses of thin paper to form a sort of cuirass. This looks like a very dangerous feat, and particularly the first part of it, where Holtum places his head against the target half an inch below where the ball will probably strike. If the powder should chance to be defective, some day there might be an accident, snapping his head very neatly off.

—"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side.

"Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop.

"Oh, no! I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

—Boss Tweed might as well make up his mind to remain in prison the balance of his days. A new suit was brought against him last week for over $6,000,000, the form of an order of arrest gone through, and his bail set at $3,000,000.