The Post.

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THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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Saddler and Harness Maker
Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.

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TRADE MARK.
'VIBRATOR'
Reg. March 31, 1874.

THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE
"Vibrator" Threshers,
WITH IMPROVED
MOUNTED HORSE POWERS,
And Steam Thresher Engines,
Made only by
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-

GRAIN Raisers will not Submit to the

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses

NO Revolving Shafts Inside the Separ-

NOT only Vastly Superior for Wheat,

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts,

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, range

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegance

FOR Particulars, call on our Dealers

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction as follows

MAIN LINE—WESTWARD.

Pittsburgh Express	1 00 a. m.
Pacific Express	6 20 a. m.
Way Passenger	10 42 a. m.
Mail	4 00 p. m.
Fast Line	5 29 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express	12 30 a. m.
Pacific Express	10 00 a. m.
Johnstown Express	11 04 a. m.
Mail	3 40 p. m.
Atlantic Express	8 40 p. m.

The Fast Line, Way Passenger and Pacific Express west, and the Pacific and Atlantic Express east run daily.

Way trains leave stations in Mifflin county as follows:

	WESTWARD. a. m.	WESTWARD. p. m.	EASTWARD. a. m.	EASTWARD. p. m.
Granville	10 53	4 07	10 55	5 28
Anderson's	10 57	4 10	10 52	5 27
Longfellow	11 01	4 16	10 45	5 23
M'Veytown	11 14	4 27	10 31	5 09
Manayunk	11 26	4 37	10 25	5 02
Vineyard	11 30	4 43	10 19	4 56
N. Hamilton	11 40	4 52	10 10	4 47

The Pacific Express west can be flagged at McVeytown at 6 43 a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at 8 23 p. m.

GEORGE B. BENFER.
County Surveyor.
Kratzerville, Snyder County Penn'a.

Surveying and Conveyancing promptly and skillfully attended to. A share of the public's patronage solicited.
July 25th, '78, pd.

$50 $50 For a Case of CATARRH That Santord's Radical Cure for Catarrh will not instantly relieve and speedily cure. References, Henry Wells, Esq., Wells, Fargo & Co., Aurora, N. Y.; Wm. Bowen, Esq., McHatton, Grant & Bowen, St. Louis. Testimonials and treatise by mail. Price, with improved Inhaler, $1. Sold everywhere. WEEK & POTTER Proprietors Boston, Mass.

THE CINCINNATI
$1
WEEKLY STAR

Is the largest and best DOLLAR WEEKLY PAPER printed in the country.

It is the paper that meets the wants of the farm and the fireside more fully than any other, as will be seen by a careful examination of the following facts, and a comparison of the paper with any other of the city weeklies:

The STAR is handsomely printed on pure white paper from clear cut type, that makes it easily read, even by a poor light. *Its clear and open print is a joy to old or weak eyes.*

The STAR is free from political bias, and gives all the news with fairness and honesty, so as to enable its readers to form a correct judgment on whatever is passing; and it discusses questions without prejudice, but always in the interest of the producing classes.

It is in no sense sectional or contracted in its news or opinions, and can be read with the same real pleasure and interest from Texas to Maine, and from California to Delaware. Its stories are thrilling; its news late, comprehensive, and correct; its market reports unequaled; and all its departments are filled with the requirements of first-class journalism.

We give no chromos, horse-books, or almanacs with the STAR, believing that the greatest inducement we can offer is to make a FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER, putting the money which such things would cost to the better use of improving the paper, and leaving the chromo business in the hands of picture dealers, where it properly belongs.

We, however, fully appreciate the enterprise which does by such agents, and reward them liberally, as will be seen by reference to our "list of premiums" in our discriptive circular, which will be sent free of charge, to any one who may think he can do a good work for the STAR.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
THE STAR, Cincinnati, O.

Poetry.

THOUGHT.

One little day of pleasure,
Then comes the night of pain,
When every thing we treasure
Take up a sad refrain.

One little burst of gladness,
Then comes the pale and gloom;
And such array of sadness
As gather 'round a tomb.

One beautiful song of rapture
Which dies as soon as born;
But we shall soon recapture
All those some glorious morn.

Select Tale.

THE MUTINY.

A Fearful Passage Across the Atlantic.

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

In the month of June, 1840, I filled the birth of second mate on one of the few steamships then plying between Liverpool and New York. The art of steam navigation—as applied to the broad ocean at least—was still in its infancy.

In these days of clipper built steamers the passage is easily accomplished in from eight to nine days; but at that time to which I refer, the 'Neptune' was regarded as having performed a marvelous feat when, on her first trip, she rode gayly into the harbor of New York, just thirteen days after leaving her dock at Liverpool!

Three hours before the steamer sailed from the former port, on her return voyage, I had no idea of shipping in her. My engagement occurred, as I may say, accidently.

I had been discharged from my last ship and was idling along the wharves, when I overtook her commander, with whom I had a slight acquaintance.

While conversing, a boy approached and placed a note in the Captain's hand.

"Well,' exclaimed the latter, as he hastily perused the paper, "what can I do now? Here's my first mate taken suddenly ill with cholera. What am I to do? He is a trusty fellow, and I reckoned on him to aid me in keeping the crew in discipline, for they are a rough set. The true old salts won't trust these steamers yet so we have to take what we can get. I do not like my second mate, he seems deceitful to me.'

He stamped his foot impatiently, gazing perplexedly, on the steamer, the bustle upon whose decks betokened a speedy departure.

Suddenly he turned to me.

"Mr. Herne, you are the man! Come on board. I will put you in the second mate's birth, for of course he will have to act first.'

The offer, unexpected as it was, presented too great a temptation to be rejected; so, as I had no wife whose permission I must obtain, I hurried off to my lodgings, paid my bill, bundled my luggage together, and stepped on board the Neptune, half an hour before she sailed.

She was a fine, staunch craft, possessing but one fault that I could see, although to be sure that might prove to be a serious one, and so it did; but I will not anticipate.

Her owner had fitted her up at great expense, and all that was possible had been done for the comfort and convenience of the passengers. Large as was their expenditure it was not without its policy, for every inducement was necessary to lead travelers to trust themselves on 'the new fangled machines'.

If in this early period of their existence an ocean steamer secured twenty to thirty passengers for one trip, she was considered as remarkly fortunate, the average number being as yet but ten or twelve.

The fault to which I have referred was due solely to the Neptune's builders. A landsman would not have observed it, but to a seaman's experienced eye it was evident that the steamer was *too long* for her breadth of beam.

This in any sea-going vessel was no slight mistake, but as regarded a steamer it was especially blameable, as the full weight of her machinery necessarily rested amidship on the very spot that her faulty construction rendered the weakest.

Still I could not but acknowledge that the Neptune was a good, stout boat, and would in all human probabilty make many a prosperous trip across the 'herring pond.'

The crew consisted of twenty men inclusive of the captain, mates, and engineers, and a rougher set I have seldom seen.

My first few hours on board convinced me that Captain Clay had good reason to regret the absence of his trusty first mate, for he did not seem likely to receive much support in enforcing the proper discipline from the man who now filled that post.

John Briggs was one of the most villainous looking fellows it was every my lot to meet, and, although, as my superior officer, I was compelled to pay him outward respect, I never approached him when I could avoid it.

Nevertheless, in spite of my ill-concealed aversion, the mate as sedulously sought my company as I strived him, the very fact of his doing so increasing my growing dislike to him.

Giving my men orders to keep a strict look out, I wearily paced the quarter deck; my head ached, and there was a weight on my spirits, that I endeavored in vain to shake off.

Suddenly, much to my surprise, for I had supposed him to be asleep below—the voice of the mate startled me from my revery.

Disregarding my impatient gestures, he joined me in my walk, endeavoring to enter into a friendly conversation.

But in addition to my rooted dislike to my companion my headache rendered me irritable, and my replies were none of the longest.

So far from resenting my rudeness however, he bore it all with unruffled good nature. "What is the matter with you, Mr. Herne?" he asked at length. "You seem out of sorts!'

"My head aches badly,' I answered.

"There's no fun in that, that's a fact. I'll tell you what, you go below and turn in for an hour. I will take charge of the deck for you. Maybe you will feel better for a little rest.'

Unexpected as was the offer, I did not feel thankful for it! Somehow, it came natural for me to contradict him on all possible occasions, apart from my duties on board.

A moment before I had been wishing that I was free to turn in; *now* I declined the proffer of relief!

"But I insist upon it!' he exclaimed, and he did insist upon it so strongly that my curiosity was aroused as to what his motives could be, for desiring my absence, as he so evidently did.

I determined to remain where I was. The mate grew angry at last.

"Mr. Herne go below, sir!' he exclaimed. "Go below and turn in! You wish to make yourself sick, I suppose, and shirk duty to-morrow but you can't come that dodge over me! I order you to go below!'

To have disregarded so positive a command, would have, laid me open to the charge of insubordination, so I obeyed—apparently.

In reality I paused on the ladder, my head being just below the level of the combings round the hatchway.

The mate's inexplicable conduct had now excited a feeling deeper than curiosity—suspicion within me, and urged by an irresistible impulse, I resolved to see what he would do, now that he had, as he supposed, secured my absence.

The night was intensely dark, and unless he should approach, so as to look down the hatchway, I was secure from detection.

There was a short silence, and then a long, low whistle sounded from the direction in which I had left the mate.

An instant more, and he was joined by one of the watch.

Then I heard his voice, in close proximity to my concealment, else, so low and cautious were his words, I must have lost there sense. "Now, Robbins, that I've managed to get rid of that mar-plot—let's have our talk. We must be quick about it too, for I half believe the fellow suspects *something*,' though he can't make out exactly what. He may pop on deck again at any minute.'

"I thought you were so sure of gaining him over,' growled another voice.

"I hoped to, at first, but he's not of our sort, Robbins. I have not dared to hint on our designs to him; on the contrary, I've soft soaped him; but he don't take very kindly to the bait. He hates me, curse him.'

"Let him walk the plank with the others, then.'

"That's just what I mean to do and what's more, we must give him to the fishes this very night! The crew are all ready, you say?'

"Ay! That they are; as hungry for the gold as you could wish. But I thought you said to-morrow night was the time to rise'

"So I did; but I tell you that fellow suspects something: I *know* he does, and he will keep watch on me. There's no time like the present, in such cases. *He* will be on deck again in half an hour, and I'll pretend to see a vessel bearing down on us, and so get him forward to the bows; once there we can easily give him a shove overboard; and then we can rush down on the captain and passengers. We shall have no trouble in getting rid of them.

"What!' exclaimed the other, 'kill them in their sleep?'

"What would you have, man? Shall we wake them, put weapons in their hands, and ask them to fight us? I tell you I know how these things must be done. Hark ye, Robbins, in an hour we shall be masters of the ship, and each of us be worth ten thousand dollars in solid gold! Just think of that!'

"But you are sure the money is on board?'

"Sure! Didn't I superintend getting the cargo on board? Didn't I see the chests shipped right from the bank? Of course I'm sure. Do you take me for a fool? Look here, Robbins, go back to the the watch, tell them what I say, and let them get their weapons from below, and rouse up their mates. *Have* them all on deck, but hidden, until we send below for them. Stamp to find the false [illegible] to rush below with [illegible] alive, I want some fun with the cowering wretches. Did you ever see a man walk the plank? No? Well, I'll show you some rare sport, then. Now be off to your post. And—hark ye, Robbins, do you see this bowie knife?'

"Of course I do,' was the reply, spoken, it seemed to me, rather faintly.

"Of course you do! Well, then, tell the men that it it ready to drink the life blood of the first man who shows the white feather. They have gone too far to shirk now, and let them remember the gold.'

The conversation terminated, and as the speakers moved away, I also left my perilous station on the ladder.

To describe my feelings, as I listened to this diabolical plot, were impossible; my blood ran cold with horror, my powers of thought were paralyzed.

I was conscious of one idea only, that I must wake the captain, and acquaint him with the imminent danger that threatened us.

To make my way to his stateroom was the work of an instant.

"Captain, captain,' I gasped, shaking him by the shoulder. "Wake up, for God's sake, wake up!'

He sat up in his berth, rubbing his eyes and staring vacantly.

"Captain, captain, rouse up!' I reiterated, stamping my foot in my excitement. "There is a mutiny on board—a plot to murder us all!'

He was fully awakened by such startling intelligence, and in a few hasty words I explained all that I had learned of Mr. Briggs' perfidy.

Captain Clay listened in silence; he expressed no surprise. time was too precious to be wasted in idle words, but the dark frown on his face and the sternly knit brows proved that he was fully alive to the awful responsibility devolving upon him.

A single false step might sacrifice the lives of the passengers entrusted to his care; no wonder then that his cheeks grew pale.

But he was not the man to shrink when danger started him in the face. In a few moments his decision was made.

'Mr Herne, I believe you always carry a revolver."

"Yes, sir, here it is." tapping my breast, "a four barrel."

"That is well! I have one also, and two cutlasses. Do you take one—yet stay not yet! Look to your pistol, is it all right?"

"Ay! ay, sir!"

"Mr. Herne, I am going to impose a dangerous task on you Those villains do not expect you on deck for half an hour, you say; suppose you return at once, before they have time to complete their arrangements? It may have the effect of postponing them for to night."

"So it may, sir," I exclaimed, rising. "I'll go at once."

"In the meantime I will rouse the passengers; fortunately they are all men—and give them the alarm; at the least call from you we will be ready to rush on deck to your support."

"Ay! ay! sir."

The mate was standing near the after hatchway as I approached; he turned sharply at the sound of my footsteps, exclaiming:

"Why, Mr. Herne, I hoped you were asleep by this time! your head has got better very suddenly. But I'm glad it has, for you are the very man I want. The lookout declares he sees a light off yonder, but I can't see it. I was just going forward to look from the bows—but your eyes are younger than mine. Let us go and see."

He walked hastily away, expecting me to follow, but knowing all that I did, it may well be believed that I had no intention of doing so.

He stopped and hailed me to come on.

"It is not necessary," I answered in as indifferent a manner as I could answer—"I can see the light from here!"

"You're dreaming, Herne," he cried "Come along."

"Thank you, but moving about makes my head worse, and I can see the light just as well from here, right off the starboard bow it is"

Listening intently I heard a smothered curse.

"Come forward, sir, I order you!" he shouted.

I made no reply; all my faculties were absorbed in endeavoring to discover among the men, who, I had every reason to believe, were by this time collected on the forecastle.

But it was in vain that I sought to pierce the deep gloom around me, while the sighing of the wind amidst the rigging rendered it impossible to detect any slight sounds that might be made.

"By——," shouted the mate, losing all caution in the rage that possessed him, as I thus tacitly defied him, "by——, the villain smells a rat! Knock him on the head, boys! Down with him! Give his carcass to the sharks!"

As though by magic, eight forms rose close at hand, and as they rushed onward, led by Briggs, I raised my revolver and fired.

The foremost man uttered a cry of pain, and staggered to the rear.

Again I fired, stamping on the deck as a signal to those below to [illegible] simultaneously with out, almost from beneath my feet, and as the mutineers fell back in great confusion at this unexpected attack, the captain and six of eight passengers sprang on deck, the remaining two have as yet had no time to dress or prepare their weapons.

"Down with them my hearties," cried the mate, recovering from his momentary confusion. "Down with them! Strive bravely, and then for the gold!"

Two of the passengers, like the captain and myself, were armed with revolvers, and we kept up a brisk fire on the mutineers, while the rest wielded handspikes with good effect.

We fought desperately, knowing that should we fail our lives should be the forfeit; but the odds against us were so heavy that I know not what the issue might have been, had not their leader been put hors de combat by a blow from a handspike.

This loss added to those they had already sustained, seemed to daunt our assailants, and catching up the senseless form of the mate, they retreated to the forecastle.

Although during the melee five of the mutineers had been seriously wounded, the damage to our own party was but trifling, a fact easily accounted for by the circumstance of our possessing firearms, while not a shot was fired by our opponents.

Hence, strange as it appeared to us that such should be the case, we naturally concluded that they were destitute of these important weapons.

Our conclusion was a mistaken one, however, the real fact being that in the hurry and confusion consequent upon the mate's sudden and unexpected attack upon me, the mutineers had neglected to provide themselves with the firearms they had concealed below so carefully that they could not be obtained at a moment's notice.

Alas! had we but known the truth!

'If we can only prevent them from coming to close quarters,' said the captain, as we held an anxious consultation on the quarter deck, "where their numbers might overpower us, we can probably keep them at bay until we meet another vessel."

We heartily concuded in this opinion, but how was it to be done?

Barricade the deck!

"Yes that might be done, and we lost no time in setting about it.

The cover of night (for, as I have already intimated, it was intensely dark) would conceal our movements from the mutineers; but it was necessary to be speedy, for dawn was not far distant.

The engineers were still at their post in the engineers room below, where they were suffered to remain unmolested the crew knowing well upon their knowledge depended upon the safety of the steamer.

"Now, my lads," said the captain, "to work with you. These quarter boats will make a safe barricade. Mr. Herne, as you are the only seaman left us, spring into the starboard cutter, and throw us the lanyard."

Very soon the boat was swung in board, and landed safely on the deck.

"That will do finely, my boys," exclaimed Captain Clay, as we noted how completely it defended the starboard-quarter-deck. "No need to stuff it, they've no bullets to send through the planks. Now for the other cutter."

"By the time the latter touched the deck, the first faint rays of day began to reveal the objects about us; still, as our preparations were now too nearly completed to be thwarted by our enemies, we made no attempt to conceal our movements, being fully satisfied that we had nothing to fear so long as they were kept at a distance; alas! for our terrible mistake.

As we slewed the cutter round to her proper position, a flash and report startled us, while instantaneously our gallant captain leaped high in the air, and then fell headlong on the deck.

The bullet had penetrated as brave and true a heart as ever beat in human bosom. As we lifted him tenderly, a loud laugh arose from forward, while a sharp fire was opened on us.

The command had now devolved upon me—and my first order was to bring up the matrasses from below, and stuff them into the boats.

But speedly as our work was accomplished, the fatal bullet traveled yet more speedily, and another of our little band met his cruel fate

He was at my side when he fell, and as I raised his hand upon my knee, the blood gushed forth from his mouth the bullet had passed through his lungs and life was fast ebbing away.

Poor fellow! he was fully conscious that his knell had sounded! He was the youngest of our party, as fine a specimen of youthful joyous manhood as one would wish to see.

Only the day before, he had told me of his dear home in England, and how his dear widowed mother, and one other dear even than she awaited his return to them, with hearts full of joy.

And this was the end of all!

"Man proposes, God disposes,"—never before had this great fact been so forcibly impressed upon me, as on those palid features, upon which death had already placed his signet.

"Mr. Herne," he gasped, "tell them at home.—tell mother, Mary,—I—loved them,—Their address is—in—my stateroom. But—my hair—mother,—Mary!—"

A strong shudder passed over his frame; it was the soul, struggling to free itself from the last links of the chain that bound it to its prison house.

Day had now dawned upon us, but the sky was draped in heavy clouds, a fit canopy, I thought, for that dark, sad scene.

Reverently we placed a sail over the two bodies, and then, turned our gaze forward, we saw, to our surprise, that the mutineers had unconsciously followed our example

A barricade, composed of hammocks and empty casks, had been thrown across the forecastle, interstices being left here and there between them, for a purpose which I easily divined, even had not my first glance revealed the protruding barrel of a musket, behind which appeared the villainous countenance of the mate, evidently on the watch for the first one of our party, who should rashly expose himself.

An instant's reflection, decided my course. There before me, was the ringleader,—the instigator of the mutiny, which had already cost two valuable lives,—even now the villain was eagerly watching for a opportunity to add another to the sad list, and while he lived, I felt that to hope for mercy, or compromise with the mutineers, would be vain.

I had always been accounted a good shot, and with teeth tightly clenched, I raised my revolver, taking deliberate aim at the glaring eyes that flashed from behind the row of hammocks and casks.

Bang! how the sharp report broke the stillness of the early morn!

I did not need to fire again; the mate bounded to his feet, and fell headlong upon the barricade before him, where his body remained, swinging at each movement of the vessel.

Several of the more venturesome of our party now urged upon me the advisability of storming the mutineers' stronghold, confused as they must be by the loss of their leader; but I speedily showed them that such an attempt would be madness.

We resolved to act simply on the defensive, and to await the course of events.

Our patience was not severely tasted.

So engressed had we all been in the scenes enacting around us, that we had not observed the threatening aspect of the heavens.

The wind now began to rise, and in two hours time the full force of the gale was on us,

Hitherto, so calm had been the sea, that it had been merely necessary to lash the helm, but now I cast loose, calling on three of the passengers to aid me, and our whole united strength was barely sufficient to keep the "Neptune" on her proper course, or to prevent her from broaching to, and wallowing in the trough of the sea.

And now the fault in the steamer's construction become evident.

She pitched terribly into the billows, instead of mounting them; being too short to extend over two waves, too long to ride easily on one!

The result was to bring all the strain amidships, where she was least able to bear it.

The waters rose higher and higher, and as they occasionally swept over the deck, I directed the passengers to lash the cutters in their places, and to secure themselves also, by means of the ropes

Scarcely had this precaution been adopted, when an enormous green sea came rushing on behind us, with terrific force, foaming, roaring, tumbling, fearful object to look at!

"Hold on, hold on for your lives!" I shouted.

And then, with a shock that made the steamer reel and quiver, the mighty wave came abroad.

I was swept from my grasp on the wheel, and borne on its resistless course.

The next thing I was conscious of, I found myself lying in the waist of the vessel, which, fortunately for me, was some four feet deeper than the quarter-deck. I rose to my feet, staggering against the bulkhead that had saved me.

Looking about me, as I recovered from the shock, I found that four of the passengers were all who remained to share my escape from a watery grave.

That terible wave had swept the deck of all else, animate and inanimate, barricades, boats, mutineers!

As though satisfied with the havoc it had made, the fury of the storm now seemed spent, and in a few hours more, the sea became comparitively smooth.

But now a new danger threatened us!

The engineers rushed on deck with the startling intelligence that the steamer had sprung a heavy leak, amidships, the engineroom being already flooded!

There was no time to be lost, our boats having all been swept away, we hastily collected from below—[illegible] and spars. Arming contrived to push over the side It had not far to fall, for the steamer was rapidly settling.

At this moment I bethought me that we were destitute of food, so I rushed below, and half swam, half waded to the steward's pantry, and grasped all I could lay my hands on.

A groaning, gurgling noise warned me to hasten my return on deck, and in a moment more we pushed off from the sinking vessel, and none too soon, for scarcely had we attained a safe distance, when the huge mass plunged downward to her grave.

My story is almost told. For five days we moved slowly over the sea, whither we knew not; but a kind Providence directed our course, and at the expiration of that period, just as our scanty provisions failed, we were picked up by a vessel bound for Plymouth.

Facts About the Human Body.

The skin contains more than two million openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat glands.

The human skeleton consists of more than two hundred distinct bones.

An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes the heart once every minute.

The full capacity of the lungs is about three hundred and twenty cubic inches.

About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration.

The stomach daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about five pints.

There are more than five hundred separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood vessels.

The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats one hundred thousand times in twenty-four hours.

Each perspiratory duct is one-fourth of an inch in length, which will make the aggregate length of the whole about nine miles.

The average man takes five and one-half pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually.

A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and three thousand cubic feet or about three hundred and seventy-five hogsheads of air per hour.

Death.

Who dies? Death is after all! The sweet sympathy of friends is to the bowed and broken spirit as a healing to wounds; the hopes and consolations of religion inspire fortitude; yet death hath its own darkness!

The tears, the pell, the knell, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony are thine.

Who dies? Not alone the person who has departed. If deaths means change, then life is so much changed to the mourners who are left behind that they may be said to have died in part; for that which constitutes a great part, of this life has been taken away. No more is life to us the same. It is completely changed. Both in our joy and in our sorroy it is unlike what it was before. The day has lost half its brightness, when we feel that the eyes which have looked with our own so many years yill not open to its beauty, and when, in a great grief, we feel that the heart which has shared in our previous sorrows beats no more; we start bewildered, as if waking from a dream, and feel that we are strangers and pilgrims on earth. Our home seems no longer to us the home that it was before. Not alone they who die; but those who are left behind have in part tested death.

An Irishman who had just landed, went to see his sister, who was married to a Yankee. The couple lived very happily in Chicago, and when Pat came, the gentleman took him over his place to show it to him. Pat, at the evidence of his prosperity, said to his brother-in-law:

"Begarra, you are very happy here with this fine property to look on; my sister had good luck entirely, so she had, in getting you for a husband."

"Ah, yes," responded the married man we would be very happy but for one thing!"

"And whats that?" asked Pat.

"Ah, Pat" returned the gentleman "I am sorry to say that we have no children."

"No children!" exclaimed Pat; "then begarra, its not my sister Maggies fault for she had two before she left Ireland and that is the rayson my father sent her to Amerika.

A few years ago, in Commanche county, Texas, a number of domestic chickens deserted by their owner took to the bush, and the woods are full of wild chickens. They are numbered by the thousand, fly like hawks and are hunted as game.

To Keep Brooms.—Every housekeeper may not know that if brooms are well dipped in a pail of suds, after the washing in finished, they will keep as good as new, until they are