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Poetry.

Time Run On.

We see the blossoms brightly glow,
We listen to the brooklet's flow,
We hear the gay bird's merry call,
We note the blue sky over all,
Lo! while we say, "The world is sweet,"
The white frost chills our waiting feet.

The babe, now cradled in our arms,
Whom mother wakes to childhood's charms;
Aon, a captive maiden stands,
A willing captive in Love's bands;
Ye long, a world-wide train await
Their entrance through Death's sombre gate.

From flower to fruit is but a day;
From youth to age a swift, brief way;
Yet if we garner fast and well,
The ripening harvest, who can tell?
For time runs on; "The world is sweet,"
Is rich with some God-given power.

All up and down the world we see
Life's royal gifts are scattered free;
The patient hand has but to bind
The bounteous shaves each year to find
Earth's green and gold will e'er be true;
Though time runs on, the World is sweet.

We may yet find the autumn way
Not just the glory of the May,
An silver head and waning sight
May feel "Life's summer was so bright;"
And yet a chastened beauty glows
Where full, rich life has grown their close.

The world is sweet, yet time runs on;
And when our souls, our flowers are gone,
Lo! others will the sickle wield
O'er the same bright harvest-field;
And others wash the many year,
The reapers bringing home their sheaves.

Select Tale.

A NIGHT WITH A MANIAC.

BY A YOUNG SURGEON.

The maniac was a giant. He had broken his heavy chains as Sanson broke the withes—had torn open the door of the cell—had kept or literally in pieces—burst open the door—killed the watchman with a heavy iron bar he wrenched from the door—and escaped with his formidable weapon into the city. The whole place was agitated at the news, and we students at the hospital and dissecting-rooms, who were connected with the asylum, had to nerve ourselves to capture the escaped wild beast.

I had gone to the dissecting room alone, and was about to commence using the knife on a subject. There was a storm rising, and, with a low sob, the wind swelled through the long ile of forest trees, and dashed with the gathered force of an ocean wave against the dead-house. Simultaneously a hand struck the light door, and the yell of a maniac rang through and through my brain. Above the door, through the small ventilator, the face of the mad-man and the murderer peeped down at me.

"Ah, ha! I have caught you at last—here—and alone. I have been waiting for you. You took me once didn't you? Ha, ha! Let me in." The coolness of imminent peril brought my powers to action. I held his eye an instant; but it was evident he was too wild for that; his blood was up, and it roared with eager ferocity through the room and over the frail walls. With the light bound of a leopard I gained the door and shot the double bolt. A gleam of rage darted from his eye; but he laughed. "Ha, ha! You think that will keep me out!"

He leaped to the ground. In an instant the light was out. "Wait!" I cried. "I have a weapon in my hand keener as a razor. It has been poisoned by the dead body I have been working on. In that door, and I'll plunge it into your heart. If it but touch you, you are a dead man. You may kill me, but I'll kill you as certain as there is a God."

The swartly giant shook the door until his hinges cracked and groaned beneath his hand. Then, laughing again low to himself, he muttered, "Fool, I'll outwit you yet," and stole off in the darkness.

I heard him, for an instant, pressing against the wall of the building, and it swayed and beat inward with the weight. Then silence. The din of my pulses made thunder in my ears as I tried to hear his stealthy tread, and the sobbing wind rose anew with a weird shriek, making my efforts fruitless.

A thousand times I heard his low, devilish, murderous laugh. A thousand times I felt his brassy strength against the door, and saw his wild face look down at me through the gloom; but still he did not come. I tried to think he had abandoned the design and slunk off discouraged; but I knew it was not so—I knew he was crouching in some corner, on the watch to spring on me when I passed.

Could I stay there all night? No, certainly not. An hour or more, and Harry Leigh (my young wife's brother) would come to seek me—unconscious of the danger, until a bloodhound at his throat would choke the brave young life down there forever.

I listened, in the intervals of the howling storm, to hear if he was breathing near me. I waited for the next bell. In some-time I heard the white frost chills our waiting feet.

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night; a black pall hung over the earth and sky. I had as good a chance to pass him in the obscurity as he to catch me.

With my knife in my teeth, and the massive thigh-bone of a negro to fell him with, if I must, I drew off my shoes and stepped out into the darkness. A sudden whirl of the tempest took me off my feet, and a brick, dislodged from one of the chimneys, grazed my head on its passage, and broke in half on the pavement.

With bated breath, and a step like the tread of a panther scenting his prey, I parted the thick darkness and turned my face toward the hospital. He might be either here—at any step along the passage—or hid in the angle of the wall at the door through which I must enter. This seemed most probable; but there was another door known only to the doctors.

I thought I would elude him. With infinite caution I began to scale the high wall, dreading horribly lest some sudden break in the sky might reveal me to the wild eyes that watched for me—but no. Safely passing the summit, I threw my foot over the descent, and felt my leg seized. It was but the climbing tendril of a wild vine skirting the wall. Grasping my knife in my right hand, I crept along the bushes for fifty yards, then struck across the lawn for the side entrance. The darkness perplexed me, but I thought I was steering straight. Suddenly my feet struck bricks. What was this? I tried to recollect. There was no pavement round that part of the hospital.

I pushed on uncertainly; and, feeling a weight in the air, put out my hand to grope for some clue to my whereabouts. I was in an alley, flanked with stone walls far above my head. I gave a sudden turn. In an instant I knew I was in the subterranean passage of the asylum. Turning to retract my steps, the oblique density of some heavy body crouched between me and the outer air. I heard its stifled breath—its stealthy tread approaching. Just beneath! A struggle for life with a maniac in these narrow, gloomy vaults—to lie in a pool of one's own heart's blood in this undiscovered tomb, and my young wife Constance's wailing!

For an instant my brain was on fire. Then I thought there might be an exit—other devious windings in which I could elude my deadly pursuer. Going deftly backward, I turned the angle in the wall, and then plunged at the utmost speed of a young and active man along the back passage. Instantly I knew I was pursued. Meeting another cross-path, I struck into it in the opposite direction. The maniac instantly followed me. What a race through those cavernous depths of the mad-house! What tragic pitfalls might lurk at every step! When black and stagnant pool he waiting to engulf me! What deeper depths of icy blackness into which to fall—and fall forever!

The passage grew narrower. We were, perhaps, under the very centre of the building, and farthest from the outer air. I tried to breathe noiselessly; the effort exhausted me. I knew nothing of the labyrinth; could only guess at our position by the distance from the entrance. I had counted the turnings we had made. I thought I could retrace them. My strength was failing. I was feeble, but he was most enduring.

Presently he would run me down. It would be a terrible venture, but the necessity was eminent. I would try it. Gathering all my force I darted like an arrow into the darkness. The suddenness or my increased speed baffled him. I succeeded in putting fifty yards between us, gained and turned the next angle; then, drawing myself against the wall, with every nerve and muscle strained into preternatural tension, with the mighty heaving of my spent chest crushed into silence by an effort of despairing will, I waited for him to pass me. I heard him come rushing on with new strength through the blackness, reach an angle, turn it, striking his massive body against the jutting stones. I heard him spring like an animal on along the track. I felt his hot breath like steam—the foam of his set jaws flung across my face—he stopped. I felt that he was feeling for me—that he was crouching on the stones. I saw the red of his eyeballs glare up at me through the darkness. I felt the touch of his icy flesh on my hand. Like lightning he raised himself, and throwing his vast weight against me, pinioned me to the stones. Aild the mad rage of a man at bay surged upon my brain. I clasped my knife convulsively, and sinned him by the throat, resolved to die hard. It was but a moment's struggle. The hands against my chest had a thick coat of fur. I clasped him to my breast it was "Lion"—my dog, "Lion!"

"Great Heaven, Lion! what kept you the whole night in that cursed dead-house? It is near day; the door has been open this two hours, and Derby and King have been here. I was getting on my boots to look for you."

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and clawed at the door till I thought you were in some danger, and I could not keep him in."

"Danger! Well, we can't talk now. Rouse yourself; I have had an interview with your maniac, and he is prowling round the place after me now. Call up the men, I must go after Philip immediately."

"You don't say so?"
"Yes; don't waste a second."
In five minutes the whole force of the hospital was out in the grounds. We took him in an angle of the great door, crouched behind the jutting wall, waiting for me. He drew his lips back over his teeth in the dumb ferocity of a mad brute, as he saw me, and his eyes settled into a dull lurid glare, impossible to describe, as he bellowed out, "Ha! this is twice you triumph; wait till the third time!"

Around the blazing grate, in the closing hour of the tempest-tossed night, we shook hands over the gladness of our reunion and after the story was over, and the horror first, and the laughter after (at the close of my adventure) and Derby and King had left, and Harry Leigh and I stood at the window watching the young winter day rise over the hills, there was something very like tears over the bold, bright blue eyes as he pointed to the granite walls of the madhouse, and said, "Constance would have gone there, Keene, or died, and mine would have been a heavy, heavy life affair."

Evil Companion.

Society is the atmosphere of souls, and we necessarily imbibe something which is either infectious or salutary. The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting into solitude. The society, or the company you keep, is to the indication of your character, and the former of it is company, there requires more guard than usual, because the mind is then passive. Either virtuous company will please you, or it will not; if it does not please you, the end of your going will be defeated. You will feel your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off, and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble you will hear condemned and spat at. The Bible will supply materials for unmeaning jests or impious buffoonery; and the consequence of this will be a practical deviation from the path; the principles will become dimpled at the fences of conscience broken down; and, when disobedience has corrupted the character, a total inversion will take place, as the apostle speaks, that glory in their shame.

Mutton's Baby.

The Boston Gazette relates a laughable anecdote of Amblard, the Frenchman, in whose house the Duke of Orleans was boarding while in Boston. Amblard was a tailor. Having made a pair of pantaloons for Dr. Lamb, but forgetting the name of his customer, he went into the market, and taking hold of a leg of mutton, inquired of the butcher, "What you call dis?"
"That is mutton."
"Ha, mutton, is it. Well, vat you call mutton's baby?"
"Lamb."
"Ouf! said the Frenchman, "Dis is him. Monsieur Lamb is de vera man vat for I make de pantaloons."

Just as a traveller was writing his name on the register of a Leave-out work hotel, a bad bug appeared and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked:
"I've been bit by St. Joe flies, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott graybacks; but I'll be shot if I ever was in a place before where bed-bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"

Conundrums

The following conundrums are the harmless ebullitions of a gibbering brain:

What have you to expect at a hotel? Inattention.
What is the key note to good breeding? B natural.
When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.
Why should one never sleep in the cars? The train runs over the sleepers.

What sort of a day would be good for running for a cup? A muggy day.

Which is the better off, tea or coffee? Coffee. It settles it all, but tea has to draw.

Are there any birds that can sing the "Elys of Ancient Rome"? Yes; Macaulays.

Why are there no eyes in San Domingo? They banished the whites and cast off their yoke.

Why is the letter G like death? It makes ghosts of boys, and it always in the midst of abjecter.

Why are birds manically in the morning? Because that little bills are all over dew!

"S'ill Right S'rs."

The Worcester Spy says: A man passing up Pleasant street late one evening, saw some one leaning against the door of the Baptist church, and on looking more closely observed that he was in the act of taking a drink from a bottle. On seeing the man approach, and probably thinking him to be a patrolman, the fellow reeled and taking hold of the door, handle said:

"S'ill right, s'r, beard here s'r, s'ill allus tak'r drink fore I go to bed."

The man called his attention to the fact that the building on which he leaned for support was Baptist church, and suggested that he had best go home before the bottle had him in the gutter, whereupon tipsy curled his bottle and said discouragingly:

"This'ller third time? been mistaken, so' of I had many more Baptist meetin' bottles that look like my boardin' place, bottle won't hold out. Glad you ain't p'leeased, s'r."

A good anecdote is told of a house painter's son, who used the brush dexterously, but had acquired the habit of putting it in his thick One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish dabbling, and all to no purpose, gave him a squallid, "There, you young rascal," he said, after performing his daily duty, how do you like that? You'll get it, son!"

A Baltimore lady, who had been exceedingly annoyed by boys who rang her door-bell and then ran away, finally set a trap for them by which a pair of water was to be applied upon the next person that rang the bell. In a few minutes the door-bell rang, and the lady, who was sitting in the parlor, saw the boys running away.

Saw Through the Meat.

MADAME C., dressmaker, has a great deal of trouble with her sewing girls. The other day one of them came to her to say:

"Madam, I fear that I will not be able to work much longer. I think I am getting blind."

"Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work."

"Yes; but I can no longer see the great door on my plate at dinner."

Madame C.—understood, and the next day the young ladies were served with very large but thin pieces of meat.

"What happiness," exclaimed our Miss, "My sight has come back. I can now see better than ever."

"How is that, Madamoiselle?"

"Why, at this moment I can see the plate through the meat."

Two Dutch farmers at Kinkirkhook, whose farms were adjacent, were out in their respective fields, when one heard an unusual loud hallooing in the direction of a gap in a high stone wall and ran with all speed to the place, and the following brief conversation ensued:

"Shon, vat ish the matter?"

"Vall, den," says Shon, "I was trying to climb on to top of dish high stone wall, and I fell off, and all to stone wall tumbled down onto me, and has broken one of mine legs off and both of mine arms, smashed mine rip in, and does pig stones are on de top of mine body."

"Ish dat all?" says the other; "you holler so loud I tot you got the toothache."

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A Physician, who is something of a wag, called on a colored Baptist minister and propounded a few puzzling questions. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the same miracle that the apostles did? They were protected against poisons and all kinds of perils; how is it that you are not protected in the same way?" The colored brother responded promptly: "Don't know about that, Doctor. I expect I is I have taken a mighty sight of strong medicine from you, Doctor, and I is alive yet."

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A Clergyman was preparing his discourse on Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written and to erase what he was disposed to disapprove, when he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but five summers. "Father does God tell you what to preach?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Then what makes you scratch it out?"

You need not fear for the manhood of a good boy. If the little fellow looks into your eye and speaks the honest truth, if he is respectful to those who deserve respect, brave when he should be brave, yet with no shame of being gentle, thank heaven and do all you can to keep him so; but have no fear. As vice strengthens so do virtues. The good boy is more than likely to be a better man.

A Baltimore lady, who had been exceedingly annoyed by boys who rang her door-bell and then ran away, finally set a trap for them by which a pair of water was to be applied upon the next person that rang the bell. In a few minutes the door-bell rang, and the lady, who was sitting in the parlor, saw the boys running away.

"What are you about, my dear?" said his mother to a little boy, who was idling about the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying to come to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it. He says that if he finds out that I have done so, he will be obliged to tell papa."

A Scotch minister told his neighbor that he preached three hours and a half the Sunday previous.

"Why minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbor. "Yes," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose, but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

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A recent visitor to a Texas jail asking a negro what brought him there was told, "Two ob da State peries." And when he asked further or if drunkenness had anything to do with it, the negro replied, promptly, "Yes, sah; dey was bof drunk."

America has her peculiarity in this respect, too. It is not what she has a rich past, but what she has a rich present.

That Checker Board.

Up to three evenings ago such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit, and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind and render the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought, Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the woods and saying:

"Well, Maria, we'll have a game or two before we go to the social I expect to beat you all to flinders, but you won't care."

"Of course not, and if I beat you, why you won't care," she replied.

They sat down, and he claimed the first move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face she yielded, and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chucking as she took him in.

"I don't see anything to grin at," he sneered, as he moved a man backwards.

"Here you can't move that way," she called out.

"I can't eh? Perhaps I never played checkers before you were born!"

She saw a chance to jump two more men and give in the point, but as she moved he cried out:

"Put them men right back there! I've concluded not to move backwards, even if Hoyle does not permit it!"

She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red and she cried out:

"I didn't mean to move there, I was thinking of the social!"

"Can't help the social, Maria—we must go by Hoyle."

In about two minutes she jumped two men and went into the king row shouting:

"Crown him! crown him! I've got a king!"

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before!" he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you!"

"You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart!"

"And some folks ain't!" she snapped, as her king captured another man.

"What is thonder, you jumping that way for?"

"A king can jump any way?"

"No, he can't!"

"Yes, he can!"

"Don't talk back to me, Maria Grattan, I was playing checkers when you were in your cradle!"

"I don't care! I can jump two men whenever you move!"

He looked down on the board, saw that such was the case, and roared out:

"You've moved twice to my once!"

"I haven't!"

"I'll take my oath you have! I can't play against any such black leg practice!"

Who's a black leg? You not only cheated, but tried to lie out of it!

Board and checkers fell on the floor. He could get up life hat quicker than she could find her bouquet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house fast. A Woodward avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was clearing up for the night, and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall sleep on the hay to-night and see if it won't cure this cold in my head."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fond du Lac lady prevailed on her husband to leave his loaded revolver on the bed room table, as he was going away to stay all night, and she might be frightened by burglars, and need it for her defense. On his return in the morning she informed him that it would not have been a bit of use to her as she had had a match in the house to fire it.

A Big Boy in Love.

My Dear Will: I do not fall in love with all big boys at first sight. When I met you in that beautiful mountain village of Bethel, last summer, it was not your tall, healthy animal life, your love of bird's eggs and swimming, nor any other half a dozen qualities that I noticed, which first attracted me. Shall I tell you what it was? It was your bearing to your mother. It was not exactly what people call politeness; that expressed only the surface. There was a genuine affectionate desire to see her happy, and a perfect readiness to sacrifice your pleasure to her peace of mind. I do not think that you were more thoughtful than most boys of your age. I have no doubt you gave your mother no little anxiety by thoughtless imprudences. But I never saw you refuse to yield to any project instantly when you discovered that her happiness was affected by it. And embraced as I was of the ever-changing mountains, how sleeping in here and now breathing thunderstorms, I saw nothing in all my summer trip, neither on Mount Washington nor at Dixville Notch, that was not as noble and beautiful as your hearty devotion to your mother.

You remember our trip across Lake Umbagog. How we chartered a whole steamboat for ten dollars? How we sailed out from the mosquitoes and black flies, and away from that charming little hotel at Errol Dam into the lake, and how we boys, old and young, made the hills ring with our shouts, searing the bosoms out of their one-bagged compromise up into the tree-tops, where they looked down upon us curiously? You wanted to ride in the small boat. So did I, for that matter, but the laziness of an old boy and some remnants of dignity prevented me. I remember after you had taken your place in the boat, and I was enjoying the bounding speed while, we were so much greater in a little boat than in a larger one, I told you that I saw your mother's anxiety. And you, without a moment's hesitation and without regret, climbed back again to the steamboat. You felt sure that you would be a gentleman, and more. For a man is even more than a gentleman. You know what I mean by man. You have got more than enough Latin to understand the difference between a mere *Amor* and a genuine *amor*.

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. It does not mean merely a dutiful affection. It means a love which makes a boy gallant and courageous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so serious as a woman's life with honor as the devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the woman and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the long loved autumn as he did in the Jarbol spring-time.

I do not write this to flatter you, but I write it to suggest to other boys that there is nothing in the world so beautifully elevating as the love of a big boy for his mother.

Useless Advice to Young Men.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as shea goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But what a heart she has when you find her! so large and pure womanly. When you see it you wonder if those shawty things outside were women. If you gain her love your two thousand are millions. Shall not ask you for a carriage or first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificence to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor truer friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how happiness depends on money. She will make you love home (if you dot it you are a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman and you can throw away that eager, but sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

A recent visitor to a Texas jail asking a negro what brought him there was told, "Two ob da State peries." And when he asked further or if drunkenness had anything to do with it, the negro replied, promptly, "Yes, sah; dey was bof drunk."

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