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 more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00  
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 Special notices per line, 15  
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 10 cents a line.  
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 riod than one year are payable at the  
 time they are ordered, and if not paid  
 when ordering them will be held re-  
 sponsible for the money.

**Poetry.**

**Widder Green's Last Words.**

"I'm going to die," says the Widder  
 Green,  
 "I'm going to quit this airthly scene;  
 I'm no place for me to stay  
 In such a world as 'tis to-day;  
 Such works and ways is too much for  
 me,  
 Nobody can't let nobody be,  
 The girls is flounced from top to toe,  
 'Tis that's the whole o' what they  
 know.  
 The men is mad on bonds and stocks—  
 'searin' and shootin' and pickin'  
 locks,  
 In real afraid I'll be hanged myself  
 I ain't laid on the final shelf,  
 I've aint a cretur but knows to-day  
 never was any in any way;  
 But since the crazy folks all go free,  
 I'm dreadd afraid they'll hang up  
 me.  
 There's another matter that's pecky  
 hard—  
 I can't go into a neighbor's yard  
 to say 'How be you' or borry a pin  
 But what the papers have in it,  
 We're pleased to say the Widder  
 Green  
 Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs.  
 Keene;  
 Dr. Our worthy friend, Mrs. Green,  
 has gone  
 down to Burkhamsted to see her son  
 'bout Jerusalem; can't I stir  
 Without a raisin some feller's fur?  
 There ain't no privacy—so to say—  
 No more than if this was the judgment  
 day;  
 And as for meetin'—I want to swear  
 Whenever I put my head in there—  
 Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spilled and  
 done,  
 Like everything else under the sun,  
 It used to be so solemn and slow—  
 'Praise to the Lord from men below';  
 Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,  
 High diddle diddle, there and here;  
 No respect to the Lord above.  
 No more'n 'e was head and glove  
 With all the creturs he ever made,  
 And all the figs that ever were played,  
 'Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb,  
 But I tell you what! I'd like it no  
 'g good old Pason Nathan Strong  
 Out o' his grave would come along  
 An' give us a stirrin' taste of fire—  
 Judgment and justice is my desire.  
 'Tain't all love an' sickish sweet  
 That makes this world and t'other  
 complete,  
 But law! I'm old. I'd better be dead,  
 When the world's a-turnin' over my  
 head;  
 Spirits talkin' like tarwad fools,  
 Bibles kicked out o' deestrick schools,  
 Crazy creturs a-mulderin' round—  
 'Honest folks better be on her ground,  
 So fare ye well! this airthly scene  
 Won't no more be pestered by Wid-  
 der Green."

**Select Tale.**

**Which Was the Fast?**

A blustering, uncomforable day  
 in early November, with a black  
 promise of snow in the air, an  
 sky that was clouding over. The  
 bare branches of the trees  
 and withered savagely; occasionally  
 little showers of dry, dead leaves,  
 that were not yet sodden and decay-  
 ed, flurried up and down; and the  
 roar of the fire in the chimney con-  
 tained the outside picture of a dull  
 autumn afternoon.  
 In Miss Miner's sitting-room,  
 however, everything was as cozy and  
 delightful as could be desired. With  
 the warm crimson lambrequins, with  
 their heavy cords and tassels, and  
 the carpet to match in tint, and the  
 furniture of light gray damask, padded  
 with crimson, and the gray and  
 gold wall paper, and the pretty  
 gold knacks here and there that  
 furnished the room in such admir-  
 able taste. And Hettie Miner, sit-  
 ting before the open grate-stove fire,  
 her black silk skirt turned carefully  
 back over her lap, and her substan-  
 tially-made bobbed boots testing  
 comfortably on the fender.  
 An elderly woman—40 odd—with  
 a sharp-shrewd face and bright lit-  
 tle eyes, and a rosolute look around  
 her mouth. A homely, outspoken  
 woman, who was proud to say she  
 had never been in love, who lived in  
 luxury, although on a small scale,  
 and who had \$75,000 in Govern-  
 ment bonds to leave her relations  
 when she died; and in all the world  
 she had but two relatives, Mrs. Caris-  
 ford, her married sister, and Mr.  
 Parker Dollyngby, her half-brother,  
 who besides being inordinately  
 jealous that old Simon Carmon had  
 left her his fortune, just because  
 she had happened to befriend him  
 in her poor, ante-nuptial days, was  
 very much given to toadying her  
 and spending her with presents, and  
 making her invitations on her; all of  
 which Miss Miner accepted in a mat-

**The Post.**

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**THE POST.**  
 Published every Thursday Evening  
**JEREMIAH CROUSE, Proprietor**  
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ter-of-fact way, and in return did  
 exactly as she pleased.  
 This especial afternoon, as she  
 sat meditatively before the fire, she  
 suddenly broke the stillness, with an  
 energy of speech that made the  
 young girl reading in the bay-win-  
 dow, nearly concealed by the cur-  
 tains, look startled up from her  
 book:  
 "Elicce, you're a fool!"  
 Evidently, Elicce Dunning had  
 not lived five years as companion  
 and personal attendant to Miss  
 Miner in vain, for she manifested no  
 surprise at the rough speech, beyond  
 the brief little startled look in her  
 soft wincey-brown eyes.  
 She closed her book and came out  
 into the room, a little flush on her  
 face.  
 "Do you think so, Miss Miner?"  
 "Most certainly I think so, or I  
 should not have said so. You are a  
 fool, Elicce Dunning, and I hate to  
 see you throw yourself away so fool-  
 ishly. Do show your common sense,  
 if you've got any, and let that young  
 jackernapes of a doctor go. You are  
 better off without him, I'll give  
 you a new sealskin saque this win-  
 ter if you'll give him up."  
 "I couldn't give him up, Miss  
 Miner; I love him too well."  
 Miss Miner looked sarcastically at  
 Elicce's sweet flushed face, and gave  
 a sniff of contempt.  
 "What nonsense! You love him  
 too well. Love indeed! It's all ab-  
 surdity. I never was in love in all  
 my life."  
 Elicce dropped her head in a pret-  
 ty, little confused way.  
 "I—can't help that, Miss Miner,  
 I love Frank, and he loves me. We'd  
 be perfectly miserable if we were  
 parted. Please don't tell me I  
 must give him up. Indeed, it is im-  
 possible. We are engaged to be  
 married just as soon as he comes  
 back from his visit home."  
 Miss Miner dropped her feet from  
 the polished silver bar to the tiled  
 hearth with a resonant bang as she  
 jumped up, indignantly.  
 "Engaged to be married to Dr.  
 Olevin! Did I ever! Well, Elicce  
 Dunning—very well. You may  
 pack my hand-valise at once. I am  
 going to New York on a visit by the  
 6:10 train, and I'll be home on  
 Thursday. When I come back,  
 don't let me find you here, you un-  
 grateful little wretch—youn."  
 Elicce's lips quivered, and her  
 eyes filled with diamond bright  
 tears.  
 "Miss Miner. You don't mean  
 to—turn me away."  
 "That is just what I mean. I  
 have told you time and again, I  
 didn't approve of men-beaux and  
 love-making, and I won't have it  
 where I am. You can take your  
 choice—me or Dr. Olevin, I'll give  
 you just five minutes."  
 "I don't want five minutes; for  
 a choice Miss Miner," she said proud-  
 ly. You have been very good to me,  
 and I cannot forget your kindness;  
 and I think I have done my duty to  
 you. But nothing—no one—could  
 come between me and Dr. Olevin."  
 "All right, then. Don't let me see  
 you here when I come back—that's  
 all."  
 And then Elicce went up to Miss  
 Miner's room and packed the red  
 Russia satchel, dropping a few tears  
 as she folded the garments Miss  
 Miner would require.  
 "I'll go to Mrs. Carisford Carl,"  
 Miss Miner decided, as she sat in  
 the city-bound express, in the early  
 dusk of the November evening.  
 "Cameo thinks all the world of me.  
 Her daughter would not act. The  
 idea of preferring actually prefer-  
 ring—a penniless young doctor,  
 with a mustache—a nasty black  
 mustache—to him. After all I've  
 done for her, too."  
 And then Miss Miner leaned back  
 very contentedly in her seat, satis-  
 fied that she had done her whole  
 duty by herself, and Elicce Dunning,  
 too.  
 It was just 8:30 o'clock when the  
 hired hack deposited her at the door  
 of Mrs. Carisford Carl's red brick  
 house—a comfortable, cozy place  
 with a name on the door in full.  
 A servant showed her in, and asked  
 her name; Miss Miner wanted to  
 surprise her sister, and sent word  
 that a friend wished to see her while  
 she was here in the parlor,  
 where a little girl sat curled up in  
 a cushioned chair, reading.  
 "You want to see my mamma, I  
 suppose?"  
 "Yes," said Miss Miner, with an

affable smile. "You are Hettie, I  
 suppose?"  
 The child gave a heavy sigh,  
 "Yes, I'm Hettie. Oh, don't I  
 hate that name?"  
 "Why, I think it's a first rate  
 name. You are a namesake of  
 somebody, I guess?"  
 "Yes, I am, Old Hettie Miner, my  
 aunt, who lives out in the country.  
 I never have seen her and I don't  
 want to either, 'cause mamma says  
 she's the meanest old thing in all  
 creation—a regular old Miss Naucy,  
 papa says."  
 Miss Miner smiled—a little queer-  
 ly.  
 "Oh! that's what they say, is it?  
 Well, Hettie, I am your Aunt Min-  
 er."  
 The child opened her eyes wider.  
 "Are you? Then, won't mamma be  
 mad! We expect company after  
 awhile, and mamma won't want you  
 at all. We'd be dreadfully ashamed  
 of you before the Algerdoes. You're  
 going to leave us your money, ain't  
 you? Papa and mamma said they  
 were most tired of waiting—you had  
 as many lives as a cat. We are go-  
 ing to Europe when you die!"  
 "Are you?" said Miss Miner, with  
 an insane desire to shake the pert,  
 self. I wouldn't depend upon it if I  
 were you?"  
 And before Mrs. Carl came down-  
 stairs, Miss Miner was out on the  
 street, on her way to her half-broth-  
 er's house.  
 "A pretty nest of vipers those  
 Carls are. Thank heaven, I've found  
 them out in time! Going to Europe  
 on my money! Why, ungrateful! As  
 that spunky little Elicce is she isn't  
 half as treacherous as my own flesh  
 and blood. Humph!"  
 And her complacency was not yet  
 restored when she left the street-  
 car on the nearest corner to Mr.  
 Parker Dollyngby's bachelor quarters  
 that were a light in a perfect blaze  
 of bright cheer.  
 "It looks like a party," she  
 thought,  
 But all the same she did not hesi-  
 tate to go up the imposing stone  
 steps and ring the bell, to which no  
 response coming, she tried the door  
 knob, and admitted herself into a  
 large, brilliantly lighted hall at the  
 end of which was a room, from  
 which came the sounds of revelry  
 and jollification that had prevented  
 her ring being heard.  
 Miss Miner went into the first  
 door that stood ajar, and through  
 another partly-closed door she saw  
 the gay bachelor party—some ten or  
 fifteen—merry over their wine.  
 "So that's the way Parker Doll-  
 ingsby does, is it?" she asked her-  
 self grimly, just as, the same instant  
 that gentlemen rose high, and for a  
 second silenced all others.  
 "Here's to the health of my most  
 respected ancient marineress—a  
 veritable old maid, all forlorn, whose  
 legacy is a long time coming, but  
 sure to get here some time. A cool  
 \$50,000 or so, boys; and imagine  
 the swell we'll out when the vener-  
 able Hehitable kicks the bucket.  
 Drink to her, fellows!"  
 "Somehow" Miss Miner took her-  
 self silently out of the place. She  
 was silent all the way to the hotel;  
 and then, once in the room, locked  
 the door, and sat down and—actu-  
 ally cried, and then went to bed,  
 wondering if it was ever granted to  
 mortals to come nearer to being  
 made a fool of than she had been,  
 and at two o'clock in the morning  
 awoken with a strange, sick feeling  
 that was awful to endure in that  
 big, lonely hotel, where she didn't  
 know a living soul.  
 But she rang for assistance, and  
 the servant brought her a physician,  
 who happened to be staying over  
 night, and Miss Miner's life was  
 saved from the terrible attack of  
 gastralgia by Dr. Frank Olevin,  
 "I'll pay you when I get home,  
 she said, torsely. "You can go  
 with me, if you don't mind my  
 green val and bag."  
 And so, after reaching home,  
 where Elicce Dunning in readiness  
 to leave by a train an hour later,  
 opened the door in answer to an im-  
 perious summons, Miss Miner stalk-  
 ed in followed by Dr. Olevin.  
 "You needn't be frightened,  
 Elicce," she said, in a wonderfully  
 soft tone of voice. "I've changed  
 my mind, I'm the fool, not you.  
 Here's your best; you can have  
 him and welcome. And when you're  
 married, I'm going to settle my  
 fortune on you and let you live here,

if you'll give me a room somewhere.  
 I've changed my mind. I tell you,  
 Elicce Dunning. Take off your things  
 and go get a cup of coffee for me."  
 And that was the way little brown-  
 eyed Elicce came into her double  
 inheritance of love and fortune.  
**The Dutch Captain's Device.**  
 "Sail on the starboard bow!"  
 "What is he?" asked Captain  
 Martin Pieterszoon, looking anx-  
 iously in that direction; for in the  
 Eastern seas, two hundred years ago  
 every stranger sail, was a terror to  
 the captain of a well-laden Dutch  
 merchantman. "Can't quite make  
 her out yet," answered the lookout  
 at the masthead. "Looks like a  
 brigantine—very rakish cut, alto-  
 gether." The captain's face dark-  
 ened and his lips tightened. They  
 tightened still more a few minutes  
 later, when the lookout hailed again,  
 "She's an armed brigantine, bearing  
 right down upon us."  
 Every face among the crew seem-  
 ed to harden suddenly, but no one  
 spoke. Indeed, what need was  
 there of words? All on board un-  
 derstood in a moment what was be-  
 fore them. They were about to be  
 attacked by pirates; and there was  
 not a single cannon, not even an old  
 musket, aboard the vessel.  
 It was a terrible moment for them  
 all, more terrible for the poor cap-  
 tain. For years he had been toiling  
 and saving, bearing every kind of  
 hardship and facing every kind of  
 danger until he had made money  
 enough to become part owner of the  
 ship that he commanded. He had  
 made three successful trips in a  
 snug little house on the great canal  
 at Amsterdam, with rosy-cheeked  
 Gredel Voort, his old neighbor's on-  
 ly daughter, for his wife. And now,  
 all in a moment he found himself  
 face to face with hideous peril, which  
 threatened him the loss of all he had  
 in the world, and his life to boot.  
 The crew stood looking moodily  
 at the approaching vessel, which  
 came sweeping over the bright blue  
 sea, with its huge sails outspread  
 like the wings of a swan, a perfect  
 picture of beauty, though it brought  
 death along with it. Some of the  
 bolder spirits were beginning to  
 mutter to each other that it would  
 be better to set fire to their own  
 ship and die like men than to be  
 flung into the sea like dogs, when  
 the captain's gloomy face suddenly  
 lighted up as nobly had ever seen  
 it lighted up yet, and he burst into  
 such a loud, hearty laugh that the  
 doomed men stood amazed to hear  
 him—"Cheer up, lads," he cried,  
 still laughing. "All's not over with  
 us yet. Come knock the head out  
 of that cask of butter, and smear  
 the deck with it. Sharp now!"  
 The men only stared blankly at  
 him, thinking he had gone mad; and  
 even the stolid maid opened his  
 mouth in amazement. "Do you  
 hear?" shouted the captain. "Look  
 sharp, will you? There is no time  
 to lose. Grease the whole deck,  
 fore and aft, and the rigging, too,  
 as high as you can reach. We'll  
 give the rascals a slippery job of it,  
 anyhow."  
 Then the sailors began to under-  
 stand; and the shout of laughter  
 that broke forth would have migh-  
 tily astonished the pirates, had they  
 been within hearing. In a twink-  
 ling, the deck was greased until it  
 fairly shone, bulwarks and all.  
 "Now, boys," cried the captain, "on  
 with your sea boots, and put sand  
 on the soles to keep you from slipping,  
 and then each of you take a hand-  
 spike and be ready."  
 The pirate was now so near that  
 they could see plainly the rabble of  
 gaudy negroes, Malay, woolly-headed  
 Portuguese that crowded her decks,  
 a few minutes more, and she ran  
 alongside; and almost before the  
 two vessels had touched, three wild  
 figures leaped from the pirate's rig-  
 ging upon the merchantman's  
 deck. But it was a very unlucky  
 jump for all three. The first man  
 spun across the slippery deck as if  
 it had been a skating rink, and went  
 right out on the other side. The  
 second tumbled head foremost down  
 the hatchway into the cook's galley,  
 where the black cook considerably  
 piled a heap of iron pans on him to  
 keep him quiet. "Aha, Massa Pi-  
 rats," said he, grinning. "dis ship  
 do 'Flying Dutchman,' him do Slid-  
 ding Dutchman!"  
 The third pirate had leaped on

board as fiercely as if he meant to  
 kill the whole crew at one blow;  
 but the only man he hurt was him-  
 self, for he hit his head such a whack  
 against the mast that he almost  
 knocked his brains out, and fell  
 down roaring with pain. All this  
 so frightened the other pirates that  
 they thought the ship must be be-  
 witched, and rushing back to their  
 vessel with a howl of dismay, made  
 off as fast as possible. For many  
 years after, one of the familiar sights  
 of Amsterdam was a portly old gen-  
 tleman with a jolly red face, at sight  
 of which the boys used to begin  
 singing.  
**The Independent Locksmith.**  
 Pat Lyon, the great locksmith of  
 his day, was often sent for by presi-  
 dents of banks and other great peo-  
 ple, and he rather liked the idea of  
 keeping the great people waiting.  
 So one morning Pat said he would  
 come as soon as he had done his  
 breakfast, which happened to be a  
 good deal later than usual this par-  
 ticular morning.  
 Pretty soon came a second mes-  
 senger for Pat from the bank presi-  
 dent, and so Pat started off with  
 messenger No. 2. When he reached  
 the bank he found the president and  
 cashier and clerks all in a fret and a  
 fume. They couldn't open the safe  
 to get the money out for the busi-  
 ness of the day; something or other  
 was the matter with the lock. They  
 were in a deal of a stew, and hailed  
 Pat on his arrival with delight, for  
 now they could open the lock.  
 Pat was bald-headed, and had a  
 habit of rubbing his hands on his  
 pate, thus really rubbing his hair  
 away. He wore spectacles as a gen-  
 eral thing, but when he was parti-  
 cularly desirous of looking at any-  
 thing, or was particularly excited,  
 he took his spectacles off his eyes  
 and fixed them over his forehead.  
 He now rubbed his hands over  
 his head a minute, put his spectacles  
 over his forehead, looked at the lock  
 a half minute, or two, and the lock  
 was fixed all right and the safe was  
 ready to open.  
 The president was delighted. So  
 was the cashier. They shook hands  
 with Pat, who received their saluta-  
 tions with a good deal of style.  
 "And now Mr. Lyon," asked the  
 president, "what is your charge?"  
 Pat put up his spectacles a little  
 higher, just a little, and said:  
 "One hundred dollars."  
 "What! One hundred dollars for  
 less than three minutes' work, Mr.  
 Lyon? Why this is outrageous,"  
 said the president.  
 "It is extortion," said the cashier.  
 "All right," said Pat Lyon, rub-  
 bing his hand over his head, and  
 then putting his spectacles a little  
 higher over his forehead—just a  
 little. "You won't give me my  
 money—I won't give you my work.  
 And I'll leave things as I found  
 them." Here he took hold of the  
 lock, and circling with it, got i-  
 out of gear, as it was first, and as  
 left the safe in precisely the same  
 unopenable condition as he found it.  
 Then he started to go home.  
 But the president and the cashier,  
 appreciating the situation, seeing  
 what fix they were in, begged Pat  
 to let up on them, and fix the lock  
 so they could open the safe.  
 Pat complied with their request,  
 but still kept his hand on the safe  
 door. It was all ready to open, but  
 wasn't yet opened.  
 "Now, be reasonable in your  
 charges; do, Mr. Lyon," said the  
 bank president.  
 "Two hundred dollars," said Pat  
 rubbing his head and raising his  
 spectacles once more.  
 "Why, this is downright robbery,"  
 cried the president.  
 "Might as well break into the safe  
 as open it at that rate," remarked  
 the cashier.  
 "All right," said Pat, circling  
 with the lock rapidly, before any-  
 body could prevent him, and then  
 banging the safe door to, leaving it  
 for the third time hermetically seal-  
 ed.  
 By this time the president had  
 his mad up. He ordered Pat out of  
 the office, and sent for a rival black-  
 smith. He came quick enough, and  
 worked and fussed long enough and

hard enough, but he didn't fix the  
 lock and he couldn't open the safe.  
 And it got to be nearly ten o'clock,  
 and no money available yet.  
 In despair a third messenger was  
 dispatched after Pat Lyon, who  
 came back with a lot of extra digni-  
 ty.  
 "Open that safe at your own  
 terms, Mr. Patrick Lyon," said the  
 president.  
 Pat rubbed his head, put his  
 spectacles way up on his forehead,  
 and opened the safe.  
 "Now your terms" said the presi-  
 dent.  
 "Three hundred dollars," said  
 Pat.  
 The cashier protested, but the  
 president paid the money. "Why,  
 he will ask for \$400 next time," re-  
 marked the president to the cashier.  
 "Excuse me," said Pat, with dig-  
 nity, "but my terms next time will be  
 five hundred."  
 "You see," said the president to  
 the cashier, as he gave him the  
 check.  
 And Pat rubbed his head and  
 took his check without a word. He  
 was master of the situation and he  
 knew it.  
**Thoughts From Emerson.**  
 Scepticism is slow suicide.  
 Cant is useful to provoke common  
 sense.  
 Write it on your heart that every  
 day is the best day in the year.  
 The essence of friendship is en-  
 tireness, a total magnanimity and  
 trust.  
 The less a man thinks or knows  
 about his victims the better we like  
 him.  
 Truth is too simple for us; we do  
 not like those who unmask our illu-  
 sions.  
 Souls are not saved in bundles.  
 The Spirit asks of every man, how  
 is it with thee?  
 Life is not so short but that there  
 is always time for courtesy. Self-  
 command is the main elegance.  
 If there is any great and good  
 thing in store for you, it will not  
 come at the first or second call.  
 Life is hardly respectable if it has  
 no generous task, no duties or af-  
 fections that constitute a necessity  
 of existing. Every man's task is his  
 life-preserver.  
 The best part of human character  
 is the tenderness and delicacy of  
 feeling in little matters, the desire  
 to soothe and please others—min-  
 utiae of the social virtues.  
 No congress, nor mob, nor gullion-  
 line, nor fire, nor all together can  
 avail to cut out, burn or destroy the  
 offense of superiority in persons.  
 The superiority in him is inferiority  
 in me.  
 Self trust is the essence of hero-  
 ism. It is the state of the soul at  
 war, and its ultimate objects are the  
 last defiance of falsehood and wrong  
 and the power to bare all that can  
 be inflicted by evil agents. It  
 speaks the truth, and it is just, gen-  
 erous, hospitable, temperate, scorn-  
 ful of petty calculations and scorn-  
 ful of being scorned. It persists;  
 it is of an undaunted boldness and  
 of a fortitude not to be wearied out.  
 Most men gamble with fortune  
 and gain all or lose all, as her wheel  
 rolls. But do thou leave us unlaw-  
 ful these winnings, and deal with  
 cause and effect, the chancellors of  
 God. In the will, work and ac-  
 quire, and thou hast chained the  
 wheel of chance, and shalt always  
 drag her after thee. A political vic-  
 tory, a rise of rents, the recovery of  
 your sick, or the return of your ab-  
 sent friend, or some other quite ex-  
 ternal event, raises your spirits, and  
 you think good days are preparing  
 for you. Do not believe it. It can  
 never be so. Nothing can bring  
 you peace but the triumph of prin-  
 ciples.  
 And got the girl: A healthy  
 moonlight evening is good for build-  
 ing houses. No money is required  
 only talk. Two young lovers dis-  
 cuss the future—after they are mar-  
 ried. They sit down, with their  
 arms entwined around each other,  
 and they say they will build as soon  
 as they are married and the season  
 has advanced a little. They will  
 have a two-story house with an attic.  
 They will have a three-story house,  
 perhaps. It shall have this or that  
 number of rooms. This convenience  
 or that convenience will make it  
 much more desirable than any other  
 house. Hundreds of little points are  
 discussed. The season advances.  
 The season passes. No house is built.  
 The other fellow builds the house.

A clean shave—Two per cent a  
 month.  
 Gilheoly bought a cigar the other  
 day and as he lit it the tobacconist  
 said, with pride: "That's a fine im-  
 ported cigar." "Is it?" responded  
 Gilheoly. "It has always been a  
 mystery to me why Galveston does  
 not raise her own cabbage."  
 ... Charles Buckwalter had a  
 hard battle with a young buck near  
 Ebensburg, on Tuesday last, and  
 succeeded in killing the beast only  
 after a severe struggle. He cut its  
 throat with a large knife with which  
 he was topping corn.  
 ... Samuel Fox, living near  
 Pricetown, Berks county, died in his  
 carriage on Friday while attending  
 a funeral.  
 ... J. Martin Robinson, of Erio,  
 was killed by the accidental dis-  
 charge of his gun while out hunting  
 on Thursday.  
 A cave has been discovered in In-  
 diana which is said to be nearly as  
 large as Mammoth cave, Kentucky,  
 and to possess much more striking  
 attractions. The cave is in Crawford  
 county, and as there is fine fishing  
 and hunting in the neighborhood,  
 the place will be converted into a  
 summer resort.

**Cuticura**  
*Scrupulous, Itching and Scaly Dis-  
 orders of the Skin, Scalp and  
 Blood Cured.*  
**MIRACULOUS CURE.**  
 I will now state that I made a miracu-  
 lous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease  
 known. The patient is a man forty years old;  
 he had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, hair and  
 nearly his whole body presented a frightful ap-  
 pearance. Had the attention of twelve different  
 physicians, who prescribed all the most re-  
 medies known to the profession, such as iodine,  
 potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, reser-  
 pin, etc. Had paid \$400 for medical treat-  
 ment with but little relief. I prevailed upon  
 him to use the CUTICURA. He used internally,  
 and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP  
 externally. He did so, and was completely  
 cured. The skin on his head, face, and many  
 other parts of his body, which presented a most  
 loathsome appearance, is now as soft and  
 smooth as an infant's, with no trace of the  
 disease left behind. He has now been cured  
 twelve months.  
 Reported by  
 F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.  
**SCROFULA SORE.**  
 Rev. Dr. — In detailing his experience with  
 the CUTICURA. He writes that through  
 divine Providence one of his parishioners was  
 cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly  
 draining away his life. He used the CUTICURA  
 SOAP internally, and CUTICURA and CUTI-  
 CURA SOAP externally. The person that had  
 had the disease was completely driven out.  
**ECZEMA.**  
 Sixteen months since an eruption broke out  
 on my face and both feet, which, I was told,  
 to be Eczema, and caused me great pain and an-  
 noyance. I tried various remedies, with no  
 good result, until I used the CUTICURA. I  
 used it internally, and CUTICURA and CUTI-  
 CURA SOAP externally. My skin is now as smooth and natural  
 as ever.  
 L. E. M. FRILEY, of South St., Balti-  
 more.  
**CUTICURA.**  
 The Cuticura Treatment for the cure of Skin,  
 Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the in-  
 ternal use of CUTICURA. RESERPIN, the New  
 Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTI-  
 CURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin  
 Cure.  
 Price of CUTICURA, small boxes 50c; large  
 boxes \$1. CUTICURA. RESERPIN, 50c per bottle.  
 CUTICURA SOAP, 50c per box. CUTICURA  
 SOAP, 10c per box. Sold by all druggists.  
 Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

**CATARRH**  
**Sanford's Radical Cure,**  
 Complete Treatment  
 For \$1.00.  
 SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, CATARRH,  
 SOLENT AND IMPROVED INHALER, wrapped  
 in one package, with full directions, and  
 sold by all druggists for one dollar. Ask  
 for Sanford's Radical Cure.  
 From a simple cold or influenza in the thro-  
 at, lungs and chest, and a few days of  
 small, taste and hearing, this great remedy  
 in advance. Poisonous mucus accumu-  
 lations are removed, the inflamed mem-  
 branes, disinfected, and all taste and hear-  
 ing restored, and constitutional weakness  
 cured. Thus, instead of a few days' work,  
 it does the great economical remedy work,  
 instantly relieving and permanently curing  
 the most aggravated cases of  
 Catarrh.  
 General Agent, WEEKS & POTTER,  
 Boston, Mass.  
**PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR.**  
 Kills Mice,  
 Rats, Water Bugs,  
 and Red and Black  
 Ants, eat ravenously  
 PARSONS' EX-  
 TERMINATOR  
 die. No fear of bad  
 smells. Burns, green-  
 eries and household often cleared in a single  
 night. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the  
 world. No failure in 30 years. Every box  
 warranted. Sold by all grocers and druggists.  
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