

THE POST.
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One Post.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One column one year \$50.00
One-half column, one year, 30.00
One-fourth column, one year, 15.00
One square (10 lines) one insertion 75
Every additional insertion 50
Professional and business cards of
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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 per-
son ordering them will be held responsible
for the money.

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. 5, '67]

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

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

W. M. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

J. M. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 5, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove 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]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Collections made in all parts of the State. He can speak the English and German language fluently. Office between Hall's and the Post office.

L. N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Middleburg Snyder County Penna.
Office a few doors West of the P. O. on Main street. Consultation in English and German languages. [Sep. '67]

J. C. BUCHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67]

GROVER & BAKER,
SEWING MACHINE.
Persons in need of a good and durable Sewing Machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on our Sales Agents, Grover & Baker, Selingsgrove, Pa. [Jan. 24, '68]

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

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

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

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

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. [6-38-67]

F. W. SCHWAN, M. D.,
SURGEON & PHYSICIAN,
Port Trevorton Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of this place and vicinity. He speaks German and English. [April 16, '68]

F. A. BOYER, JR.,
AUCTIONEER,
Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa.
Most respectfully offers his services to the public as Vendue Cryer and Auctioneer. Having had a large experience, I feel confident that I can render perfect satisfaction to my employees. [Jan. 9, '67]

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

LEWIS BRENNER'S BONS
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE
No. 322 N. THIRD ST.
PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE,
H. M. MANDERBAUGH Prop'r.
J. G. HIBB, Clerk
No. 415 & 416 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

SELECT POETRY.

THE LAST ACT.
BY FREDERICK CARY.

A wretched farce is our life at best,
A weariness under the sun;
I am sick of the part I have to play,
And I would that it were done.

I would that all the smiles and sighs
Of its mimic scenes could end;
That we could see the curtain fall
On the last poor act, my friend!

Thin, faded hair, a beard of snow,
A thoughtful, furrowed brow;
And this is all the world can see
When it looks upon you now.

And I, it almost makes me smile,
'Tis counterfeit so true,
To see how time hath got me up
For the part I have to do.

'Tis strange that we can keep in mind,
Though all this tedious play,
The way we needs must act and look,
And the words that we should say.

And I marvel of the young and gay
Believe us and our aids;
If they think our pulses slow and calm,
And our feelings dead and cold!

But I cannot hide myself from you,
Be the semblance ever so good;
For under it all and through it all
You would know the womanhood.

And you cannot make me doubt your truth,
For all you strange disguise;
For the soul is drawn thro' your tender voice
And the heart through the loving eyes.

And I see, where other eyes behold
Thin, whitened locks fall down,
A god-like head, that proudly wears
Its curls like a royal crown.

And I see the smile of the tender lip,
'Neath its manly fringe of jet,
That one my heart, when I had a heart,
And that holds and keeps it yet.

Ah! how shall we act this wretched part
Till it weary, weary close;
For our souls are young, we are lovers yet,
For all our seams and shows!

Let us go and lay our masks aside
In that cool and green retreat,
That is softly curtained from the world
By the daisies fair and sweet.

And far away from this weary life,
In the light of Love's white throne,
We shall see, at last, as we are seen,
And know as we are known!

THE MISER'S STORY;
By the grace of God, I am what I am.
I was born in London and remember nothing but poverty—stinking crime and absolute want. The house where I lived were all in various stages of filth and decay. Whether the old bearded man who kicked and commanded me was my father, I never knew. Whether the woman who sometimes fed and often beat me was my mother, I cannot say. All I know is, that I had a miserable drag life of it, going around after victuals, knocking smaller boys down to get the contents of their broken baskets, and hunting for rags in the gutter.

I suppose I was rather a good looking boy; they call me good looking now for an old man. I know I was smart, comparing myself with children as I saw see them.

Of course I was like the rest of my class, I could fight a little, wear a little, steal a little, and eat a good deal, that is, when I got the chance, which was seldom. I was ignorant—I didn't know one letter from another, and didn't want to. What did I care about education—I, who never saw a book from one year's end to another?

And love, gratitude, hope, I could of course understand neither. Nobody loved me, therefore I loved nobody. Nobody had ever made me grateful—had ever held out hope to me.

Some strange impulse was given me one day. I waked up, sprang from my bundle of straw and involuntarily the words came from my lips, "I am going to do something to-day." What that something was I had not the remotest idea, but I put on my apollies for clothes, and sallied out in my ragged way, whistling, caring for nobody.

It was about noon and I had not tasted a mouthful of food. I was hungry, and skulked about grocery shops, hoping I could get an opportunity to take something that would stay my appetite, till I felt in the humor for begging. Passing round the corner of a public street, I saw a genteel-looking man standing at the horse's head, gazing about him somewhat perplexed. "Boy," he cried, "won't you take care of my horse for half an hour?"

"Yes, sir," said I.
I think it was the first time that I ever put on the "sir."

"There's a man!" he exclaimed.
'I've got considerable fruit here and you must guard it well. Here's a couple of peaches for you; just stand here quietly—nobody'll disturb you."

He went away, and I stood for a while till I was tired. Then, thinking I'd get a handful of the fruit and run." But for the first time I felt an instinct of shame at the suggestion.

"He trusted me—be saw I was a mean-looking fellow, too; but he trusted me and I won't abuse his kindness."

Something like this reasoning ran in my head, and I squatted down on the curb stone, feeling the importance of an honorable trust as I had never felt such a thing before. Presently some of my fellow came along and called me. I told them to go on. They passed on, and I sat there, and I thought of the man who had trusted me.

they began a rumpus. They reached over the cart. I struck them, and used such efforts that they all came pell mell upon me, and we fought till the blood came; but I vanquished them.

Just then out came the proprietor. "What's the matter?" says he. "Oh, nothing; only I had to fight for your stuff here," said I.

"You did eh? You've got a black eye for it."
"No matter," says I. "I mean'them boys shouldn't steal a peach, and they didn't neither."

"Well, you've good pluck—hear's a crown for you."
My eyes stood out. "A whole crown," says I.

"Yes; do what you please with it but I'd advise you to by a pair of shoes."
"Thank you," says I, with a beating heart. "It pays to be good, don't it?"

He smiled a curious smile, asked me several questions, and ended by taking me home with him.

Home! I thought I was in heaven, albeit I had reigned heard of such a place. My heart beat heavily every time I dared to put my foot upon those rich carpets. The mirrors were something new to me. The next day there came a man to see me. I was washed clean and had on a good suit of clothes. Says he, "Youngster, I am going to where you live, and probably I shall make a bargain with your people. I want a boy, just such a bold, clever boy as you are, and if you behave yourself, I promise you that you shall have as pleasant home as you desire."

"Well that was good, I hardly dared to speak or breathe, for fear of breaking the illusion. I never was so happy as I was that day. They gave me light tasks to do; I wished they were more important. From that day I was treated as one of the household. The man was a widower, and had no children; consequently, I became to him as a son. He educated me handsomely, and when I was twenty-one he died, and left me three thousand pounds.

Well, I considered myself a rich man. I gloated over my wealth; it became an idol to me. How to increase it was now my first desire. I consulted competent men, and under their counsel I put my money out at interest. I bought stocks and mortgages.

I grew wealthier, my business (my benefactor had stocked me a fancy shop) prospered, and I was in a fair way, I thought to marry Lucy Manning.

Sweet Lucy Manning—the most artless, winning maiden in all the world to me. I loved her deeply, dearly.—She was blue-eyed, auburn haired, her disposition was that of an angel, and I had pledged my vows to her.

One night I was invited to the house of a prosperous merchant, and there I met a siren in the person of his niece, a black-eyed girl whose charms and whose fortune were equally splendid. She was an heiress in her own right—she was beautiful and accomplished.

Heavens, what a voice! was heard, clear, sweet, ravishing! I was charmed and she was pleased with me. Alas, I met her too often! In her presence I forgot my gentle Lucy; she magnetized, thrallied me.

It was a triumph to feel that so beautiful, gifted, and wealthy a woman loved me—me, who had been brought up in the purlieus of a city, who had known nothing but corruption and misery the first years of my life.

Gradually I broke off my intimacy with Lucy. I received no tokens from her, she was too proud. But her cheek grew pale, her eye languid, and though I seldom met her I knew in my heart that she was suffering, and branded myself a villain.

At last she knew with certainty that I was to marry Miss Bellair. She sent me a letter, a touching letter, not one word of upbraiding, not one regret. Oh, what a noble soul I wounded! But she could calmly wish me joy, though the effort made her heart bleed. I know it did.

I tried, however, to forget her. I could not. Even at my magnificent wedding, when my bride stood before me, radiant in rich fabrics and glittering diamonds, the white face of poor Lucy glided in between, and made my throbs quiver.

Oh, how rich I grow. Yea after I said to my gold. My miserly disposition began to manifest itself soon after my marriage. I carried my gold first to banks, and then to my own private safes.

I put constant on my wife; for very generously she made her whole fortune over to me, and began to grumble at expenses. I made our living so frugal that she remonstrated, and finally ran up large bills when and where she pleased. Against this I protested, and we had upon quarrels more than once. My clothes grew shabby—I could not afford to buy new ones—although the interest of my investment was more than I could spend for rational living. Finally I grew dissatisfied with everything but my money. I suggested my wife and grew careless of her society. Several gentlemen came to my house, among them a would-be author and celebrity. He came, I thought, too often for my good name, and I ordered my wife to discontinue his company. She refused, and I locked her up in her room. Her husband managed to get herself free. I never saw her but in the evening, when I returned, but she was gone from the house.

I had just managed to take up a paper for a moment to read out its business details, when the door opened and in came my wife dressed bewitchingly, as if just from an evening concert, followed by that mustached celebrity. "Good evening, my dear," she said in the coldest way imaginable, and placed a chair for her friend. "Stop!" I cried, my jealousy aroused; "that man sit not down in my house."

"That man—a gentleman and my friend; sit there if you please!" said my wife, firmly.

My passion was excited then as it never was before, and I colliered the second floor. He was my match; but my wife put a dirk knife that she drew from a cane in his hand, and he stabbed me. I fainted and remembered nothing more till I found myself on bed in my own chamber, watched over by my housekeeper.

"Where are they?" I gasped.
"Gone!" was all she said.

It occurred to me then like a flash of lightning, that somebody was near me at the time I was wounded; that my keys were about my person, and that I had been robbed, perhaps, of all my available property.

The thought threw me into an agony of fear. I ordered my clothes to be brought to me. The keys were there. Taking one of them out, I told Mrs. Hale, my housekeeper, to go to my safe and bring me the papers that were there. She returned, her face white with terror, to say there was nothing there—all the little doors were open.

"Robbed! robbed!" I yelled, with impressions, and again my senses deserted me.

Brain fever ensued; for weeks I lay deprived of reason, literally treading the verge of the grave. One morning I was conscious only of a sinking, deadly feeling as I feebly opened my eyes. Was it an angel I saw standing beside me, her soft eyes full of pity, looking down upon me with the most commiserating gentleness? For a moment I thought I might be in heaven; but no, I reasoned with myself, I loved money too well. My treasure was all of the earth, earthly. Again I opened my dim eyes. The vision seemed wavering now, but oh, did it not wear the beauty of sweet Lucy Manning? A quiet, unutterable peace took possession of my entire being. I forgot wealth, health, everything. My past life seemed blotted out and I was again innocent, untouched by the griping hand of avarice—true, loving and loved—and Lucy Manning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly, and at last, as my strength returned, I missed her. As soon as she saw I could be left with safety she had left me and oh, the blank—the dreadful blank! I wandered around my rooms, now so desolate, and saw the many evidences of my miserly habits.

I know not why, but towards my wife my feelings seemed to have undergone a revolution. I fear I hated her. She had nearly beggared me, had deceived me and shattered my health, and destroyed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to estimate the damage that had been done me. Every means that could be put forth were used for the discovery of my money but all in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheerless, disappointed and lonely man. I had been thinking thoughts that only burned my brain, but did not purify my heart. "If I had only married sweet Lucy," I said again and again, "all this had not been so."

My housekeeper came in with a letter—as unusually large package it was, and as it bore a foreign postmark, I opened it with trembling hand. What was that? A rustling, crumpled bank-note! Another and another came forth, until there laid upon my knees twenty bills of the largest denomination. A few trembling lines accompanied them.

MY HUSBAND—I am no ying! My disease—there is no need to tell you. Forgive me and accept the enclosed as so much toward restitution. It is not much over half of what we took from the safe. The rest is—I know not where. I am deserted. Farewell forever!

An icy chill thrilled me. It seemed as if her spectral presence was near me. I shuddered as I rolled the bills together, and threw them across the room.

"Lie there, curse of my soul!" I cried. "Lie there till I have conquered myself! Ay, if the victory is not till you are rotten!"

I shut the door up and sealed it, and for six months I toiled here a penitential man, till I partially redeemed myself. By managing cautiously I placed my business on a successful footing, and began life again a new man.

It took many a year to wear off my old habits of parsimony, but every effort gave me new and agreeable pleasure. Mercantile Lucy Manning became dearer to me than she had ever been in the flush of youth. I entreated her forgiveness, humbled myself to a confession, tested myself in all ways, and contrived her at last that I was as worthy now as once I seemed to be.

On the day of my wedding I opened the sealed door. The bank-note lay upon it with the pride of a conqueror, and placing them in Lucy's hands, exclaimed, "They are no longer my master; see them as you will."

Now I am a man—redeemed from the thrall of avarice. I have three blooming children, Lucy is an angel of goodness, and I write myself as I did at the beginning. "By the way," said the proprietor, "I have just managed to take up a paper for a moment to read out its business details, when the door opened and in came my wife dressed bewitchingly, as if just from an evening concert, followed by that mustached celebrity. "Good evening, my dear," she said in the coldest way imaginable, and placed a chair for her friend. "Stop!" I cried, my jealousy aroused; "that man sit not down in my house."

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A Prodigy in Calculation.

The rarity of harmonious mental development is palpable to all who take any pains to examine the characters of those who surround him—Here and there one is conspicuously above the rest in capacity and is looked upon with admiration, but should such conspicuous mind be analyzed, it would be found that its superiority lay in the natural development and culture of a few organs, while in other respects it did not raise above mediocrity. Now and then we meet with instances of unique development so extraordinary that they amount almost to insanity. There have been men who have shown great artistic ability, but in everything else were the varied dunces. Some of the Cretins of the Alps surprise us by their mechanical dexterity, but they are so lacking in intellect that to render their mechanical skill of service they require direction and guidance.

Everybody in America, or at least in the United States, has heard of Blind Tom, the wonderful musician, whose talents seem to lie in the great activity of taste, while in other respects he is said to be but little removed from the idiot.

An unique development in the direction of calculation has lately been announced to us, which is well worth a place in these columns. Our author thus alludes to it:

"At or near Warrensburg, Johnson county, in this State, resides a poor widow woman, who has a son, Reuben Field, a mere boy, untutored, and seemingly almost incapable of literary culture, who yet possesses most remarkable powers of mental calculation. As evidence of this, among many other evidences that might be cited, a gentleman of St. Louis, who had heard of his possessing this faculty, sent him the following figures, viz: 145,145,145, 145, asking him to square this number mentally, that is, multiply the number by itself, and send him the result, with the time taken to perform it, scarcely believing, however, notwithstanding the extraordinary accounts related of him, that he could be capable of the task. In this, however, he was mistaken, as were others to whom the proposition had been made. A letter has been received by the gentleman named, from a highly respectable and reliable citizen of Warrensburg, who states that in three minutes time the boy Field mentally and accurately pronounced the result, 21,097,113,159, 168,117,071,925, or in written words, twenty-one sextillions, sixty-seven quadrillions, one hundred and fifty-nine trillions, one hundred and sixty-two billions, one hundred and seventeen millions, seventy-one thousand and twenty-five."

"Though such exhibitions of mental power of calculation as the one exhibited in the above are not altogether unheard of, they are nevertheless rare. In this instance it will appear all the more marvelous when it is stated, that this boy, Reuben Field, is almost entirely uneducated. Indeed, the letter referred to above says Field maintains it is of no use for boys to go to school, as he can't learn anything, and never could." In fact, except in this matter of calculation, in which he is a marvel, he is said to be very ignorant in other matters, lazy, uncouth, disposed to wander from place to place, and, worst of all, perhaps, is very fond of drink.

Yet the letter states 'he can repeat the eighty-seventh line in multiplication backwards and forwards, and does many marvelous things in calculating mentally.' Let those who think the proposition required in the proposition given above can not be difficult one, because rendered by an illiterate and uneducated boy, call to mind that this solution, by the usual forms of multiplication, requires the use of 191 figures, 144 multiplications, 23 additions, and 15 combinations of figures, and that this, by the ordinary processes of multiplication, is to be performed and retained in the mind until the process is completed. When they realize this, or attempt the solution itself, they will very likely come to the conclusion that Reuben Field is a prodigy in mental calculations."

HAD DONE ENOUGH.—A Revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man who had never been to the wars, and it was the custom of the old Revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he—

"Fellow citizens: I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle, with no other covering than the canopy of Heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—"

Just about this time one of the sov ereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him with:

"Did you say you had fust the British and the Indian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you say you slept on the ground while serving your country, without any river?"

"I did."

"Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?"

"I did," said the speaker, emphatically.

"Well, then," said the sovereign, as he turned to the speaker, "I have just managed to take up a paper for a moment to read out its business details, when the door opened and in came my wife dressed bewitchingly, as if just from an evening concert, followed by that mustached celebrity. "Good evening, my dear," she said in the coldest way imaginable, and placed a chair for her friend. "Stop!" I cried, my jealousy aroused; "that man sit not down in my house."

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THE AMERICAN FLAG.
At a meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, held in Philadelphia, Wm. J. Conby Esq., read a paper on "The first Star Spangled Banner made in America, and who made it."

He discovered, in tracing the history of this national emblem, that the first instances when the stars and stripes were at the siege of Fort Mifflin, August 17th, 1777, and upon an occasion just about one year prior to that time, the brig Naucy was chartered by the continental Congress to procure military stores in the West Indies, during the latter part 1775. While at Porto Rico, in July of the ensuing year, the information came that the colonies had declared their independence, and with this information came the description of the flag that had been accepted as the national banner. A young man, Capt. Thomas Maudesville, set to work to make one and successfully accomplished it. The flag was unfurled and saluted with thirteen guns. When the brig Naucy was upon her return voyage she was hemmed in by British vessels off Cape May. Her officers succeeded in removing all the masts from the shore, and when the last boat put off, a young man in it, John Hancock, jumped into the sea, swam to the vessel, ran up the shrouts of the mast, and securing the flag, brook, it triumphantly to the shore, through a hot fire from the British men-of-war.

The first American flag, however, according to the design and approval of Congress, was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross. Three of her daughters still live in our vicinity to confirm this fact—founding their belief, not upon what they saw, for it was made many years before they were born, but upon what their mother had often told them. A niece of this lady, Mrs. Margaret Boggs, aged ninety years, now lives in Germantown, and is conversant with the fact. The fact is not generally known that Philadelphia not only belongs the honor of flying the first star spangled banner to the breeze, but to a Philadelphia lady belongs the honor of having made it.

The house in which it was made still stands—No. 339 Arch Street (the old number 39)—the last of an old row. It is related that when Congress had decided upon the design Colonel George Ross and General Washington visited Mrs. Ross and asked her to make it. She said, "I don't know whether I can, but I'll try, and directly suggested to the gentlemen that the design was wrong, in that the stars were six-cornered, and not five-cornered as they should be. This was correct, she made the flag, Congress accepted it, and for half a dozen years this lady furnished the Government with all its national flags, having, of course, a large assistance. This lady was also the wife of Claypole, one of the lineal descendants of Cromwell."

Cigars by Machinery.

The nimble finger and the dexterous hand have hitherto been held the only tools to wrap and shape tobacco leaves into the orthodox form of the cigar. But just as it was found that fingers were not the most economical manipulators of the sewing needle, so it is now dawning upon the fabricators of choice Havanas that human digits may be profitably superseded by mechanism for "bunching," "binding," and "wrapping" the cigars. Eighteen dollars a thousand is a big price to pay for mere labor; and we are told that that is about the cost of making prime cigars, to say nothing of the tax upon the master manufacturer inflicted by his hands, who each smokes some eight or ten of the best weds per diem. No wonder machinery should be thought of! It is rather surprising its aid was not invoked long ago; but its time has come, and a cigar machine company has started with a flourish in New York. The implement they manufacture has been reduced to its present state of compactness and practicability by the combined agency of seven simplifying patents. Its essential parts are two pairs of parallel rollers, arranged one pair over the other, and with their surfaces hollowed to a convexity corresponding to the outline of the cigar to be formed. These rollers are a rotating by a little wheel, driven by a treadle like a sewing machine; and when a bunch of tobacco is placed between them it is rapidly turned and pressed into the proper spindle form. A strip of fine strong leaf is then gummed along one edge and inserted at one end of the machine; this is instantly coiled round the shipped mass of leaves and twisted to a point, and the cigar is finished. A girl, after proper training, can thus turn out fifteen hundred cigars a day. According to the above quoted cost for hand-making, there ought to be a saving of something like three shillings on a hundred. This is good news for smokers, at all events.

THE ROTHSCHILDS ROBBED OF HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.—An employee of the Rothschilds, of Paris