

THE POST.  
Published every Thursday Evening by  
CROUSE & BENFER, Proprietors.

Terms of Subscription,  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable  
within six months, or \$2.60 if not paid  
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# The Post.

VOL. 8. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO. PA., JUNE 23, 1870. NO. 16.

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 not more than five lines, per year	5.00
Auditor, Excavator, Administrator and Assignee Notices	2.50
Editorial notices per line	15

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

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

**SELECT POETRY.**  
**RE-UNION.**  
BY ALBERT PIKE.  
Let us drink together, fellows, as we did in days of yore,  
And still enjoy the golden hours that fortune has in store;  
The absent friends remembered be in all that's sung or said,  
And love immortal consecrate the memory of the dead.

Fill every goblet to the brim!—let every heart be filled,  
With kindly recollections, and all bitter ones be still!  
Come round me, dear old fellows, and in chorus we sing,  
Life's autumn days shall be as glad as were its days of spring.

Drink, brothers, to the absent who are living, first of all,  
While each familiar name and face we lovingly recall!  
The generous, and brave, and good! The kind, and frank, and true—  
Who knew not how false words to speak, or what was sure to do,  
We see the faces of the dead; they hover in the air;  
And looking on us lovingly, our mirth they seem to share;

Oh, dearly loved! though ye have gone to other stars or spheres,  
We still have for you thoughts of love and consecrated tears.  
Pour a libation rich with love upon the graves that hold  
The ashes of the gallant hearts that long ago grew cold;  
And swear that never party feuds or civil war shall break  
Our bonds of love, and enemies of friends and comrades make.

The dead are with us always, friends; let us their teachings heed!  
"Forgive thy brother, if he err!" they eloquently plead;  
"Let by-gones be by-gones!" they cry, "let the old love revive!"  
And on the altars of your hearts keep Friendship's fire alive!

It is better far to love than hate, for nations are for men;  
Let us hope the good old humor soon will bless the land again;  
But if the politicians still should wrangle, scold, and fight,  
Their quarrels what not break the ties that we re-knit to-night.

Our autumn-days of life have come, the frosts begin to fall,  
Beyond the dark, deep river, hark! we hear the old comrades call,  
To the dead and living, whom each loves, let each his goblet fill;  
And the memory of the dead shall make the living deeper still.

**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 ZEGER,**  
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]

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**CHARLES HOWER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Sellingrove 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]

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Sellingrove 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.

**Mr. Peters' First Wife.**  
"Dear, dear! no toast; eggs boiled as hard as bricks, and the coffee stono cold."  
And Mr. Peters arose from the table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer. He rang again, a third, a fourth time, and still no answer. Out of patience, he went to the door and called—"Mariah! Mariah!"  
A slight little woman, dressed in soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered her summons. She had one of those bright faces which nature intended should be decked with continual smiles; but now it was drawn to its full length and the large blue eyes had a serious or rather doleful expression, totally at variance with their usual joyous look. Her voice, too, had lost its melodious ringing sound, and was subdued to a dismal wail.

"What is it, Joseph?"  
"Where is Bridget?"  
"Gone out for me. I want more ribbon for my ascension robe."  
Mr. Peters said a very naughty word, and then continued: "Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat."  
"I wish," whined his wife, "you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life."  
"Hang it all, madam, I like to enjoy my life while I have it. Here I was, the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful wife, and good, quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?"  
"Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle."  
"Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?"  
"I'm sure I don't know."  
"Are they going to school to-day?"  
"No, dear Joseph."  
"For what reason, madam?"  
"My dear, the teacher has given up the school, and is turning her mind to more exalted objects. Oh, Joseph, turn now, while there's time, you have still a week for preparation and repentance."  
"Repentance! Well, when I take up the subject it will take more than a week to put it through."  
And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat.  
"Joseph," said his wife, "you need not send home any dinner. I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's for dinner."  
Joe made no answer, unless the violently emphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his friends, Fred. Sommers, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.  
"Hello! hogried, 'you hear? What are you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?"  
"No."  
"Had a quarrel?"  
"None to town?"  
"None."  
"Then why don't you breakfast at home? Chimney on fire?"  
"No."  
"Servants all dead?"

**Re-union.**  
"Well, what in thunder is to say?"  
"Maria's joined the Millerites."  
"Fred gave a long, shrill whistle, and then said: 'Going to ascend next week'."  
"Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the meantime, you may congratulate me. I am almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal, children running riot, servants saucy, house all in confusion, wife got the blues, either quoting the speeches of the elders to me, or sewing on a white robe, and growling every third or fourth stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've got a mind to take poison, or join the army."  
"You have an enchanting picture, but I can suggest a cure."  
"A cure!"  
"Yes, if you will promise to take my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful and your children happy."  
"Do it," cried Joe. "I'll follow your word like a soldier under his superior officer. What shall I do?"  
Fred told him, and Joe promised to follow directions.

**BORDER JUSTICE.**  
A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat at Helena, Montana, gives the following account of the manner in which they treat the criminals in that territory:  
On Thursday, April 28, an old man, farming in the valley a few miles from this town, came in on business, got two much whiskey, displayed a wallet with some two or three hundred dollars, and toward evening started home on horseback. Two young men, named Joe Wilson and Compton, followed him, and about ten miles from town shot, beat, and left him for dead, taking his money, and returned to the city about twelve o'clock at night. The next morning the old man was found on the road alive, seriously wounded, but able to give information as to the parties who had assaulted him. Wilson was the first arrested. He was first taken out to the wounded man with the horse road by him the same evening and not positively identified, but the horse was, and the same evening the other party was arrested and positively identified as the man who fired the shots; he was brought back and put in jail with the other prisoner. On Friday afternoon handbills were posted through the city calling the people to meet at the Court House square at seven o'clock, and punctually at the hour about one thousand citizens met and nominated a chairman, when a motion was made to adjourn until ten o'clock A. M. on Saturday, the following day. At the same time twelve men were deputed to guard the jail until that time.

**Pepper.**  
Pepper possesses this peculiarity, that while its production is limited to a small extent of the globe, it is in universal demand, both among civilized and barbarous nations. The taste for this spice is no affair of caprice or fashion, and consequently its consumption must increase in the ratio of facility and cheapness which the cultivator and the merchant can supply it.

The quantity already produced per annum is 75,000,000 pounds—namely from Java, Sumatra, Borneo, the Malay Peninsula, the Moluccas, and various regions lying on the east coast of the Gulf of Siam. There is, generally speaking, abundant room for improvement in the culture; what is especially required, however—and we speak particularly with reference to India—is a larger application of European capital. When the price is high, a large extent of suitable land is at once put under culture; but no sooner does the price decline, than no care is taken to replace the exhausted plants or to enrich the impoverished soil, and the cultivation is not only neglected, but pepper districts wholly disappear.

The quantity of pepper we have given as the aggregate yield may appear enormous; but the amount named, if distributed among the inhabitants of the globe, would scarcely afford to each a grain a day. Unskilled cultivation is not the only fault connected with the production of this spice. The avidity of cultivators and dealers to bring pepper to a market frequently tempts them to pluck it before it is ripe, and from this cause it turns out light, hollow, and ill-flavored.

**Ups and Downs of Life.**  
Mr. John Hart is creating a furore in a minstrel hall in New York by his perfect delineations of negro character. He was once a millionaire. When the oil fever broke out in Pennsylvania, Mr. Hart owned a hundred acres of wild land near Tideoute, Pa., worth about sixteen cents an acre. He was then running a canal boat on the Delaware and Hudson Canal. In the fall of 1864, several immense oil wells were discovered on Mr. Hart's land. Stock companies were formed in which he was a prominent shareholder, and at one time he was offered \$500,000 for his interest.—This was refused. He left the canal, built a most magnificent private residence, wore diamonds of almost fabulous value, and seemed made of money. At one time he was a prominent candidate for Congress, but failed to secure the nomination through the inartfulness of a trusted friend. Fortune's wheel suddenly turned backward.—Mr. Hart was inveigled into more oil speculations, and within three years was without a penny. He then turned his attention to negro minstrelsy, and is said to be superior to either Dan Bryant, T. D. Rice or Dan Emmet in his delineations of negro minstrelsy. He speaks four different languages, and has traveled in Europe and Australia. He was once wrecked in the Straits of Magellan, and spent two months in destitution on the Island of Terra del Fuego. He is now playing an engagement at a salary of \$100 a week.

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**Damon and Pythias.**  
About one hundred years ago before Christ lived Damon and Pythias. Paganism, philosophers, who had gone from Athens to Sicily on a pressing invitation of Dionysius, called the Tyrant of Syracuse, in order to teach the rule inhabitants of that far-off island the arts and sciences. Falling under the displeasure of the tyrant, Damon was condemned to death and the time for his execution appointed. Anxious to see his wife and children once more before his execution, he asked the king for permission to visit them. The king answered: "What assurance do you give me that you will return?" I will give you my friend Pythias," said Damon, "for security." The king asked Pythias if he were willing to become the bondsman of Damon, and to die in his place, provided he did not return? "Yes," said Pythias, "I will stand for him, and if he is not here on the day appointed, I will suffer death in his place!" "Well," said the King, "this is strange; but Damon you are at liberty to go and visit your family, and if you do not return, as I suppose you will not, justice will not lose her victim."

Damon hurried home to embrace his family and to communicate to them the sad intelligence that in a few days he must return to Syracuse to suffer death. When his wife learned the state of things—that he had violated a law; that he was condemned by a more whim of Dionysius, and that his friend, Pythias, had become his bondsman, she insisted upon his not returning. She reasoned with him, and sought him by the affection he bore to her and her children, not to return but all her entreaties were in vain. "Would you have me to violate my sacred pledge of honor to my friend Pythias?" said he. "No, no; I would despise myself in that case—but I shall return and relieve our friend and maintain my honor, even at the expense of my own life!"

Damon remained at home, as we may imagine, as long as he could. At length, amid the sobs and tears of his wife and children, he tore himself away from those he loved. The execution was to take place at noon, and as his progress was impeded by bad roads and high waters, on the day appointed he was still twenty miles from Syracuse; but he rose early in the morning, and as the sun was approaching the meridian, the spires of the city were in view. Hastening on, he found a large multitude gathered in front of the prison. The tyrant was there, seated on a platform to witness the novelty of one man dying for another! The hour for the execution had nearly expired. "Ah," says the tyrant, "where is your friend Damon? Did I not tell you that he would not return?" "But," says Pythias, "he will return, if he is alive. I know he will not disappoint me. I know him, and know that he would rather die than break his word." The tyrant then looked at the sun-dial, and it was just noon. "Now," said the executioner, "proceed." Pythias laid his head on the block, the axe was raised, and its sharp edge gamed in the sunlight. When, lo! there was a movement in the crowd. "Stop," said the tyrant, "ill we see the means." There stood Damon, panting and covered with dust. He had come in time. The tyrant was so much struck with this proof of friendship, that he pardoned them both, and requested permission to join their fraternity. It is well known that a popular and widely extended society, the "Knights of Pythias," is founded on this beautiful incident.—*Lutheran Observer.*

**How to Cure Corns.**—Wearers of tight boots will no doubt take interest in the following suggestions: "Hard" corns are caused by too much pressure of the shoe, or by it being so loose as to slide back and forth on the spot where the corn afterwards shows itself. Medical books record several cases where paring a hard corn has caused a bleeding which no known means could arrest, and death ensued. Nothing harder than the finger nail ought ever to be allowed to touch a corn, which can always be cured, or kept from causing inconvenience, by simply bathing the part in warm water for half an hour for several days in succession; often a single bathing will accomplish the object of so softening the adjacent to the actual corn that it can be picked out with the finger nail, and the shoe can be instantly worn without discomfort, which an hour before gave great pain. It may return in a week, or a month, or a year, but this same treatment will always avail. Paring them causes them to spread and take deeper root."

**Three Important Things.**—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, and affection.  
Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.  
Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom.  
Three things to wish for—health, friends and cheerful spirits.  
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippancy jesting.  
Three things to pray for—faith, peace and purity of heart.  
Three things to contend for—honor country and friends.  
Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.  
Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

**At a dance in San Francisco** a young lady, who was particularly accommodating in the dressing-room assisting other good-looking young girls in the fixing up, putting on slippers, and lacing corsets, turned out to be a young man.—As soon as the girls found it out they "intervened" him, and he now uses hair restorative and court plaster, and carries...

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