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# The Post.

VOL. 8. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO. PA., JULY 28, 1870. NO. 21.

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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. 3, '67]

A. C. SIMPSON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selinsgrove 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,  
Freelburg 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,  
Lewisburg 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,  
Lewisburg 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,  
Lewisburg 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]

CHARLES HOWER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selinsgrove 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,  
Selinsgrove 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 languages fluently. Office between Hall's and the Post office. [Jan. 5, '67]

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. 15, '67]

J. C. BUCHER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg 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 SAMUEL FAUST, Agent, Selinsgrove. [Jan. 24, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,  
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  
Selinsgrove Penn.  
[Jan. 3, '67]

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Penna Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.  
[Jan. 3, '67]

Y. L. 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, '67]

DR. J. N. KANAWEL,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the public. [G. 3817]

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, '67]

F. A. BOYER, JR.,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Freelburg Snyder Co. Pa.  
Most respectfully offers his services to the public as Vendue Officer and Auctioneer. Having had a large experience, I feel confident that I can render perfect satisfaction to my employees. [Jan. 3, '67]

B. T. BARKS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW &  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,  
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.  
Office in Court House, [Sep. 15, '67]

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS'  
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE  
No. 322 N. THIRD ST.  
PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE,  
H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r.,  
J. C. NIPE, Clerk  
No. 413 & 416 North Third Street,  
Philadelphia.

## THE PAPERLESS MAN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"No, sir! I don't want nothing of the kind. In the first place, I ha'n't got the money; and in the next place, if I had the money, I wouldn't have none of your papers."  
So spoke Titus Closely, in answer to a man who had called to see if he would like to subscribe for a newspaper. Said man kept a store in the neighboring village, and was also the postmaster; and he had made arrangements to add to his business by establishing a newspaper agency.  
"I can furnish you with any paper you may like," he explained to Mr. Closely, "and I can furnish it cheaper than you can get it any other way, because by buying of me you will save the postage. I shall have papers devoted to the interests of the Family; papers for the Farmers; papers for the Mechanic; and papers for both young and old; and, in short, I may assure you that any one of them would be worth far more to you than I propose to ask. Ask your wife what she thinks. You have no idea what a vast amount of valuable information you will find."  
Nancy Closely wanted a paper; but her husband said—  
"O bother! I don't want it, I tell ye. I've got as much as I can do to look after my farm; and, if Nancy and the children want to read, they can get tracts of the minister."  
"Your neighbor, Deepwater, has subscribed for two papers," said the agent. "He will take a pleasant, high toned paper for his family, and a paper devoted to Art, Science and Agriculture for himself."  
"The more fool he!" cried Titus Closely, contemptuously. "John Deepwater can't afford it no more'n I can. My farm's bigger an' better'n his; and I tell ye, flat an' square, 'at I ha'n't got no three dollars to throw away for a newspaper."  
"But—Titus—"  
"Shut up, Nancy! I tell ye I don't want it."  
And Nancy closed her lips, and the agent went forth to plow his ground with the great old wooden plow which his father and his grandfather had used before him.  
And time passed on. The newspaper agency was established at the village post-office; but Titus did not patronize it. He felt that he had a principle at stake. He said he would not—and he wouldn't. But in one thing he was consistent; he would not allow his wife or children to borrow papers of his neighbor Deepwater if he knew it.  
One evening Titus Closely and his wife took tea by invitation with neighbor Deepwater.  
"I declare, Nancy," said Titus, on their way home, "Prudence Deepwater beats all creation for cooking, don't she? I'd no idea she was such a hand at it. I wonder where she got them fresh strawberries."  
"She preserved them herself," answered Nancy.  
"O—git out! Them wasn't preserved—they was as fresh as new-picked."  
"Is the way they are fixed, Titus,"  
"Eh! can you do it?"  
"I could if I had her paper."  
"Her paper?"  
"Yes. She found the recipe in the newspaper. And that's where she learned how to do most of her nice cooking."  
Titus changed the subject of conversation.  
Autumn came, and the Agricultural Fair was held in an adjoining town. Titus went over with a yoke of what he considered very fine oxen; but he found, when the exhibition came off, that he was very far behind the times. Now breeds, of which he had known nothing, had been introduced, and his own animals were not deemed worthy of notice.  
"When?" whistled Titus, as he sat in his kitchen, with a crumpled report of the Awarding Committee in his hand. A friend had given him the printed document. "John Deepwater has got the premium for sheep. By hook or by crook I'll bet I clip more wool than he does next season."  
"Because you've got more sheep," suggested Nancy. "But wait and see. The new breed which he has procured is a very valuable one."  
"Bah! Think what it cost him! Fifty dollars for a pair of 'em."  
"And," added Nancy, "he sold two of his best lambs to Mr. Thompson for eight dollars."  
"Git out!"  
"Prudence told me so. John Deepwater saw some fancy fatter accounts of those sheep in his paper that he knew it would be worth to invest."  
Titus raved again.  
"Hello! I'm blessed if I know Downer ha'n't got the first premium for cheese—five dollars."  
"Yes," said Nancy. "She was telling me about her cheese. She found out how to make them in her paper. I tell ye, Titus, it's a good thing to have a good newspaper. I wish you'd—"  
"Bah! Don't talk to me." And Titus threw down the Report, and retired from the kitchen in disgust.  
The winter passed; and the spring work was done; and the time for sheep-shearing came. Titus Closely sheared one hundred and fifty sheep, and obtained therefrom not quite six hundred pounds of wool, being less than an average of four pounds to

## SELECT POETRY.

### Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

Two brown heads with totting curls,  
Red lips shutting over pinkish  
Teeth, white and wet with dew,  
Two eyes black, and two eyes blue,  
Katie Lee and Willie Gray,  
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Flashed his silver, and thick banks  
Of green willows fringed its banks;  
Hair in tangles and feet in play,  
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;  
He was taller, stout and bold,  
She was arched like wreaths of snow,  
Swung a basket too and fro,  
As if it were a part of her,  
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,  
Through the brownness of his cheek,  
"You are weak as well as sweet,  
And I'll carry you to bed."  
Katie's basket up the hill.

Katie answered with a laugh,  
"You shall carry only half."  
"And then tooting back her curls,  
She swung her basket to and fro,  
Do you think that Katie goes?  
Half the wisdom she expressed?  
Men are only boys grown tall,  
Hearts don't change much after all."

And when long years had passed away,  
Katie Lee and Willie Gray,  
Not again beside the brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Is it strange that Willie said,  
While again a dash of red  
Crossed the brownness of his cheek,  
"I am strong, but you are weak—  
Lafe is but a slippery steep,  
Living with shadows cold and deep,  
Will you trust me, Katie, dear—  
Walk beside me without fear?"  
May I carry, if I will,  
All your burdens up the hill?  
And she answered with a laugh,  
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Washing with his silver banks,  
Late and early at the same,  
Stands a cottage where Katie  
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and to  
Swings her basket to and fro,  
Vastly different from the one  
That she swung in her young days,  
STANDS A COTTAGE AT THE SIDE,  
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### A Ride with her Beau.

Miss Emma Halman had been sent by her parents to a boarding school, quite a distance from home, with instructions to Miss Waldron, the teacher, to keep a strict watch over her. Emma had a beau, however, whom she managed to keep up a correspondence with, and it was at last arranged that he should come and pass off for her cousin, and take her out carriage riding, under pretence that he was taking her to his father's, a few miles out in the country. Well, he came according to appointment, and introducing himself as Emma's cousin, asked to take her home to spend the afternoon. Miss Waldron said she had not the slightest objection; and told Emma to get ready to go. But when Emma was dressed and ready to start Miss Waldron also came down ready and dressed, and said that as their carriage was large enough for three, she would go along part of the way with them, and stop at a friend's, who lived a short distance from the uncle that Emma was going to see, and they might stop for her when they came back at night. Of course they could do no better than tell her they were glad to have her go with them, although they would be dull with her as a companion. But they thought to make up for it by having a nice sociable ride after Miss Waldron stopped at her friends. So off they started in fine spirits; and when they got two or three miles, they began to expect that every house they came to would be the one that Miss Waldron would stop at. But she didn't stop at any. Finally, when they had gone some five or six miles, Miss Waldron said she must have passed the house by some mistake, for they had certainly traveled twice as far as her friends' house was from town. But, since they had passed it she would not trouble them to turn back with her, but would go on with Emma to her uncle's, and just stop one minute at her friend's as they came back. There was what you might call a fix! And Emma and her beau could do nothing but drive on. So on they drove; but driving on didn't drive the trouble away. At last when they had gone eight or ten miles, Emma's beau said that the road must have been changed in some way, for he had undoubtedly gone astray, and as they had gone so far and it was drawing late, they would not have time to find the right way. So they went back to town; and when Miss Waldron got out of the carriage she told Emma's beau that when he ascertained how the road had been changed she would be very happy to go along with Emma any Saturday to spend an afternoon at her uncle's!

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### Do Not Use Cracked Dishes.

There is trouble often attendant upon badly cracked dishes; such dishes absorb oils or fats from the different kinds of food placed upon them. These fats soon decompose in the pores of the dish, and so amount of cleansing can remove the nauseating and poisonous deposit. Such dishes are filthy and unfit for use. The peculiar unpleasant taste sometimes noticed upon pie crust is caused by their being baked upon old, cracked dishes, from which the rancid fat from previous bakings has been absorbed.

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There is trouble often attendant upon badly cracked dishes; such dishes absorb oils or fats from the different kinds of food placed upon them. These fats soon decompose in the pores of the dish, and so amount of cleansing can remove the nauseating and poisonous deposit. Such dishes are filthy and unfit for use. The peculiar unpleasant taste sometimes noticed upon pie crust is caused by their being baked upon old, cracked dishes, from which the rancid fat from previous bakings has been absorbed.

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### A SENSIBLE DOG.

The latest remarkable dog story comes from Charlottville, Va. A few Sundays ago, a certain doctor was preaching, in the absence of the regular pastor, in the Disciples' church. Near the close of the sermon his dog got up, stretched himself and walked around uneasily. The doctor taking no notice, the dog deliberately stepped forward and found the doctor's feet, took it in his mouth, carried it up to him, and would not leave till he was relieved of it. He then went down in front of the pulpit and waited patiently for a few minutes for the doctor to take the hint. Finding he would not, he looked around and got his stick and carried it to him, which he

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No Arab is ever curious. Curiosity, with all Eastern nations, is considered unmanly. No Arab will stop in the street or turn his head round to listen to the talk of his neighbors. No

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ing, washing, sewing, and everything else! No rest! never was, never will be, for me!"  
"Oh, yes," said the good woman she addressed, "there will be rest one day for us all—a long rest."  
"Not for me! not for me!" was the reply. "Whenever I do die, there will be certain to be retribution, the very next day! It would just be my luck!"  
"Poor old dear! Too bad!"

In one of the towns of Michigan resides a legal gentleman of fine abilities, an eloquent lawyer, a thorough lawyer, and a good fellow generally; but he is tippeth too frequently, and this habit has retarded his advancement. His party had frequently promised him position, but the poor man's falling had as frequently rendered it impracticable at the time. Finally the time came when the Congressional nomination was within his grasp. He had a wife. She, too, wished to go to Washington. Other representatives took their spouses to the capital. She mentioned that fact to Robert.

"You expect to go, dear, don't you?"  
"Yes."  
"And does other Congressmen do?"  
"Yes," gruffly.  
"Well, as other Congressmen take their wives, don't take me?"  
"I don't care; you may go."  
"But, dear, you know I've never been there, nor never been out much. How do you think I'll appear among other great men's wives?"  
"Fear well enough!" replied Robert, beginning to get a little riled. "All great men have unfortunated fools for wives."  
Unfortunately for Robert, the people did not see in Robert the representative the ethnogenic of the time intended, and elected the other man. But what an atrocious sentiment Robert uttered!

In Tamaqua, the "Mountain City" of Pennsylvania, has resided for many years an old colored individual, by occupation a barber, who was one day complaining of his sufferings from dyspepsia, and attributed his ailment to the fact of having no teeth, by which he was unable properly to masticate his food.

"Well, Simon," said a by-stander, "why don't you get a set of false teeth they wouldn't cost you much."  
"False teeth!" exclaimed Simon; "oh no, Sah! no you don't. I've had just all de teeth I want in my mouf! I've suffered more wid de toothache den I ever did wid de speey, an' I was glad enuf for to git shot of my teeth! You don't get no 'no' teeth into my mouf—no, Sah!"

The "glorious uncertainty of the law" is an old proverb. I recently had a new rendering from ex-United States Senator NeSmith, of Oregon, who said, speaking of the Supreme Court of the United States, "They have the last guess at the case."

An exchange says: A judge in Baltimore went into the river to bathe the other morning, and while he was swimming about some abandoned sounder stole all his clothes excepting his high hat and an umbrella. We won't undertake to explain how mad the judge was, because, although the English language is copious, its most efficient and vigorous adjectives are entirely unequal to the expressions of certain degrees of emotion. But he stayed in the water about four hours, experimenting with the different kinds of imprecations and endeavoring to select two or three of the sturdiest objections for application of the thief. At last he came out and after mounting the high hat, he opened the umbrella and tried to cover his forehead up the street toward his house. It appeared to the Judge that all the female pupils of the boarding schools and the members of Dorcas societies, and the women's rights conventions were out promouncing that day, and the judge had an awful time going through the Zoanite drill with that umbrella. When he reached home he heard that the thief had been captured. The judge is now engaged in writing out his charge to the jury, in advance of the trial. Those who have seen the rough draft say it is the most picturesque paper ever drawn up in that section of the country.

We clip the following good advice from an exchange: "Fathers and mothers, look out for your boys when the shadows of evening have gathered around you! Where are they then? Are they at home, at the social, pleasant fireside, or are they running the streets? If so, take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely anything so destructive to their morals as running abroad at night. Under cover of darkness, they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear sinful thoughts, and they see obscene things and they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from vagrancy, save them from ruin, see to it that night finds them at home. More than one young man has told the chaplain of the State Prison that there was the beginning of his downward career, that finally brought him to the State cell. Let parents solemnly ponder this matter, and do all they can to make home attractive, that they may