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GREAT EXCITEMENT IN BANNEVILLE.

Wish to inform the citizens of Bannerville and vicinity that they have opened a new stock of goods, and will keep constantly on hand a full assortment of

Consisting of ALPACAS, POPLINS, PLADS, LUSTRES, DELAINES, CALICOES, &c.

Cloths & Cassimeres

HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

SALT AND FISH.

And in fact everything usually kept in a first class country store. All of which we offer at greatly reduced prices, for Cash or Country Produce.

QUICK SALES

WILLIAM H. BEAVER, Respectfully announces to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity that he is now ready to supply them with the largest and most complete stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

ever brought to this place, at greatly reduced prices—cheaper than the cheapest. He invites attention to his large stock of

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS. READY-MADE CLOTHING. SHIRTS, and everything usually kept in a well regulated store.

READING RAILROAD

Great Trunk Line from the North and North West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tanawqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: at 5:35, 8:19, 11:25 forenoon, and 2:50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 12:10 noon, 3:50, 6:05, and 10:00 p. m., respectively.

Returning: leave New York at 9:00 a. m., 12:00 noon, and 5:00 p. m., and Allentown at 7:20 a. m., 12:25 noon, 4:20 and 8:45 p. m.

Way passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7:30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 8:35 a. m., stopping at all stations.

Leaves Pottsville at 5:40 and 9:00 a. m., and 2:50 p. m.; Herndon at 9:30 a. m.; Shamokin at 5:40 and 10:40 a. m.; Ashland at 7:51 a. m. and 1:07 p. m.; Tanawqua at 8:35 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. for Philadelphia and New York.

Leaves Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna R. R. at 8:15 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 12:25 noon for Pinegrove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation train: Leaves Pottsville at 5:40 a. m., passes Reading at 7:30 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 10:20 a. m., returning, leaves Philadelphia at 5:15 p. m., passing Reading at 8:00 p. m., arriving at Pottsville at 9:40 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train Leaves Pottstown at 6:25 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:00 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7:20 a. m., and 6:15 p. m. for Pottsville, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9:09 a. m., 9:00 and 5:30 p. m.; returning leave Schuylkill at 8:05 a. m., 12:45 noon, and 4:15 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Pottsville at 9:40 a. m., and 6:20 p. m., returning leave Mount Pleasant at 7:00 and 11:25 a. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Heidelberg at 8:30 a. m., and 3:05 and 6:20 p. m., returning, leave Downingtown at 6:20 a. m., 12:45 noon and 6:15 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 6:00 p. m., Philadelphia 8:00 a. m. and 3:15 p. m., the 8:00 a. m. train running only to Reading; leave Pottsville 8:00 a. m. for Harrisburg 5:35 a. m. and 4:10 p. m., leave Allentown at 7:25 a. m. and 8:40 p. m.; leave Reading at 7:15 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. for Harrisburg at 7:35 a. m. and 10:45 p. m. for Philadelphia at 8:00 a. m. and 4:35 p. m.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Please, sir, will you give me a penny; only a penny?" "No—go along with you; I never give money to street beggars."

And Mrs. Parker sat a trifle more erect, if it were possible, in her buff-colored elshon wagon-seat, and grasped her blue cotton umbrella tighter. But her husband, Paul Parker, on whose kindly face the boy turned his gaze, said:

"See here, boy; I've only got a fifty-cent piece, and it's more money than I ought to give away. I shall be here at three o'clock this day week opposite this very tavern; will you be here to pay it back to me? Mind I only lend it to you; and may be I'll be able to find some work for you by that time."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, gleefully, as he scrambled up at the wheel. "I will be here, sure."

"Paul Parker, you're a fool!" said the woman, angrily. "You scatter your money about as though there was no end to it. Do you suppose you'll ever see your fifty cents again?"

"I hope so, wife," said the old man, touching his placid horse gently with the reins, and urging him into a sleepy jog-trot. "I should be sorry to think there wasn't a truth in that bright-eyed little fellow. Give the world a fair chance, that's all I've got to say."

The blustering August sunshine was pouring into a little garret room in one of the most squalid and neglected portions of the town, where a brutal-looking man sat smoking a short black pipe, and two or three boys lounged around half asleep.

A hand-organ stood against the wall, and a monkey dressed in soiled red gaiters chattered in the window. Nino's ardeon and a thumbed tambourine lay near by; Nino himself, with tear-stained cheeks and heavy eyelids, was crouched up in a corner, wistfully watching the door, as if resolved to avail himself of the first chance that offered itself to escape.

There was a wild beauty about the boy, in spite of his swarthy cheeks and forlorn uniform of rags and an attractiveness that was difficult to understand. His brow, overshadowed by thick black locks, was frank and open; his eyes were soft and liquid, and there were both spirit and gentleness in the well-outlined mouth. Had Nino Berlan been the offspring of aristocratic lineage, he would have been called handsome; but rags and poverty and blows are anything but beautifying, and Nino had known little else in his brief and sunless existence.

Presently the man knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it down, with a vicious sidelong glance at the boy.

"So you'd got fifty cents hid away, was you going to gammon me out of, eh?" he demanded. "You young vagabond, I'd like to know what you mean by it!"

"It was mine," sobbed the boy; "I earned it singly under the great folks' winders, after working hours, was over. I gave you all I earned in day time, I did."

"Yours!" growled the man, savagely; "and all you earn is mine, and if I ever catch you at any such a trick again, I'll split your head open for you. Where are you going to now? Sit down again."

"Only out as far as West-Landhill tavern," said Nino, entreatingly, as his eyes marked the slowly creeping tide of sunshine along the floor, that formed his only substitute for a clock.

"Well you won't do no such thing!" said the man evidently in a most contrary and quarrelsome mood. "Go back to your bench again; do you hear? You're not going to stir out of this place before night, and not then, unless you behave yourself!"

"I'll be back in ten minutes, sir, I will, indeed."

"Hold your noise!" brutally ejaculated his irate keeper. "I tell you you shan't stir another peg; there, now! Dave, to one of the other boys, 'give us a light here for this pipe.'"

Nino watching his opportunity, as a wild beast might watch for an escape from its cage, gave a forward dart just as the man stooped over to rub his match against the sole of his boot. But he was not quite quick enough; his tyrant seized him rudely by the arm, and slung him across the floor as if he had been a toy. He fell, his temple striking against the leg of a bedstead standing in the corner, and lay there quite insensible.

"Hush! if I don't think he's done for, dad," said one of the hitherto impassive spectators of the scene, a boy of thirteen, who was generally dressed as a "wandering Bavarian" with tannourine and bells.

"Let him alone, I say," snarled the father. "I'll teach him a lesson."

Just then the bell in the old square tower of the town clock struck three.

"I told you he would be here, Paul!" exultantly exclaimed Mrs. Parker, projecting her keen grey eyes into every nook and corner around the dull street in front of the West-Landhill House of Entertainment for Man and Beast. "I knew it! Now what do you think of your dog, honest boy?"

presented by the brutality of the man whose drudge I was.

Well, I begged my way to Boston, having run away from my tyrant, St. John Martin found me one night in the streets porching from cold and starvation. He had just lost his only child, a boy of about my own age, and not unlike me in personal appearance, and some how I seemed to take the same vacant place in his heart. I resolved that it ever lay in my power I would return the gift a thousand fold. But I never dreamed that Lucy's father was my benefactor."

He turned to her with a bright congratulatory smile, as he concluded, while the brown face of old Paul Parker worked with emotions he could not conceal.

"I thought you wouldn't ha' cheated me, boy; I thought your face was a good and honest one! But I hadn't no right to your generosity. Your father—"

"My father and I are one, sir, in thought, deed and wish."

"I don't know how to thank you, young man."

"Then do not attempt it. Perhaps one of these days I may ask you for yet more favors."

Old Paul Parker went home to his wife sedately triumphant.

"Wife you've said 'I told you so,' all your life; now it's my turn."

"What on earth do you mean?" grumbled his asseetic helpmate. "I do believe you're gettin' in your dotage."

"May be I am; in that case though I wish I'd got into it long ago."

And he told his adventure, while Lucy sat by, smiling like a warning in May.

"Didn't invest that fifty cents to a pretty good advantage?" he asked.

"Well, I never!" was her ultimatum.

"He wants now favors some day from me. What do you say, mother? Can we spare our little girl here?"

"Don't father!" cried Lucy, hiding her face; but she didn't look very angry after all.

Fight With a Rattlesnake.

Last Saturday morning I was the witness of such a scene as I pray God I may never see again. I beheld a combat between a young man and a rattlesnake, in which the former was bitten, and died in ten minutes thereafter. The particulars of the terrible affair are as follows:

On Friday last a young man named Graynor asked me to spend the night with him and go con hunting with him the next morning, to which request I readily assented. We started out about three o'clock A. M., and near day the dogs opened on a trail in the swamp of Bear Creek. Just after sunrise, the deep baying of the dogs informed us that the bear had taken a tree. We proceeded to make our way through the bog and tangled brush and vines in the direction of the dogs, until we came to a small space of firm ground, which was covered with a low growth of oak bushes. Here we halted a moment to listen for the dogs.

We had barely paused, when we were startled by a loud, strange, rattling sound issuing from beneath a low, thick bush, within a few feet of us. Though I had never heard that peculiar noise before, I knew instinctively that it was a rattlesnake, and I sprang back in terror, remarking, "Graynor, let's leave here."

"What, S—," said he, are you afraid?"

"Yes, I am afraid!"

"Well, S—," he coolly remarked, "I am going to kill the snake; it would be a pity to leave such a fine fellow here. So here goes."

While Graynor was speaking, I caught a glimpse of the snake, which, as nearly as I could judge, appeared to be about eight feet in length, and three inches in diameter in his largest part. He was lying coiled up in perfect circles, with his head drawn back in a terribly graceful curve, his small eyes sparkling, his slender forked tongue darting swiftly back and forth, and his brown neck swollen with fatal wrath, while ever and anon he twirled the warning rattles in the air with a harsh, blood-curdling sound.

"For God's sake, let's go," said I, shuddering at the terrible sight.

"Don't get scared," said G.; "just climb a tree, and he won't bite you. It ain't every day that fellow meets with such a fine, large snake as this, and it wouldn't do to loose him."

He had picked up a small stick about a yard long, and while speaking, was drawing back the bushes from above the snake so as to get sight of him. He threw his foot around over the bushes, and tramped them down in such a manner that the monster was fairly exposed to view; but just as he did so, and before he had time to strike the snake made a sudden spring at him, and I turned away my face in horror.

"I've got him, by George!"

I turned to look, and with his right hand he was grasping the snake by the neck in such a manner that he could not bite, while the monster was gnashing his teeth most furiously, and twisting and writhing in huge folds around Graynor's arms. All of a sudden, in some accountable manner, the snake freed his head, and quick as lightning plunged his drooping end to the ground, he glided a few paces and again coiled himself up, keeping his head erect and hissing his fearful rattles. G. turned deadly pale, paused a

snake sprang at him, and he again knocked him off with a stick; but before he could strike another blow the snake had made another bound in Graynor's arm. This time he again managed to seize the monster by the neck; and dropping the stick, he drew his knife with one hand, opened it with his teeth, and then deliberately cut off the snake's head. Blood spouted from the trunk, and G., still grasping the snake, whose huge folds flapped and writhed around him, turned toward me staggered and fell. I rushed up to him and asked him:

"What in the name of God can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said he, calmly. "I am dying! Tell them good—"

and his features became frightfully contorted, his eyes rolled over as if starting from their sockets, and his black, swollen tongue protruded from his mouth. Then he fixed his red, wild, staring eyes upon me, and heaved a deep, piercing groan, a shiver passed over his frame, and then all was still. I was alone with the dead!

Marking the place as well as I could I hastened to a house we had passed on the road, some half a mile distant from the fatal tragedy. Runners were sent through the neighborhood, and in the course of two hours some twenty of the neighbors had gathered. We proceeded to the place, which I found on difficulty in pointing out.

Good Heavens! what a sight met our view. The face and body had turned to a deep purple, and were swollen to three times their natural size, presenting the most horrible appearance I had ever witnessed. The snake lay where he had been thrown, and was still writhing.

A bitter bough was hastily constructed, and with heavy hearts, we took our way to the residence of his parents. I will not attempt to describe the heart-rending scene when they saw the body. Grief like theirs cannot be portrayed.—*Chapin (Ma.) Cor. of Buffalo News.*

A Tennessee Courtship.

On the 12th inst., in Sevier county by Wm. Pickens, Esq., Bill Rogers a widow Nancy E. Bailey. This says a correspondent "was one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of fortitude and determination, on the part of the two persons interested ever exhibited in East Tennessee. Mrs. Bailey was a widow of two months' mourning. She was fair beyond the usual fairness of her associates. Bill Rogers, was himself, a comely young country youth of about 19 years of age. A week before the marriage the widow Nancy visited the residence of Bill's maternal parents and luckily found her in the field on Bill in the house. Nancy is to all intents a practical business woman, unaccustomed to work at once. Drawing up stool to Bill's feet says she, "Bill Rogers, how'd you like to marry?" Says Bill, in reply, "Just rate." Says Nancy, straightening herself up and throwing out her magnificent chest "Bill Rogers, how do you like this?" Says Bill, "bully." Says Nancy, "Bill, get out a license and it's yours." Says Bill, "I'll have 'em or die." He was off in a moment for Sevierville, to the license. But alas! Bill had the necessary sum when he reached the clerk's office to procure license. He tremped home again, entered his house before his family, and without saying a word, took from the shelf the rifle gun, and placing it on his shoulder, again left. No one seemed to know any further particulars. It is known that Bill got the license, but brought no gun back with him. A 12 o'clock at night, Esquire Pickens was called for most impudently, to perform the marriage ceremonies, and he did it in the most imposing form before the brilliant picket fire that blazed on the hearth, and in the presence of the select audience who had assembled. After the vows had been made, and the record tendered that they were man and wife, Bill's first exclamation was "Nancy we've had a hard time, but I told you I'd bring them. Let's go home." And they went.

A Savage Grizzly.

On the 18th ult., says the San Jose Independent, three men, whose names are unknown, but who had been keeping a diary on the San Benito Rancho, came to death in a most horrible manner. On Thursday one of their cows strayed away and was lost. On the next morning, before breakfast, two of them started out to look for the missing animal. After traveling up the ravine for some distance they discovered the cow lying among the brush. Thinking she was asleep they went up to start her home; but it appears the cow had been killed by a grizzly, who was at this time lying at her side. As the men approached the bear leaped upon the foremost one, and throwing him to the ground, tore out his entrails, and then seizing the second, caught his head in his mouth, and bit it entirely off, mangling it fearfully.—The bear then resumed its position by the body of the dead cow. The man who was at first attacked did not die immediately, but had strength enough left to drag himself a short distance from the spot. In the meantime the man left at the camp having prepared breakfast, went out to call his companions. Finding their trail he followed it until he saw the cow lying in the bushes, and

Profitable Book-Keeping.

"Who has bought the handsome saddle, John?" inquired a saddle and harness maker in Philadelphia, some time ago, of his foreman, upon coming into the shop and finding that a very handsome new saddle had disappeared.

"Indeed I cannot tell who it was; and the worst of it is, it has not been paid for. I was very busy this morning, when a gentleman came in and priced it, told me to charge it to his account, threw it into his vehicle, and drove off before I could ascertain his name. I am sure, however, he is one of our customers, for he has frequently bought articles here before."

That rather a puzzling case, really," said the boss, scratching his head, "some mode must be devised to find out the purchaser and get pay for the saddle. Ay, I have it, John! Charge every one of our customers who have accounts open, with the saddle; those who didn't get it, will of course refuse to pay, and in that way we shall reach the right one."

Jobs did as he was ordered. Two or three weeks after the July bills had been made out, the foreman was interrogated as to whether he had succeeded in finding out the purchaser.

"It is impossible to say, sir," he answered, "for about forty have paid for it without saying a word."

Too Many Smiths.

In a certain Western city a man determined to get out a directory. They

All over the city, inquired said Bri

All over the city, replied madan beginning to wander what Bird was driving at; and how much does collect?"

Fifty or sixty pounds, and so days a hundred."

You mean fifty or sixty dollars, pounds—dollars, Bridget, said in am, with emphasis.

No more, I don't mean dollars more grease.

Share I do, for Pat is a soap gre collector."

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

A good man from New Jersey was taken a friend in Philadelphia the other to examine the place where the P treaty tree once stood. When it reached the ground, the friend pointed to the place, and remarked that it was the exact spot where William P stood when he engaged in the memorable transaction which made famous in history.

The Jerseyman looked at place for a long while, and was around it three or four times and punched his nose in the ground once or twice, and said, "Huh! Huh! or Very interesting, ver"

Then he thought for a few minutes, said, "But where did the see when William shot the apple o head?"