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The Post. OUR COUNTRY.

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J. P. CONMILLER, 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, 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 service to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

WM. VAN GEZER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg Pa. Offers his professional service to the public. Collections and all other Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

GEO. F. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg Pa. Offers his Professional service 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, 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 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. '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 Faver, Agent, Selingsgrove. [Jan. 23, '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, Selingsgrove Penn. [Jan. 3, '67]

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

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]

D. J. F. KANAWEL, P. I. C. IAN AND SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. [6-38]

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 Crier 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. 16, '67]

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS TOBACCO WAREHOUSE No. 322 N. THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA. [Jan. 3, '67]

MERCHANT HOUSE, H. H. MANDERBACH Prop'r. J. C. NIPE, Clerk No. 412 & 414 North Third Street, Philadelphia. [Jan. 3, '67]

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN BANNEVILLE. NEW GOODS. HELFRICH & BROWER. 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, PLAIDS, LUSTRES, DELAINES, CALICOES, &c.

Cloths & Cassimeres. HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE. 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. MALL PROFFES. 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

MUSLINS. CALICOES, DELAINES, LAWNS, SILKS, BERGES, LINENS.

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

READING RAILROAD. Summer Arrangement, Monday May 16, 1870.

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

Way passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7:30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 3:30 p. m., stopping at all stations.

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

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Reading at 8:30 a. m., and 3:05 and 6:25 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 3:40 p. m.; leave Reading at 7:15 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. for Harrisburg at 7:35 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. for Philadelphia at 8:00 a. m. and 4:55 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 elsh-boned wagon-seat, and grasped her blue cotton umbrella tighter.

"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 jolt-trot. "I should be sorry to think there wasn't no truth in that bright-eyed little fellow. Give the world a fair chance, that's all I've got to say."

The blistering 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 him asleep.

"Not much; but I met his son at several parties last fall, and I—I think if you were to go there and tell him just how it is, or write, even—"

"No name," cranked Mrs. Parker, desparingly, "other folks ain't so ready to let go of their money as your father is, Lucy."

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

"For his father can't be so very hard hearted," she thought, "and they are so very rich that surely they will be willing to wait for this five hundred dollars until we can pay it."

"I'm not a bit 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."

"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 lose 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.

"The old man's face lighted up. "I do remember now. It was a—"

brought to expect much from a lad brought up in the streets. Well, let's drive on."

The swift rolling years had sprinkled their silver blossoms more plentifully on the head of Paul Parker, and plowed deeper lines in his wife's face. The little girl at their fireside had grown into a tall, handsome young woman. Once more we enter the inner sanctum of their lives.

"It is father's step mother," said Lucy Parker, jumping up to open the door. "Well father, what look?"

"Bad enough, child, said old Paul, meekly shaking the powdery fringe of snow from his overcoat. "Milton's down again with fever and ague; his wife's poorly, and Bruce has had a stroke, so he can't work no more."

"And they didn't pay you the money? Paul you were a fool for ever lending it, sheeked his wife shrilly. "And what are we to do, with lawyer Martin writin' and writin' for the money we owe him?"

"We can do nothing, wife."

"We shall be sold out at auction, and die in a poor house yet. Oh, Paul, why didn't you pay more heed to what I've always kept tellin' you?"

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said the old man cheerily though the muscles of his lip and brow quivered.

"Father, is it St. John Martin, the Leeds street lawyer, to whom you owe this money?"

"Yes; what do you know about him?"

"Not much; but I met his son at several parties last fall, and I—I think if you were to go there and tell him just how it is, or write, even—"

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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 assetic 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."

"For his father can't be so very hard hearted," she thought, "and they are so very rich that surely they will be willing to wait for this five hundred dollars until we can pay it."

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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 snatching 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 limbs 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; I feel it. My blood is cold, 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 places 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.—Clyton (Ara.) Cor. of Buffalo News.

A Tennessee Courtship. On the 12th inst., in Sevier county by Wm. Pickens, Esq., Bill Rogers (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."

On Friday last a young man named Graynor asked me to spend the night with him and go coon 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 fine 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?"

"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."

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manner. The surviving victim, who was lying in the brush at a short distance from the scene, witnessed his approach and death, but was so terribly wounded that he was unable to give any warning. The bodies were found a short time afterwards and conveyed to camp where the survivor died during the ensuing night, after relating the affair as we have stated above. The bear is the same one that has been in that vicinity for the past ten years, it being known from its peculiar track having lost three of its toes from one of his feet.

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 noble 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 Bridget.

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

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

You mean fifty or sixty dollars, pounds—dollars, Bridget, said in amaze, 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 honorable transaction which made famous in history.

The Jerseyman looked at place for a long while, and he around it three or four times and punched his nose in the ground once or twice, and said, "He'll hab a very interesting view."

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