

THE POST.
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The Post.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One column one year \$50.00
One-half column one year 35.00
One-fourth column one year 25.00
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, Executor, Administrator 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. O'CONNOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. 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 pub-
lic. 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 pub-
lic. 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 pub-
lic. 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 service to the pub-
lic. 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 pub-
lic. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to their care
will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. [Jan. 5, '67]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his Professional services to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. Col-
lections made in all parts of the State.
He can speak the English and German
languages fluently. Office between Hall's
and the Post office.

L. N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Middleburg Snyder County Penn'a.
Office a few doors West of the P. O. on
Main street. Consultation in English
and German languages. [Jan. 3, '67]

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

G. ROYER & BAKER,
SEWING MACHINE.
Persons in need of a good and durable
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at
reasonable prices by calling on SAM-
UEL F. BAKER, Agent, Selingsgrove, Pa.
[Jan. 24, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Middleburg and vicinity. [Oct. 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. D. WAGNER, Esq.,
J. C. RICE OF THE PEACE,
Jackson To waship, 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]

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 Auction-
eer. Having had a large experience, I
feel confident that I can render perfect
satisfaction to my employers. [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.

MERCHANT HOUSE,
H. H. MANDERBACH PROP'R.
J. C. NIPE, Clk.
No. 418 & 416 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

SELECT POETRY.

If You should ever get Married.
If you should ever get married, John,
I'll tell you what to do—
Go get a little tenement,
Just big enough for two,
And one spare room for company,
And one spare bed within it—
And if you begin love's life aright,
You'd better thus begin it.
In furniture be moderate, John,
And let the stuffed chairs wait.
One looking-glass will do for both
Yourself and loving mate,
And Brussels, too, and other things
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can better afford it, they
Will look better a year hence.
Some think they must have pictures, John,
Superb and costly too.
Your wife will be a picture, John,
Let that suffice for you.
Remember what the wise man said,
A tent and love within it,
Is better than a splendid house,
With bickerings every minute.
And one word as to cooking, John—
Your wife can do the best.
For love, to make the biscuit rise,
Is better far than yeast.
No matter if each day you don't
Bring turkey to your table—
'Twill relish better by-and-by,
When you are better able.
For all you buy pay money, John—
Money that very day;
If you would have your life run smooth,
There is no better way.
A note to pay is an ugly thing—
If it hangs over you to call it,
When it hangs over a man who has
No money in his wallet,
And now, when you are married, John,
Don't try to ape the rich;
If you have many a toilsome year,
To gain their coveted niche,
And if you should gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning,
And then all you win repay,
The toil and care of winning.

A LEGAL TENDER.

BY JUDIE CLARK.

Saul Serleaf was the paragon of bachelors. His age was a puzzle in chronology. If you judged as jockeys do, by the teeth, you would set him down about thirty—for they were perfect, as white as pearl, and not one missing. His glossy chestnut locks—gating it was at a wig he wore—bore similar testimony which was further corroborated by a figure whose symmetry spoke well for the handicraft of nature, or of art, whichever was entitled to it.
He boarded with Mrs. Northernman, a respectable widow, who furnished accommodations to a few first class single gentlemen, partly for the sake of society, and partly—not.
Mr. Serleaf was a man of steady habits. He had taken up his abode with the widow on first coming to the place, and had never since thought of changing. Indeed, neither party had any reason to be dissatisfied. Mr. S.'s room was always tidy, the widow chatty, he affable, and his bills never a day in arrear. What more was wanting to make things pleasant. After a time Mr. S. got to be the senior boarder. Others had come and gone, but he remained "permanent." To sit facing the widow at the table with grace, carve the beefsteak, and lead the conversation, were prerogatives more firmly his, by prescription than they had ever been of the dead and gone Northernman, by martial right.
It was Mr. Serleaf with whom the widow consulted in her trials, and in whom she reposed her confidences. He conversed with her to church on Sundays; and any little difficulty in the sermon, or knotty point in the trimming of a lady's bonnet, he would clear up on the way home, in a manner equally charming and instructive.
Whether the twain, in time, would have been more—or less—to each other, had the widow adhered strictly to her rule to receive none but "single gentlemen" as boarders, is one of those questions always unresolvable, touching what would have happened, had something else taken place that never did.
Enough to say, Mrs. Northernman, yielding to influential references and the offer of a tempting price, let her best vacant rooms—they were next to Mr. Serleaf's—to a family composed of a gentleman and his wife and baby.
Babies were Mr. Serleaf's abomination. He looked upon them as toddling monuments of original sin. He had no patience with them, or any that had them. The sight of one gave him a turn, and the sound drove him frantic.
In this particular baby, all Mr. Serleaf's objections to babyhood in the abstract were summed up in the concrete. It was subject to croup, it had colic; and when it had neither it was troubled with teething.
The first night Mr. Serleaf stuffed the blanket in his ears, but he might as well have attempted to stifle thunder. He tried to count himself to sleep, but the squalls put him out; and when he strove to count them, they became confluent and undistin-
guishable.
The next night it was worse. He couldn't even say his prayers—in fact didn't feel like it. He paced the room in sleepless agony. Something had to be done. He had been a boarder in the house for five years, and had never yet uttered a complaint. He was very loth to do it now; but needs, must, when a certain person drives
'I'll propose to Mrs. Northernman' and he smote his fist upon the table,

Sticking to the Point.

A friend of mine, who was in business, and in need of a clerk, advertised; but out of the whole number of those who presented themselves, only one shut the door tight as he went out of the office. This one was immediately called back and employed.
A little while afterwards another friend, a successful lawyer, advertised as follows:
WANTED—A young man to work in an attorney's office, and also to read law at his leisure. Apply to John Smith, 13 Dunlap Street, B.
It was the conviction of my friend that what is most desired in a lawyer is a certain cool judgment, which holds on to the main point in a given case, and allows no side issues to warp the mind from its anchored position. I have often heard him say, "In the end, the lawyer who, having hit the nail on the head, keeps driving it in until it is counter-sunk in the conviction in both judge and jury, is the pleader who succeeds best, at the bar of justice. I always select for my students such young men as have this quality, and I almost invariably find it lodged in minds that are inclined to stick to the point."
On the day following the publication of the above notice, Mr. Smith had in the forenoon a dozen applicants in person. He bade them wait his pleasure; then, when they were all seated around him, he addressed them as follows:
"Before we proceed to business, my young friends, I wish to tell you a short story."
Of course no one objected to this. And, if it seemed a little odd in a lawyer, it was the way our beloved late President had, and there was this circumstance at least to recommend it.
"On Deacon White's barn," began Mr. S., "there perched one evening an owl. The deacon was lightly superstitious, and not fancying the hooting of the lugubrious visitant, he took his old gun, stole out softly, got within good range, levelled his gun at the ominous intruder, and fired. Now the barn was old and full of clinks and holes, and it being a very dry time, treacherous wadding immediately set fire to the hay inside, and in an instant the entire fabric was in flames."
"O, dear! dear!" cried the deacon, "how can I release all my cows and oxen and yearlings, and my sheep and horses, in season to save them? for the wind was high, and, as it always happens, it increased in freshness as the fire gained in fury."
"Help! help!" he shouted.
"Did the folks here him in the house?" asked Alfred. (I shall call the applicants by their christian names.)
"Not directly," said Mr. Smith. "The deacon lost no time in getting out the cattle. He found them frantic with terror and unmanageable. While engaged in unloading a stout young bull, the latter suddenly turned his horns and pierced him."
"I'm gored! I'm gored!" he exclaimed, in agony, just as his terror-stricken wife came to his rescue."
"Did he die?"
"He was injured seriously," resumed Mr. Smith. "Feeling faint was obliged to go and lie down. The woman ran for a doctor. When she returned, the piteous bellowing of the tortured and dying cattle fell on her ears. The thrilling thought struck her, where was her husband, possibly in the burning ruins? Had he ventured beyond his strength again, and fallen a helpless victim?"
"O, my husband! my husband!"
"Did he answer?" inquired David, with an anxious face.
"Was he in the fire?" asked Charles.
"There was no reply," continued Mr. Smith, "save from the cracking timbers and moans of the doomed animals. Presently she heard the voice of her only son among the flames."
"Help! help! he cried.
"The mother's heart was ready to break. She hastened to rescue her darling son."
"Did she save him?" asked Edward.
"O! I hope she didn't get burned herself," said Frank.
"Please tell us sir, whether they were burned to death," pleaded Grant.
"Well," resumed Mr. Smith, "the poor deacon died of his wounds."
"Too bad," said Henry. "He was a brave man."
"And his son was badly burned."
"O, awful!" exclaimed Isaac.
"And the widow's clothes caught fire, but, luckily, one of the neighbors (there were none living very near) arrived at the scene of destruction just in season to extinguish the flames."
"Good! good!" exclaimed James.
"He was a brave man."
"You are right," said Mr. Smith.
"And he released one of the best horses."
"Was he burned at all?" asked Karl.
"Only a little scorched," said Mr. Smith.
And so the narrator went on until he had depicted the consequence in detail of the sad event. Then he passed. His audience was silent. Their sympathies had been deeply touched. Each one seemed silently pitying the poor, afflicted family. By one boy had sat unmoved through the whole story, and said nothing. And now that the narrative was finished, and a pause had come, he de-

The Strasburg Clock.

The famous clock in the cathedral of Strasburg is thus described: "For ingenuity and complication, all ancient clocks must hide their heads in the presence of the Strasburg Cathedral. Before this clock stands a globe, on the ground, showing the motions of the heavens, stars, and planets. The heavens are carried about by the first mover in twenty-four hours. Saturn in his proper motion, is carried about in thirty years; Jupiter, in twelve; Mars, in two; the Sun, Mercury, and Venus, in one year; and the Moon in one month. In the clock itself are two tables on the right and left hand, showing the eclipses of the sun and moon from the year 1572 to 1621. The third table in the middle is divided in two parts. In the first part, the status of Apollo and Diana show the course of the year and the day thereof, being carried about one year. The second part shows the year of our Lord and the equinoxial days, the hours of each day, and the minutes of each hour, Easter Day, and all the other feasts and the dominical letter, and the third part has the geographical description of all Germany, and particularly of Strasburg, and the names of the inventor and the workmen."
In the middle frame of the clock is an astroble, showing the sign in which each planet is every day; and there are statues of the seven planets upon a circular plate of iron; so that every day the planet that rules the day comes forth, the rest being hid within the frames till they come out, of course, at their day, as the sun upon Sunday, and so for all the week. There is a terrestrial globe, which shows the quarter, the half-hour, and the minutes. There is a figure of a human skull, and statues of two boys, where one turns the hour-glass when the hour hath struck, and the other puts forth the rod in his hand at each stroke of the clock. Moreover, there are statues of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, and many observations of the moon. In the upper part of the clock are four old men's statues, which strike the quarters of the hour. The statue of Death comes out at each quarter to strike, but is driven back by the statue of Christ, with a spear in his hand, for three quarters; but in the fourth quarter Death strikes the hour with the "boon" in his hand, and then the chimes sound. On the top of the clock is the image of a cock, which twice in a day crows aloud and claps his wings. Besides, this clock is decked with many rare pictures, and being on the inside of the church, carries another frame to the outside of the walls—over the hours of the sun, the hours of the moon, the courses of the sun, the length of day, and such other things are set out with much art. But perhaps the most striking part of the history of this famous Strasburg clock is, that it was made, or at all events perfected, by a blind man. The artisan who contrived it lost his sight, and was superseded; but since nobody else would carry out his ideas, and he refused to communicate them, he was reinstated in his work, and actually carried out the affair, in all its intricate delicacy, to the end."
RURAL FELICITY IN IRELAND.— Sometimes in reading about Ireland we are inclined to be surprised, not so much that they are absentees as that they are presentees. The Illustrated London News has sent a special correspondent to Ireland to explain to its readers, both by writing and drawing how gentlemen live in disaffected districts. He has paid a visit to the residence of Nicholson, in Meath, whose coachman was lately murdered in mistake for his master. Mr. Nicholson, when he walks out has a ride in his hand at full cock, a policeman walks on either side of him, and two more bring up the rear, all armed. There is a detachment of constabulary in the house. An engraving depicts Mr. Nicholson taking an airing under these exhilarating circumstances: When he drives out, an indulgence upon which he seldom ventures, a car with four policemen follows that which conveys him, and they carry a ladder to enable them easily to pursue any one who may be disposed to take a peep at the gentleman from behind a wall, which might not be easy otherwise to scale. This sort of life continued for months would prove rather trying to most men's constitutions, we fancy.
REVENGE.—The noblest revenge we can take upon our enemies is to do them a kindness; for to return malice for malice, and injury for injury, will afford but a temporary gratification to our evil passions, and our enemies will only be rendered the more bitter, against us. But to take the first opportunity to show them how superior we are to them by doing them a kindness, or by rendering them a service, the sting of reproach will enter deeply in their souls; and while so it will be a noble retaliation, or triumph, not only blotting out the animosity that had before stood against us, but by bringing repentant hearts to offer themselves at the shrine of friendship.

Proverbs for Teachers.

The best way of making friends of parents is to make friends of their children.
A teacher who tries to please everybody will be very likely to please few or nobody.
It is easier to keep out of difficulties than to get out of them.
A school which is controlled by the least government is the best governed.
The general tone of a school never rises above that of the teacher.
A pleasant face in school does more than a cross one.
Teachers who cannot govern themselves cannot govern their schools.
A noisy, blustering teacher is sure to have a noisy, blustering school.
A teacher's skill is better shown by his or her success with dull pupils than with bright ones.
In teaching, quality is more important than quantity.
A thorough exposition of principles is more valuable than specific modes of operation.
Explanations should be given in few words carefully arranged, and slowly uttered.
Instruction to be valuable, should be clear and exact.
Memory and reason should be trained together—not one to the neglect of the other.
Children are quick to discern a teacher who is easily annoyed.
They love a teacher who manifests genuine love for them.
They are influenced more by example than by precept.
Perpetual scolding does them much harm and little good.
They are much more effectually governed by patient kindness than by physical force.
They become worthy of confidence in proportion to the confidence placed in them.
Good teachers and good scholars are necessarily antecedent and consequent.
A teacher's influence ought not to be limited to his own school, but should be extended to his or her fellow teachers and the public.
The teacher's power at home and abroad depends largely upon the extent and character of his or her self culture.
To be more than a pedagogue, they should know what is transpiring in the educational world.
Teachers, should, therefore, do their part towards making, reading, and sustaining the current educational literature.
Those teachers who are unwilling to do what they can for the general cause of education, and encouragement of other teachers, fail to perform an essential part of their duty, and have no claim upon the sympathy and confidence of the educational fraternity.
Modes of Fattening Hogs.
Not a few farmers feed corn in the ear, and some even raw potatoes, to their fattening swine. One half would probably be an under estimate of the loss by this easiest and most slovenly and costly practice.
A large number mix dry meal with cold water or slops, and immediately feed it to their hogs. The loss in this case is not so much as in feeding the corn unground, but it cannot be less than from fifteen to twenty per cent.
Still others cook their meal with their potatoes, both thoroughly, completely mixing the one with the other, and then adding to the conglomerate water sufficient to make a thick mash, present it to the gratified and hearty swine, thereby saving nearly all fat producing value contained in the grain and the potatoes.
For several years we have adopted this plan. Everything fed to our hogs while fattening, is cooked, but nothing is ground. To one bushel and half of dry corn in the kernel, and then with a liberal supply of water in a kettle almost steam-tight we cook for at least three hours. The kernels are then three or four times their original size and the potatoes are much and when thoroughly mixed the dish is as acceptable as can be presented to a lot of fattening hogs. And as every particle of food is for can be reduced to a paste by the slightest mastication much more by the action of the stomach, there can be little if any loss.
The advantages are, that you save the time of taking your grain to the mill, the toll, and having your grain always at hand in a proper condition to use; there is a steadiness about the food that is one of the main elements of success in feeding fattening animals.
An addition of a few quarts of rye and an occasional peck of oats, making a little variety, is always a judicious plan; either of which are as easily cooked as heavier and lighter kernels of corn.
A DARKY SWALLOWS A RAT.—A New Orleans householder, disturbed by an aged drake who each day sat on her porch and went to sleep in the sun, with upturned head open mouth and prodigious snore, concluded she would try an experiment. For this purpose she procured a small piece of ice and dropped it into the huge orifice that served as Sambo's mouth. It disappeared like a shot, and, with a cough and a snort, Sambo started to his feet. "Ugh!" he cried as the ice sent violent thrills through his stomach. "What dis?" and his

finers eluded nervously the afflicted parts.

Just then some one cried out in the house that a big rat had run down "Uncle Sam's" throat. This added terror to his pain, he rolled on the banquette and cried lustily for help. "Fore God, missus, he's gnawing out'n me. I feel him. Oh golly, he's kill'n me," and the whites of the darkey's eyes protruded like saucers, and the convulsed and anguished face showed that real pain was strongly enhanced by his imaginary terror. "Oh golly, how he do jump and kick about," and Sambo again gave himself up to paroxysm of lamentation. "Drink warm water, Uncle Sam, and drown him," the lady suggested. Without a moment's hesitation Sam started for the water pail. He turned on the crank and the water started. Sam glided his lips to the nozzle until his sides were puffed out like an inflated balloon. "How do you feel now, Uncle Sam?" the lady inquired, as Sam staggered back to his seat. "I guess he's drowned, missus; but here's what's troubling this chile, how'd dat rat wine get on'n dare?"
GILING FARM IMPLEMENTS.—Every farmer should have a can of linseed oil and a brush on hand, and whenever he buys a new tool he should soak it with oil and dry it well by the fire or in the sun before using. The wood by this treatment is toughened and strengthened, and rendered impervious to water. Wet a new hay rake, and when it dries it will begin to be loose in the joints; but if well oiled, the wet will have little effect. Shovels and forks are preserved from checking and cracking in the top of the handle by oiling; the wood becomes smooth as glass by use, and far less likely to blister the hand when long used. AX and hammer handles often break off where the wood enters the iron, this part particularly should be toughened by oil, to secure durability. Oiling the wood in the eye of the ax will prevent it swelling and shrinking, and sometimes getting loose. The tools on a large farm cost a large sum of money; they should be of the most approved kinds. It is poor economy at the present extravagant prices of labor, to set men to work with the ordinary, old-fashioned implements—Laborers should be required to return their tools to the convenient places provided for them; after using, they should be put away clean and bright. The mould boards of ploughs are apt to get rusty from one season to another, even if sheltered; they should be brushed over with a few drops of oil when put away, and will then remain in good order till wanted.—*Evening Journal.*
A HERO.—The man who calmly faces certain and speedy death is a hero. Here is a case where pain, suffering and death were all looked upon calmly and bravely.
John T. Owens, Supervisor of the road, showed a remarkable heroism in the Philadelphia and Wilmington Railroad accident, recently. He was riding on the engine when it was overturned, and was thrown under the wreck with the hot coals from the furnace pouring down upon his body. For two hours and a half he lay tangled among the heavy irons, which were slowly pressing out his life, while the fire consumed one of his crushed and broken arms. He was perfectly unconscious all the time, conversing with those who were using every exertion to lift the terrible mass and to cool the hot iron, uttered no word of impatience or complaint, and bore his intense suffering with a fortitude that was almost superhuman. Thursday morning he died from his injuries. Prominent among the passengers who assisted in lifting up the engine and extricating the suffering man was Postmaster General Cresswell, who labored for two hours in removing the debris of the collision.
SEEN WISELY.—Look to your spending. No matter what comes in, more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald. Straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if at the top leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red line. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. In cloth choose suitable and lasting stuff and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you have a chance of rest when you are old.
The sufferings imposed upon the unfortunate French who live in the neighborhood of the active operations of the war are, according to all accounts, of a fearful description. Around Metz and Gravelotte and other points where grim vindictive war has shown its writhed front in its grimmest aspect, there is nothing left for the passants to eat, no shelter remains for them, no place of refuge offers. Their friends have nothing to give, either in the shape of subsistence or sympathy.