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The Post.



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D. C. CLARKE, Importer and Jobber in **NOTIONS!** Gloves, Hosiery, Small Wares, **WHITE GOODS!** Trimmings, Ribbons, &c. **FANCY WOOLENS** In Great Variety!

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GREAT EXCITEMENT IN BANNERVILLE. 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

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.

W. F. HANSELL, PHILADELPHIA. June 14, 1870.

Select Poetry.

THE FATE OF A FIGHTING DOG. A man who owned a ferrier dog— A bob-tailed purry cuss— And that there purry cat that there man In many an ugly muss: For the man was on his muscle, And the dog was on his bite; So to kick the dog-gone animalie Was sure to raise a fight.

A woman owned a Tibbas cat, That fit at fifteen pounds; The other cats got up and stid When that there cat was round. The man and his dog came along one day, Where the woman she did dwell; And the purry he growled ferocious, Then went for the cat like—everything.

He tried to "chaw the neck of the cat, But the cat he wouldn't be chawed, So he lit on the back of that there dog; And bit! and clawed! and clawed! Oh! the hair it flew! and the dog he yelled; And the cat's went into his lido, And chunks of flesh was peeled from his back; Then he hummed, and kicked and died

The man he ripped, and cussed and swore, As he gathered a big brickbat, That he would be durned essentially If he did not kill that cat! But the old woman allowed she'd be blessed If he did, And snatched up an old shot-gun, Which was fired, and peppered his diaphragm With bird shot number ones.

They toted him home on a window blind, And the doctor cured him up; But he never was known to fight again, (He to own another purry, Folks may turn up their snouts at this here rhyme, I don't care a cuss for that; All I want to show is, that fighting dogs May tackle the wrong Tomcat.)

HOW MARTHA WAS DISPOSED OF. BY H. W. S. "Now that Julius is coming home, my dear husband, Martha must be disposed of."

"Martha—disposed of?" Mr. De Lisle looked at his handsome, aristocratic wife, utterly at a loss to comprehend her true meaning. Mrs. De Lisle laughed; a delicate, lady-like laugh it was, you may be sure; only such a laugh could ever have escaped from Mrs. Victoria De Lisle's haughty curled but beautiful lips.

"O Mr. De Lisle," cried the lady, still laughing, "I might know you would never understand; you men are so obtuse."

"Indeed I cannot conceive wherefore, or in what manner, you should dispose of Martha; nor can I see what Julius's coming home has to do with it. Martha is like a daughter to us. We took her when she was an infant; and if she were our own flesh and blood I doubt if we would love her more. I suppose I should say 'I don't we,' though I never, until now, doubted your love for her."

"Pain! How pain? I cannot conceive—" "Mr. De Lisle, you never can conceive. You are always saying that. You have no forethought. You are forever unable to comprehend, when I present any project for avoiding unpleasant occurrences. So I will state the case plainly to you. Julius is handsome, accomplished, unmarried. As our only child, he is the heir of a vast inheritance and a—Please do not interrupt me, Mr. De Lisle. That is a very unpleasant habit which I wish you would break off. I was about to say that Julius is heir not only to immense wealth, but to an unsullied name. Martha is a foundling; her parentage is a mystery. All we ever could ascertain was that her mother died a maniac. We took the infant out of charity. We have as a matter of course, dressed and educated her—rich people could do no less—she has shared all the comforts and advantages of our home and position—no small items for a beggar's child to enjoy. We have made a lady of her. She is now able to earn her living in a lady-like way; or, as she has the entire of the best society, she may marry advantageously. I think we have done everything for her that could be possibly expected of us. And now to prevent any foolish entanglements—for Martha and Julius are both susceptible young fools, I take it—we must send Martha away to the country before our son's arrival, and keep her there out of his sight until his affections are suitably—

kept them so judiciously separated—thanks to my prudence!—she in boarding school, he in college, and, since his graduation, traveling in foreign lands, that they have, thus far, escaped any such folly. And it is to prevent the possibility of such a calamity, which could only cause needless sorrow, and can easily be avoided, that I wish to keep our two young people separated until Julius shall have married."

"Victoria De Lisle, there is no dearer wish of my heart than to see Martha become the wife of our Julius. I have never mentioned it before, for I do not believe in controlling young people too much in such matters; but Julius could never find a more worthy wife than Martha, were he to search the world over. I am confident that he will be the better able to appreciate her loveliness after having seen the beauties of other lands."

"Mr. De Lisle, you utterly astonish me! You would be willing for our son to marry the child of a beggar—to marry a girl whose very existence is, perhaps, a proof of dishonor! For shame! What low aspiration! and you a De Lisle!"

"Victoria, I know not, I care not what was Martha's parentage. She, herself, is good and beautiful. No shame can attach itself to her from the possible sins of those whom she has never known."

"Martha is good enough, to be sure; but my son shall never marry one whose origin is involved in obscurity, perhaps in shame; a girl, too whose mother died insane."

"The insanity might not have been hereditary. Adversity, or suffering might have induced it."

"Mr. De Lisle, it is useless to waste words with you. I only propose to act. My part was decided upon before I spoke to you; I shall send Martha at once to Sister Brande, in Oakdale, and I shall tell her, too, to make her useful. Martha is no heir of ours, and the sooner she comes to understand that she must make her own way in the world, the easier it will be for her to do it."

"Victoria, I always intended to give Martha at least a third of my property, provided she and Julius did not fancy each other."

"I never had the remotest idea that you would do anything of the kind. Martha is poor, and she must be made to realize it. She must live now upon what she can earn. I shall send her away to-morrow morn'g."

"Soul's are invisible, Mr. De Lisle Her face and form are handsome." "A mere outside beauty." "Her accomplishments—" "Mere trash. No depth, no depth!"

"Her family—" "Family is nothing. Does a man marry his wife's family?" "Her fortune—" "Gone to the winds." "Impossible!"

"There is a rumor afloat that her father, Esquire Rich, is bankrupt." "It cannot be, Mr. De Lisle; what are you saying? Did you make up that story to frighten me?"

"Make up a story! by no means. But the fortune is only a secondary matter. Julius has money enough in his own right. If his wife shall prove herself capable of making him happy, I care little whether or not she brings him a fortune. But, pray read your letter, wife. If there is a word in it from the dear child, or about her, I am anxious to hear it."

"Here, De Lisle, read it yourself. What you have told me about that loss of property has unsettled my nerves. But, really—De Lisle, it is hard for me to believe it. Julius's wife had a million and a half settled upon her, and such a brilliant wedding—it was only last week."

"The settlement was all gas. Rich knew he was bankrupt—must have known from the condition of affairs—but he kept up the show till he married off his daughter; till, in short, till our Julius was entrapped, and then the—"

"Oh, my silly maneuvering!" "Hush, hush, dear wife! do not interrupt me. It is an unpleasant habit which I wish you would rid yourself of. I was about to say that you, or rather, now, the true state of Rich's affairs has come to light. He is beggared. Yes, Vic, our Julius has married a girl who is as poor as a church pauper. But now for the letter."

"Not yet. Oh, De Lisle! you have shocked me fearfully." "I think you will survive. Shall I read?"

"How hard hearted you are, husband, to talk of reading when I am fainting!" "Hard hearted! Not a bit of it. I don't think you are fainting. I am only governed by good common sense, and—by you." The last two words were finished under his breath.

"Well, do read my sister's letter to me. I am waiting to hear it."

"Ah! I thought you were fainting. I will read then."

"DEAR SISTER DE LISLE: It is now six or seven months since you sent dear Martha to us with the injunction to make her useful. She has indeed proved herself faithful to us in a thousand ways. She found the key to all our hearts at once—more especially to the heart of my son Thaddeus. Ah, Sister Victoria! you must have forgotten that I had a son at home who was a widower, or you would not have put so powerful a temptation in his path. Thaddeus and Martha are to be married next week, Tuesday. Will you all come to the wedding without any more ceremonious invitation?"

"The bustle of preparation for the all-important event blinds me from writing more at length. Our congratulations in the recent happy accession to your own family, shall be spoken face to face when we welcome you at Oakdale. Receive with indulgence this hastily written letter, from your most affectionate sister."

ELLEN BRANDE. "Good! capital! Victoria you did dispose of Martha handsomely. Thaddeus is the second man in the world I would have had Martha marry; Julius is the first. Pretty well disposed of, hadn't he?"

The Involuntary Sam Patch. It happened one day that a discussion arose in the natural philosophy class of Williams College, Berkshire, Massachusetts, on the question, "Why is it that of the various victims carried over Niagara Falls, no trace of the bodies has ever been found, either in Niagara River or Lake Ontario?"

One student suggested that the fall itself was sufficient to dash to atoms any body whatever; another thought that the weight of water could not but keep the body effectually down in the crevasses of the abyss below the precipice; and the idea of a third was, that the numerous fishes leaping from the deep pool, when favored with a stray corpse now and then, would leave slender chance for "contingent remanence."

The genial professor, after hearing the various theories of his young philosophers, said that he would not advance one of his own, but that, in humble imitation of a greater man he would tell them a "little story," which might possibly throw a ray of light upon the subject.

"In my early days," he continued, "I was one of the teachers in an academy of Berkshire. A pleasant stream flowed past the village, and, on Saturday afternoons, it was an agreeable recreation to walk along its banks for a few miles, until I could see its head-waters issue from the side of a steep hill which bounded the prospect. Crossing the stream, by a bridge opposite the school-house, I wandered one hot July afternoon up the left bank for nearly two miles, where it takes a sudden turn, bringing the wayfarer by its circuitous windings within easy reach of my starting point.

Advertising Rates. One column one year \$60.00. One-half column, one year, \$30.00. One-fourth column, one year, \$16.00. 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 and Assignees 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 person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

"At this crisis, when I had made up my mind for the worst, it occurred to me that, if I could not rise, I might be able to walk or creep below water, and thus manage to reach the brink, which was no great distance. It was a heaven-sent inspiration, and acted on without an instant's delay. I found to my joy that there was no hindrance whatever to this mode of progression, and I crawled along the bottom like a crab, in less than twenty seconds my dripping head emerged from the treacherous bath, and I was once more respiring the warm summer air. I was saved!"

"Throwing myself on the grass with unutterable thankfulness, I rested for a few minutes, and then deliberately waded in again to recover the shoes and stockings I had left behind, which was easily accomplished; so you see my friends, that, with perseverance, some things may be done as well as others!"

"Now gentlemen, why was it that I could not rise or swim in that water?" "The dashing of the torrent had raised so many bubbles, and so infiltrated a denser element with air, that the specific gravity of the water was totally changed, and I might as soon have attempted to float on oil or champagne as on that sparkling current."

"The strongest fish that ever swam the ocean would be powerless to rise from the abyss of Niagara!"—*African-Letter Book in Appleton's Journal.*

Worth Knowing. A knowledge of the mechanism and offices of the skin is of greater importance in preventing and curing diseases than that of any other part of the body. The skin or external covering of our bodies is composed of two layers, called by anatomists, derma and epidermis—the derma being the lower layer, or the outside covering of the body. Deeply imbedded in the derma are a multitude of glands, made up of a coagery of vessels called together in small oblong bodies which open into a tube or duct, this tube passes from the gland through the derma and epidermis and terminates on the surface of the skin in an aperture or pore. There are 2500 of these pores to every square inch of surface throughout the body, and 2500 square inches of surface on a person of ordinary size, making the number of pores in the skin of one person seven millions.

In health from three to four pounds of poisonous matter passes off through these pores daily. Taking cold is simply a contraction or closing of these little penitents in the skin throwing the excrementitious matter back into the internal organs, disarranging their functions and producing one-half of all the diseases mankind is afflicted with. When these pores have been closed for any length of time, malignant fevers and dangerous inflammations of the internal organs ensue, and if the afflicted one escapes death the constitution is so apt to be weakened as to predispose the body to diseases which before he was wholly able to resist.

When persons take cold who have no knowledge of the skin, instead of removing the cause by opening the pores or taking a sweat at the very moment of their indisposition, they wait until their bodies are pretty thoroughly diseased, then summon a physician, swallow down quantities of nauseous drugs, and if the drugs assisted by nature happen to open the pores, the patient may live to go through the same ordeal three or four times more before going down to an untimely grave.

Taking a sweat for the cure of colds is so simple, safe and efficacious a remedy as to allow of being administered with as much safety by a child as by a physician. And when once persons of ordinary intelligence understand the mechanism and offices of the skin they will know from the unusual feelings of the body, and the bodily condition of the skin almost the moment when they have taken cold; and knowing the cause of this abnormal state, they will remove it by resorting to simple means, not only because they are more safe and efficacious, but they are less expensive and more palatable.

There is a sylvan curiosity in Georgia. Two pine trees, five feet apart at the base, come together thirteen feet above, then separate, until again twenty feet above, forming a single top. *Gregorio into Job, is like a mouse getting into a trap—very easy going in but extremely difficult getting out.*