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37 North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.

PETER SPECHT, Respectfully informs the citizens of this place and surrounding country that he is now prepared to manufacture to order, and has for sale,

Buggies, Carriages, Sulkeys, Sleighs, Wagons,

REPAIRING of vehicles of various kinds promptly attended to. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

PETER SPECHT, Middleburg, May 3, 1871, if.

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HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

FLOUR, GRAIN,

RAIL ROAD TIES, &c., &c.,

CHAPMAN, SNYDER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

March 17, 1870-71.

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

Consisting of ALPACAS, POPLINS, FLADES, 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.

Having had large experience in the business, we flatter ourselves that we can please and satisfy all our customers.

Hoping for strict attention to business and a desire to please all, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. Our motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

We ask at least that the public examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as we always show our goods with pleasure. HELFRICH & BROWER, Bannerville June 16, 1870, if

Select Poetry.

Put Yourself in His Place.

It's a very good rule in all things of life. When judging a friend or brother, Not to look at the question alone on one side.

But always to turn to the other. We are apt to be selfish in all our views, In the justifying, heaping blame; And to be right, ere you censure a man, Just "put yourself in his place."

It is very hard to be just—to know The reason another may give— How much he has struggled, and fought and striven, How honestly tried to live; How much been heaved—been sorely tried, Ere the wrong he was forced to embrace; And if you would learn these things, the way is to "put yourself in his place."

There's many a man crushed down by shame, Who blameless stands before God, But whom his fellows have utterly scorned, And made to "pass under the rod"; Whose soul is unstained by the thought of sin.

Who will yet find saving grace, And who would be praised where you now condemn, If you would "put yourself in his place."

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

"Whenever I see a rat-trap," said Dick Waverley to me, as we passed a magnificent hardware store in Sixth avenue, in the show window of which was displayed among other things a rat-trap "it reminds me of an incident that occurred when I was a clerk in a Binghampton dry goods store. The establishment had once been successfully entered by burglars, who made the visit a very costly one to the owner of the goods. To prevent a repetition of such visits, I was offered a slight increase of my salary if I would agree to sleep in the store at night. I was a bachelor then, and accepted the offer, making my couch on a cot bed in a small compartment in the rear of the sales-room.

"I had occupied this room as a sleeping chamber for three months without experiencing any incident worthy of note, when one night, some two hours after I had retired, I was awakened by hearing a slight rasping sound. Rising quietly in the bed, I listened attentively a few moments, and had no doubt that something unusual was about to occur. Noiselessly I arose from my bed, took my revolver from under my pillow, and in my bare feet crept in the direction the sound seemed to come from.

"On tip-toe I cautiously entered the sales-room, and there the rasping sound was loud enough to indicate at once the very spot where the work was going on. It was the door leading from the store to the cellar, which, by the way, was infested with rats. Sometimes the rats would make their way to the store, and to give them a fitting reception a steel trap, properly baited was nightly placed near the hole through which it was supposed they entered. The hole was at the jamb of the door at the head of the cellar stairs, and the trap, with a chain about four feet long, was there deposited invitingly open, and to save the wormin the trouble of rambling further in quest of food. The chain was fastened to a staple fixed in the subbase, so that when a rat was not instantly gulphed, and lingered long in the clothes of the spikes which impaled him, he could not wriggle off to a corner where the trap might not readily be found.

"As I approached the door, I could see by the glare of the single gaslight which we always kept burning at night, the point of a saw about four inches long, and not more than two inches in width at its broadest part. This saw was being rapidly worked by some unseen power, and it was evident that the object was to make a hole large enough to admit a human hand, that it might withdraw the strong bolt which prevented the opening of the door.

"In a few moments I noticed the narrow blade bobbing in and out. My first idea was to wait until the bolt was withdrawn, then boldly confront the burglar, with my revolver cocked for instant use. Then fearing that the man who was sawing might have accomplices who would not hesitate to commit murder to prevent capture, I was about to hasten to the front door, pass out and give the alarm, when I espied the rat-trap on the floor, and a novel idea at once suggested itself.

"I was standing at the side of the door, having taken this position to screen myself, deeming it likely that the operator on the other side of the door might place his eye to the aperture he was making, to see if the coast were clear.

"Cautiously lifting the trap, I held it in my left hand, with the revolver in my right, both ready for use. "Rasp! rasp! rasp! The saw

continued its movement, and as I peeped over the side of the door-frame I saw that the instrument was rapidly making a circle, about four inches in diameter. When the circle was nearly completed the saw was drawn in and a knife blade clipped off a small strip of the wood.

"Then I saw one finger enter. The object was to seize the circular piece, and prevent it from falling to the floor on the outside.

"The wood readily split, and the piece which was broken off was carefully taken inside. Then another piece, and so until the hole was perfect.

"Then I observed a human hand, the fingers of which began to grope for the bolt.

"Now for the trick, I thought, as I nervously extended my left hand, which held the trap, toward the aperture, but a little below it to prevent it being seen.

"Slowly the trap was moved, ready for a favorable opportunity to give the burglar's hand a warm clasp.

"The moment I saw the fingers extended I plunged the trap at them, and the hand entered to the wrist.

"Click! The spring was touched, the trap sprang, and a human hand was impaled! The burglar was caught in the act! He on one side of the door and his captor on the other.

"A groan of agony followed as the spikes pierced the man's flesh, and he attempted to withdraw his hand; but the hole he had made, although large enough to admit the entrance of a man's hand, was not of sufficient dimensions to permit the passage of a rat-trap.

"He groaned, and muttered terrible oaths, but his profanity and wailings were useless. All his efforts to withdraw his hand, proved unavailing.

"Feeling assured that he was securely held in this uncomfortable position, I hastened to the street door unlocked it, and shouted for assistance. An officer soon came, and when I had conducted him to the cellar stairs I withdrew the bolt, opened the door, and discovered the culprit who had to follow the door, as it swung against the wall. He was a man of about thirty-seven, heavily built, with short-cropped red hair, a face of villainous aspect, and his features deeply indented with small pox. Before taking the trap from his hand, which bled profusely from five different punctures the officer searched his pockets, and found therein two Derringer pistols, a long dirk, and a number of burglar's tools. Having disarmed him, his hand was released from the trap and he was conducted to the police station.

"It was afterwards discovered that he had entered the cellar from a window in the rear, having opened the shutters in the same manner as he was attempting to practice when caught.

"A trial followed some weeks after. he was convicted and for five years became a pattern of propriety in a public institution, never leaving his own chamber unless with the consent of his keepers, and otherwise leading such an exemplary life that for the time mentioned, through compulsion he became a reformed man. Whether his reformation continued after his release from prison I am unable to state.

The Mother of Emperor William and Napoleon I.

Well aware of the queen's beauty and fascinations, Alexander thought she might perhaps have some influence over the French emperor, and persuaded her to meet him at Til-sit. Though Louise could never speak of this man, the author of all her country's misfortunes, without a shudder, still, for Prussia's sake, she was willing to sacrifice her own personal feelings and dignity. It was a sore trial to this reserved, sensitive woman to meet as a suppliant the despot who had driven her husband from the throne, and cast the foulest aspersions on her honor. Louise says in her diary, "What struggles it has cost me God only knows; for if I do not hate this man, I look upon him as the one who has caused the misfortunes of the king and the country."

She made two visits to the haughty conqueror. Napoleon acknowledged that the Queen of Prussia was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he declared that whatever topic of conversation he broached, she engaged, with the most admirable

tact and delicacy, to come back to her one theme—Prussia. She implored Napoleon to prove himself indeed a hero by showing mercy to a fallen foe, and, if he would make no other concession, at least to restore Magdeburg." Just before dinner Napoleon gave her a rose; she at first refused it, then accepting it with an arch smile, she said, "Yes, but at least with Magdeburg."

"I must observe to your majesty," said Napoleon gruffly, "that it is I who give, and you only who must receive."

The king was present, silent and dejected at the night his wife's unavailing sacrifice.

As soon as the queen retired, Napoleon sent for Talleyrand and the Russian minister, and concluded the treaty on the basis before laid down.

"After all," said he, "a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

At the earnest request of the Russian Emperor, Louisia paid a second visit to Napoleon—unsuccessful as the first.

As, at the conclusion of this visit, Napoleon was conducting her down the stairs, the queen paused, and pressing the emperor's hand as he bade her farewell, said, "Is it possible that after having had the good fortune to be so near the hero of the age he has not let me the satisfaction of being able to say that he has attached me to him for life?"

"Madam," replied the emperor, "I lament if it is so; it is the effect of my evil destiny."

The royal pair returned to Memel, their only refuge upon Prussian soil. "Let us be patient and steady, and wait, and God will help us," said the pious king, greater even in his humiliation and weakness than the atheistic Frederick.

In her retirement at Memel the queen devoted herself to the education of her children, six in number. The crown prince, Frederick William, was then twelve years of age, and a boy of much promise. She sought to animate him with her own patriotic spirit and love of country. "You see me weep," she said to him after the battle of Jena. "I weep for the downfall of my house and country. Recall these unhappy hours when I am no more, and weep such tears for me as I now weep for my country. But do not be satisfied with tears; act, develop your strength. Perhaps you may be destined to deliver your country. Do not let yourself be carried away by the degeneracy of the age. Be a man! Court the fame of a general, of a hero; and if you cannot raise your fallen country, then seek death, as Prince Louis Ferdinand has done!"

This son lived to see his country great among the nations of the earth; but to the second son, William, it had been given to repay, with interest, the ignominy heaped upon Prussia by Napoleon—to avenge the wrongs of Germany's loveliest and best beloved, but most unhappy queen.—From "Queen Louise of Prussia," Harper's Magazine for July

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.—Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by determinedly, bravely sticking and living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through, if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand yearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. The world, in its very heart, admires the stern, determined deed. It sees in him his best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then, in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful!

How TO COOK BEEFSTEAK.—But few people now adhere to the old and barbarous method of frying beefsteak to a crisp. The right way is to have ready, first, the heated platter and the butter, pepper, and salt. The steak is placed on a gridiron, over a bed of hot coals, and turned with knives as fast as possible, so that the juices may be retained in the meat. As soon as done it should be put on the platter, seasoned lightly, and served immediately. Beefsteak is spoiled by squeezing.

The Pestilence at Buenos Ayres.

Rarely in modern times has there been seen a more sorrow-stricken community than that of Buenos Ayres. This city, which last year contained a population of 200,000, has been visited during the last few months, beginning in January, the beginning of summer in the Southern hemisphere, by the yellow fever in its most malignant form of black vomit, and 30,000 persons have been carried off by the dreadful pestilence. The flight from the city to the interior was so general, that at the time when the fever raged most fiercely there were no more than 75,000 inhabitants remaining.

Private letters received from citizens of the United States living temporarily in Buenos Ayres represent the condition of the city as having been dreadful in the extreme. Many of our own countrymen fell victims to the malady. The dead in some instances lay festering in the dwellings for the want of coffins in which to bury them or bearers to carry them to the grave. Friends who heroically remained to nurse those dear to them were struck down in turn, and the brave and the strong of one day were the victims of the next. It seemed as if the entire population was about to be swept away.

Besides the horrors of the pestilence the city suffered in the month of May by a severe and general commercial panic. All business had been suspended for weeks, in consequence of the flight to the country districts, and many even of the largest commercial houses had been closed. The consequence was that many bills went to protest because the drawers and endorsers could not be found. Death, perhaps had found them, and enforced payment of the last debt of all.

At the present advice the fever had not disappeared, although the city was beginning to assume its wonted aspect of trade and animation. But there is danger that the fever may break out again any moment when fresh material shall have been introduced for it to work upon. As in our own southern cities, when these have been devastated by the same scourge, the refugees by returning too soon may cause the reappearance of the pestilence. Buenos Ayres has no system of sewers, and the surface draining is bad. Although the winter has begun, that season is never rigorous there, and the precautions hitherto taken to cleanse and purify the city are said to be wholly insufficient.

"Luck."—What is it?

The man that marries the prettiest girl of the place is said to be a "lucky fellow, and so of him who draws the highest prize at a lottery, or by the "fortunate" turn of affairs, clears the gulf between want and wealth in an hour. And yet the histories of all times tell us that with a terrible uniformity and certainty, the man who comes suddenly possessed of unearned millions dies in misery.

Within five years a well-to-do farmer drew a quarter of a million of dollars in a prize at a lottery. The whole country envied him in his luck. But he has since died from a style of living induced by his good fortune, and his only son has turned out a drunkard.

The man whose first bet on the the race-course, whose first deal at the card table, whose first risk at faro, whose maiden lottery ticket, brings money largely into his pocket, is a ruined man at the very instant the world pronounces him "lucky." Any man, especially any young man, who starts out in life with the conviction that money can be better made than by earning it, is a lost man—lost already to society, lost to his family and lost to himself.

An alarming number of the sons of the rich men of New York are at this moment helpless drunkards. Young men of education, of many qualities, of a generous nature and honorable and high-minded; but the demon of drink has taken such possession of them that a father's breaking heart, a mother's tears, and a sister's agony, avail not to draw them from deep damnation. Elegant leisure was their ruin.

The best way to save a child from ruin is to bring him up to "help father." Make children feel that they must do something to support the family, to help along; then two feelings arise which are their salvation—those of affection and pride; for we naturally love those whom we help, or those with whom we struggle together for a desired object, and nothing so improves a child as to make him feel that he can do something, and that which he does is appreciated.

A Sad Memento of the War.

We have received from the dead letter office of the post office department a small book in an open wrapper, addressed "Miss Mary Dare, No. 58 Howard street, N. Y.," and bearing the following postmarks: "Champaign, Ill., March 4; New York post office, April 22;" "Cannot be found." The book is a copy of "Hardee's Rifle and Light Infantry tactics," vol. 1, edition of 1861, and upon the inside of the cover is a card of a soldierly-looking man, apparently 28 or 30 years of age dressed in the uniform of line officer of the United States Army. Under the picture is written, "Captain M. Dare, Sixty-fourth U. S. Vols." Near the upper right hand corner of the book is a bullet hole, the ball having apparently been fired from a musket at short range, as it passed through the entire thickness of the book (251 pages) cutting away portions of the running title and text. On a fly-leaf of the book is written, "Wounded Feb. 9, 1863, at Moscow, Tenn., while in command of the picket guard." The book was evidently in a breast pocket of Captain Dare's coat when a fatal shot was fired that gave him his death wound.

After the lapse of more than eight years this touching memento of a brave soldier's life and death is sent by some friend or comrade on its way to find the sister or other relative of the dead hero, but loses its way in the mails and ends its journey in the dead letter office.

We trust this notice may fall under the eye of Miss Dare, if she is living, or be brought to the notice of some other friend or acquaintance of Captain Dare, our dead but not forgotten comrade.

Will not the papers of the country republish the facts here set forth?—Grand Army Journal.

The Latest California Sensation.

The latest sensation comes from California, or rather from a California newspaper, in the shape of an account of the death of an old man who had by dint of long study in the mystery of chemistry discovered the means of setting the ocean on fire, and who to prove the reality of his discovery, set on fire and burnt a mountain lake to the last drop, leaving its bed buried and baked like the hardest brick. Being poor and in want, the discoverer of the wonderful secret threatened to set the Pacific Ocean on fire, and thus burn up the world, unless the people of San Francisco should place in his hands \$1,000,000 within a given time. Notwithstanding the most desperate efforts of those who had witnessed the burning of the lake, only half a million could be raised, and they became satisfied that the only way in which the impending doom could be averted was to destroy the discoverer and with him the terrible secret. With that purpose in view they induced him to take passage for New York on a Pacific railroad train in company with one whom he trusted, who was to watch his opportunity and at some opportune moment to push him from the car. This he accomplished to his own satisfaction, and to the great relief of his co-workers. At a particular point in the Rocky Mountains, the narrator tells us, he pushed the great chemist from the platform of the car where he fell down several hundred feet, a shapeless mass upon the jagged rocks below, and thus according to this California sensation, the Pacific, as well as other oceans, was saved from being burned up.

Mrs. SHAW appeared before the New Orleans Recorder to prosecute her husband for insult and abuse.—"What have you to complain of?" inquired the magistrate. "My husband neglects me, sir," was the answer of the spiteful lady, with a jerk. "Indeed! How is that?" "He leaves me at home, and when I complain of it, insults and abuses me." "Can you give me an instance of it?" "Yes. He went to the cock-fight on Sunday, and wouldn't let me go with him, and said if they fought hens he would send for me."

An Alabama editor having read Dr. Hall's lecture advising that husband and wife should sleep in separate apartments, says Dr. Hall may sleep where he chooses, but for himself, he intends to sleep where he can defend his wife against rats and all other secular toms, as long as he has one to defend.

Williamsport has a trout pond with 100,000 trout in it.