

Terms of Subscription. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year.

Persons filing and using papers addressed to others become subscribers, and are liable for the price of the paper.

The Post

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., OCTOBER 6, 1871. NO. 30

Advertising Rates

Table with advertising rates: One column one year \$50.00, One-half column one year \$30.00, One-fourth column one year \$15.00, One square (10 lines) one insertion 75, Every additional insertion 50, Professional and Business cards not more than five lines, per year, 5.00, Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignees Notices 2.50, Editorial notices per line 15.

J. F. CROMMILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Middleburg, Pa.

A. C. SIMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selingsgrove Pa.

J. W. KNIGHT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Freeburg Pa.

W. M. VAN GEZEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg Pa.

G. K. F. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg Pa.

J. M. LINS, A. H. DILL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.

CHARLES HOWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selingsgrove Pa.

SAMUEL ALLEMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Selingsgrove Pa.

L. N. MYERS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Middleburg Snyder County Penna.

J. C. BUCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewisburg Pa.

ROVER & BARRE, SEWING MACHINE, Persons in need of a good and durable sewing machine can be accommodated at reasonable prices by calling on SAMUEL FAUST, Agent, Selingsgrove.

D. R. J. Y. SHINDLE, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Middleburg Pa.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Selingsgrove Penn.

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq., JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

J. WAGNER, Esq., J. C. TICE OF THE PEACE, Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.

R. J. F. KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Straville, Snyder Co., Pa.

RAYBILL & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN GOOD AND WILLOW WARE

A. BOYER, JR., AUCTIONEER, Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa.

T. PARKS, ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY, MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, Pa.

LEWIS BREWER'S SONS, SACCO WAREHOUSE, 322 N. THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE, J. C. NIFE, Clerk, 18 & 21 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

M. MANDERBACH PROP., J. C. NIFE, Clerk, 18 & 21 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

M. ELDER, 18 & 21 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

D. C. CLARKE, Importer and Jobber in

NOTIONS!

Gloves, Hosiery, Small Wares, WHITE GOODS!

Trimmings, Ribbons, &c.

FANCY WOOLENS In Great Variety!

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.

D. B. SLIFER'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Furniture Warerooms, No. 66 NORTH SECOND STREET, (Below Arch, West Side), PHILADELPHIA.

W. F. HANSELL, ACCESSOR TO CATTAPAN & CREW, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, No. 21 North Fourth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Original Packages Constantly on Hand. Represented by THEOPH. SWINEFORD.

NEW FIRM -AND- NEW GOODS! R. G. HETZEL, P. S. McCULLOUGH, SEITZEL & McCULLOUGH, (SUCCESSORS TO JOHN HETZEL.) DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF MERCHANDISE! 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 DRESS GOODS: Consisting of ALPACAS, POPLINS, PLADS, 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 by 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 of the public examining our stock and prices, before purchasing elsewhere, as we value our goods with pleasure.

Select Poetry.

My Mother's Evening Prayer. When I was a child, On my bed at even laid, My dear mother always said, Kissed me—sang a hymn—and said, "Jesus bless him."

When I was a boy, Busy all the hours of day, Evening came and gave me joy, For I heard my mother say, "Jesus bless him."

Every day the same, Ere the drop of slumber fell, Notes of holy music came, 'Twas my mother's whisper-spell, "Jesus bless him."

When I was a youth, Not a care on my brow, In the peaceful path of truth, Nightly did I hear her say, "Jesus bless him."

When my heart grew cold, Loving those who loved me not— Who scorned me, for I was not bold, My mother had not then forgot, "Jesus bless him."

Now I am full grown, For the love of Jesus crying— In the paths of trouble known— Still at night I hear her say, "Jesus bless him."

O Lord, be it so, Ever while my pulses beat! Not to grieve her spirit through, I will constantly repeat, "Jesus bless her."

INCURABLE. BY HUCKLEBERRY. We don't go much on total depravity but a story that was told as the other day by a friend strengthens amazingly our belief in the incurable. The story is told for a true one:

In the town of Wilkesbarre, Pa., there lives a young man by the name of Johnny. Everybody calls him Johnny, and everybody knows him, and only a few of his immediate relatives know that he has any other name. Johnny is an awful drunkard. He has ruined two or three prosperous temperance societies by having them take hold of him for the purpose of reforming him. He don't reform worth a cent. Johnny has a rich uncle living at Scranton who owns and runs several coal mines. This uncle long ago washed his hands of his grizzling nephew, but at the same time he has always felt an interest in him.

This uncle went to Wilkesbarre a few weeks ago, and while visiting his brother asked how Johnny was getting on. "Bad, Brother—very bad. He has become a confirmed drunkard, I fear." "Where is he now?" "Up at the tavern yonder, drinking as usual," said the troubled parent. "I think I can cure that boy," said the uncle.

"Heavens! if you only could," groaned the father. "I'll try it right away. I am sure I can do it." "Heaven bless your efforts."

The uncle made his way to the tavern where Johnny was loafing. As he entered, Johnny was leaning against the bar, and the landlord was just handing down the bottle of tangle boot.

"Hallo! Unc," said Johnny; "have a drink?" "Yes Johnny, I'll drink with you," and straightforth it was taken.

"Now, have one with me," said the uncle, and nothing but another "sauter" was worried down.

The uncle managed to get Johnny so tight that he could lay down anywhere without holding. In fact Johnny wanted to sleep.

Procuring a carriage and a bottle of brandy, the fond relation took his experiment to the depot, where he was placed on board the cars. On the way to Scranton he watched his half-stupified charge render solid and every time he showed animation enough he plied him with the brandy.

By the time they reached Scranton, Johnny didn't know his head from a hole in the ground. He took him directly to the mine and called his foreman.

"Mr. Baldwin, that inanimate heap," pointing to the reclinant of Johnny as he lay upon the floor, "is a nephew of mine. He is drunk—dead drunk, Mr. Baldwin."

"I should say so, sir."

"I have undertaken to cure him. Now, I wish you to follow these directions: Make a rough pine coffin and place him in it, but only slightly tuck down the lid; bore a few holes to supply the necessary amount of air, and then lower him into one of the darkest chambers of the coal mine; let half a dozen miners dressed in red flannel, with their head-lamps burning, stand guard over him, and when he comes to his senses and asks where he is, have them tell him that he is in

hell. The truth will probably cure him."

"I shall do as directed, sir."

In due time the pine box was made. Johnny placed inside of it, and the whole arrangement of his well-meaning uncle carried out.

It was nearly morning of the next day before the drunken rascal began to manifest signs of animation. The waiters, who acting their parts with great zest, were prepared and ranged themselves in groups around the box, they awaited developments.

After considerable grunting Johnny began to slum around in the box. What it all meant he hadn't the slightest idea but he was bent on finding out and getting out as well. Finally he forced the top of the coffin off and sat upright; then he caught the first sight of the devilish-looking miners, for they were only a little short of devilish, dressed as they were in red from head to foot, with each a small red lamp fastened in front of his hat.

They glared at Johnny, and it is safe to say that he glared at them. His eyes appeared to be starting from their sockets, and he trembled like an aspen leaf.

"I—I say," he stammered, after containing his gaze for a few moments, "who—where am I?" "In hell!" said one of the miners, in a deep sepulchral voice, at the same time a wild theatrical attitude which the others imitated.

By the weird glare of the head-lamps it could be seen that Johnny's ear was standing on end, like quills on a frightened porcupine. His lips quivered, and none of the disguised miners doubted but that he believed he was in the infernal regions. He glanced from one to the other, and then at the coffin in which he sat.

"In hell, eh! Well that was right after all; he always said that 'tangle-foot' would fetch me," he muttered to himself. A momentary pause followed.

"I say, what is your name?" he asked, again addressing himself to the miner.

The devil-actor shook his head. Johnny was thoughtful and silent again.

"Forgot his name, eh? he muttered. "Wonder what my name is? I say, how long have you been here?" "Six months! was the hollow reply.

Johnny drew a long breath and tried to look around him.

"I say, who is that other chap there by you; is he a devil, too?" The whole six of them bowed low several times, scarcely able all the while to keep sober faces, so grotesque and yet realistic was the comedy they were playing.

Another pause of about a minute. "How long has he been here?" "Six years," was the reply. "Six years, eh! Say, old fellow, come here."

The miner approached him with a grotesque movement.

"Now you've been here quite a good while, you ought to know all about it—can't you tell us where to get a drink of whiskey?" This was too much; the miners gave vent to a loud shout which echoed and re-echoed through the chambers and caverns of the mine, and scampered in every direction, leaving Johnny in the dark and more bewildered than ever; but resolving to take it as cool as he could, he lay down again in the coffin.

The result of the experiment was immediately conveyed to his uncle, who was waiting for it in the office at the mouth of the shaft.

Two miners were dispatched to conduct Johnny to the surface. Without necessary delay he was placed on board a train headed for his father's trusting old man, and that letter contained but one word:

"Incurable!" "From your loving brother, TOM."

DUNCES. Fisher Ames entered Harvard at the age of twelve, and Edward Everett at thirteen; Bishop Heber translated "Psalms" into English at seven; Ann Seward repeated from memory the first three books of "Paradise Lost" at nine; and Lord Brougham wrote on philosophy at eighteen.

But all eminent men have not been remarkable for early attainments. Some of the grandest spirits that the world has ever known—men whose works and memories are enduring, were regarded in youth as dunces.

Destruction of a Circus by Fire

A Tent and Forty Horses Burned.

Through a private letter the Milwaukee *Scout* obtains the following statements respecting losses which have befallen Older's circus at Reedsburg, while it was on its annual tour through the interior of Wisconsin:

Older's show combined a circus, museum and menagerie, and consequently required a large number of horses for the transportation of the wagons and cages. Of 150 belonging to the institution, forty-one were destroyed by fire. On the conclusion of their entertainment at Reedsburg, on Wednesday night, eighty horses were provided with quarters under three large tents on the place of exhibition, each containing respectively twenty-five, and twenty-seven and twenty-eight horses. About three o'clock in the morning, when nearly ready to start for Baraboo, the canvas men and drivers went to the hotel for breakfast leaving no one in charge but a hostler belonging to one of the side shows. Shortly after their departure the tent on the eastern extreme of the line, filled with straw to the depth of three feet for bedding purposes, caught fire from a torch, and in a short space of time nineteen horses were roasted to death. Twenty-one were rescued in a damaged condition, some with their eyes burned out, some entirely skinned, and others with their hoofs so badly burned that the blood streamed from their feet at every step. They were repaired to the stables of the Mansion House and North-western Hotel, where after inspection, a number were put to death. Several of the poor animals, wild with excitement and pain, strayed off into the country, and were found three and four miles from the scene of the disaster. The horses belonged mainly to the baggage wagons, the company losing but one riding horse.

The fire was a severe blow to Mr. Older whose loss is estimated at \$10,000. The company, though sadly crippled by this untoward circumstance, will through the energy of the proprietor, renew its engagements for the season as soon as he can obtain a new complement of draught horses. The main tent, containing the menagerie, escaped destruction.

A Siamese Custom.

The recent death of the King of Siam and the accession of a new ruler has brought to notice a curious custom which is peculiar to the Siamese nation. It is called "marking the people." Every male subject of the government must select a government official whom he will recognize as his master, and then must have a mark on the back of one of his wrists indicating the department to which he is thus attached. All persons thus marked are liable to be called upon to render personal service in the department to which they belong. The government official is responsible for the government work according to the number of men marked to him. It is in many cases optional with the master whether he will require personal service or accept substitutes of money for procuring them. But, in some cases personal service must be exacted. The amount of service required varies considerably. Some are required to give their whole time, receiving a nominal salary only, wholly inadequate to their support even in the style of the poorest class of laborers in that country. But, as a rule, they are required to give only a portion of time—a certain portion of each month, quarter or half year. This system of marking is unpopular with the people, and at such times as it is enforced the greatest vigilance is required on the part of government officials to prevent a general emigration from the country of those subject to the mark.

Death From Fright.

A Kentucky man who attempted to cross a high railroad bridge at Shepherdsville, in that State recently, stumbled and fell between the ties, but fortunately managed to grasp a tie with his hands and there hung dangling, with 100 feet of sheer fall beneath him. He was utterly unable to regain the top of the bridge, and he hung on with a death grasp until his cries brought assistance. Lifted from his perilous position he was led off the bridge, and sat down for a few minutes, apparently overcome by the danger through which he had passed. Then he got up, as he said, to go home, walked a few steps, and fell to the ground dead. Physicians who joyfully examined his body say that there was no bruise or wound sufficient to disable him, much less cause death, and are of the opinion that his death

Bound to do a Good Day's Work.

Mr. M——, of Oxford, don't object to having a hired man do a full day's work, at least so we should judge from the following story:

A short time ago a man went to his place for work. Mr. M—— set him to plowing round a forty-acre field. After he had plowed faithfully all day, until the sun was about half an hour high he expressed his opinion that it was about time to quit work.

"Oh, no," said Mr. M——, "you can plow around six or eight times more just as well as not."

So the hired man plowed around six or eight times, then went to the house took care of his team, milked nine cows, ate his supper, and found ten o'clock striking him in the face from the old time-piece.

Said the hired man to Mrs. M——, "Where is Mr. M——?"

"The good woman answered, 'He has retired; do you wish to see him?'

He replied that he did. After being conducted to the bed room, he said, "Mr. M——, where is the axe?"

"Why," said Mr. M——, "what do you want to do with the axe?"

"Well," said the hired man, "I was just thinking you might want me to split wood until breakfast was ready."

It's a Gal.

Between Kenosha and Milwaukee, an agent of the Travelers' Insurance Co. of Hartford entered the car and having issued tickets to several passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterward appeared was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accidents?" inquired the agent at the same time exhibiting his tickets.

"I got my ticket down to Kenosha."

"Not a railroad ticket, madam, I want to know if you would like to insure your life against accident."

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my darter, who's married up there, and has just got a baby."

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accidents?"

"She's been married two years and a half, and that's the first child. It's a gal."

Agent still louder:

"I'm an insurance agent, madam; don't you want to insure your life against accident?"

"She got along first rate, and is doing as well as can be expected."

Agent, at the top of his voice:

"I am an insurance agent, madam; can't I insure your life against accident?"

"Oh, I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No, her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha."

Only a Joke.

A few nights ago, three young fellows of Washington county, who had been at court, were riding homeward on horseback, and when they came to a cross road where they should separate, they all stopped to talk a moment. While there, a man came riding heavily along, and thinking he, like they, had been out 'sparking,' determined to find out who he was and where he had been. So they called out in sport, "Stop, thief! halt!" The rider sprang past, and the one who had to go the same road galloped after him still hallooing. The stranger then wheeled his horse into a fence corner, and took to the woods. The young man called to the stranger to come back, that it was only a joke, but he did not come. The young man took the horse back to the cross roads and put the horse in a hotel stable. The next morning a neighbor discovered his horse missing, which proved to be the one the stranger had abandoned so mysteriously, and which he had stolen. There's at least one good result in late courting.

It is stated that the damage inflicted by the grasshoppers in Maine this year, must be measured by millions of dollars. An exchange says: "In some places, both on the Androscoggin and Kennebec, the farmers are turning their starving cattle into their grain fields to pick up what their arch enemy has left. There are many square miles of territory where not a bushel of grain will be raised, though before the descent of the destroyer there was unusual promise of a crop. Hundreds of farmers who, two weeks ago, were expecting at least a good crop of corn,