

THE POST
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JEREMIAH CROWER, Proprietor.

The Post.

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One-half column one year 30.00
One-fourth column one year 15.00
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Professional and Business cards of
not more than five lines per year 6.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator
and Assignees Notices 2.50
Editorial notices per line 16
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. CROMMILLER,
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,
Selinsgrove 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 services 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 services 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 services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Lewisburg, Pa.
Offers their professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove 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. 6, '67]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selinsgrove 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. 3, '67]

L. N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR 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. 17, '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 FAUST, Agent, Selinsgrove. [Jan. 24, '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
Selinsgrove Penn

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

J. L. WAGNER, Esq.,
J. L. TICE OF THE PEACE,
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.
Attended to all business entrusted to his care and on the most reasonable terms. [March 12, '68]

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Greenville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. [6-381f]

RAYBILL & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE
Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Cotton Laps, Grain Bags, Fly Baskets, Trunks, Wicks, &c.
245 North Third Street, Philadelphia. [7-67]

A. BOYER, JR.,
AUCTIONEER,
Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa.
Respectfully offers his services to the public as Vendor, Cryer and Auctioneer. Having had a large experience, I am confident that I can render perfect attention to my employes. [Jan. 9, '67]

T. PARKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW &
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.
Office in Court House, [Sept. 16, '67]

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS,
BACCOWAREHOUSE
322 N. THIRD ST.
PHILADELPHIA.

W. MANDERBACH PROP'R,
J. C. NIPE, Clerk,
416 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

Select Poetry.

THE LOVERS.

IN DIFFERENT MOODS AND TEMPER.

Sally Galt, she was a young teacher who taught,
And her friend Charley Church, was a preacher who prayed;
Though his enemies called him a screacher who strayed.

His heart when he saw her, kept sinking,
And sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking
And winked;
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking and thinking.

He listened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
For his love grew until a mountain it grewed;
And what he was longing to do then he dood.

In secret he wanted to speak and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had spoke;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it broke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they drove,
And she sweetly did glide, that they both said they glode,
And they came to the place to be tied, and were doed.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove,
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they drove;
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she contrived.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole,
At the feet where he wanted to kneel, then he stole;
And he said, "I feel better than ever I stole."

So they to each other kept clinging and clinging,
While Time his swift current was winging,
And this was the thing he was bringing, and bringing.

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch and had caught—
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she scratched.

And Charley's warm love began freezing,
And froze,
While he took to teasing and cruelly teasing,
The girl he had wished to bequeezing, and squeezed.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceived?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleaved."

"What are you listening?" asked the burglar,
"I thought I heard a cry of fire."

In that instant, and in the dead stillness of the night, I heard the tramp of the policeman. It was some distance off.

"You will find," I said, "some clothes of mine in the press; they will however, be too small for you. Good night; the keys are in the middle drawer."

He turned to the drawer indicated and, as he did so, with one tremendous bound I cleared the space behind my bed and the door, slammed the door and looked it upon him. Obvious of my diabolical, I sprang to the steps. I had two flights to descend and the door to open before I could reach the yard, but it was hardly possible for him to descend the ladder more quickly. Bound log rather than running down the stairs, I flung back the bolt and dashed in the yard. He was half way down the ladder. Shouting "Police!" lustily, I seized the ladder at the bottom, and, using all my power, brought it and the burglar to the ground with a crash. The pistol he held in his hand fell from his grasp. I made a dash for it, and he, springing to his feet like a cat, rushed at me, and, as I stooped, seized me by the nape of the neck. I turned the pistol upward and pulled the trigger. It merely snapped—there were no more charges in it. With a terrible oath, the baffled villain wrenched the weapon from my grasp and raised it aloft to deal me what might have proved a fatal blow, when there was a rush behind him and he was felled to the ground. The policeman had heard my shout, and was just in time to rescue me.

The burglar was soon secured, and in my excitement I was about to relate the story I have here told, when the policeman with a smile suggested that I might "ketch cold in these clothes."

I then remembered, for the first time since I had sprung from bed, that I was shoeless and stockingless, and had nothing on but my night shirt and I beat a hasty retreat. With a long drawn breath, I took my fine gold repeater, which had such a narrow escape, and was not at the watchmaker's after all, from under my pillow, looked at the hour, turned in, and after a little while fell asleep.

It is almost needless to say that the above story, narrated afterwards to a

"I took you for John!" I replied, with a well assumed nonchalance.

"But I didn't suppose he was after anything valuable in my room, except one thing, and—by the way, if you are not the unluckiest fellow in the world."

"How's that?" growled my visitor.

"Well, I have a very good watch; but if you want to get it, you must pay a visit to the watchmaker's after you leave here, for I had what I considered the bad, but what now seems the good fortune, to break the spring yesterday, and left it for repairs."

"You're a precious cool one!" he said, evidently astonished at my indifference.

"What's the use of my getting excited or attempting to resist you? You are armed and you see I am not. And if you had no weapon, your fighting weight must be at least thirteen stone, while mine is not more than nine and a half. I have no idea of interfering with you. If the room were filled with diamonds I would not lift my finger to save them. Take all you can find; I am going to sleep—so don't make any more noise."

"Hold on!" said the fellow; "where's your keys?"

"I suppose you want to make as much haul as you can," I said; "so look in my pants hanging over the bed-post there, and you'll find my pocket-book, with a few stamps in it."

It was nearly time for the policeman to pass and I paused to listen. I must in a few minutes, put my plan into execution.

A glance quick as lightning showed me that the key of the door was on the outside.

My listening expression did not escape the sharp and practiced eye of my grim visitor. It was a curious scene, no doubt. I sitting in my bed with my night cloths, unarmed, and this stalwart ruffian, pistol in hand, glaring half suspiciously, half ferociously at me almost in the crouching attitude of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. But there I sat, coolly conversing with him, the necessity of the moment keeping my wits too wide awake to allow my fears to get the upper hand for an instant.

"What are you listening?" asked the burglar.

"I thought I heard a cry of fire."

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It is almost needless to say that the above story, narrated afterwards to a

jury, when I was in a better trim for story telling than I was when the policeman interrupted me, had the effect of giving the visitor lodgings in a public institution, and secured me against a repetition of his call for at least ten years.

"How's that?" growled my visitor.

"Well, I have a very good watch; but if you want to get it, you must pay a visit to the watchmaker's after you leave here, for I had what I considered the bad, but what now seems the good fortune, to break the spring yesterday, and left it for repairs."

"You're a precious cool one!" he said, evidently astonished at my indifference.

"What's the use of my getting excited or attempting to resist you? You are armed and you see I am not. And if you had no weapon, your fighting weight must be at least thirteen stone, while mine is not more than nine and a half. I have no idea of interfering with you. If the room were filled with diamonds I would not lift my finger to save them. Take all you can find; I am going to sleep—so don't make any more noise."

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marked, stood the fire better than either iron or stone, and demonstrated that brick was the best and safest material for buildings. If some of the intended fire proof buildings had been of brick instead of stone and iron, and equally as well protected in other respects, it is probably they would have stood the terrible test to which they were subjected.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

The fire-proof vault in the *Tribune* building was opened yesterday for the first time since the fire. The entire contents, including a linen coat and a box of matches, were found intact.

The work of clearing the ruins and rebuilding proves an important means of relief to mechanics and laborers, who find plenty of employment at good wages. The average wages for laborers in the ruins are \$1.75 per day; for teams, \$4.50; for carpenters, \$3.00 to \$3.50; bricklayers, \$3.00 to \$3.25.

The price of bricks has risen from \$3.50 to \$12 and \$15, but the supply seems abundant, and prices will recede.

The statement which has been made that all the prisoners in the jail under the court house, including five murderers, were allowed to escape when the court house was burned, proves incorrect. At the approach of the flames fifty of the worst characters in the jail were placed in charge of the police for removal to the Madison police station. During the transfer thirty-six of the prisoners escaped. Five murderers are still in custody. The aggregate value of churches destroyed is \$3,000,000.

The *Tribune* company yesterday ordered their architect to commence the rebuilding of their edifice. The front wall will be taken down and rebuilt with Milwaukee brick. The other walls and nearly all the floors are firm and secure.

The contributors from New York for the relief of Chicago amount to \$2,000,000, of which \$100,000, was in supplies and the remainder in money.

Sample Clerk Wanted in a Drug Store.

Jem B. is a wag. A joke to Jem is both food and raiment, and whenever there is an opening for fun, "he goes into" it.

Jem was recently in a drug store when a youth apparently fresh from the "mountain," entered the store, and at once accosted Jem stating that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.

"Oh, 'most anything—I want to get a kind of a genteel job; I'm tired of 'farmin' an' kin turn my hand to almost anything."

"Well, we want a man—a good, strong healthy man, a sample clerk."

"What's the wag a?"

"Wages are good; we pay \$1,000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller got to do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines, that's all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution, and after he gets used to it, he doesn't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and therefore we sell any, we test every parcel. You will be required to take—say, six or seven ounces of castor oil some days, with a few doses of rhubarb, aloes, castor oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to test anything; but as a general thing you can count upon—say, from six to ten doses of some thing daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department, simply, would be the principal labor required of you, and, as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it, but you look hearty and I guess you would suit us. That young man (pointing to a very pale faced, slim looking youth, who happened to be present,) has filled the post the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We should like to have you take right hold if you are ready, and if you say so, we'll begin to-day. Here is a new barrel of castor-oil just come in; I'll go and draw an ounce—"

Here *voilà*, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with—

"Necno, no, I g-u-ess not, not to-day, any-how. I'll go down and see my aunt; and if I o'dude to come, I'll come up tomorrow and let you know."

He has not yet turned up.

Charity is the child of faith, and

An Original Obituary Notice.

The editor of the *Colorado Herald* had occasion to leave town a few days, and he committed his paper during his absence to the charge of a young man, a novice, in journalism, whom he had just engaged as assistant. Before leaving he instructed the ambitious young editor not to let any change go unimproved to force the paper and its very small subscription price upon the attention of the public.

"Always keep before your mind the fact that the object of a paper is to extend its circulation," he said. "Whenever you see a chance to insert a puff of the *Herald* in any notice you may make, pile in as thick as you can. Keep the people stirred up all the time, you understand, so that they will believe that our paper is the greatest sheet in the United States."

The parting tear was shed, and the editor left. The following night when he was far away from home, his wife died very suddenly. Upon the assistant devolved the unpleasant duty of announcing the sad intelligence to the public.—He did as follows:

"We are compelled, this morning, to perform a duty which is peculiarly painful to the able assistant editor who has been engaged on this paper at an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination to make the *Herald* a first class journal. Last night, death suddenly and unexpectedly snatched from her domestic hearth (the best are advertised under the head of stoves and furnaces on our first page) Mrs. Azatha Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the gentlemanly editor of the *Herald*. Terms, three dollars a year invariably in advance. A kind mother, and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss the mother, we shall miss the Job printing solicited. Funeral at half past four, from the house just across the street from the *Herald* office. Gone to be an angel now. Advertisements inserted for ten cents a square."

Well, the editor arrived at home that day at noon. Slowly and sadly he was observed to arm himself, with a double-barrelled fowling piece, into which he inserted two pounds and a half of bullets. He marched over to the office followed by an immense crowd. The assistant editor was busy at the time, painting a big black card to be tacked on hearses. It bore the legend: "Buy your coffins of Simms, over the *Herald* office." The assistant editor cast his eye around, and perceived his chief. Care was set upon that was check, and thunder clothed his brow. He leveled his gun. The assistant did not wait. With one wild and awful yell, he jumped from the second story window, and struck out for the golden shores of the Pacific. It is believed that he eventually swam over to China. But there is only one editor now, and the clerk in the office has standing orders to blow off the brains of any man who brings an obituary notice to the paper.—*American Newspaper Reporter.*

Paper Clothing.

In civilized countries the manufacture of paper into various articles of clothing has only been the business of a very brief period, but among barbarous people it is an industry that has been cultivated for years. With us, the employment still remains in its infancy, and it has taken us many years to master the difficulties attending its introduction. At first, our manufacturers confined their productions almost entirely to collars, cuffs, frills, and similar minor articles. Prejudice having been in a great measure overcome, our inventors extended their area of production to many fabrics of universal use, but requiring greater strength and pliability than those worn about the neck and or arms. The garments made by this process failed to answer the requirements of our day, and were not received with general favor.

At this juncture of affairs, it remained for an English inventor to solve the difficulty, and give us a really serviceable paper fabric. It is a mixture of various animal and vegetable substances, the former being wool, silk, and skins; the latter, flax, jute, hemp, and cotton. These articles are all reduced to a fine pulp, bleached, and then felted by means of machinery. The mixture of these several substances produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and strength. It can be sewed together with a machine as readily as woven fabric, and makes as strong a seam.

No. 1—Is a minister. He sits in the first place, he never got one half of the numbers, (a lie according to the postmaster) and in the next place your jokes column was too scurrilous.—Besides he knows by the tone of your editorials that you drink. He wants nothing more to do with you, never wants to hear from you again.

No. 2—Is in jail for debt. He has not seen a half dollar for a year. Says he would pay with the utmost cheerfulness, if he had the money. Had to borrow a shirt to put on last Sunday. Admires your paper wonderfully, and hopes you will continue sending it to him. He wishes you to take a bold stand in favor of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, as he thinks it would be a very popular move with a gentleman in his situation. Sends his best respects.

No. 3—Is a doctor. Says your paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman. Says he would not give a for a cart load. Says that you inserted an article reflecting upon the profession. Only wishes he could catch you here—would make you small.

No. 4—Is an old maid. Says you are always taking a fling at single ladies of an uncertain age. Wouldn't pay you if she was rolling in wealth, and you hadn't enough to buy a crust of bread. Sent all the papers she had back a month ago, and she says now she has sent them and don't owe you anything. She says she is even with you and intends to keep so until the day of judgment.

No. 5—Is a gambler. Says he was completely cleaned out last week at the races. Couldn't accommodate his grandmother with a half dime if she was starving. Likes your paper tolerably, would like it better if you published more races, and if you occasionally gave an account of a cock fight.—Hopes you won't think it hard of him for not paying it now, but has a prospect of having some loose change as he is after a rich young greenhorn who arrived here last week. Will pay your bill out of the pluckings.

No. 6—Is a magistrate. Swore he never owed you a cent, and told me I was a low rascal for trying to swindle him in such a bare-faced manner. Advised me to make tracks in a little less than no time, or he would get out warrant for me as a common cheat, and have me sent to prison. Is by odds the meanest man I have seen yet. Never will go near him again.

The collector concludes with, "accept my resignation, and strike me from your list of agents. I have been called a swindler, rascal, villain, and blood sucker. Those are some of the names they think proper to bestow upon me. I tried fighting awhile, and thrashed some of your patrons like blazes, but occasionally got ticked like thunder, myself."

I then remembered, for the first time since I had sprung from bed, that I was shoeless and stockingless, and had nothing on but my night shirt and I beat a hasty retreat. With a long drawn breath, I took my fine gold repeater, which had such a narrow escape, and was not at the watchmaker's after all, from under my pillow, looked at the hour, turned in, and after a little while fell asleep.