

THE POST
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The Post.

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J. P. CRONMILLER,
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 5, '67]

A. C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. [Jan 17, '67]

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick 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,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will re-
ceive prompt attention.

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his Professional service to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will re-
ceive 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 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 re-
ceive prompt attention. Office two door
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '67]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his Professional services to the
public. 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
& the Post office.

N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Snyder County Penna.
New doors West of the P. O. on
West street. Consultation in English
or German languages. [Jan 5, '67]

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

HOYER & BAKER,
SEWING MACHINE,
Persons in need of a good and durable
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at
reasonable prices by calling on SAMUEL
FAHST, Agent, Selingsgrove.

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 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. H. WAGNER, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to
his care and on the most reasonable
terms. [March 12, '67]

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the
public. [6-881f]

GRAYBILL & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE
Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats,
Brushes Cotton Laps, Grain Bags, Fly
Nets, Buckets, Tubs, Wicks, &c.
No 245 North Third Street, Philadelphia,
Feb. 7, '67

F. A. BOYER, Jr.,
AUCTIONEER,
Frederick 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 employes. [Jan. 9, '67]

B. T. PARKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW &
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA
Office in Court House, (Sept. 15, '67)

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS'
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE
No. 322 N. THIRDS
8, 831 PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE,
H. H. MANDERBACH Prof. &
J. C. NIFE, Clerk,
Nos. 413 & 415 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

MILLER & ELDER
WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS
Stationers, Blank Book Manufacturers
and dealers in Wrapping, Blasting, Cur-
tain and Wall paper Paper Bags & Gen-
eral Job Printing
No. 463 North Third street above Base
Philadelphia Pa.

Select Poetry.

OLD AGE.

Yes, I am old! my strength declines,
And wrinkles tell the touch of time,
Yet might I fancy these the signs,
Not of decay, but manhood's prime;
For all within is young and glowing,
Spite of old age's outward showing.

Yes, I am old! the ball, the song,
The turf, the gun no more allure,
I shun the gay and gilded throng,
Yet, ah! how far more sweet and pure
Home's tranquil joys and mental treasure
Than dissipations' proudest pleasures!

Yes, I am old! ambition's call,
Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit
That once could charm and cheat me all,
Are now detected, passive, mute,
Thank God the passions and their riot
Are barred for content and quiet!

Yes, I am old! but I press
The vale of years with willing feet,
Still do I find life's sorrows less,
And all his hallowed joys more sweet,
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,
Takes fifty thorns with all their scratches.

Yes, I am old! and death has taken
Full many friend to memory dear;
Yet, when I die, 'twill soothe the pain
Of quitting all my sorrows here,
To think how all will be delighted
When in the skies again united.

Yes, I am old! experience now,
That best of guides, hath made me sage;
And, thus instructed, I'll vow
My firm conviction, the old age,
Of all our various terms of living,
Deserves the warmest, best thanking.

The Young in Great Cities.

The world learns its lessons slowly.
Much of the world does not learn its
lessons at all. The young are every-
where growing up amid the ruins of
other lives, apparently without inquir-
ing or caring for the reasons of the
disasters of life, fortune and reputa-
tion, that are happening, or have hap-
pened everywhere around them. One
man, with great trusts of money, in
his hands, betrays the confidence of
the public and becomes a hopeless
defaulter, and blows his brains out.

Another, led on by love of power and
place, is degraded at last to a poor
demagogue, without character or in-
fluence. Another, through a surren-
der of himself to sensuality, becomes
a disgusting beast, with heart and
brain more foul than the nests of un-
clean birds. Another, by tasting, and
tasting, and tasting of the wine cup,
becomes a drunkard at last, and dies,
in horrible delirium, or lives to be a
curse to wife, children and friends.

There is an army of these poor wretches
in every large city in the land dy-
ing daily reformed. A young girl
loving "not wisely but too well,"
yields herself to a seducer who ruins
and then forsakes her to a life of
ruin, and then forsakes her to a life
of shame and a death of despair. Not
one girl, but thousands of girls year-
ly, so that, though a great number of
these whose robes are beyond clean-
sing hide themselves in the grave
every twelve months, another great
company of the pure drop to their
places, and keep filled to repletion
the ranks of prostitution. Again
and again, in instances beyond count-
ing, are tragedies repeated in the
full presence of the rising genera-
tion, and yet it seems to grow no
wiser. Nothing has been more fully
demonstrated than that the first steps
of folly and sin are fraught with per-
il. Nothing has been better proved
than that temperate drinking is al-
ways dangerous, and that excessive
drinking is always ruinous. Nothing
is better known than that a man can-
not consort with lewd women for an
hour without receiving a taint that a
whole life of repentance cannot wholly
eradicate. Since time began have
women been led away by the same
promises, the same empty pledges,
the same empty rewards. If young
men and young women could possi-
bly learn, wisdom, it would seem as
if they might win it in a single day,
by simply using their eyes and thinking
upon what they see. Yet in the
great city of New York, and in all the
great cities of the country, young
men and women are all the time re-
peating the mistakes of those around
them who are wrecked in character
and fortune. The young man keeps
his wine bottle, and resorts where de-
vised and ruined women lie in wait
for prey, knowing perfectly well if he
knows anything, or has ever used
fairly the reason with which Heaven
has endowed him, that he is in the
broad road to perdition—and there is
before him a life of disgust and a
death of horror.

When the results of certain cour-
ses of conduct and certain indulgen-
ces are so well known as these to
which we allude, it seems strange
any can enter upon them. Every
young man knows that if he never
tastes a glass of alcoholic drink
he will never become or stand in dan-
ger of becoming a drunkard. Every
young man knows that if he preserves

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

Last year's trials, where are they?
Have they wrought us good to-day?
Are we better for that cross?
Wann't our gain, that heavy loss?
Why is life not one long May?
Why should trouble come each day?
Why not have complete success,
Bringing hourly happiness?
What fruits brought you forth last year?
Seeds then sown will soon appear.
Cast you in both bad and good?
None can change them, if he would.
Let us sow no more again,
Only wheat of purest grain.
Spring shall send her genial showers,
Pleasant harvest shall be ours.
Christian, banish idle fears,
Provide the vessel steers,
Safely o'er the sea He'll guide,
Landing safe on Canaan's side.
Cheerful may the voyage be,
Winds and waves are speeding thee.
Far away, our home is in view,
Resting-place for good and true.

Diamond cut Diamond.

"What an egregious fool I have
been," sighed Robert Hastings, as he
sat in his luxuriously furnished cham-
ber. "Here I am at the age of twen-
ty-a-beggar, after squandering in ri-
cious living a snug fortune of fifty
thousand dollars. What shall I now do
to earn my daily bread? Must I set
up my shingle as an attorney-at-law,
and commence the practice of the
profession, for which my well-mean-
ing guardian educated and designed
me? No, by heavens! it is too late
now for me to undertake the drudgery
and labor of a lawyer's life, long
habits of idleness and self-indul-
gence have unfitted me for the plod-
ding routine of the office and the
courts. I will sell off my fast horses,
furniture, &c., and spend the ap-
proaching season at the White Sal-
phur, where wealth and beauty most
do congregate, and if I don't win the
hand of some southern heiress, my
name is not Bob Hastings."

Scarcely had the young spendthrift
arrived at this manly resolution when
his friend, George Martin, a rising
young lawyer of the same city, entered
the room. He had long suspected
that his dissolute friend was on the
verge of bankruptcy, and had advised
him repeatedly to apply himself to
the practice of his profession. George
knew that Robert Hastings possessed
many sterling qualities combined with
rare talent which would ensure his
success at the bar, if he would only
free himself from the board of sharp-
ers and evil counsellors who were
thriving on his prodigality. He, con-
sequently, expressed no surprise when
Hastings informed him that his mon-
ey was gone, and proceeded to ac-
quaint him with the means by which
he meant to repair the damage.

"And so, Bob, you mean to set out
as a professional fortune-hunter. Had
any one else told me that Robert Has-
tings would engage in such an unworthy
pursuit I would have repelled the ac-
cusation with scorn, and denounced
it as a foul slander of my gifted friend.
For shame, Bob, leave fortune-hunt-
ing to the brainless, heartless fools
who are not fitted for the higher
and nobler duties of life, turn your
time and talents to the practice of an
honorable profession, and my word for
it you will never regret it."

"No, George," replied his friend.
"My mind is made up. It would take
years for me to acquire by the prac-
tice of law an income that would en-
able me live in the style to which I
have been accustomed, and I cannot
consent to move in a humbler sphere.
However I will only try my hand at
fortune-hunting this season, and if I
don't succeed I will put myself under
your friendly guidance to do with me
as you will."

"Well, Bob, all the old Scotch ad-
age hath it 'a willful man maun have
his way.' I may perhaps drop in on
you at the Springs during the sum-
mer to see how you are getting on in
your new role."

Our hero lost no time in carrying
out his proposed plan. He realized
quite a handsome sum from the sale
of his effects, and with a splendid out-
fit of wearing apparel and a pocket full
of small change made his appearance
at the Springs about the opening of
the season. By a lavish expenditure
he soon acquired the reputation of be-
ing immensely wealthy, which was
the first step necessary to bring to
a successful issue the game he was
playing.

"I can hardly afford to waste the
money I am daily squandering," thought
he, "but then appearances must be
kept up, and perhaps those small sums
may be like bread cast upon the wa-
ters to be seen after many days."

The reputation of being wealthy
made our friend Bob the object of in-
cessant attacks on the part of Manco-
ytreig mummies, and many an art-
less maiden directed the lightning of
her eyes at the young millionaire.
Their angling, however, was vain, for

THE TRAGIC END OF THE POOR CREATURE.

at the box office adjoining the Covent
Garden Theatre, when his ears were
assailed by a strange and unusual up-
roar within the walls.
On asking one of the carpenters the
cause of it, he was told there was
something wrong with the elephant,
but could not exactly tell what.

I am not aware what might be the
usage nowadays; but then, whenever
a new piece had been announced for
presentation on a given night, and
there was but scarce time for its pre-
paration, a rehearsal would take place
after the night's regular performance
was over and the audience having
been dismissed. One such there had
been before my father's curiosity had
been aroused.

As it had been arranged that Mrs.
Henry Johnson, seated in a bowdah on
the elephant's back, should pass over
a bridge in the centre of a numerous
group of followers, it was thought ex-
pedient that this unwieldy monster's
tractability should be tested.

On stepping up to the bridge, which
was slight and temporary, the agas-
cious brute threw back his fore feet
and refused to stir. It is well known
as a fact in natural history that the
elephant, because of its unusual bulk,
will never trust its weight upon any
object which is unequal to its support.

The stage manager, seeing how ro-
solutely the animal resisted every at-
tempt made to compel or induce it to
go over the bridge in question, propos-
ed that they should stay proceedings
till next day, when he might be in a
better mood. It was during the repeti-
tion of the experiment that father,
hearing the extraordinary sounds, de-
termined to go and see if he could as-
certain the cause of it.

The first sight that met his eyes
kindled his indignation. There stood
the huge animal, with downcast eyes
and flapping ears, meekly submitting
to blow after blow from a sharp iron
rod, which his driver was driving
ferociously into the fleshy part of his
neck at the root of his ear. The floor
on which he stood was covered with a
pool of blood.

One of the proprietors impatient at
what he regarded senseless obstinacy,
kept urging the driver to still greater
extremities, when Charles Young,
who was a great lover of animals, ex-
postulated with him; went up to the
poor patient sufferer, and patted and
caressed him; and when the driver
was about to wield his instrument
again, with even still more vigor, he
caught him by the wrist as in a vice,
and stayed him from further vio-
lence.

While an angry altercation was go-
ing on between Young and the man
of color, who was his driver, Capt.
Hay of the Ash, who had brought
over Chuck in his ship, and had petted
him greatly on the voyage, came in
and begged to know what was the
matter.

Before a word of explanation could
be given, the much-wronged creature
spoke for himself, for, as soon as he
perceived the entrance of his patron,
he waddled up to him, and with a look
of gentle appeal, caught hold of his
hand with his proboscis, plunged it in-
to his bleeding wound, and then thrust
it before his eyes.

The gesture seemed to say, as plain-
ly as if it had been enforced by speech
"See how these cruel men treat Chung.
Can you approve of it?"

The hearts of the hardest present
were sensibly touched by what they
saw; and among them of the gentle-
man who had been so energetic in
promoting its harsh treatment. It
was under a better impulse that he
ran out into the street, purchased a
few apples at a stall, and offered them
to him. Chung eyed him astance,
took them, threw them beneath his
feet, and when he had crushed them
to a pulp, spat them for him.

Young, who had gone into the Con-
vent Garden with the same crowd as
the gentleman who had preceded him,
shortly after reentered, and also
held out to him some fruit, when to
the astonishment of the bystanders,
the elephant ate every morsel, and, af-
ter twining his trunk with studied
gentleness around Young's waist,
marking by his action, that though he
had resented a wrong he did not forget
a kindness.

It was in the year 1814 that Harris
parted with Chung to Cross, the pro-
prietor of the menagerie at Rixter
Change.

One of the purchaser's friends was
to send Charles Young a life ticket of
admission to his exhibition; and it was
one of his innocent little vaillies, when
passing through the Strand with any
friend, to drop in on Chung, pay him
a visit in his den, and see the intelli-

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FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

When grief and care oppress the soul,
And tears unbidden start,
True friendship dries the tear away,
And cheers the drooping heart;

And hallowed Love, diffusing joy,
Soon heals the wounds of care—
Dispelling grief, inspiring hope,
And conquering fell despair;

While steadfast Truth, the triumph crown
Of Love and friendship's way,
Uniting links in fellowship,
That stronger grow each day,
Till universal sympathy
The hearts of men shall move,
And man to man, throughout the earth
A brother true shall prove.

A New Railroad Project.

Latters have been received in this
place from New York within the
past few days, from sources which
we consider reliable, containing intel-
ligence that \$5,000,000 have been
raised to build a road from Williams-
port to the Allegheny at the mouth
of the Tionesta. Two millions of
this money is subscribed by the Penn-
sylvania railroad company, \$1,500,-
000 by the Reading railroad com-
pany and \$2,000,000 is raised in Lon-
don. The line of this contemplated
road is as follows: From Williamsport
it runs up Lycoming creek to the
mouth of Cogan creek, thence up the
valley of Cogan creek, to the head wa-
ters of Marsh creek, in the southeast
corner of Tioga county. The summit
between Cogan creek and Marsh
creek is easily made, and from that
summit the contemplated road follows
the line of the Wallaboro. From
Lawrenceville railroad down Marsh
creek to Wallaboro. From the latter
place it follows Marsh creek to Pine
creek to where it laps the Allegheny
river, thence across to the Allegheny
and down that river to the mouth of
Potato creek, thence up potato creek
to the mouth of marvin, up Marvia
to the summit, which divides it from
the Tionesta waters, thence down the
Tionesta to its mouth.—McKean
County Union.

Mormonism and free Loveism

In consequence of the determination
of the Federal government to
uproot polygamy in Utah, no little
excitement is now felt in Oneida
county, New York, among the Free
Lovers, and to the sensitive mind it
would be a difficult matter to de-
cide which of the communities is the
most abominable. The Mormons
claim the right to have as many
wives as he sees fit, while the Free
Lover scouts at marriage, and has
no respect whatever for the sanctity of
the marriage tie. In other words
they claim the right to change their
wives and husbands every day, if
they choose. These Free Lovers have
established themselves in a populous
community and are devoting all the
power they possess to the work of un-
dermining the foundations of Chris-
tian society. Their pernicious pre-
cepts and examples are beginning to
be seriously felt, and already some of
the New York press are earnestly
invoking the interposition of the law
to arrest their further development.

QUICK WORK—Several years ago
when new churches were erected, and
prosperity dawned on Virginia city,
a certain earnest clergyman on a Sun-
day morning, was exhorting those with
anxious and troubled consciences to
be sure and call on their pastor for
guidance and prayer.

Said he, "To show you, my broth-
ers, the blessed results of these visits
with your pastor, I will state to you
that only yesterday a gentleman of
wealth called upon me for counsel and
instruction; and now to-day, my
friends—to-day—he sits among us a
happy husband, and a father, and a
Christian."

A young lady in the audience whis-
pered to a matron, "was't that pret-
ty quick work?"

The rising generation in Iowa is
hopefully bright. At one of the Sun-
day schools in an Iowa town the
superintendent, reviewing the lesson,
asked the question, "Why are we
commanded to 'gird our loins?'"
One little shaver sung out, "To keep
your breeches up."

Utah is said just now to be in a
state of harem-ecstasy.

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