

THE POST  
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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,  
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All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to.  
[Jan. 17, '67]

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[Jan. 17, '67]

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prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

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business entrusted to his care will receive  
prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

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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]

J. N. MYERS,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
Middleburg Snyder County Penna.  
Office a few doors West of the P. O., on  
Main street. Consultation in English  
and German tongues. [Jan. 3, '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 S. Grover  
and J. Baker, Agents, Sellingrove, Pa.  
[Jan. 24, '67]

D. R. 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  
Sellingrove Penn

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

Y. L. WAGNER, Esq.,  
J. C. TICE OF THE PEACE,  
Jackson To a ship, Snyder Co. Pa.  
Will attend to all business entrusted to  
his care and on the most reasonable  
terms. [March 12, '67]

D. R. F. KANAWEL,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Centerville, Snyder Co. Pa.,  
Offers his professional services to the public.  
[6-381f]

GRAYBILL & CO.,  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE  
601 Cloths, Window Shades, Brains, Mats,  
Brushes, Cotton Laps, Groin Bags, Fly  
Suits, Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c.  
804 1/2 North Third Street, Philadelphia,  
Feb. 7, '67

F. A. BOYER, JR.,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Freeburg Snyder Co. Pa.  
Most respectfully offers his services to  
the public as an Auctioneer and Auction-  
eer. Having had a large experience I  
am confident that I can render perfect  
satisfaction to my employees.  
[Jan. 9, '67]

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

# The Post.

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., MARCH 14, 1872. NO. 52

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 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 per-  
son ordering them will be held responsible  
for the money.

## RECEIPTS & EXPENDITURES

Table showing the amount charged both County and State the amount received and balance due.

Item	Amount
County	100.00
State	200.00
Received	300.00
Balance due	0.00

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## The Member from Alligatorville.

Mr. J. W. DuForest, whose experience as an army officer has given him an insight into Southern life as it is, has a most amusing sketch in the Galaxy for March of the characteristics of a new class of legislators who have been introduced to public life by the Fifteenth Amendment. The appearance of "the colored member" at a public supper given by the Governor is thus described:

Pompey had never before drank champagne, but his lifelong studies in whiskey enabled him to master the secret at the first jump, and he irretrievably damaged a quiet bottle of Mumm's Imperial. The result was that he soon became such a cheerful man and brother that if all the other inhabitants of this footstool had been in the same condition it would have been the jolliest footstool under the canopy. He had some such exhilarating sensations as if every ear in his world were a jaw-harp, and all these jaw-harps were combined in an orchestra which played simultaneously every jig in creation. Things went on in his brain in a cross-over-and-down-the-middle style, as if he were the drummer of a sailors' boarding-party, and the crew of a frigate had just been paid off in the neighborhood. His tongue was loosed, like that of Bloom's ass, and he talked as glibly as that quipped, though less wisely. He whistled, and showed off a step or two of his favorite breakdown, and slurred perfectly unknown law-givers on the shoulder, and laughed like seven thunders uttering their voices.

At last his two million or so of jaw-harps revealed to him a message to the effect that he ought to walk with white lily. The speaker's wife was with the colored members, for the sake of securing her husband's reelection to his honorable and lucrative position as assessor. He was, as he said, a man of fortune, and he had a fine house in the city. He was, as he said, a man of fortune, and he had a fine house in the city. He was, as he said, a man of fortune, and he had a fine house in the city.

## The Art of not Hearing.

The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money are expended. There are so many things which are painful to the ear, many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will. I can fall into a violent passion and call me all manner of names, the first word that strikes my ears, and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life I am caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut up my ears, as a sailor would curl his lip and, making all tight, send before the gale. If a lot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do to the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and I stand close the door. Does a gaudy mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, I drop the portulias of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Some people feel so very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them, they set about searching and finding it out. If all the petty things said of one by the heedless or ill-mannered idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stung full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my head a swarm of nettles, or setting loose a bunch of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the little of spiteful people. If you would be happy, when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they have slamm'd the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress. I have noticed that a well bred woman never hears an important remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from not a little apparent coyness in dishonorable conversation.—Exchange.

## Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I know by the thoughtful look upon his face—I know by the emotional flush upon the end of the old free-bird's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden times. And so I prepared to leave, because, all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another tiresome personal experience. But I was to slow; he got the start of me. As neatly as I can recollect, the incident in question was the following language:

"We were all boys, then, and didn't care for nothing, only how to 'chuck school and keep up a revival' state of devils all the time. This yab Jim Wolf as I was talking about was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted fellow I ever saw—and the most forgiving and one-sided I ever saw. Well, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than he was, take him how you would; and sorry enough I was when I see him for the last time. Me and Henry was always pestering him, and plastering hot bills on his back, and putting lambskins in his bed, and so on; and sometimes we would crowd in and bunk with him notwithstanding his growling and fight across him so as to keep him started up like. He was nineteen—he was—and long and lank and lankish, and we were fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worthless. So that night, you know, that my sister gave a early gallop, they started us off to bed early, so that the company could have a late swing, and we rug in on Jim to have some fun. Our window looked out onto the roof of the city; and about 10 o'clock a couple of tomatoes got to falling and chattering round on it and carrying on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was from so there was a right smart crust on it, the moon was shining bright, and we could see them out like daylight. First they stood off and eyed you—just the same as if they were a cousin one another, you know, and how up their back and push up their tails and swell around and spit, and all of a sudden the gray cat held snatched a handful of the cat's yellow hair, and spin him round like the bottom on a barn door. But the yellow cat was gone, and he'd come and gintled, and the way they'd goze and bite and howl, and the way they'd make the forty, was powerful. Well, Jim he got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off the roof. He had really no notion of doing it; but we everlastingly dogged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he would not take a dare, and so on, till by and by he listed the window, and, lo! and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was—nothing on but a shirt, and that was short. You ought to see him! You ought to see him a creepin' over that ice, and diggin' his toe-nails and finger-nails in to keep him from slipping; and above all, you ought to see that shirt a'flippin' in the wind, and them long ridiculous shanks of his'n' glistenin' in the moonlight. Them com'pl'n' folls was down there under the eaves—the whole squad of 'em under that every shed of Washington lower vines—all sittin' round about two dozen sasses of hot coals, which they'd got into the snow to cool, and they was laughin' lively. But bless you! they didn't know anything about the panorama that was going on over their heads. Well, Jim he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof till he was within a few feet of 'em, and all of a sudden he made a grab for the yellow cat. But, by gosh! he missed his hold, and his heels flew up and he flapped over on his back and shot off like a dart—went a smashin'—and a crashin' down through them oil-rusty vines, and right in the dead centre of them come many people, set down like an earthquake in them two dozen sasses of red hot 'lasses candy, and let off a howl that was 'Hark! from the tombs.' Them girls—well! they left you know. They see he wasn't dressed for company, and so they left. All was done in a second. It was just in one little war-whoop and a whisk of their dresses, and blame the weech of 'em was in sight anywhere. Jim, he was a sight. He was gormed with the 'blin' hot 'lasses candy burst down his heels, and had more bursted sasses hanging to him than if he was an Injun prince; and he came a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' and a cussin' and every jump he gave he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dropped sassy candy. And blasted! Why, bless your soul! that poor creature couldn't rely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks."

Why are pigs like fashionable women? Because they carry a curl behind.

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