

The Post.

VOL. 10. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., MAY 2, 1872. NO. 7

Advertising Rates.
One column one year \$50.00
One-half column one year \$25.00
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 Assignee 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 person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

J. P. CRONMILLER, 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, Selingsgrove 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]

W. M. 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.

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, Selingsgrove Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive 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. 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. 5, '67]

L. N. MYERS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Middleburg Snyder County Penn'a. Office a few doors West of the P. O. on Main street. Consultation in English and German languages. [Feb. '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 Grover, Agent, Selingsgrove. [Jan. 24, '66]

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, Selingsgrove Penn

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

Y. L. WAGNER, Esq., JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Jackson Twp., Snyder Co. Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care and on the most reasonable terms. [March 12, '68]

DR. J. F. KANAWELL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. [6-86]

GRAYBILL & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN WOOD AND WILLOW WARE Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats, Brushes Cotton Lays, Grain Bags, Fly Nets, Buckets, Twines, Wicks, &c. No. 545 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 Vendue Crier and Auctioneer. Having had a large experience, I feel confident that I can render perfect satisfaction to my employers. [Jan. 9, '67]

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

THO'S SWINEFRD, WITH

W. F. HANSELL, Removed from 21 N. Fourth Street.

CHINA GLASS & Queensware, 61 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA. Original Packages Constantly on Hand

MILLER & ELDER, WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS Stationers, Blank Book Manufacturers and Dealers in Wrapping, Binding, Curious Wall papers Paper Bags & Gen. Stationery Printers 24 and 26 North Third Street above Race Philadelphia Pa.

FAIRMOUNT HOUSE, NEAR THE DEPOT, Middleburg, Pa. **GEORGE GUYER, PROPRIETOR.** This house is in close proximity to the depot and has lately been rebuilt and refitted. Rooms commodious—table well supplied with the best the market affords—and terms moderate.

BROWN HOUSE, FAYTONVILLE, (Near Station.) **HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.** The undersigned adopts this method of informing the public that he has opened a hotel at the above named place, on the road from Middleburg to Beaverstown, and that he is prepared to entertain the public with first class accommodations. [April 6, 1871.]

WALKER HOUSE, McClure City Pa. **R. D. WALTER Proprietor.** This new house, newly furnished and is now open to the traveling public. It is located near the depot. No effort will be spared by the proprietor to make the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.

DAVIS HOUSE, At the Millin, Centre, Surbury & Lewisstown R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts., **Lewistown Pa.,** **George Flory & Son, Proprietors.** Open Day and Night for the accommodation of travelers. A first class restaurant is attached to the hotel, where Meals at all hours can be had. Terms reasonable. [9-30-71]

BUMGARDNER HOUSE (Opposite Reading Railroad Depot) **Harrisburg, Pa.,** **A. H. LAWRENCE, Proprietor.** Every effort necessary to insure the comfort of guests will be made. The house has been newly refitted. [Oct. 13, 1871]

ALLEGHENY HOUSE, Nos. 512 & 514 Market Street, (Above Eighth), **PHILADELPHIA.** **A. Beck, Proprietor.** Terms \$2 00 Per Day. [10-24-71]

JOHN H. ARNOLD, Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURG, PA. Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb. 9, '71]

J. THOMPSON BAKER, Attorney-at-Law, Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa. Can be consulted in the English and German languages. Office—Market Street, opposite Wall's Smith & Co's Store. 8-49y

SAMUEL H. ORWIG, Attorney-at-Law, PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, 717 WALNUT STREET.

A. G. HORNBERGER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Perry Township, Snyder County, Pa. Collections, Conveyancing, and all other business pertaining to the office will be promptly attended to. Office near Troutmanville.

J. C. KREITZER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Chapman Township Snyder Co. Pa. Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

DR. J. W. ROCKEFELLOW, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [Jan. 11]

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST RYE WHISKEY, FOLDURE PEACH WHISKEY, BRANDY, GIN, AND SYRUPS Just received and for sale at the Eagle Hotel, in Middleburg. **JOHN A. STAHLNECKER,** Aug. 18, 1870.

CHAS. H. BOYER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in HARDWARE, CUTLERY, Cookmakers' Materials, Shoe Findings, &c. Selingsgrove, Pa. [8-11]

D. B. SLIFER'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Furniture Warerooms, NO. 66 NORTH SECOND STREET, (Below Arch, West Side.) Factory and Wholesale Department, 1603 North 6th Street, above Oxford, PHILADELPHIA.

JACOB P. BOGAR, WITH **UBERROTH, BERGSTRESSER & CO.** WHOLESALE DEALERS IN **FISH, PROVISIONS, &c.** No. 206 North Wharves, (above Race St.,) PHILADELPHIA.

J. B. SELHEIMER, DEALER IN **HARDWARE,** Iron, Nails, Steel, Leather, Paints, Oils, Coach & Saddlery Ware AND MANUFACTURER OF **Stoves & Tinware,** MARKET STREET, **Lewistown, Penn'a.** November 2, 1871-72

Select Poetry.

The Friend For Me.
When you find a faithful friend,
Keep him, trust him to the end,
For the world contains but few,
Steady, honest, firm and true,
Some are only friends by name,
With affections cold and tame;
Such ones I would gladly see—
They are not the friends for me.

Some return your love, and seem—
Joyous as a sunlit stream,
Clinging to you while in health,
Blest with happiness and wealth;
But when sorrows come and pains,
And your wealth no more remains,
Then their love and friendship flee—
Such are not the friends for me.

Give to me a trusty friend,
Standing by me to the end,
One whose hand may never tire,
One to guide and lead me higher,
One with loving, tender mind,
Leaving selfishness behind,
One to stand the closer by me
When the world temptations try me
Such a one I long to see—
That's the trusty friend for me.

Give me one who knows no guile,
One with steady, cheering smile,
One who I can trust for ever,
One who will betray me never,
One my secret thoughts to tell,
One whose heart can keep them well,
One whose love is strong and steady,
One whose heart for me is ready,
Waiting but my friend to be—
Oh! but that's the friend for me!

THE PHANTOM SLEIGH.

BY MATTHEW MIDDLETON.

"Amanda, I wish you'd tell Jane to hurry up that supper," said Mr. Elphalett Fox to his wife, one evening in the latter part of February. "I've to go out to-night—got to go away over to Parsborough, and it's time I was off now."

"What, in the name of common sense, takes you to Parsborough to-night?" asked Mrs. Fox, curiously, as she arose to obey her husband's command.

"Oh, business! What's the use you asking me? You couldn't understand if I told you. You go and hurry up supper—that's what you do!"

"It's business, business all the time with you!" retorted Mrs. Fox, angrily. "You're got to having so much business, nowadays, that you can't even speak a civil word to your wife!" and she flounced out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

To have comprehended the full nature of the business of Elphalett Fox would have puzzled a shrewder person than his wife. Indeed, it may be doubted whether or no the man himself in mind all the questionable transactions in which he had been engaged, and which he looked upon simply as little matters of business.

He lent money—always on the very best security—bought mortgages, which he invariably managed to foreclose just at the right time for his own profit, and at the wrong one for all other parties concerned.

At one time he started an insurance company, possessing such astounding advantages that half his fellow townsmen were induced to insure in it at once, which was no sooner accomplished than the company failed, leaving every one the loser, save Elphalett Fox.

But his latest, and most questionable transaction of all, was to become agent for the sale of "some of the finest farming land in the West" (as his advertisement read), which proved to be nothing more nor less than one great swamp, without an acre of solid ground in the whole tract.

One might have thought that, after the affair of the insurance company, the good people of Hamilton would have begun to suspect that Fox's nature too much resembled his name to render any new schemes of his worthy of confidence; but there are always fools to be found in every community, no matter how small it may be, and our speculating friend found his native town no exception to the rule.

Among the half dozen or so who fell victims to the land dodge was one Abel Weston, a man who had been a small farmer, saved a little money, all of which—three thousand dollars—he had invested in Fox's swamp land.

Of all who migrated to the tract, Weston was the only one to return to Hamilton, and attempt to recover his money.

But although he brought a suit against Fox for damages, he failed to convince the jury that the speculator had not acted in good faith; and, at the time of our story, Weston and his family were living in great poverty—he working by the day for the farmers in the neighborhood, while Fox considered himself only strengthened by the transaction.

As his wife left the room, Mr. Fox drew from his pocket a letter, which he had that morning received, and perused, for the third time, its contents. They were as follows:

PARSBOROUGH, Feb. 21, 18—
Mr. ELPHALETT FOX—SIR: Do you want to invest five thousand dollars on first-class security? If you do, bring the money to-night, to Oakley's Place, on the Parsborough road, and I will show you how you can do it.

JONATHAN ROBINSON.

"I declare, I don't know what to do!" he exclaimed, as he folded up the paper and returned it to its envelope. "I don't know whether I'd better go, or not? It may be some humbug—some trick to rob me. I never heard of this Jonathan Robinson before. He must be some friend of Oakley's. Pah! Of course it's all right, for haven't I known Oakley these ten years? Ten per cent, a month ain't to be picked up every day in the week, either."

The matter thus decided, Fox descended to supper, which was no sooner over than he donned his great coat, harnessed his horse (as staid an old mare as there was in Hamilton) to a light sleigh, and, jumping in, drew the buffalo-ropes closely around him, and started off in the direction of Parsborough.

The night was very dark, as the sky was overcast, and the moon did not rise till near morning. It was bitter cold, too, and it was as much as the warm robes without, and the thoughts of the expected ten per cent. a month within, could do to prevent Mr. Fox from turning back; for, if the truth were but known, he was one of the most cowardly and superstitious of men, and if there was one thing he detested more than another, it was going out at night with money on his person.

The ride to Parsborough was soon accomplished, as Mr. Fox kept the old mare at her best speed; and, driving to Oakley Place—which was situated at the edge of a little pine grove, on the outskirts of the town—he hitched his horse to a tree, and, running briskly up the boarded walk, knocked at the front door.

In a few moments a light was seen approaching through the side glasses, and the door was flung open by Oakley himself.

"Good evening!" said Fox. "Can I see Mr. Robinson?"

"Mister who?" demanded the man, in a gruff tone, for Fox was by no means a friend of his. "Who is it you want to see, Fox?"

"Robinson," was the reply; "Mr. Robinson, that sent me the letter about investing some money."

"There's no such man here," returned Oakley, looking very hard at his visitor. "I've lived in this house these twenty years, as you know well enough, Elphalett Fox."

"Why, I understood—" began the speculator.

"It's no use to try any of your games on me, Fox," interrupted the other. "I've known you a little too long—you can't humbug Dick Oakley as you did poor Weston! I'd as soon throw money in the fire as invest it with you!"

"But, my friend," exclaimed Fox, getting exasperated, "I only—"

His speech was cut short by Oakley who slammed the door in his face, leaving him standing on the step in a state of rage and perplexity.

"This is very strange!" muttered the puzzled man, as he walked slowly back to the sleigh. "Some humbug here! I guess I'll hurry home as quick as possible. Curses on that Weston! What did he ever want to come back to torment me for? Oakley seems dead against me now. What can it all mean?"

The more he thought on the matter, the more alarmed he became.

"It is certainly a plot to rob me," he said to himself; "I'll hurry home as fast as possible," and hastening to his sleigh, he unhitched the horse, and drove rapidly off in the direction of Hamilton.

As he rode along he perceived, in spite of the darkness, a large white sleigh at a short distance ahead of him drawn by two white horses, and containing two persons, completely enveloped in white wolf robes, going in the same direction as himself.

"Strange turn out," thought Fox. "I'll pass them, I guess, for the sooner I'm home, the safer my money!" so whipping up the old mare, he endeavored to overtake the party ahead of him.

But the faster he went the faster went the white sleigh, until at length he gave up the attempt, and drew the reins of his horse.

What was his surprise to find that this produced no effect upon the animal, for she flew on faster than before,

and, picking up the man as though he had been a bale of goods, they carried him boldly to a place, some twenty yards distant, known to the inhabitants of Parsborough as the Devil's Den.

It was a gloomy spot enough, directly under the brow of the hill. Above towered a beetling cliff, while the ground beneath it was covered in all directions with huge masses of broken rock, which had fallen from time to time.

Laying the unfortunate Fox upon one of these broken masses, the boy figures joined hands around him, and commenced a wild dance, their eyes being fixed upon him, and their heads nodding now this way then that way, while the woods rang with their wild, unheeded cries.

It was too much for the poor man, and, with a frantic scream of terror, he sprang to his feet, and made a desperate attempt to break from the ghastly ring.

As he did so he was seized on all sides, pulled down upon the rocks, and a cold sponge pressed to his nostrils.

A strange sense of giddiness came over him. In vain he struggled and shouted. The skeletons pressed upon him. He made one more effort to free himself from their grasp, and found himself lying in the bottom of his own sleigh, with the old mare quietly trotting into Hamilton!

He started up, made a grasp at the reins—they were gone! Then, after all, it was not a dream! He felt for his money; but, alas! instead of five of the thousand dollar notes he had put in his pocket-book that night, there remained only two!

Mystery upon mystery! If the skeletons were but thieves in mask—if it were but a plot to rob him of his money, why did they not take all? and stranger still, leave his three hundred dollar gold chronometer ticking in his pocket!

It was a mystery too deep to fathom; and scarce knowing what he did, he allowed the old mare to gang her ain gait, which speedily brought him to his domicile.

The matter did not bear quite so supernatural an appearance to Mr. Elphalett Fox, the next morning when he came to examine his harness, and found the remains of a stout rope fastened to his horse's collar; and still less did he consider the loss of his money the work of the wanton spirits of Devil's Den, when he learned that Able Weston and his family had suddenly left town for parts unknown.

But whether the work of the living or the dead, this strange occurrence brought one great advantage to the good people of Hamilton; for, not many months later, Fox left the place and it is generally believed that the sole reason of his removal was the repeated allusion, made on every hand, to what had become the well known story of the "Phantom Sleigh."

The Value of Small Courtesies.
Civility costs nothing and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance.

A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of twenty thousand dollars, and a comfortable house left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage.

A gentleman known to the writer, once assisted a very old and feeble man to cross from the London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at mid day, when the city is full of cabs, omnibuses, drays and other vehicles. When the old gentleman got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging young friend; and there the matter rested.

Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a legacy of five thousand dollars and a gold watch and chain, had been left to him by a gentleman who took the opportunity of again thanking him to his will, for an act of unlooked for civility. It is not likely that all will have gold watches and chains left to them, or neat bundles of crisp notes, but it is certain that acts of civility are productive of sufficient results to our inner selves as to make it worth our while to practice them wherever we find the opportunity.

It is very dangerous to blow into the barrel of a loaded gun, for ten to one the gun will be the best blower of the two; therefore never attempt it.

A Remarkable Escape.
A few weeks ago, three convicts succeeded in escaping from Blackwell's Island, by means that would do credit to criminals of greater fame. By their good conduct they had won the confidence of the prison authorities, and were transferred to the hospital, where their duties were very light. Meeting together in the wash-room they burned a hole through the floor with a hot iron to the lower floor, and one of them lying in a sofa that had been brought in for a man who had died in the morning, the others blackened their clothing with stove black and marched boldly out with the coffin. It was just dusk, and they reached the edge of the river without detection, when the three embarked in row boat and went over to New York. One of the number was captured the next day.

The Great Western Farm Insurance Company—Life and Farm Insurance.
BY PROF. J. D. BUTLER.

Life insurance means honesty for some men, and policy for many more. In no other way can they pay their debts, or obey the apostle's charge that a man "provide for his own and especially those of his own house."

But good as is life insurance, farm insurance in the shape of lands sold on ten years' credit is better.

Both give a great prize in return for a number of small annual payments. But farm insurance gives that boon in the midst of life; life insurance only at the end of it. One gives it for a man himself to enjoy, the other only for his heirs. One performs the other's promise.

"Death," said an Irishman, "is no great curse, for it always comes just where we would have it, at the end of our life and not at the beginning." But this is more than can be said of life insurance, for its blessing comes at the wrong end of life, not, like death and farm insurance, at the right end.

Besides, in farm insurance the payments are only one or ten, but in life insurance they may become so multitudinous that they will amount to several times the value of prize drawn at last. The one is a lottery, the other square dealing.

Again, farm insurance gives you in the outset a mine which pays for itself, for out of it you can dig not only a living, but gold for all payments. Life insurance makes no such pretensions. It is all *post mortem*—and nothing: in the living present. In this aspect life insurance resembles the patent Tantalus of Sidney Smith. That ravenous joker had a bag of oats hung just before the tongue of his carriage. The horse hearing the oats rattling just ahead, would rush forward with all his legs, yet could never quite thrust his nose into those dainties. On the other hand farm insurance gives a mess of grain before the journey begins, and all along many a baiting to prepare for each hard pull before the home-stretch.

Nor is this all. What life insurance promises is a fixed sum. But the land given by farm insurance is always growing in value. Less than forty years ago the whole area of Iowa could have been bought for forty millions of dollars. It was sold by the United States for less than that. To-day it would bring more than ten times that sum.

Give me then first farm insurance,—and then life insurance.

Within the twenty-three months, the Great Western Farm Insurance Company, alias the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad Company, having sold along their line, in Iowa and Nebraska, 351,795 acres to 3,238 purchasers, almost all on ten years' credit, and six per cent. interest.

Farmer! are you insured?