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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.

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 re-
fitted. Rooms commodious—the table well
supplied with the best the market affords
and terms moderate.

BROWN HOUSE
PAXTONVILLE, (Center Station)
HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.
The undersigned adopts this method of in-
forming the public that he has opened a hotel at
the above named place, on the road from Middle-
burg to Sellersville, and that he is prepared to
entertain the public with first class accommo-
dations.
April 4, 1871. HENRY BENFER.

WALKER HOUSE,
McClure City Pa.
R. D. WALTER, Proprietor.
This is a 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 Mills, Centre, Snyder & Lewistown
H. B. Depot, corner of Water and Jerns Sts.
April 8, 1871. HENRY BENFER.

George Flory & Son, Proprietors.
Open Day and Night for the accommo-
dation of travelers. A first class Res-
taurant is attached to the hotel, where
Meals at all hours can be had. Terms
reasonable. 9-13-71

BUNGARDNER HOUSE
(Opposite Reading Railroad Depot)
Harrisburg, Pa.
A. E. LANDIS, Proprietor.
Every effort necessary to insure the com-
fort of guests will be made. The house has been
newly rented. [Sealed 1871]

A. L. LEIGHNEY HOUSE,
Nos. 312 & 314 Market Street,
(Above Eighth).
PHILADELPHIA.
A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms \$2.00 Per Day. [Sealed 1871]

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,
Lewistown, Union Co., Pa.
Can be consulted in the English and
German languages. [Sealed 1871]
OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Wall's
Smith & Co's Store. 8-49y

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

A. G. HORNBERGER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Perry Township, Snyder County, Pa.
Collection, Conveyancing, and all other busi-
ness pertaining to the office will be promptly
attended to. Office near Troutmansville.

J. C. KREITZER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Chapman township Snyder Co. Pa.
Conveyancing, Collecting and all other busi-
ness 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. [June-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.
Aug. 18, 1870.

D. B. SLIFERS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Furniture Warerooms,
NO. 66 NORTH SECOND STREET,
(Below Arch, West Side.)
Factory and Wholesale Department,
1603 North 3rd Street, above Oxford,
-81f PHILADELPHIA.

JACOB P. BOGAR,
WITH
UBERROTH, BERGSTRESSER & CO.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FISH, PROVISIONS, & C.
No. 206 North Wharves, (above Race St.)
9-71f 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.
September 2, 1871-1f

T. J. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.
Offers his Professional Services to the public
Consultations in German or English.

Select Poetry.
The Christian's Prospect.
Come ye ye Saints to Pileg's mountain—
Come view your home beyond the tide;
Come hear the voices of the loved ones,
As they sing on the bright side.
Some are singing of bright crowns of glory
Some of dear ones who stand near the shore,
For the fond heart must ever be clinging
To the faithful we love evermore.
Chorus—
Oh! the prospect, it is so inviting,
And we fear no danger from the tide;
Let me go to the home of the Christian,
Let me stand before in white by his side.

These endless springs of life are flowing—
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the glory of the Saints is seen.
Soon your conflict and toils will be ended;
I shall join those who passed on before,
For my loved ones, O, how I do miss them!
I must pass on and meet them once more.
Chorus—Oh! the prospect, &c.

Faith now beheld the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne;
There too my Saviour reigns forever,
And he welcomes the faithful home.
Would you sit by the banks of the river,
With the friends you have loved by your side?
Would you join in the song with the angels?
Then be ready to follow your guide.
Chorus—Oh! the prospect, &c.

Come where they never knew a sorrow,
Come where the tears are wiped away;
Come to the brightness and the glory
Of a feeble mortal day.
O Redeemer, we trust thee to lead us
In the way to the haven at rest.
Till we sweetly repose over yonder
In the peaceful abode of the blest.
Chorus—Oh! the prospect, &c.

Soon shall we hear the Father calling;
Come, weary pilgrim, come away;
Loved ones are waiting to receive you,
By the portals of the shining way.
We are longing to go, blessed Jesus;
We are waiting the call from above;
And we welcome the glory immortal,
As we rise on the pinions of love.
Chorus—Oh! the prospect, &c.

Eleanor's Rise.
BY EUGENE J. HALL
John Wilson's thoughts were neither
pleasant nor agreeable as he walk-
ed slowly down the lane leading from
his snug looking little farm house to
the main road, talking and muttering to
himself.

"Who's to blame? who's to blame?"
he said, at the same time thrusting
his large and labor-hardened hands
down into the depths of his capacious
pockets. "Sally may say just all she
wants to, justifying the girl in run-
ning away with that good for nothing
artist vagabond, Paul Moore, but she
can't convince me no how, that Elea-
nor has done a foolish thing."

John Wilson was a well-to-do farm-
er, plain and blunt in his ways, yet
sober and industrious in all his habits,
and honest in his business.
Though naturally possessed of a kind
heart, and of generous sympathies, he
had a determined will, that, when once
fixed upon any decision, he could
neither be moved nor changed in his
opinions. This peculiarity he would
often carry to a harsh and unreason-
able extreme. His wife was a quiet
and amiable little body, who rarely
attempted to expostulate with him,
knowing his peculiar character too
well to risk her domestic peace and
happiness by a constant conflict with
his opinions. Eleanor was there only
daughter, and one reared and educated
in simplicity, her grace and many ac-
complishments were of a remarkable
order. She was nearly eighteen—
that wonderful age of feminine per-
fection, and fully developed woman-
hood, when, in the flush of health and
loveliness, the beauty of woman most
moves the hearts of men.

Paul Moore was a poor artist, poor
as regards the common expression of
the term, yet rich in talent and cul-
ture, with a mind ever hopeful for the
future, and a heart full of the kindest
and noblest impulses. He had come
from a distant city to spend the sum-
mer in Glenwood. He had casually
met Eleanor, and from a friendly in-
timacy there had sprung an ardent af-
fection that was mutual with them.
They were constantly in each other's
society, and for the future they thought
of nothing but sunshine and joy.
Eleanor's father had not sus-
pected the existence of their attach-
ment for each other, he had inter-
preted the actions of Paul Moore as
mere friendly attentions, and as he
had always found the young man so
kind and interesting in conversation,
he had encouraged his visits to his
farm house. He had found Paul a
willing listener to his actions and fa-
vorite stories, and had always treated
him with civility.

Eleanor was the idol of her father
and would have been a petted and
spoiled child had it not been for her
lovable traits of character. The old
man jealously guarded her and had
forbidden many a worthy young man
the house, who had had the temerity
to make overtures for her heart and
hand, and the freedom given to Paul
Moore was an episode in the quiet vil-
lage of Glenwood, that was largely

commented upon by its gossiping in-
habitants.
But that veil that had so long shad-
owed the old man's eyes was one
morning suddenly removed, when as
he started for the village he was over-
taken by Paul Moore who in a frank
and manly way, had told him of his
love and affection for Eleanor and re-
quested his consent to their union.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the
feet of old John Wilson, his astonish-
ment would not have been greater,
his first impulse had been to strike the
young man to the earth, but after a
moment's reflection he loved his knotty
walking stick and had relieved his
mind by a torrent of words that were
both unreasonable and uncalculated for.
He had forbidden the young man ever
to see Eleanor again, or to use any
means of communication with her.
He had threatened him with ven-
geance if he ever dared make any en-
deavor to renew his attentions to her
and had driven the young artist in de-
spair from his presence.

Love laughs at human restraints,
and human hands can fashion neither
rod nor bar of strength and power to
always hold apart two hearts that love
each other.
Notwithstanding the restraints plac-
ed upon Eleanor by her ever watch-
ful father, she frequently contrived to
meet her lover, and one morning there
was a vacant seat at the old family
breakfast table, and a more vacant
expression on the old man's features
when he learned that Eleanor was
gone. His first feelings were of anger,
yet as the thought came to him of
all the happiness she had brought him
of her kind words and her childish
affection for him, a tear from a dum-
ple, trickled down over his furrowed
face and fell upon his horny hands,
but the old spirit came back again,
his evil genius triumphed, and with
an expression of unchangeable deter-
mination, he brought his clenched
hands down upon the table with a force
that made it tremble.

"Eleanor is lost to us forever, she
shall never come home again."
"John, are you crazy?" said his
amiable little wife, vainly striving
to quiet the tempest in his breast.
"Sally," he returned, "I can never
forgive her. There's no use in your
arguing the matter, it only aggravates
me. I'd rather have buried the
poor girl than to have had her gone
off," and with a groan he started
from his chair, pulled his old hat over
his eyes, and left the room, started
down the lane in the unpleasant state
of mind in which we find him in the
commencement of our story.

He walked slowly along until he
reached the barn opening into the
highway, and seating himself upon
them pulled out his jackknives, and
splitting a bit of cedar from the bar-
post, commenced whittling. He
glanced up and down the road but
could see nobody, and he fell to
thinking again. He saw in memory
the face of a fair and beautiful child.
His little Eleanor, the sound of whose
voice, in her innocent childhood, had
been the music of his life. How many
bright castles had he built for her;
how earnestly had he planned and
toiled for her, that as she grew to
maturity she might have the means
of learning the many arts and accom-
plishments of her sex that would
render her perfect in womanhood. She
had grown to be all that he had hop-
ed for, and when he was most proud
of her she had flown from him, and
his labor of love had been in vain!

How often do the invisible prompt-
ings of a misguided will render the
human mind insensible to all discrimi-
nation between what is right and
wrong?
Thus it was with old John Wilson,
his better feelings would have pre-
vailed had not his iron will held them
in subjection.

He glanced backward towards the
old farmhouse, there was hardly an
object that met his eyes that did not
suggest some thought of her; his
will was beginning to waver. "After
all," he muttered, "Moore is not so
bad a fellow. I hadn't got nothing
against him except in this matter: I
rather liked the fellow until I found
out he was trying to steal Eleanor
from me. I wouldn't have thought
him capable of so mean an action.
His poor poor hair's nothing particu-
larly agin' him. People might have
said the same of me when I was of
his age, and he's a better man than
I was, and I wish I
was like him; he
back very
couldn't

Its strange I never thought of this be-
fore; young folks will somehow learn
to like each other, and taint no use
in tryin' to keep them apart. You
might as well try to stop the world
from movin' by hitchin' a log chain
to the moon. I'm sure Eleanor's al-
ways been a dutiful and obedient
daughter, and I've always thought she
fondly loved me.
"And she loves you still, dear fath-
er, and will never so far forget her
affection for you as to marry without
your sanction and blessing."
A soft hand was laid on the old
man's arm, and a pair of tender blue
eyes were gazing into his face.
"Eleanor!"
"Father!"
So softly had she approached him
that he had not noticed her until her
voice had started him from his mel-
ancholy reflections.

"My child, where have you been?"
"Over to neighbor Merriams. Mamma
wanted me to come and stay last
night with her, and so I slipped away
from home, just to see how funny you
would feel when you woke up this
morning and found me missing, but
father what in the world were you
talking about to yourself when I
came up to the parson just now?"
"Nothing, nothing, child. I was
only thinking," replied the old man
easily.

"Father said the blue eyes again
looked upward into his face with a
pleading expression he could not well
resist. "I know the thoughts that
were passing in your mind. I know
you love me well and would not
knowingly wrong me or injure any
that I love, or oppose any obstacle to
the future peace and happiness of my
life. That I love Paul Moore you
know perfectly well, and that he en-
tirely loves me I am confident and
sure. He is a noble and accomplished
young man. His character and
reputation are spotless as your own.
He has talents and ambition and a dis-
position to labor and make his way
in the world. What more could you
ask for? In this matter you are
making yourself miserable as well as
rendering me wretched and unhappy.
Will you not for my sake, for the
sake of the love you have always
given me, learn to love him?"

John Wilson was subdued. For
the first time in his life loving words
had touched the tender cords of his
better nature, and their music warm-
ed his heart, and melted the ice that
had long been hidden there. He
placed his hand upon her shining hair,
and brushing it backward from her
forehead, he said:

"Eleanor, it shall be as you wish.
I will oppose you no longer in this.
I've been a little hard, I know, but I
mean it all for your good. But I'm
rather uncomfortable, thought to think
that you heard what I was saying here
on the bars, when I was talkin' to
myself, and I rather suspect this is
a contrived plan of yours and yer moth-
er's to bring me around all right to
your notions."

Hand in hand the old man and his
daughter walked slowly up the lane
toward the old farm house. The storm
had gone out of his heart, and the
sunshine had again entered there.
And when at the old homestead, a
month later, there was a brilliant wed-
ding, there never was in Glenwood a
prouder or happier father than old
John Wilson.

**Unsuccessful Attempt to Ride
200 Miles in Twenty Hours.**
CHICAGO, May 29.—Yesterday morn-
ing an immense crowd gathered at
the Dexter park to witness an attempt
by the proposed rider to accomplish
his proposed ride of 200 miles in
twenty consecutive hours. As early
as 6 o'clock a large crowd was pres-
ent.

At 6.30 the boy mounted and shot
off on his journey. He changed horses
every round, a distance of nearly
one mile. Up to the twenty-fifth
mile all went well, when his horse
jumped the fence in such an awkward
manner as to fall upon his rider, cur-
ving his face and closing one eye. He
jumped up, and after bathing his face,
started again.

At the fifty-fifth round he had made
forty-nine miles, being considerably
ahead of time. At the eleventh he
had made ninety-nine rounds, or
eighty-six and five eighths miles, leav-
ing only thirteen and three eighths
miles of half the entire distance, to
be used in riding having been four
hours and thirty-four seconds. He
was then over an hour ahead of time.

There was great excitement among
the crowd. At the close a hurdle
was placed in the way of the horse.
The horse struck the hurdle, and
tumbled over on and nearly killed him,
and he was not able to get up. Another
hurdle was placed in the way, and
he was again thrown, and the crowd
dispersed.

Love, Disappointment and a Throat cut

Snyder County has become some-
what famous for sensations, and Sil-
ver Creek has determined to be up
to the times, and sends forth a tale of
love, disappointment and revenge that
is amusing, to say the least.
For some time past a young gentle-
man and a young lady of that place,
whose names we don't choose to tell
have been particularly devoted to
each other and were never so happy
as when in each other's company.
Time wore on and events transpired
which disclosed the fact that the con-
fiding daughter of Eve had loved
"not wisely" but too well. She relat-
ed her condition to the young man
and demanded that marriage should
be consummated forthwith, to which
the man replied that if she would se-
ver her connections with the church
to which she belonged and join his he
would marry her; that this was the
only barrier between them. This the
girl could not consent to and so in-
formed him. The matter was allow-
ed to rest for a time but the girl was
impatient and could not bear the
thought of the disgrace that threat-
ened her. Last week it became nec-
essary for the man to work all day,
all night and all the following day
without rest or sleep and as a mat-
ter of course he felt tired, and felt
the want of sleep, but thought he would
pay a visit to his heart's adorable
in the forepart of the evening. While
sitting on the lounge next to the girl
he laid his head on her lap and fell
into a deep sleep, but was shortly awa-
kened by a tickling sensation about his
neck and awoke suddenly to realize that
his lady-love was cutting his throat
with a pen-knife which he had pre-
sented her some time previous. With
the blood spurting over them both, he
demanded to know why she committed
such a rash act, when she begged
of him to take the knife and kill
her that they might both die togeth-
er. This he refused to do but set
about stopping the flow of blood
from his wound and seeking medical
aid. He was soon past beyond dan-
ger after which the matter was com-
promised by the two entering into a
solemn compact which made them
husband and wife. The man's wound
is healing satisfactorily, and we trust
the loving pair will live long to bless
the night on which the crowning
"point" of their tender and loving
courtship was consummated. The little
pen-knife will be a valuable heir-loom
to pass down through succeeding gen-
erations.—*Misses' Journal.*

The Penalty of Overwork

The British "Medical Journal," a
standard authority on the subject of
which it treats, has recently called
attention to the facts brought forward
by Dr. Quain in his lecture before the
College of Physicians upon diseases of
the walls of the heart. From these
facts it appears that for the last twenty
years in Great Britain the total
deaths of males of all ages from heart
disease has increased from 3,749 in
1849, to 12,420 in 1870; and the per-
centage of deaths from this disease to
each thousand population living has
risen from 155 between 1851 and
1855, to 1,085 between 1869 and 1870.
This increase, it must be borne in
mind, is noticeable only in what are
referred to the working years of man-
hood. Under the age of twenty-five
no change in the percentage is found,
but between the ages of twenty-five
and forty-five the rate has gone from
553 to 709. Among the other sex the
average now is no larger than it has
been since reliable records were kept.

These figures tell their own story
in very few and very significant
words.
The men of this generation are liv-
ing too fast; we do not mean in the
way of dissipation and excess, but in
mental and worry of work. The in-
fluences of a steam and lightning age
seem to have stimulated intellectual
and emotional exertion to a point
where people are compelled to burn
their candle at both ends, and dig their
graves with their own hands. We
believe that the sanitary precautions
brought about by advancing civiliza-
tion do not counterbalance the waste
resulting from the causes mentioned.
Epidemics are fewer and more easily
managed than they were half a cen-
tury ago, the mortality lists show a
fearful development of disorders com-
paratively rare among our ancestors.
Diseases of the heart, brain and nerv-
ous system are terribly abundant;
and probably three-fourths are directly
attributable to overwork of one kind
or another. In short, we are traveling
at much too rapid a space, and are
literally "killing ourselves for the
sake of living." It is time the brakes
were put on, and that the intellectual
classes, who suffer most from the rush-
ing tendencies of the era, should un-
derstand the inevitable penalty which
nature exacts for a violation of her
laws. Any game that requires that
the player shall die in order to win it
does not pay.—*Missouri Republican.*

Hydrophobia in Louisiana—Another Case—Detail of Symptoms.

The Louisiana Commercial says that
the dog which bit policeman
Bitterfield, some months ago causing
his death, on the same day sprang at
the hand of Charles H. Armstrong,
and fastened his teeth between his
thumb and wrist so firmly that Arm-
strong drew the dog off its feet before
it would let go. Armstrong is seven-
teen years old, and the son of a wid-
ow. The bite flowed profusely from
the effects of it when he got home. The
wound healed, and he went about his
work forgetting all about it. The
Commercial adds: No symptoms of
hydrophobia were exhibited until
some time during the past week, when
he one day complained of a severe
headache. On Friday morning he
went out in the yard and got his hand
wet with rain. He came in and com-
plained that his hand and arm and
shoulder hurt him badly. He laid
down at 8 o'clock, saying that he was
sleepy, and was soon sound asleep.
His mother tried to waken him at 12
o'clock, but was unsuccessful. She
tried to arouse him again at 2 o'clock.
He partly awoke, and saying he must
sleep, laid down again. He complain-
ed of soreness of the throat, and his
mother sent for Dr. Parsons. He
sent some simple remedies of sore
throat. At 1 o'clock his breathing
became spasmodic, and his mother,
becoming alarmed, sent for Dr. Par-
sons. The doctor came, and at once
consulted the situation.

On Saturday Dr. Parsons sent
for several physicians to consult with
the case. A glass of water was given
to test it. He showed a marked aver-
sion to it, but when his mother told
him to take it he made the effort with
horror in his face, and clenched the
glass nervously, spilling the water over
his breast, and his whole body was
shaking with spasms. During Saturday
morning his mind was perfectly clear,
and it was not until afternoon, when
different remedies had been profusely
administered, that he showed any
signs of mental aberration. Thursday
evening he declared there were chills
in the room which must be driven out,
and he appeared excited when his
mother told him she would drive
them out. A slight froth was visible
about his mouth, and in breathing he
snatched convulsively for air, which
gave the appearance of choking, but he
displayed no desire to injure any one,
and laid quietly on the bed. He loved
his parents. During the morning the
spasms were in quick succession, but
light. During the afternoon they were
at longer intervals and more violent.
Friday night he died about 11 o'clock.

When Wheat Should be Cut.

There has been some diversity of
opinion as to the best time to cut
wheat, judging from the common
practice of farmers. It is generally
when the grain is ripe or at least when
the grain has become hard. This is no
doubt an error, and one of more im-
portance than many suppose. It
should be remembered that wheat is
composed of gluten, starch and bran.
Gluten is the nourishing quality of
the grain, makes the flour sticky to-
gether in the hands of the baker, and
gives weight to the grain—and there
is the greatest quantity of gluten in
the grain just when the straw is yellow
two or three joints from the
ground, the head turns downward, and
you can crush a grain between your
thumb and finger without producing
any milk. It may therefore be set down
as an indisputable truth that every
day the wheat stands after this stage
of its ripeness, the gluten decreases in
quantity and the bran increases in
thickness.

We give these facts in time that the
farmer can take advantage of them
the present season.—*Germania*
Telegraph.

Poor pig got into a large yard where
he did not belong, and trying to get
out he got stuck fast under a high
board fence, and there began to kick
and squeal in the good old way. His
master, a big, fat Irishman, hearing
the hubbub, ran out of his house ear-
ly and caught his pig by the ears, en-
deavoring to pull him through the hole
before his trespass was detected. But
this treatment had no effect but to
unknuck the pig yell the more. An old
man in the yard hearing the noise, and
seeing piggie's hind legs and tail flap-
ping away in a menacing manner,
accepted what he thought was a chal-
lenge, and lowered his head charged
with all his might. He struck his
mark squarely and fairly, and the pig
shot through the hole like a pork can-
no ball, and striking his master full
in the breast, knocked him flat on his
back. The only person who witness-
ed this closing scene was just enter-
ing the yard, and not being aware
how many actors were engaged in it
was very much surprised to hear
what he supposed to be the pig squeal-
ing in Irish on the other side of the
fence.