The Post.

VOL. 10. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., JULY 4, 1872. NO. 16

THE POST

Published every Thursday Morning by

JEREMIAH CROVER, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription, a

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or $2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.

Subscriptions outside of the county

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

☞ Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers, and are liable for the price of the paper

Select Poetry.

In the Fields.

Airy budding ash tree
You have made a throne,
And the sweetest thrush in all the world
Is sitting there alone;
Drawn in tints of tender brown
Against a keen blue sky;
He sings up and he sings down,
Who can pass him by?

Through the thin leaves thrilling
Goes its glimmering note,
Hearts of all happy trees are drawn
Into this one bird throat;
And all the growing blooms of morn
(This music is so strang)
Are reach'd and blended and upborne
And utter'd into song.

Now he asks a question!
The answer you can guess—
While sparrows chirp their pettish 'No.'
And daws keep murmuring 'Yes!'
'Oh! will the months be kind and clear,
Unvex'd by needless rain;
And will the summer last his year
Till Spring comes back again?'

Now he states a dogma!
His view of day and night;
Proclaiming volubly and loud
No other bird is right,
But halfway through his creed he checks
At some sweet chance of sound,
And, catching that, no longer recks
If heaven or earth goes round.

New he labors gravely,
Each moment pays itself,
No singer ever worked so hard
For art or fame or pelf;
And now he knows the pretty phrase
And scatters it like rain,
With quick 'da capos' of self praise,
Till the trees ring again.

He pleads, he laughs, he argues,
He shouts to sky and earth;
The wild notes trip each other up
In ecstacies of mirth;
He drinks the azure of the air,
He tosses song about
Like a girls tangle of golden hair,
Spray-wet and shaken out.

O world! when spring is shining
And dark winds stand aside,
Let men think of you as they may,
The birds are satisfied;
Their dauntless hymns of hope arise
With such a wealth of will;
Though every year the summer dies,
They trust her promise still.

Airy budding ash-tree,
Try to show your power,
May a leaf for each gay note
He makes in half an hour!
Wild flowers in the grass, be tought
The music of your parts;
Make a bud for each bright thought
He gives to passing hearts!

The Deacon's Churn.

BY MARTHA MIDDLETON.

"I tell you, neighbor, it's the best thing out!" exclaimed Deacon Gideon Slowman, bringing down his fist with a resonant thump upon the counter of Titus' store. "It does just beat all natur' for churning milk, and a man can make more butter in an afternoon with one o' my new churns than he can with forty of the old pattern."

"Now, ain't that putting it rather strong, deacon?" asked the storekeeper, with an incredulous air, at the same time winking knowingly at the loungers, who might any day have been seen hanging raound Tim Titus' Highville store. "It strikes me that forty is a large number. Draw it mild and say twenty!"

"I was in earnest, Tim Titus," replied the deacon. "That churn of mine is a big invention and no mistake. It'll just drive every thing of the kind out of the market, when I get it patented and introduced. Yes, sir-e-e! you won't hear of no other kind then but Slowman's Double Back-action, Self-propelling Churn; and if it ain't worth a fortune to me, why, then I'm mightily mistaken."

"When are you going to get it patented?"

"Oh!" some time soon; there's no hurry about it; I ain't afraidd any one'll think of the idee—it's too complex."

"You had better look out, deacon," suggested one of the listeners. "More men than one have lost patents by waiting."

"Oh, I han't afraid!" returned the deacon, as he gathered up his numerous parcels and prepared to leave the store. "Besides, I han't got the small model made yet, going to town to-morrow to see about it though. I shall have it patanted soon enough. Just set them things down to my account, will you, Titus?" and so saying, he walked out of the store, stowed the articles under the seat of his ancient-looking "carry half (as the neighbors termed it, in allusion to the deacons, numerous progeny) and whipping up his horse, drove away toward home.

"Deacon thinks he's got his fortune sure, with that new churn of his," said Titus, with a laugh, as the old man left the store.

"Well, so he has!" replied one of the villagers, seating himself on a barrel. "So he has got a fortune in it; and it's the most complete thing ever was; just as he says, you can make more butter in it in one day than you can in one of the old kind in four."

"If he don't look sharp," said Titus "some one'll get it away from him yet."

"That's so," replied the other.

"Now, I've had half a dozen inventions," continued the storekeeper, "and there hain't none on 'em amounted to nothing."

"Oh, yes!" responded the man, laughing, "I've heard of your inventions before. That patent pea sheller, that crushed all the peas, and sent the pods out clean and whole—was one of them, wasn't it?"

"No, no! I don't mean that," said Tim quickly; "I meant—"

"That machine for making prepared flour, *I* suppose?" laughed the other. "By-the-way, I guess that works now, occasionally, don't it? My wife says she got some of it last week."

To this Titus made no reply, but became suddenly busy in returning to their places the several boxes and tea-caddies which had been taken down to supply the deacon's wants.

Timothy Titus was a man whose whole life had been spent seeking for a short road to fortune. He cared very little through what that road might lead, so long as the desired end was attained.

Being a Yankee,, Titus had naturally tried hard at inventing, with no very great success, however, as many useless models of machines of various natures, buried amidst the dust and cobwebs, of a certain closet under the stairs, could have affirmed, had they been gifted with speech, in every one of which Timothy had, for a time, believed his future greatness lay hidden.

But they had all proved failures, and, at the age of forty, Timothy Titus found himself no better off than are the majority of country storekeepers—not quite as well off, in fact, for his goods did not bear the highest reputation, either as to quality or quantity, and the people of Highville used to (folks will talk, you know) that half his nutmegs were wooden—his sugar sand—and his coffee, burned peas; and, for this reason, more than one dollar went (for his was the only store in the village) into the pocket of the storekeeper in the next town, five miles away.

"Dear me!" thought Titus, as the day wore on; "why couldn't *I* have invented something like that—something that would be of general use—'Wanted in every city, town village and hamlet,' as the advertisements say? If I had, I might have stood some chance of making a fortune, and that would pay me for what I've wasted on that pea-sheller, lamp trimmer, and all the rest of that trash. But I didn't, and I suppose that's the end on it."

Uotwithstanding this apparent settling of the subject, the storekeeper, could not banish it entirely. Do what he would, thoughts of the deacon's patent churn would intrude themselves into his mind; and more than once, during the day, his customers heard him muttering to himself, "Patent churn and a fortune! Patent churn and a fortune!"

In all probability, however, this would have been the end of it had not Titus, the next day, espied the worthy Deacon Slowman, his wife, and all the little Slowmen, dressed in their Sunday best, and on their way to town.

"They are going off for the day," thought Tim. "The deacon is going to town about the model of the churn; but, good gracious! he won't have his patent out this three months, at the rate he'll move. I just wish I could get holt of his 'double back action churn'—I'd be a rich man while he's thinking about it;"

As he said this, a sudden thought entered his fertile brain, which for an instant—but an instant only—brought the blush of shame to his cheeks.

"Why not go to the deacon's house and get the secret of the churn while he was away?"

At first, as I have said, he repelled the thought, but Timothy's moral nature was none of the finest, and the more he turned the subject over in his mind the more strength it gained, until at last he could no longer resist.

"The deacon never'll guess," he muttered. "I'm always getting up something, and he knows it. Why shouldn't I invent a churn as well as he? He ought to have used it before, if he wanted to make anything out of it—the world can't wait forever for him to introduce his churn. I'll just run around to his house, and have the whole secret, get out my model, and have my application ready in no time, and then for money. No more storekeeping for Tim Titus."

Leaving the store in charge of his solitary assistant, he hastily put on his hat, and hurried toward the residence of the unconscious deacon, who little dreamed the peril that menaced his precious invention.

The house was by no means near to Timothy's store, but it was reached at last; and stealing quickly around to the rear of the building, taking good care that no one was in sight, he began to look about for some means of entering the Slowman mansion.

He tried the doors, they were all fast; then the windows, but they likewise resisted his efforts, and he was just giving up in despair, when the waiving of a white curtain in the summer breeze struck his eye; It was from one of the windows on the second story.

"No matter," thought Titus, as he espied a tall cherry tree, which grew close to the house. "I can easily climb that, and get in at the window."

The cherry tree was soon climbed, and the house entered, and after a short search, the churn was discovered quietly reposing in the dairy-room, which opened off from Mrs. Slowman's kitchen.

"What an enormous great thing it is!" muttered Tim, as he stood looking at it. "It's as big as three. What in the world did the deacon want to make such a large one for? Why, I could get into it, I really believe."

"But I'd better hurry up," he added, taking out paper and pencil, "for the sooner I am out of this the better. There's no knowing what may turn up.

He hastily took down the different points of the wonderful churn; examined the machine inside and out, measured its dimentions, and was just making sure that he understood thoroughly the motion of the self-propeller, when a sound at the kitchen door made him start with terror and alarm.

It was the voice of the deacon, cheery and clear, saying:

"Come in, mother! come in, Sally! Who'd have thought of meeting you on the road—you, whom we supposed to be away out West!"

Before Titus had time to move, the kitchen door was flung open, and he heard the whole family coming in.

For an instant he stood paralyzed, for escape seemed impossible, as the dairy-room was merely a shed, opening off the kitchen, lighted by a window high up from the floor, but with no door, and the only means of exit lay through the very room in which the deacon now stood.

He heard them coming—heard Mrs Slowman's exclamation of surprise at seeing the dairy-room door standing open, when she was "certain sure she shut it"—heard the deacon say "perhaps some one is in there"—and, scarce knowing what he did, he leaped into the unconscious cause of all his difficulties, the self-acting lid closing him in as tightly as any jack-in-a-box, while his heart beat faster and faster as the footsteps of the deacon approached nearer and nearer to the churn.

Fortunately, or otherwise, he was a man of unusually small stature, and he found the mammoth butter-maker amply large enough to hold him, and still leave room for the deacon's voice to enter also.

"This way, Sister Sally!" it said. "This is my new invention. I expect to make no end of money from it. You see, this is the way it works: You can pour the milk in through this tunnel without raising the lid. This way!"

And down came a stream of rich new milk upon the devoted head of the luckless Titus, saturating his hair, meandering in litttle cold rivulets down his neck, and wetting him, in short, from head to foot.

"I was just going to town about the model, when I met you and turned back," continued the deacon; "but it's no matter, there's no harry, it'll do any time. Nobody would try to steal the idea, I think."

"Wouldn't they, though?" groaned poor Titus, from within; "that's as much as you know about it. Oh Jerusalem! wouldn't I give a lot to be safe out of this?"

"This is the way the thing works, you see," said the unconscious Slowman. "You propel this handle so, and—"

"O-o-ooh! stop that! You're rammidg that confounded crank into my mouth!" cried a loud voice from the churn, the lid of which was suddenly thrown up, and out leaped a strange figure, wild-looking and terrified, from whose person dripped the milk the deacon had supposed to be in a fair way to become butter.

"What in the name of sense is this?" cried the old man, in the utmost astonishment.

The figure did not wait to explain, however, but dashed through the door, upsetting Mrs. Deacon and several small deacons in its flight, and amidst their screams of terror, hatless, and with *milk-white* hair flying, rushed through the garden toward the road.

"After him, brother!" cried Sister Sally. "It was Tim Titus, the storekeeper—I'm sure it was. He was trying to steal the secret of your invention—the wretch!" Why he sold me five wooden bacon hams just before I went West. Thought I'd never come back to tell of it I suppose."

"Are you sure?" cried the deacon,

"Sure! Yes. There's his hat at the bottom of the churn now."

"It's Titus' hat, true as natur'!"

And off started the deacon, at a faster pace than he had run for many a year.

He did not succeed in catching the frightened Timothy; but the hat was enough, and the people in Highville seemed to think that the milk damaged the storekeeper's reputation more than it did his clothes.

However this may be, it was to Deacon Gideon Slowman, and not Timothy Titus, that was given soon after the letters-patent for the new celebrated double back-action self-propelling churn.

Plain Talk to the Girls.

It is a fact which should be continually brought before the eyes of every girl in the land, that the fashionable method of committing suicide by wearing corsets should be frowned down. Say anything to one about wearing these ribs of whalebones and steel, and she will say they improve the form. The idea! Don't you suppose, you little fool that your Maker knew what He was about when He fashioned you with his own hands? Or do you think He made woman first, and afterwards made a French *modiste*, to get her into decent shape? Perhaps that was how it happened that women are left as nature made them, and fools are shaped by the dressmaker. But it would be only justice to allow the girls to grow up to womanhood before they decide whether they would be women or fools, instead of putting them into corsets when they are tender children.

It is absolute cruelty to put corsets on a little child. No child can wear them more than two or three hours at a time at first, but they are made to wear as long as they can endure the tortures and then take them off and rest awhile and so on until they became hardened to the torture, and can delight the dressmaker with a slim waist to suit her eye.

But the next question that arises is, whether anything has been taken from the body during the process of slimming the patient? Certainly the waist was smooth and a little tapering before the corsets were applied, now it is longer, and not more than half the size at the bottom. If nothing has been taken from the waist what have the corsets done with the organs that filled that portion of the body before the corset strings were drawn? They have been squeezed either above or below the waist, and as those places were already occupied with organs of their own, those squeezed from the waist must have been forced into the space allowed for something else to grow in. So the logical conclusion is, the organs that nature placed within the waist have been forced to vacate the premises, and crowd themselves within the space allotted to other and equally important organs. No wonder the girls lose their rosy cheeks, when the corset strings are drawn so tightly that the blood cannot circulate freely enough to run into the cheeks. No wonder that the lungs refuse to perform their work when they haven't half room to work in. And no wonder the lower organs refuse to perform their office, and girls grow old before their time, suffering from female complaints brought on by wearing corsets and displacing the organs of the body.

We lament the fact that American women have so few children, yet the mothers continue to prevent children from growing up competent to rear children, by the abominable use of corsets. And fathers look on and say nothing. Talk about the foolishness of Chinese women cramping their feet! What are the feet in comparison with the lungs and heart?—*Home and Health.*

A REMARKABLE STORY.—A very remarkable case of mistaken identity has transpired at West Overton, near Pittsburg Pa. Some time since two strangers purchased a pint of whisky at a store at West Overton, the younger of the two paying for the same, and shortly thereafter the younger was found in and out of the way place, apparently drunk, with his coat off and his pockets turned inside out. In a few hours he died, and then various persons declared him to be one Hiram Christ. The father mother and two sisters of Hiram Christ in turn viewed the corpse, and recognized it as that of their relative. There were marks upon Hiram, however, such as a split toe, which could not be found upon the corpse; and the relatives were in much doubt until it transpired that the last time Hiram was seen he complained that one of the boots hurt him. The stranger's boots were at once examined, when, oddly enough, it was found that one was a number 7 and the other a number 8. This evidence satisfied the sisters and they followed the body to the grave. The parents, however, were still unsatisfied, and refused to attend the funeral. Finally an effort was made to find Hiram, who was living at McKeesport, and it was soon learned that he had mysteriously disappeared from that place. This convinced the parents, and they were about to have the body taken up and buried in the family ground, when Hiram himself turned up and put a stop to further doubt and ceremony. Meanwhile, no effort had been made to track the murderer of the young man, and he has doubtless succeeded in making his escape.

Marriage Law in England.

The question which is just now puzzling the wise brains lying under the wigs of sixteen English Judges is whether a man who has married the niece of his first wife, having a second wife living, is guilty of bigamy. This legal conundrum has been found so difficult to answer that a court lately assembled in the Exchequer Chamber, consisting of two Lord Chief Justices, the Lord Chief Baron, and thirteen puisne Judges, were unable to come to a conclusion on the subject, and have reserved their decision for another term. The facts are that one Henry Allen espoused a wife, and she dying, he then espoused a second. Without waiting for number two to die, Allen proceeded to espouse still another wife, who happened to be the neice of wife number one. None of these facts are denied. But according to the English laws of consanguinity a man may not marry his wife's brother's daughter. An act of Parliament provides that marriages within the prohibited degree shall not be merely void, but void to all intents and purposes. The defence is that the third marriage was an illegal one and void, and therefore, there being no marriage, there could be no bigamy. The case had been reserved from the Assizes for the decision of the sixteen Judges, who have as yet been unable to make up their minds on the subject.

ODDS AND ENDS, BY JOSH BILLINGS.—Natur never makes any blunders. When she make a phool she means it.

I have finally cum tew the konklusion that the majority of mankind kan be edukated on the back better than in the brain, the good clothes will always make a phool respectable, while edukashun only serves tew show his weak pints.

I never knu a man yet whose name was George Washington Layfayette Goodrich, Esq., and who alwuz signed his name for the full amount, but what wuz by natur.

As a gineral thing, an inividool who is neat in his person is neat in his morrels.

Man is my brother, and I know that I am nearer related to him through his vices than I am thru his virtew.

There is nothing about which the world makes so few blunders, and the individool so meany, as a man's aktual importance among his fellow critters.

The only pedigree worth transmitting is virtew, and this is the very thing that kan't be transmittied.

About the nearest tew absolute insolvency that a man can git in this world, and think he is dicing rich, is to leave nothing but a pedigree tew his family.

There is no pashun or the human hart that promises so much and pays so little as revenge.

There hain't no man yet lived long enuff in this world tew doubt the infallibility of his judgement.

Thare is this odds between a humorous lekter and a scientiflick one, you hav got to understand the humorous lekter tew enjoy it, but you kan enjoy the scientiflick one without understanding it.

Don't lay eany certain plans for the fewter, it is like planting tuds and expekting to raise tudstools.

A man who is good company for himself is alwuz good company for others.

Gineine praise consists in naming a man's faults to his face, and his good qualitys tew his back.