

The Post.

MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA. JULY 18, 1872. NO. 18.

Advertising Rates.

One column one year \$50.00, One-half column one year \$30.00, One-fourth column one year \$16.00, etc.

Fairmount House.

GEORGE GUYER, Proprietor. This house is in close proximity to the depot and has lately been rebuilt and refitted.

Brown House.

HENRY BENFER, Proprietor. The undersigned adopts this method of informing the public that he has opened a hotel at the above named place.

Walker House.

McClure City Pa. R. D. WALTER Proprietor. This new house, newly furnished and is now open to the traveling public.

Davis House.

At the Mifflin, Centre, Surbury & Lewistown R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts., Lewistown Pa., George Flory & Son, Proprietors.

Bungardner House.

Opposite Reading Railroad Depot Harrisburg, Pa., A. H. LAMDIS, Proprietor.

Allegheny House.

No. 812 & 814 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA. A. Beck, Proprietor.

John H. Arnold.

Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURG, PA. Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

J. Thompson Baker.

Attorney-at-Law, Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa. Can be consulted in the English and German languages.

Justice of the Peace.

Perry Township, Snyder County, Pa. Collections, conveying and all other business pertaining to the office will be promptly attended to.

J. C. Kreitzer.

Justice of the Peace, Snyder Co. Pa. Conveyancing, collecting and all other business pertaining to his care will be promptly attended to.

Dr. J. W. Rockefeller.

Physician and Surgeon, Middleburg and vicinity. [June-11]

Wholesale Dealers.

RYE WHISKEY, FOLDURE PEACH WHISKEY, BRANDY, GIN, AND SYRUPS. JOHN A. STAHLNECKER.

D. B. Slifer's Furniture Warerooms.

No. 66 North Second Street, (Below Arch, West Side), PHILADELPHIA.

J. B. Selheimer.

DEALER IN HARDWARE, Iron, Nails, Steel, Leather, Paints, Oils, Coach & Saddlery Ware

W. F. Hansell.

Removed from 21 N. Fourth Street. CHINA GLASS & Queensware.

T. J. Smith.

Attorney at Law, MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA. Offer his Professional Services to the public.

Select Poetry.

The Mother's Lament. You spot in the church yard, Now sad is the gloom.

I hear the bee humming Around thy bright grave; Can he deem death is hidden?

The Child's Answer. Oh! my love, sweet mother, Whose lover has the wave, Hit treasures and jewels.

I walk 'mid palm trees, And drink of the rills, That on earth are but types of

Then stay not, then mourn not, Then yield not to fears, The flowers love hath planted

The Two Mr. Browns.

I am Mr. Brown, but I am sorry to say there is another Mr. Brown. It is on account of the existence of this other Mr. Brown, that I have lately had so much trouble.

I am employed by one of our large Philadelphia commercial houses as a traveling salesman, and frequently make business visits to the principal cities of our and adjoining States.

On my arrival I registered my name on the visitors' book as Mr. Brown. The landlord's consequential manner immediately altered to one of deference

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"I am Mr. Brown, sir," said I, assuming a most dignified expression of countenance.

"And I am Mr. Brown," said the other, scowling at me fearfully.

"What wild freaks, my dear miss?" I asked. "Oh, we have heard of them all," she replied.

"My good girl, do you wish to drive me mad? First you called me papa, and now you ask me about

Why Mr. Brown and his wife.

The horizon began to clear a little, and I saw the light. But I determined to get to the bottom of this mystery, so I button-holed the land-

"Who are these?" I cried, in distraction; "are these youngsters more of my offspring?"

"John has a married daughter, who has lately had—"

"A bouncing little boy—so you are a great grandfather," continued the young lady.

"I was so much annoyed by the unaccountable conduct of the people at the hotel, that I did not return until late in the evening, preferring to purchase my supper at a restaurant.

When I reached my bed-room, in pushing the door to, I accidentally blew out the light, and found myself in the dark—so intensely dark that I could not see a step before me.

I understood what was the matter now, and I determined to have some fun.

"Go to sleep and don't bother me," said I. "I will come to bed when I am ready."

In a moment there came a piercing scream from the bed, loud enough to have raised the shingles from the roof. It had the effect of bringing the landlord into my room, with all his boarders trooping at his heels.

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Wonders of the Lightning.

A flash of lightning rushes through space at such a rate that it might go from the earth to the moon in one second. Then what time is allowed a man's nerves to transmit to the brain an impression of a stroke of lightning?

His arrival was anxiously looked for, his children residing at the hotel where I was putting up. That establishment was in arms for the event.

Brown had left his children when they were so small that they could not remember him, and what was more strange, he never sent them a picture of himself.

On the mistake being explained to the other Mr. Brown, he acknowledged that I was not to be blamed and volunteered treat to champagne and oysters.

A few months ago we published the story of two wild children, being discovered in the forests of Pennsylvania back of Pittston, and of their subsequent exhibition in Saratoga.

It appears that upon the discovery of these children, the good people of Pittston conveyed to their home a wagon load of provisions.

It is certain that it contained six pounds' weight of diamonds, and the value of this, with money orders, bank notes and other currency, is roughly estimated from \$80,000 to \$100,000.

There is all right, and every thing was all right. He said "all right," with such an insinuating, deferential smile, that I could not comprehend what the fellow meant.

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A Gigantic Theft.

A correspondent of the World writing from Cape Town, South Africa, says: "The steamer William Miller leaves in a few hours, and I grasp the opportunity to send you particulars of the greatest postal robbery ever known at this point of the world.

In my last, por Bola, I gave a brief sketch of De Beers, New Bush, which a year ago was described as the richest spot on all the earth.

It is difficult to tell how valuable. It is certain that it contained six pounds' weight of diamonds, and the value of this, with money orders, bank notes and other currency, is roughly estimated from \$80,000 to \$100,000.

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Dreadful Incident.

As already stated, among the victims of the recent railroad smash-up at Metuchen, New Jersey, was a Danish couple named Potassen, but two months married, Mr. Potassen being the son of a Danish nobleman.

They were on their bridal tour, and were on the way to San Francisco, where Potassen's brother is Danish Consul. When the terrible crash came all was darkness and confusion for a few moments.

Upon raising her up her husband was horrified to find that one of her arms had been completely torn off. The unfortunate lady was removed to shelter, and the husband began the sickening task of seeking his wife's missing arm.

He proclaimed that upon one of the fingers was the diamond wedding ring, a jewel worth many hundred dollars, and instantly a general search was begun.

Of all the hotels in the world the very oddest is a lonely one in California, on the road between San Jose and Santa Cruz.

Imagine ten immense trees standing a few feet apart and hollow inside, these are the hotel, neat breezy and romantic.

The largest tree is sixty-five feet around, and contains a sitting room and that bureau of Baccus wherefrom is dispensed the thing that biteth and stingeth.

All about this tree is a garden of flowers and evergreens. The drawing room is a bower made of redwood, evergreens and madrona branches.

For bed chambers there are nine great hollow trees whitewashed and papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes.

Literature finds a place in a leaning stump, dubbed "the library." If it were not for that same haunt of Bacchus, certain that the guests of the forest establishment would feel like nothing so much as Argos.

Goldsmith Maid, in a trotting race on Mystic Park, Boston, recently made a mile in 2 minutes 19 1/2 seconds, being the fastest on record.

This makes the maid the queen of the turf, and puts Dexter in the shade. Bonner must now, surrender, or pay a hundred thousand or so for the mare.

A party in Williamsport serenaded a friend, who had just taken a wife, and the only piece played was "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister." The bride refused to treat.