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The Post

VOL. 11. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., MAY 15, 1873. NO. 9.

One column one year \$50.00 One-half column, one year 30.00 One-fourth column, one year 15.00...

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TERMS OF COURT—Fourth Mondays in February, May and September and Second Monday of December of each year.

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

BROWN HOUSE, Paxtonville, (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. HENRY BENFER, April 10, 1871.

WALKER HOUSE, McClure City Pa. Nicholas Simon, 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 Millin, Centre, Surbury & Lewistown R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Lorens 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. 9-13-71

BUMGARDNER HOUSE, (Opposite Reading Railroad Depot), Harrisburg, Pa., A. E. Landis, Proprietor.

Every effort necessary to insure the comfort of guests will be made. The house has been newly refitted. [Oct 15, 1871]

UNION HOUSE, Middleburg Pa., DAVID KERSTETER, Prop'r.

Accommodations good and charges moderate. Special accommodations for drovers. A share of the public patronage is solicited. D. KERSTETER, April 6, 1871

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Poetry. TATTLING.

O, if there not some sunny spot, Where we might live and be forgot, Forgotten by the falling snow, Who should be marked with red or blue, That when we saw them we might know They were no friend, but were a foe.

O, is there not some pleasant dell, These mischievous folks do dwell, Some place within this world of ours, Where we might hide just for an hour, And think that what we say or do, Will only go home to us.

If such a place there can be found, A little peaceful spot of ground, Where busy mischief-making tongues, Are never heard from man to man, Where peace may spread her brilliant wings And every thing for joy will sing.

There friends would be our friends indeed, Fugitive slights they might receive, And shun the bad—degrading art, Of placing "blows" in the hour, And then there'd be no one to treat, "Or fall into an angry pet."

'Tis mischief-makers that remove! From every heart all "warfare" of love! They'll "touch" you with their envious smile, You'd think them honey all the while, And always seems to take your part, Until they please the angry heart.

Oh, if the mischief-making crew Were reduced to one or two, A happy world this earth would be, For we poor mortals souls be free.

Select Tale A Short Courtship.

I was a young man possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease, and refrain from labor of any kind, when suddenly there came a blow that scattered my prosperity to the winds, and forced me to employ my labor and wits in the general struggle of gaining a living.

The blow came in the shape of the failure of a large firm in which my capital was invested.

After securing a clerkship in the house of a creditor of our late firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding house than the fashionable one in which I was living. I inserted an advertisement in several widely circulated city papers, asking for board in a strictly private family, and of course received a multitude of answers by next post.

Out of this motley installment of epistles, there was but one that pleased me, and that one I decided to answer in person immediately.

Grace Kingsley was the name of the favored landlady writing to me, and the letter stated that her house was entirely private, having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair, delicate handwriting, and an idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow. I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and my ringing at the door-bell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner so courteous, and yet so modest, that I had fallen desperately in love with her before I could cross the threshold.

I enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Kingsley. During the conversation she informed me that her late husband had been in a fair way of business, and at his death, which occurred a year previous, had left her in pretty comfortable circumstances. They had but one child; and this item of mortality I was graciously permitted to look upon, as it lay peacefully slumbering in its cradle. I also learned that the lady was living in the house quite alone, and desired a male boarder more as a means of protection than as a source of revenue. In conclusion, the landlady looked so pretty (she was quite young, not more than two or three and twenty) and the board so moderate, her companionship so inviting, and she seemed to trust in me, and look upon me so favorably that I would have been a heathen, dead to all charms and inducements of the sex, if I had not engaged board on the spot.

The next day I had my trunk removed to my new boarding place, and permanently established myself there. Before leaving my former boarding house, a letter was handed me by the postman, but I did not find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsley's cosy house.

Opening the letter, I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle, residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter once a year; but whom I had never seen. His epistles were all ways short and to the point, generally consisting of an account of the weather in his locality, and some good advice to me to take care of my money, as I might be burdened with some of it before I was much older. I was always very glad to get this advice from him as I regarded it as an intimation that I was to inherit his wealth on his decease.

One day, however, about a year previous I received a letter from him which contained another topic besides those I have mentioned. My uncle made some pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I was not already married I should immediately enter into the wedded state, and let him know of it, or he would never more be an uncle of mine.

Now as my uncle lived in Vermont and I in Philadelphia, and I never anticipated the old gentleman would pay me a visit and discover the falsehood, I wrote and informed him that I was not only married, but the father of a bouncing baby. This intelligence so pleased my uncle that he sent a gold goblet and a silver pap-spoon, to be presented to my child. It is at first sad and down and a very romantic letter to my uncle,

thanking him for the presents, and then visited the nearest jewelry store and turned both the goblet and spoon into cash, which I pocketed.

I had received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The postscript to this note only astonished, but absolutely frightened me. It read as follows:

P. S.—I have never visited Philadelphia, so I have decided to do so at once, and get a look at you and your wife and child. You may expect me about the 10th of the month.

"Good gracious! My uncle is coming to visit me!" I exclaimed, "and it's past the 10th of the month now! I don't know at what moment he may pop in. What am I to do for a wife and child?"

At that moment there came a terrible pull at the door bell as if the man who pulled it imagined that he owned the house and could make as much noise as pleased. A sickening sensation took possession of me, for I had a misgiving that it was my uncle. Now as good fortune would have it, Mrs. Kingsley had gone out to a neighboring store for a few moments, and had requested me to have an eye on her child while she was gone, so it wouldn't fall out of the cradle and hurt itself. As I glanced at the cradle, and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind. I determined, in case the visitor was my uncle, to claim the youthfully occupant as my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the pictures of him I had seen, and he likewise knew me by my photograph. After mutual recognition and hand shaking, I ushered my honored relative into my parlor and introduced him to my newly claimed offspring.

"There, uncle," said I, "is the first pledge of our married life. I assure you I take pleasure in presenting to you my child."

"It is a little youngster," said my uncle, gazing at it admiringly. "By the way, what is it, boy or girl?"

"That was a knotty story for me to answer, for he was just as much acquainted with its gender as I was. But it would not do to show ignorance on the subject, so I answered at haphazard that it was a boy."

"I am sorry it is a boy," said my uncle; "there are too many boys in the family. Now, if you had only produced a little blue-eyed girl, it would have been more sensible."

I assured him I was sorry the gender did not suit, but hoped in the future his wishes would be gratified.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was that when Mrs. Kingsley returned, she might object to my claiming ownership in her child.—By-byes, to carry out my deception, I must find a wife as well as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her consent to the deception, and this might be done if I could only secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle, then it would be all right.

I watched my opportunity, and gained an interview with her before she entered the room. I told her, in a few brief and hurried words the extent of my difficulty, and how I had taken the liberty of acting as papa to her little one. I then told her I must find a wife somewhere, and begged her to allow me to introduce her in that capacity. She laughed very heartily at the suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty, and consented to my proposal, and very roughly warned me not to presume upon the occurrence.

We then entered the parlor and I introduced her as my better half. My uncle was very much pleased with her, and complimented me upon my good choice in the selection of a wife. Mrs. Kingsley, of course, colored most charmingly at this compliment and I could plainly see that she could scarcely refrain from laughing.

"You have a fine boy here," said my uncle to Mrs. Kingsley, pointing to the cradle.

"Excuse me, sir," said she, coloring up again, "it's a girl."

I was dumb founded. I was exposed in my iniquity. Would my uncle believe me after this? He looked from me to my pretty landlady with a puzzled countenance.

"Your husband told me it was a boy, he said, and rather suspiciously too, I thought."

"Well, I always took it for a boy," was my reply, putting on a bold face, "but I suppose my wife knows best."

Here Mrs. Kingsley fairly screamed with laughter, and my uncle's stern face assumed an ironical smile.

"You are a nice father, ain't you?" he said touching me with the point of his umbrella, "not to know the sex of your own child. Why I knew it was a girl the moment I looked at it."

But, Charley," he said, again addressing me, "what did you do with the goblet and pap spoon I sent to the little one?"

"Oh, they are perfectly safe, I assure you," I replied. "I have taken good care of them."

"Yes, but where in the deuce are they? I would like very much to take another look at them."

"Well, I have deposited them in a bank for safe keeping, but I can readily produce them—that is—the course of a week's time."

He told me to do so, as he wanted to see them, and then I got out of the room, for fear that he might ask me some more perplexing questions.

A short time afterward, Mrs. Kingsley came to me, when I was alone, in an adjoining room and I saw immediately that something very humorous must have happened for the corners of her lips were breaking into smiles.

"Do you know, sir, into what an awkward predicament you have got me?" she inquired, as she took a seat on the lounge by my side.

"Explain yourself," I said.

"Why, your uncle came to me a short time ago, and asked to see my marriage certificate, and he said he had some money to settled upon us immediately, but wanted to be sure that everything was right first."

"Did you expose me?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, sir I did not, for I never entered into a deception, or anything else, by halves."

I was so elated that I could not withstand the temptation of embracing her. This did not make her angry for she nestled her head cozily on my shoulder and smiled serenely.

"What answer did you make him?" I asked.

"I hesitated for a moment and then said: 'I promised to produce the marriage certificate.'"

"But we haven't got any," I then remarked.

She indulged in a quiet little laugh to herself, but said nothing.

"Mrs. Kingsley—say, my dear madam—no, I will call you darling—we are both in a scrape, and there is but one way for us to get out of it. We must go and get married immediately. Will you be my wife?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered, frankly, and seizing both my hands, said that she was ready for a frolic of any kind.

We lost no time I assure you. I don't think Mrs. Kingsley ever got into her Sunday clothes in such a hurry in her life before, while I sported two pairs of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be on time. We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, I would have forgotten to give him the usual "fee," if he had not reminded me of it.

We had secured the coveted marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were now safely out of our difficulties, as we thought. We had omitted one precaution, as we presented the certificate to uncle. It was all right with the exception of the marriage date.

"Why, how is this?" said my uncle gazing at the document through his specs: "I thought you were married over a year ago."

"So we were, uncle," I answered very solemnly.

"How comes it, then, that the certificate is dated to-day?" he asked in a voice of thunder.

We were struck speechless, both my wife and I.

"Come," said my uncle, "I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it or I will never forgive you."

I did own up to it, and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him angry, but it didn't; for he laughed heartily, and said I was a clever rascal, and he was proud of me.

"But how about the gold goblet and pap-spoon? You haven't been drawing the wool over my eyes about them, too, have you—eh?"

"I told the truth about the goblet and pap-spoon."

"Why, you are a regular trickster," said my uncle. "I believe you would deceive Satan himself. But I won't get angry with you, for I used to play the same games when I was young."

In a word, we became thoroughly reconciled, and my uncle settled upon me a sufficient income to enable me to quit my irksome duties as a clerk. He has gone back to Vermont and I can but say in conclusion, that when he pays us another visit, I can show several "little people" that I call my own; and without telling a falsehood.

The President never draws his salary himself. But receives it through the First National Bank, to which he has given a power of attorney, and the money is always drawn from the Treasury by the cashier of that bank and placed to the credit of the President in the bank. The warrants for the salary of the President and Vice President are made out at the Treasury every month, the former under the new law receiving \$4,166.66 per month, and the latter \$333.33. Members of the Cabinet are paid from the rolls of their respective departments, and receipt therefor the same as all other employees. The President and Vice President do not sign any payroll.—Washington Star.

A gentleman in New York who had been robbed some time ago, discovered his gold ring, which was among the things stolen, the other day, on the finger of a Detective of that city. The detective at first tried to dispute its identity, but the testimony was so strong he had to yield, and admitted that the ring had been presented to him by a thief.

The weakness of our detective system is, that too many of our detectives are on too intimate terms with thieves, and frequently profit by their robberies.

A Visit to a Slave Market.

A correspondent of the London Telegraph recently visited the slave market at Zanzibar, of which he writes: It is in a corner of the poorest quarter of the town, principally inhabited by negroes. At the time of my visit—5 1-2 P. M.—said to be the busiest in the market, there were about 75 slaves for sale.

The slaves exposed were all Africans, both the new importations and those whom their masters, for their faults or owing to pecuniary pressure, had sent to the market. The two classes could be easily distinguished. The latter were in good condition, and fairly clad, two or three had even silver ornaments, which however, I was informed, were to be removed the moment their wearers were sold. They were all females, and with three or four exceptions, young. A few of these were made to stand in a row for the inspection of intending buyers; others sat in the verandas of the huts, talking to each other in a subdued voice—a point insisted upon by their masters and very much against their own inclination—while those in the row stood mute, like soldiers after the word "attention." The new slaves squatted in single file, describing something like a semi-circle, a few being deposited in the middle. Unlike the other class, these were of both sexes, young and old, some mere children, and all of them nearly skeletons, with emaciated figures and attenuated faces, hardly less repulsive than skulls dug up from the grave. Their appearance excited pity and loathing. Conscious among this squatting group were two who were manneled and fastened together by a thick chain. I was told that they were so treated in consequence of their attempts to run away. They were young men, strongly built, but the savage was plainly written in their faces, and I had been told that they were cannibals it would have been hard to disbelieve it. I pretended to be looking out for a cook and a boy. Three girls were pointed out to me from among those sent to the market by their masters; and thus I entered upon the business of a bona fide purchaser. While I was questioning the man in charge of them as to the knowledge of each in cooking, I observed the way in which other intending purchasers examined the rest of the batch. They looked into their mouths, felt their hands and shoulders and limbs, as you would a horse. The girl wore a resigned look, and seemed to submit to the degradation as a criminal does to degrading punishment. They appear to have been born in Zanzibar, and having lived in Arab families, had certainly not lost, judging from their demeanor, the natural modesty of their sex. Two of them were regularly put up by auction, and every bidder had a right to examine them. While all this was going on, the poor girls had their heads cast down or turned from the crowd before them. Not having found a cook who knew the dishes I mentioned, I turned to the newly-imported batch of negroes. There were few purchasers for these, and the whole lot presented such a repulsive appearance, that it was impossible for me to remain long upon them.

This is all not very different from what was recently transpiring in our own country.

Send for Mother.

"Dear me! it wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own but now, when I'm old and expect to have a little comfort here, it is all the time, 'Send for mother!'"

And the dear old soul growls and grumbles, but dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trotted her off and got her safely in your home and she lies around administering rebukes and remedies in turns, you feel easier. It's right now, or soon will be.—Mother's come!

In sickness, no matter who is there or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong, somehow, till you send for mother.

In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well as its touching aspect. The verdant young couple to whom baby's extraordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten the dislocation of its chin; its wonderful sleeps which accomplish with its eyes half open and no perceptible flutter of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it is dead this time, and to shriek out, "send for mother!" in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring find that they have been ridiculous, and given a mother a good many "trials" for nothing.

Did any one ever send for mother and she failed to come? Unless sickness or the infirmities of age prevented her. As when, in your childhood, those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do and will continue to do as long as they are able. And when the summons comes which none yet disregard, though it will be a very dark and sad one for you, when God too will send for mother.

SEKATOR WALLACE, who has been elected Vice President of the Southern Pacific railroad, will, it is said, start at once for the field of operations, establishing his