

THE POST.
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The Post.

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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 per-
son ordering them will be held responsible
for the money.

W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Sellinggrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. All legal business entrusted to his
care will receive prompt attention. Office
near the New Lutheran Church.
[Jan. 3, '67]

F. CROMMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Sellinggrove Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Freeburg Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. Jan. 17, '67

WM. VAN GEZEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention.

CHAS. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention. Jan. 3, '67

J. M. LIND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers their professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to their care
will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Sellinggrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention. Office two doors
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 5, '67]

S. ALLEMAN & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Sellinggrove Pa.
All professional business and collecting
entrusted to their care will be promptly
attended to. Can be consulted in English
or German. Office, Market Square.

L. N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Middleburg Snyder County Penna.
Office a few doors East of the P. O. on
Main street. Consultation in English
and German languages. [Sep. '67]

H. H. GRIMM,
Attorney & Councillor
AT-LAW.
Office N. E. Cor Market & Water St's
Freeburg, Penna.
Consultation in both English and German
Languages. Dec. 19, '72.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Post Office Address.
PRESIDENT JUDGE—Hon. Jos. C. Dasher,
Lewisburg, Union county.
ASSOCIATE JUDGES—Hon. Geo. C. Mayer,
Freeburg, Hon. Jacob G. L. Shindel,
Sellinggrove.
PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS
—Jeremiah Crouse, Middleburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER—Samuel B.
Schuck, Middleburg.
SHERIFF—Daniel Bolander, Middleburg.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—Philip Kinney,
Revertown, Adam J. Fisher, Sellinggrove,
John T. Haffagla, Penn's Creek.
JURY COMMISSIONERS—Henry Brown,
Freeburg, George G. Hornberger, Mt.
Pleasant Mills.
CORREY SURVEYOR—Aaron K. Gilt, Mid-
dleburg.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY—Benjamin T. Parks,
Middleburg.
TREASURER—Jacob Gross, Beaver Springs.
AUDITORS—John S. Hassinger, Middle-
burg, Samuel A. Wetzel, Havertown, D.
Hiesebach, Salem.
COUNTY CLERKS—Andrew Peters,
Middleburg.
MERCANTILE APPRAISER—Wells O.
Holmes, Sellinggrove.
CONVEYOR—Peter Hartman, Penn's Creek
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT—Wm. Noetting,
Sellinggrove.
TAXES OF COUNTY—Fourth Mondays in
February, May and September and Second
Monday of December of each year.

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 market affords
—and terms moderate.

BROWN HOUSE,
PAKTONVILLE, (Near Station)
HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.
The undersigned adopts this method of inform-
ing the public that he has opened a hotel at the
above named place, on the road from Middle-
burg to Havertown, and that he is prepared to
entertain the public with first class accommo-
dations. HENRY BENFER.
April 6, 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, Snyder & Lewisburg
R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts.
Lewistown Pa.,
George Flory & Son, Proprietors.
Open Day and Night for the accom-
modation of travelers. A first class Res-
taurant is attached to the hotel, where
Meals at all hours can be had. Terms
reasonable. 9.42-1f

BUMGARDNER 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 refitted. [Jan. 1871]

UNION HOUSE,
Middleburg Pa.
DAVID KERSTETER, Prop'r.
Accommodations good and charges mod-
erate. Special accommodations for driv-
ers. A share of the public patronage is
solicited. D. KERSTETER.
April 6, 1871

A. LEOHENY HOUSE,
Nos. 515 & 514 Market Street,
(Above Bank)
PHILADELPHIA.
A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms \$1.00 Per Day. [16]9.4

T. J. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Consultation in English and German.

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,
OFFICE, 111 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Poetry.
Guard Thine Action.
When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this, by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action;
Speak no needless word of blame;
For the slanderer's vile distraction
Yet may spoil thy goodly name.
When you meet a brow that's awing
With its wrinkled lines of gloom,
And a haughty step that's drawing
To a solitary tomb,
Guard thine action; some great sorrow
Made that man a spectre grim,
And the sunset of to-morrow
May have left thee like to him.

When you meet with one pursuing,
Pains the lost have entered in
Working out his own undoing
With his reckless and sin,
Think if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to trust again?
There are spots that bear no flowers—
Not because the soil is bad,
But that summer's gentle showers
Never made their bosoms glad.
Better have a look that's kindly,
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than, by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

Select Tale
Mary Mead's Defence.
"Keep up a good heart, Mary, I'll
be back in three hours at furthest
and I don't think you'll be disturbed
in that time, you must keep a
good watch there is no telling when
the red devils may be about."
The speaker was John Mead, the
time was 1750, and the place on the
banks of French Creek, midway of
the region between Fort Duquesne
and the great lakes. John and his
wife had settled here five years ago
when the country was an unbroken
wilderness, and his nearest neighbor
forty miles distant. Since then sev-
eral families had settled in the vicini-
ty, and it was to the next cabin five
miles away John was going to borrow
some meal until it would be safe for
him to leave his family long enough
to go to mill, for the Indians were
especially troublesome at that time,
and several recent outrages had op-
erated to keep the men of the settle-
ment always within call of their own
domiciles.
Mead's cabin was situated on a
knoll near the creek, and commanded
an unobstructed view of the sur-
rounding country for a
mile in every direction. Substantial-
ly built of rough hewn logs, and hav-
ing a projecting gallery on all sides
well loop-holed, so that it was well
nigh impossible for an attacking party
to approach the walls. It was
known as Mead's fort, and a dozen
resolute men well armed could have
held it against any number of In-
dians.
Mary Mead was a small timid, wo-
man, at all times not called upon
for immediate action, and yield-
ing to her more powerful character-
istic, her husband had hardly disap-
peared when she drew her children
into the house, closed and barred
the door, securely fastened the only
window, a hole in the gable end
about two feet square and seven or
eight feet from the ground, and sat
down in the semi-twilight to await
his return. At intervals of a few
minutes she would peer through the
loopholes with which the house was
plentifully furnished and after a
glance resume her seat. A nervous
anxiety seized her for which she
could in no way account, and she
could only pray silently for the swift
return of her husband.
An hour had passed away when
after gazing long and earnestly
through the loopholes, she fell on
her knees for a moment and rose to
all appearances an entirely different
woman. She saw seven Indians
leaving the forest and come toward
her dwelling, and her whole soul was
now filled with a determination to
defend herself and her little flock to
the last. From a shrinking woman
she had in an instant developed in a
heroine, resolute and invincible.
Hastily thrusting her children un-
der the bed and surrounding them
with a barricade of firewood and seiz-
ing the axe, the only available weap-
on in the house, she waited the
coming of the savages, meanwhile
carefully observing the movements
of the savages. She had not long to
wait. In a few moments they sur-
rounded the house with so little of
their usual care about exposing their
bodies that Mary was certain they
knew of the absence of her husband.
The door was first tried two or
three savages dealing it sturdy blows
with a heavy log. The door itself
hewn from a single trunk—two feet
across—six inches thick and secured
by two massive bars, would have re-
sisted their most strenuous efforts
but Mary was no mean auxiliary to
the strength of her fortress. A long
bar of iron heated red hot was sud-
denly thrust out of the loopholes and
the next instant the two savages with
loud yells dropped their battering
ram and retreated rapidly from the
still threatening iron.
The few moments respite that this
repulse gave her, Mary occupied in
stopping up the loopholes so that
her movements could not be perceiv-
ed from the outside, and grasping
her axe made ready to resist the next
assault.

blow fell upon the window fastening,
followed by another and another.
A glance through the nearest loop-
hole showed her that the savages had
made a platform of logs upon which
four of them were standing while
they repeated the tactics which had
failed at the door, with a heavy log.
They were beyond the reach of the
iron bar and the blows fell with a
force that made the very walls rattle.
For some minutes the stout oak re-
sisted the rapidly repeated shocks
but finally showed signs of yielding,
& quickly pushing the table, a point
just beside the window she mounted
thereon and gripping her axe firmly
made ready for what might be her
death struggle.
Scarcely had she completed her
arrangements when the fastenings
gave way and a flood of light ap-
peared in the room. Again the light
was obstructed and this time Mary
knew that a human body was the
cause. She raised her axe and stood
like a statue.
A moment after the hideous head
of a savage peered into the cabin but
failed to see the brave woman stand-
ing almost at his elbow. His should-
ers followed, the glittering axe fell
and the Indian with head almost over-
broad from his body hung across the
breast log. With a desperate effort
she dragged him aside and as care-
fully as possible lowered him to the
floor.
None of the Indians had seen her
movements and naturally concluded
their comrade had effected safe lodg-
ment within the cabin. Loud yells
and demoniac laughter followed his
disappearance, but as all within was
silent gradually subsided.
Again the window was darkened,
a huge Indian appeared, again the axe
descended, and another Indian dragg-
ed in and deposited on the floor.
Fresh yells and laughter followed
but as the cabin was still silent as
the grave the Indians became some-
what alarmed and proceeded to act
with more caution.
A long pause ensued and Mary be-
gan to hope that they would desist
from their efforts. But they were
not so easily discomfited and for the
third time the light was obscured
and a pointed lance peered cautiously
into the apartment. Before his eyes
had become accustomed to the gloom
within the avenging axe again de-
scended and the burly form tumbled
a ghastly heap outside the cabin.
A fierce yell of rage rose from the
remaining savages, upon the discov-
ery of the fate of their companions
and for several minutes there was no
further movement on the part of the
assailants.
Mary's blood was up. She would
now have fought single handed against
a whole regiment. From a loophole
she saw that the savages had drawn
off a short distance and were engaged
in an earnest consultation. Some
were evidently in favor of with-
drawal and finally seemed to prevail
as the whole party moved off. Mary
felt a curious indifference in re-
spect to her movements, and when
she saw them halt and after a short
pause again turn and rush with loud
yells toward the cabin she felt some-
thing kin to the sense of relief, and
morely braced herself for a new
effort.
From the movements of her foes it
soon became evident to Mary that
the next attack would be by way of
the capacious chimney. She could
hear their footsteps on the roof as
they moved on its steep surface. So
large was the throat of the chimney
that she felt sure that two could de-
scend at once, and for a moment was
at fault.
Thought was rapid with her how-
ever, and in a twinkling she had
dragged the heavy feather bed from
the bedstead and to the fireplace,
and with the axe made a large open-
ing in the sack; peering up she could
see two savages preparing to descend
and stepping back until she judged
they had completed about half the
distance she emptied the feathers up-
on the glowing coals in the hearth.
At that instant she was aware that
another Indian was effecting his en-
trance at the window. With one
spring she was upon him. The sav-
age saw her dash toward him with
uplifted axe and struggled to get
back. But he was already too far
inside, and before he could clear him-
self from the widow the weapon
went crashing down into his very
brain.
Meanwhile the feathers had done
their work. The pungent smoke had
filled the lungs and eyes of the sav-
ages in the chimney, and after a short
struggle to regain the top they suc-
cumbent and rolled upon the hearth
half smothered and wholly blind.
Mary was ready for them. Twice
her reeking axe rose in the air and
with each descent of the terrible
weapon the soul of an Indian went
to the happy hunting ground.
But her troubles were not yet over.
As she turned her last antagonist
confronted her she within the cabin.
Mary sprang to meet him with the
energy of a panther. His tomahawk
whizzed past her head and sank quiv-
ering into the log of the cabin, but
before he could draw his knife and
close with the frenzied woman she
was upon him and with one terrible
blow severed his arm and buried the
axe to the hilt in his side. A second
blow sent him to join his compan-
ions, and now Mary's work being done
she took to her heels.

turned. While still at a distance he
noticed that everything about the
cabin bore its usual aspect, and rid-
ing cheerfully up to the door called
to his wife to admit him.
Hooting no answer he went to
the window. There the two bodies
ghastly and grim, confronted him,
and he turned sick with dread. Look-
ing in he saw the marks of the fearful
contest, the form of his wife lying
prostrate over a heap of dead savages
and crawling through the opening just
as one of his terror stricken children
was making its way through the
barricade.
Mary soon recovered and told the
tale of that fearful struggle which
neither of them were likely ever to
forget.
Mrs. Mead afterward remarked
that so well did she retain her pres-
ence of mind from the time she dis-
covered the number of her assailants
until she struck the last blow that
every time she clove the skull of a
victim she mentally registered the
number she had killed.
VAN AMBURGH'S METHOD—Mes-
merizing a Tiger——I come now to the
secret—the very soul, as it were, of
the tamer's existence and profes-
sional success, which I discovered un-
der the following strange circumstan-
ces: On arriving at the extremities
of the tigers, anxious to express the
peculiar action of the clawing natural
to all the feline tribe, I essayed to
irritate him with the handle of a hoe
used for scraping out the dens, trust-
ing that he would strike at it with
his paw. It was all in vain; I could
not procure the demonstration of
talons necessary for my purpose, al-
though I over and over again tried to
bring him down to the scratch. In
despair I gave it up and set down
and smoked, considering what to do,
when I presently observed that my
striped model beauty had prepared
himself for a siesta, and in his aban-
don had thrust out his huge foot be-
neath the bottom bar, so that it hung
listlessly on the outside, in a sort of
drooping position.
Softly, almost imperceptibly,
something it down with one hand—a
sensation that evidently gave him
pleasure and confidence, I with the
other tenderly drew upon his toes,
still continuing the mesmeric move-
ments—He at first half opened his
terror-stricken eyes and gazed dozingly
but inquiringly at me, as much as to
say; "What are you going to do?" I
did not however desist, but cautiously
continued my examination; nor was
I to be satisfied until I had thorough-
ly ascertained the truth of my suspi-
cions—he had no claws. They had
been extracted as you would extract
the finger nail of a human being, and
the toes afterward cauterized. Upon
carefully scrutinizing the feet of the
other animals, I soon malacassured
double sure, and incontrovertibly
convinced myself that they had all
been served alike; from the lion to
leopards they were clawless. The
conclusion I immediately came to
within myself at this astounding
revelation were these: Here is be-
yond comparison the very handsomest
and noblest collection of wild
beasts ever seen together, tame, sub-
missive, and tractable as domestic
animals, in most superb coat, fat as
moles, and apparently as affectionate
and grateful for kindness as would
be the most intelligent and faithful
of man's companions; the one great
and accountable reason for this is
that in themselves—their courage,
their ferocity and their savageness
—they are vanquished, annihilated,
utterly undone and demoralized.—
Gentleman's Magazine.

An Argument for Immortality
The incompleteness and imper-
fection of the noblest part of men,
compared to the finished work which
creation elsewhere presents, affords
ground for the presumption that
that noblest part has not yet reach-
ed the development it is intended to
attain. The green leaf gives no
promise of becoming anything but a
leaf, and in due time it withers and
drops to the ground, without excit-
ing in the beholder any sense of dis-
appointment. But the flower-bud
holds out a different prospect. If
the canker worm devour it ere it
bloom into a rose, we are sensible of
grievous failure; and a gasp in
which all the buds should so perish
would be more hideous than any
desert. The body of a man grows to
its full stature and complete de-
velopment; but no man has ever yet
reached his loftiest mental stature,
or the plenitude of moral strength and
beauty of which he is capable. If
the simile be just which compares
the physical nature to a scaffolding,
and the spiritual to the temple built
up within it, then we behold the
strange anomaly of a mere frame-
work made so perfect that it could
reign fabulous were it preserved to
the fabulous age of the patriarchs,
while the temple within is never
finished, and is often an unsightly
heap. The "City of God" cannot be
built of piles never to be completed,
nor his Garden of Souls filled with
flowers destined all to canker ere
they bloom.—*F. Power Cobbe.*

A Practical Test.
A Danbury man named Reubens
recently saw a statement that count-
ing one hundred when tempted to
speak an angry word would save a
man a great deal of trouble. This
statement sounded a little singular at
first, but the more he read it over
the more favorably he became im-
pressed with it, and finally
concluded to adopt it. Next door to
Reubens lives a man who has made
five distinct attempts in the past fort-
night to secure a dinner of green peas
by the 1st of July, and every time he
has been retarded by Reubens' chik-
ens. The next morning after Reubens
made his resolution this man found
his fifth attempt to have miscarried.
Then he called on Reubens, he said:
"What in thunder do you mean by
letting your hens tear up the garden?"
Reubens was prompted to call him
a madman, a new name, just coming
into general use, but he remembered
his resolution, put down his rage, and
meekly observed:
"One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight—"
Then the mad neighbor, who had
been eyeing this answer with a great
deal of suspicion, broke in again:
"Why don't you answer my ques-
tion, you rascal?"
But still Reubens maintained his
equanimity, and went on with the
test.
"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,
fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—"
The mad neighbor stared harder
than ever.
"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen,
twenty, twenty one—"
"You are a mean skunk," said the
mad neighbor, backing toward the
fence.
Reubens' face flushed at this
charge, but he only said:
"Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-
four, twenty-five, twenty-six—"
At this figure the neighbor got up
on the fence in some haste, but sud-
denly thinking of his peas, he opened
his mouth:
"You mean, low lived rascal, for
two cents I could knock your cracked
head over a barn, and I would—"
"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, in-
terrupted Reubens, "twenty-nine,
thirty, thirty one, thirty-two, three—"
Here the neighbor broke for the
house, and entering it, violently slam-
med the door behind him; but Reu-
bens did not dare let up on the emu-
meration, and so he stood out there
alone in his own yard and kept on
counting, while his burning cheeks
and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed
his judgment. When he got up into
the eighties his wife came to the
door in some alarm.
"Why, Reubens, man, what is the
matter with you?" she said. "Do
come into the house."
But he didn't let up. She came
out to him, and clung trembling to
him, but he only looked into her eyes,
and said:
"Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-
five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-
eight, ninety nine, one hundred—go
into the house, old woman, or I'll
last ye."
And she went.—*Danbury News.*

Curious Story About A Hawk.
A curious incident occurred a few
days since a short distance from this
city. One of our well known mer-
chant had gone out on a visit to a
friend, at whose house there was a
bright little boy, and one day, to
please the child, he manufactured
a very large kite, and as the wind was
strong enough, it was raised at once.
After it had gone up nearly half a
mile a large crowd of country
people collected to admire it, as such
a magnificent toy had never been
seen in that section before. While
the spectators were admiring it, a
very large hawk was seen to fly slow-
ly out of a neighboring grove and
go directly toward the kite. The
hawk approached within a few feet
of the grange looking object, and
then circled about under it for per-
haps five minutes, when he flew just
above it and again circled around for
several times.
Suddenly he hovered directly over
the kite, and looked at it intently for
a short time, darted downwards, and
striking the paper, passed directly
through the kite, coming out on the
under side after this strange ex-
perience, which no doubt puzzled
the hawk vastly, he flew off a short
distance for reflection, but still keep-
ing the kite in view. Not being
disposed to give it up so, he quickly
returned to the charge, and this
time fastened on the long string of
rags that were used as a tail to the
kite, which he tore and scattered in
the air in a savage manner. Finding
however, no resistance on the part of
the kite, he became disgusted or
scared, and flew away toward the
woods from whence he came. The
gentleman says that whenever the
hawk made an attack he would re-
treat a little, as if he expected the
strange bird was going to return the
assault.—*Baltimore American.*

In Luck.—Last week a Philadel-
phia liquor dealer, named Penistan,
drew a prize of five hundred thou-
sand dollars in the Havana lottery.
His ticket, numbered 1,077, was pur-
chased from a New York dealer, and
cost \$150. Mr. Penistan's prize,
when discounted according to the
lottery rule, will amount to nearly
four hundred thousand dollars. He
might purchase one thousand tickets
for the same amount, and if he had
done so he would have had a chance
of one in a million of drawing the
prize.

The Missouri State Penitentiary
was leased for a term of five years
The lessee pay the whole expense of
the prison, and a bonus of \$1000,
making what profit they can out of
convict labor. It is thought the
State will save \$200,000.

Justice and Prisoner.
Justice.—Well, why are you here?
Prisoner.—Because I couldn't get
away from the officer.
J.—Why did they bring you here?
P.—That's just what I want to
know.
J.—Have you ever been condemn-
ed?
P.—Yes, sir.
J.—State under what circumstances.
P.—When I was twelve years old
I had an inflammation of the lungs
and was condemned by three doctors.
J.—You don't understand me. I
ask whether you have ever been pro-
ceeded against?
P.—Yes, sir.
J.—Tell the particulars.
P.—Willingly. One day, when I
was walking up the Fifth avenue, I
was proceeded against by a savage
bull.
J.—That is no answer to my ques-
tion; what the court wishes to know
is, whether you have been arrested?
P.—I have nothing to conceal, and
hence I answer in the affirmative.
J.—Oh, you do, ah? Whom was it?
P.—Lawyer.
J.—For what?
P.—For being in the way, I sup-
pose. The 537th regiment was com-
ing up Broadway, and the crowd was
so great that my course was arrested
for half an hour.
Lawyer.—Will you never under-
stand? His honor wishes to know
whether you have ever been taken up?
P.—Oh, yes! Last winter uncle
Joshua took me up to the central
park to see the skating.
J.—Were you ever in a station
house?
P.—Yes, sir; I have been in most
all the station houses on the Camden
and Amboy railroad.
J.—In one word, have you ever
been in the Tombs?
P.—Wall, I can't say I've been ex-
actly in 'em, but I've been pretty
well among 'em. Aunt Jerusha and
me was to Greenwood nearly all day
a week ago.
J.—Well, you can go again; and I
hope you and your aunt may have a
good time together.
P.—Thank ee, Judge; that's right,
Good bye.

How To Get Along.
Do not stop to tell stories in busi-
ness hours.
If you have a place of business, be
found there when wanted.
No men can get rich by sitting
round stores and saloons.
Never "fool" in business matters,
Haver order, system, regularity,
liberality and promptness.
Do not meddle with business you
know nothing of.
Never buy an article you do not need
simply because it is cheap, and the
man who sells it will take it out in
trade.
Trade in money.
Strive to avoid hard words and
personalities.
Do not kick every stone in the
path.—More miles can be made in a
day by going steadily on than stop-
ping.
Pay as you go.
A man of honor respects his word
as his bond.
Aid, but never beg.
Help others when you can, but
never give what you cannot afford
simply because it is fashionable.
Learn to say "no." No necessity
of snapping it up in dog fashion,
but say it firmly and respectfully.
Have but few confidants; the few-
er the better.
Use your own brains rather than
those of others.
Learn to think and act for your-
self.
Be vigilant.
Keep ahead rather than behind the
times.
Reader, cut this out, and if there
be folly in the argument let us know!

RECIPTS THAT NEVER FAIL.—The
following receipts we warrant to be
good, and if any of our readers, ex-
perimenting with them fail we should
like to know:
To destroy rats—Catch them, one
by one, and flatten their heads with
a lemon squeezer.
To kill cockroaches—Get a pair
of heavy boots, and then catch your
roaches, put them into a barrel, and
then get in yourself, and dance.
To catch mice—on going to bed
put crumbs of bread into your mouth,
and lie with it open, and when a
mouse's whiskers tickle your throat
—bite.
To prevent dogs from going mad
—Cut their tails off just behind their
ears.
IRONING SHIRT FRONTS.—In a first-
class laundry starch is made in the
usual manner; to a pail of starch a
whole sperm candle is used. When
the linen is dry, it is dipped in the
cold starch and ironed in the ordi-
nary way; then it is damped with
a cloth, and the polishing iron pres-
sed over it. This is an ordinary
smoothing-iron, ground off so that
the edges are all rounding. To this
last manipulation the linen is im-
bedded for the peculiar laundry gloss
which all admire so much, but which
many housekeepers have vainly striv-
ing to leave upon the wrists and
bosoms of their husband's shirts.

**Georgia has repealed her anti-
slavery laws, and a Georgia newspaper
says that there already is a resident in
the State who has already been
sentenced to the gallows.**

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