The Post.

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THE POST.

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Post Office Address.

PRESIDENT JUDGE—Hon. Jos. C. Rucher, Lewisburg, Union county.

ASSOCIATE JUDGES—Hon. Geo. C. Moyer, Freeburg, Hon. Jacob G. Ia. Shindel, Selinsgrove.

PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS—Jeremiah Crouse, Middleburg.

REGISTER AND RECORDER—Samuel B. Schuck, Middleburg.

SHERIFF—Daniel Bolender, Middleburg.

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COMMISSIONERS' CLERK.—Andrew Peters, Middleburg.

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COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.—Wm. Noetling Selinsgrove.

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

FAIRMOUNT HOUSE,
NEAR THE DEPOT,
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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 the market affords—and terms moderate.

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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 Beavertown, and that he is prepared to entertain the public with first class accommodations. HENRY BENFER.
April 6, 1871.

WALKER HOUSE,
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This 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.

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☞ 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. 9.43-tf

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☞ Every effort necessary to insure the comfort of guests will be made. The house has been newly refitted. [octl8,1871tf

UNION HOUSE,
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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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Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street,
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A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms $2 00 Per Day. jlg[9,4

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PHILADELPHIA.

Poetry.

Ego and Echo.

I asked of Echo, t'other day,
Whose words are few and often funny,
What to a question she should say
Of courtship, love and matrimony.
Quoth Echo, plainly, "*Mater of money.*"

Whom should I marry? Should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,
A pattern of consistency,
Or selfish mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply "*Nary flirt.*"

What if, a-weary of the strife
That long has lured the gay deceiver,
She promised to amend her life
And sin no more—can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, with decision, "*Leave her.*"

But if some maiden with a heart,
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure or forego it?
Quoth Echo very promptly, "*Go it.*"

But what, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vows she means to die a maid,
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, very coolly, "*Let her.*"

What if in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly, "*Get out.*"

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her.
Will share my labor and my rest
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce.*) "*Take her.*"

Select Tale

The Wicked Conspiracy.

It was at once a fortunate and unfortunate day that pretty Miss Agnes came into possession of a yacht. Her pa gave it to her in place of a husband. He had resolutely frowned upon as handsome a fellow as there ever was in the world, and had put an emphatic foot down upon the love making. It is easy to understand that Miss Agnes pined. The color quitted her cheeks, and one day her doting yet immovable father, caught her reading "Dr. Dormeus on the Action of Deadly Poisons." This frightened him, and he went out directly and purchased the best yacht he could find along the coast. He knew Agnes had a weakness for the blue, but she had a greater one for Will.

Will, rebuffed and furious, beheld the yacht, and he knew what it was meant for.

"By George, they shall not get her away from me! I'll get her, by hook or crook. Marry her! I rather think it's worth scheming for!

So he went to his lodging at the hotel and tied a wet towel around his head and sat down to think it out.

Three hours after he made his way to Miss Agnes' cottage on the bluff, and although the lights were out save the servants' lamp in the kitchen, he was undaunted. The coachman of the family had once been a former servant of his own, and so he rapped at the rear door. As luck would have it, the identical Michael came, and Will drew him out into the shadow and gave him a note for his mistress.

Fifteen minutes later, a pretty figure stole down the avenue, and then there was a scene the historian has no desire to disclose. "Oh, why did you come here, Will? Why do you run the risk? You know I love you. You know there is no danger I would not undertake for you. But—but—but my father loves me t t-t-too."

"Well, of course he does. He's a sensible man in most things. But in regard to me he's made a blunder. I mean to marry you in spite of all he fathers in christendom!"

"Now, I shan't be suited until you are my wife; and I want to ask if you are entirely satisfied because they have given you a pretty boat as a compensation for me?"

She simply gave him an astonished look. He felt it even in the dark, and he felt ashamed for having asked the question.

Then they strolled off a little further, and Will debated to himself how he should put his case to her. His plan, just at that moment, looked pretty wild and unfeasible: but he felt he must put a bold face upon it. He put his lips down to her ear and held her tight until he had finished. Then she burst from him and ran off a dozen yards.

She was pretty well frightened. What Will had said to her had made her tremble like a leaf. But, after all, he had a smooth tongue and a taking way. He persuaded her.

"It's our only chance, Agnes. Either we must do it or be separated forever. It seems like a desperate act, but the crisis is a desperate one. If you will act your part I will promise that in forty eight hours from this time I shall be a hero in your father's arms and a promised husband to yourself. What do you say.

What could she say? She had to weep a great deal of course, and Will felt it necessary to support her in his arms. She demurred and doubted again, but she finally acquiesced and gave Will her hand.

After this there was another uncalled for scene. The next day Miss Agnes seemed to be ill. Her father proposed that she take her yacht and go out for a breath of fresh sea air. She demurred. He persisted, and pretty soon she languidly consented. It fortunately happened (for Agnes) that her father was compelled to go away on a matter of business quite early in the day, and, therefore, he recommended her to the care of the railing master, a little tow-headed old man with no soul above a dollar.

At half-past twelve she was on board her little boat. Everything for her comfort was to be found there. There were three sailors on board besides the sailing master and an assistant. Now, for some mysterious reason, the assistant went ashore and forgot to come back again. Thus there were left only the tow-headed captain and his small crew, who were all young men, hardly more than boys. Besides, Miss Agnes had brought her maid for decency's sake. All seemed delightful.

They sailed and sailed. Two o'clock came, then three o'clock, then four o'clock. Miss Agnes looked at her watch and then at the sea.

About half a mile from her there was another yacht cruising about, and she gazed at it earnestly.

While she was thus engaged a terrible wrangle broke out among the three men forward. They leaped upon each other with every appearance of fury, and began struggling like so many demons. The captain shouted at them, and swore and stamped, but they seemed to ignore him, it looked like mutiny. The maid began to scream and wring her hands.

"We shall all be murdered!" cried Miss Agnes in her ear. She became frantic. The captain braced the tiller and looked to see if there was a steady breeze, and then leaped forward. The three set upon him with great violence. He gave a tremendous "Hallo!" to the other yacht, and Miss Agnes sprang to turn her American flag bottom up.

Thus she had a signal of distress. But there was a glorious fight going on. One man seemed to be prostrated, and the rest were in the full vigor of their contest. It was mutiny, clear and simple.

In a moment there was a little noise from the other yacht. She was close under the lee. They pushed off a boat from her deck and four men clambered into it. Agnes rejoiced to watch her maid tremble with terror

"What a fearful story she'll tell pa, to be sure!" reflected the young lady.

But in two minutes the assistance arrived. The four men leaped on the deck, three of them deeply in earnest and the quarreling sailors were soon separated, and the captain of the party ordered them, in a ringing voice, to be put into irons. It is needless to mention that this was Will full of ardor.

He ordered the captain, who seemed exhausted and half dead to be carried below, and he sent thither the maid to nurse him. He then took command of the yacht and turned about, and with his three men forward he ran for shore again.

"Jeuced well managed!" whispered he to Agnes.

"You looked exactly like a hero. Will," she said.

"Did I?" rejoined he complacently

But, alas! they were not quite through yet. Will had just said to himself: "He can't refuse me now. Think it: daughter at sea; bloody mutiny on board; death lurking everywhere; captain disabled; brave rescue; nothing to do but to shake hands and to give up the daughter at once."

He had no sooner fancied this line of reasoning than a hissing noise, mingled with a roar, came to his ears.

The sailors shouted. He looked under the main boom, and his blood froze with horror; for there, close upon him, was the but-end of a white-squall. He shoved the helm hard, hauled in his sheets taut, and then shut his eyes for one second. Then he braced himself, and held Agnes like grim death.

The tempest seized upon the boat as if it were a straw, and it went flying through the mist and foam like a race-horse. The sailors took in double reefs. The companion way was shut and fastened. Miss Agnes first being sent below. For half an hour there was considerable danger. The water burst over the quarters and swept the deck repeatedly. Will began to think this looked like earning a wife All at once Will heard something give way and felt a tremendous rush and a savage blow upon the side of his head, and then he saw the sailors rush toward him and then he felt himself slide down.

When he came to again he was in his own room. On either hand was a doctor; before him was the white and terrified Miss Agnes and her greatful looking father.

"What is the matter?" whispered Will.

"Why you are half dead; don't you know it?" said one of the doctors. It seemed that a savage wave had twisted the rail from off the stern of the yacht and hurled it forward and precipitated it upon Will. The blow had been severe and his right arm was badly fractured.

"Pa says I may nurse you, Will," murmured Miss Agnes, coming forward half scared.

"Of course she can, my poor fellow.—Who has a better right than she? No one that I know of! Good gracious, my boy, I didn't know you were such a brave man, subdue mutiny! Save a yacht! Encounter great danger! Bless me!

The old gentleman was overcome.

It was pretty lucky as the whole thing was a story not yet told for, though she told it below stairs with such great assiduity, that Will has not yet ceased to be regarded with deep respect by all those who ever saw him. He fairly achieved his honorable scars, and the father, whom he took to his bosom, has not regretted of the gift of his daughter.

Curious Inventions.

The Records of the United States Patent Office exhibit innumerable applications for ludicrous as well as impracticable inventions. The time and talent expended in devising some machine, which it is supposed will make the inventor's fortune, would, if applied to his ordinary daily labor make him a thoroughly competent mechanic and secure him a comfortable livelihood. As a proof of the truth of the above remarks, a few illustrations may be given. In 1870 the owner of some beehives, irritated by the loss of his honey by the bee moth, asked for a patent for a combined henroost and beehive. He had noticed that the bee moth travels at night, while the busy bee works by day. His desire, therefore, was for a device that should admit the worker by day and keep out the thief by night. Thus his ingenuity effected the erection of a henroost pivoted upon a beehive, provided with gates. The bees were expected to be in their hives just before dark the hens lighting on their roosts, were then to close the gates of the hive and keep them shut all night. The early rising of the hens would automaticelly open the gates again and return the bees—their honey all safe—to the airs of heaven and the flowers of earth. He received the patent.

Another applicant asked for a patent right for an artificial moon that should light each town that used it without expense. His eye had often been struck by the reflection of the distant windows at sunset, and how far light travelled. He, therefore, proposed a balloon for each town sufficiently large to raise a huge reflector, that was to be hoisted every evening at dusk, about the time the hens had shut in the bees. The reflection of the sun's rays cast downward upon the village was sure to light it throu' all the darkness of the night. Fortunately for himself this inventor presented his application through a patent attorney, who told him it was doubtful if it could be obtained.

In the fall of 1872 a gentleman applied for and received a patent for building houses on wheels and rollers, so that in case of earthquake they might roll forward or backward, and not be shaken to pieces.

Another gentleman applied for a patent for heating canals by steam, so that boating could go on in the winter as well as in the summer. The office decided that this invention was worthy of protection and gave him his patent.

Another applied for a combination of a clock and a bed. so ingeniously contrived that when the clock struck the bottom of the bed dropped out. He claimed that this plan would probably awaken the sleeper.

Another inventor from the frontiers asked for a patent for a combination of a cannon and plough. For this purpose he filed three applications, making the elongated handles of the plough hollow, so as to form two cannon. These were to to be kept loaded till the guerillas were after the ploughman, the cannon were then to be fired, the guerillas shot down and the farmer to go on his way rejoicing.

In 1870 a very ingenious gentleman from the rural districts applied for a patent to prevent cows from switching their tails. He presented two models—one shaped like a bottle around the end of which the cow's tail was to be curled; the other was a square block with the hole through the centre wherein the tail was to be put and tied in a knot, so that the animal could not withdrew it.

SAFE TEST FOR COAL OIL.—An exchange says; The most effective way to stop the sale of dangerous oils and burning fluids which are so destructive to life and property is to educate the people. The test is so simple that it is in the power of every one. It has often been published, yet there are thousands of people who have not heard it. You will benefit the people by repeating it often.

The test is as follows; Pour a small quantity of the oil out upon a saucer or tin plate; apply a lighted match; if it ignites immediately or even before the fire touches it, let the oil be returned to the vender as unsafe.

Good safe oil will not flash, but burn slowly when the lighted match is dropped into it, and the fire is extinguished as soon as the match is removed. If the people will subject their oil to this test and use only that which stands it, accidents will be rare.

THE *Scranton Republican* says: The most exalted specimen of Democratic presumption and impudence on record is the suggestion of the Harrisburg *Patriot* that "President Grant could do no more graceful act than to appoint Jeremiah Black Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court." They not modestly request the President [illegible]

A Romantic Story.

There is a little romance going the rounds about Richard Farquahar Dingle and his wife Phœbe, Robert Moore and his wife Mary. The account of the strange fortune that happened these couple is so circumstantial that it must be in the main true. All the parties were English, before they came to the new world to court the goddess fortune. Dick Dingle and his wife were both blondes, and Bob Moore and his wife browns and both women were beauties of their respectives type and all were young and adventurous. The two couple didn't come over in the same ship, but they came about the same time, and they did not know each other. Dick Dingle and his pretty wife went to Petroleum Centre Pennsylvania, with a capital of $10,000, which was soon sunk in oil wells—all but $400. Dick divided this sum with Phœbe, and which she duly received. This reconciled her to her husband's absence for the time, but she heard of him no more for some years, and she began to regard him as dead. The fact is he was living a wild sort of life in South America, and had almost forgotten his blonde wife, though he carried her picture.

Bob Moore and his brunette wife had also a comfortable capital when they arrived in this speculation. Bob left Mary in Rochester. N. Y., and went to South America full of golden visions. He promised to write to his wife soon, but never did, and was not lucky in the Argentine country. Finally Dick Dingle and Bob Moore met, and both were vagabonds, in a strange country and without money or friends. They joined their fortunes and told each other the story of their lives. There was a remarkable similarity between them. They both had picture of their wives and, strange to say, each went into raptures over the other's picture, and cared very little for his own. In a mad freak vagabond Dick and vagabond Bob exchanged the pictures of their wives, and some luck appeared to come to them afterwards. They were fast friends, and accumulated some money, and began to behave themselves better. It was seven years since Dick Dingle had written to his wife, and one day in a fit of repentance he wrote a letter inclosing $1,000, and asking her to join him in South America as soon as possible. In the meantime she had removed from Petroleum Centre to Philadelphia, but the letter and money found her after a long delay.

As dick had waited the proper time, and heard nothing from his wife he began to feel uneasy, and one day resolved to return to the United States to hunt her up. He started from Panama on the English steamer George Watts for the United States on Friday, the 7th day of June last, and his wife sailed from New York for the Argentine republic the next day, Saturday, June 8. Dick went to Pretrolum Centre, thence to Philadelphia, but could not find his wife or her anything of her. He then went to New York resolved to take the next packet for South America to join Bob Moore. But something occured to prevent the voyage. He got on a little bit of a spree in New York and happened to stumble into a store on Broadway to buy some trifling article. There behind the counter he saw a handsome brunette whose face looked charmingly familiar. He was not mistaken; it was she, and the picture he carried proved it. The accquaintance ripened. Mary had sought and obtained a divorce from Bob Moore for desertion, and was free and lovely and still young. Dick Dingle told the story of his wife's disappearance and the couple resolved that she must be dead, so those two got married and are now living happily in Brooklyn.

Phœbe Dingle plowed the deep to join her recreant but repentant husband, in the Argentine republic. She was doomed to disappointment, but she found Bob Moore, and Bob showed her the picture which he had received from Dick Dingle himself, but he did not tell her the whole story. In fact it is uncertain what Bob did say to the beautiful woman who had come so far to find a husband and failed. but it is quite certain that these two got married in a very short time, and now live in good style in Cordova city, Argentine republic. A real blonde is quite a variety down there, and she makes a sensation when she rides out every evening on a beautiful palfrey. It is, perhaps, just as well as it has fallen out.—These two singular couple are too far apart ever to interfere with each other's happiness, and are much better satisfied as they are than they were.

WHEN Gen. Grant left his business at Washington to attend Greeley's funeral, the Democratic papers found fault with him for doing so, and now they are also finding fault because he did *not* go to New York to attend Chase's funeral. Similarly, when the news came that the United States Commissioners to the Vienna Exposition had been doing wrong, these papers abused Grant without stint for having appointed Van Buren as Chief of the Commission; and now [illegible]

Advertising Rates.

One column one year	$60,00
One-half, column, one year.	30,00
One-fourth column, one year,	15,00.
One square (10 lines) one insertion,	75.
Every additional insertion.	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than five lines, per year.	5,00.
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices.	2,50.
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 person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

STRICTLY HONEST.—A case of rather troublesome exactness on the part of a down East lady is reported. A woman called at a grocery store recently and made some purchases, paying cash therefor. An hour or two afterward she returned in some agitation, in quiring if a pocket-book had been seen; she had lost hers and hoped they had found it. Nothing had been seen of it, and a search was instituted, when the lost article was found behind a barrel in front of the counter. Another half hour passed, and again she appeared, this time asking if any one had tampered with her pocket-book while it was at the store, as the money was not all there.

"How much is missing?" inquired the trader.

"One cent," was the reply.

"Here, John," said the store-keeper "give the lady one cent from the drawer."

She took it and went on her way rejoicing.

Later—Next day, we understand, the woman brought back the money, saying she had bought a cent's worth of hairpins the day before, and forgot it when she missed the pocket-book.

Showing His Daddy How to Grunt:

The following story, told by John Smith (we will suppose his name to be Smith) and his son Virgil, is said to be a "true bill"

Smith had a very promising young horse, now for the first time training for the track. The other day Virgil, a bright little chap, some ten years of age, was speeding the colt around the track, and making the run in gallant style, when the colt suddenly shied and threw the boy off. The cause of this was a young porker that had stowed himself in the brush close to the track, a quiet spectator to the colt's performance, until the latter got almost opposite to him, when he made a violent rush with the result mentioned. By the time his anxious father reached the ground the boy was on his feet unhurt. Said the father:

"Virgil, don't you know how to ride a colt, to let a little pig like that throw you off I don't want the colt spoiled; I want him to go round the track, and I'll show you that a pig can't prevent him."

"I'll bet you." said Virgil; "he'll throw you too if a pig makes him jump like he did with me."

"No, he won't Virgil; you can get in the brush there, and when I ride him round you can grunt like a pig. I'll show you how it is done," said the elder Smith.

Accordingly the colt was caught and mounted by Smith the elder, the boy in the meantime having taken his position in the bush to play the role of pig in which he succeeded to perfection. When the sire, after a rattling run, had reached the proper place, he started like a young grizzly, and tearing out of the brush, caused the panic stricken colt to pitch his rider ingloriously in the dirt. Gathering himself up, the discomfited dad said savagely:

"What did you do that for? I told you to grunt like a pig, not like a blasted old hog."

Cheap—A Wife for Eight Dollars.

A novel spectacle was recently witnessed in Detroit Michigan. About a fortnight since a widow named Gathner met an acquaintance on the street, and said that she was in a destitute condition, and had no means of keeping starvation and death from her door. The gentleman thus addressed looked at the woman a moment, and replied that she was young and good looking enough to marry again. To this Mrs. Gathner answered that she had no objection to such an arrangment but she had, thus far, been unable to find a husband. "I'll sell you at auction," replied the gentleman, "and the only proviso shall be that the highest bidder shall court you for a week, in order that you may know him." The woman consented and the sale was announced. The auctioneer stated to the crowd which assembled that he had known the woman for years, and that he knew her to be industrious and of good character, and then opened the sale. Bidding was lively and everybody in great humor. In the crowd was an old bachelor, named Joslyn, and he was the only one who took the joke as a real fact. He jumped from 43 cents to $5, and then raised to $8. The auctioneer called on that figure and the widow was knocked down. Joslyn handed her the money, agreed to the proviso, and left the crowd, none of whom had a thought that a marriage would take place however, after the terms of the proviso had been faithfully carried out. And while it is quite certain that Joslyn has found a good helpmeet, the bridegroom's friends say that he is sober, steady, good-tempered and well off.

FISH COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED.—Gov. Hartranft has made the following appointment of Fish Commissioners, agreeably to the provisions of the fish act passed at the late session of the Legislature; [illegible]