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

# The Post.

VOL. 11. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JUNE 19, 1873. NO. 14.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
Post Office Address.  
PRESIDENT JUDGE—Hon. Jos. C. Bucher, Lewisburg, Union county.  
ASSOCIATE JUDGES—Hon. Geo. C. Meyer, Freeburg, Hon. Jacob G. L. Shindel, Sellinggrove.  
PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS—Jeremiah Crover, Middleburg.  
REGISTER AND RECORDER—Samuel B. Sebuck, Middleburg.  
SHERIFF—Daniel Bolander, Middleburg.  
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—Phillip Kinsey, Beaverstown, Adam J. Fisher, Sellinggrove, John T. Huffnagle, Penn's Creek.  
JURY COMMISSIONERS—Henry Brown, Freeburg, George G. Hornberger, Mt. Pleasant Mills.  
COUNTY SURVEYOR—Aaron K. Gilt, Middleburg.  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY—Benjamin T. Parks, Middleburg.  
TREASURER—Jacob Gross, Beaver Springs.  
AUDITORS—John S. Hassinger, Middleburg, Samuel A. Wetzel, Beaverstown, D. Dieffenbach, Salem.  
COUNTY CLERK—Andrew Paters, Middleburg.  
MERCANTILE APPRAISER—Wells O. Holmes, Sellinggrove.  
CORONER—Peter Hartman, Penn's Creek  
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT—Wm. Noelling, 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 refitted. Rooms commodious—the table well supplied with the best the market affords—and terms moderate.

**BROWN HOUSE**  
PAXTONVILLE, (Beaver 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 1, 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 & Lewistown R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Bazaar 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. 9-43-7f

**BUMGARDNER HOUSE,**  
(Opposite Reading Railroad Depot)  
MIDDLEBURG PA.  
DAVID KERSTETTER, Prop'r.  
Accommodations good and charges moderate. Special accommodations for drovers. A share of the public patronage is solicited.  
April 6, 1871

**ALLEGHENY HOUSE,**  
Nos. 513 & 514 Market Street,  
(Above Eighth),  
PHILADELPHIA.  
A. Beck, Proprietor.  
Terms \$2.00 Per Day. 215[3-4]

**T. J. SMITH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.  
Offers his Professional services to the public. Consultation in English and German.

**JOHN H. ARNOLD,**  
Attorney at Law,  
MIDDLEBURG, PA.  
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**J. THOMPSON BAKER,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Lewistown, Union Co., Pa.  
Can be consulted in the English and German languages. Office—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store 8 49y

**Poetry.**  
**Slam The Gate.**  
New Harry Pray don't laugh at me,  
But when you go so late,  
I wish you would be careful, dear,  
To never slam the gate,  
For Susan listens every night,  
And so does teasing Kate,  
To tell me next day what o'clock  
They heard you slam the gate.  
Twas nearly ten last night you know,  
But now tis very late,  
[We've talked about so many things]  
Oh, do not slam the gate.  
For all the neighbors, hearing it,  
Will say our future fate  
We're being discussing; so I beg  
You will not slam the gate.  
For though it is all very true,  
I wish that they would wait,  
To converse our affairs, until—  
Well, pray don't slam the gate.  
At least not now. But by and by,  
When in "our home" I wait  
Your coming, I shall always like  
To hear you slam the gate.  
For whether you go out or in,  
At early hours or late,  
The whole world will not cease to hear  
About that horrid gate!

**Select Tale**  
**A Mother's Stratagem.**  
In June, 1860, the ship Wanderer left the settlement of Monrovia, on the coast of Liberia, in Africa, having on board, among her passengers, bound home to England, Mr. Benton, a young missionary, and his beautiful wife Helen, with their child—a little girl three years old.  
For three weeks the vessel encountered a succession of head winds together with violent squalls, which drove her towards land, at length compelled her captain to anchor in a small bay on the coast of Morocco. It was a beautiful spot, but a few hundred yards from one of the half detached peaks of the Atlas Mountains.  
Gazing inland, the passengers beheld a wealth of verdure, with tall trees and climbing plants, and flowers of variegated hue, many of the latter ascending to the top of the rocky hills, and hanging down in long, graceful festoons over the valleys between.  
In the afternoon, the gale having abated, the captain lowered a boat to make soundings in the bay.  
"I would so like to take little Clara ashore," said Helen to her husband. "You know she has been teasing us all day long for some of those pretty flowers."  
"Very well; if the captain will take the trouble to put us ashore, we will go," said Benton.  
The captain having readily given his consent, the two passengers were soon landed on the beach.  
"Don't go too far away sir," said the skipper, as he shoved off again. But little Clara, breaking from her parents, ran up one of the lofty rocky elevations, the sides of which were covered with shrubbery of the most attractive color.  
"Wait for me, George," said Helen to her husband, "and I will bring her back."  
The height of the child was ascending to being very steep, she had proceeded about a hundred yards ere her mother overtook her. The naked arms and shoulders of the little one were by this time scratched at several places from contact with the briars. Mrs. Benton, therefore, dipping her handkerchief in a spring trickling down a rock, was about applying it to the bleeding parts, when she was suddenly startled by a roar, deep and prolonged, like rumbling thunder, apparently emerging from the very heart of the mountain, and shaking it to its centre!  
Terrified, she turned, to behold an awful spectacle—the huge, bristling head and round, glaring eyes of that most dreadful of wild beasts—an African lion!  
First the head, and then the supple tawny body, appeared from the shrubbery, the tail whisking furiously to and fro, the mane standing on end, the fiery tongue and sharp fangs visible, as a second roar came booming from the cavernous throat.  
"Just Heaven!" was all the poor lady could gasp, as, with a mother's instinct, she snatched the child to her breast.  
Mr. Benton now saw her danger. He was unarmed, but he shouted to the men in the boat, who, turning, also perceived Helen's peril.  
To gain the ship's side, to call for and obtain loaded muskets, was with the captain, the work of a few minutes. Then he directed the boat ashore. A crackling report was heard as one of the weapons was discharged, and, with a terrible roar, the lion turned, slightly wounded, looking towards the seamen.  
Only for a moment, however; the next away he went in pursuit of Mrs. Benton, who, with the speed of desperation, her child clasped tightly in her arms, was fleeing up the height.  
On she ran, the lion, though wounded, gaining fast. Now and then she would turn to behold that hideous head within a few yards of her, the eyes now resembling great white circles, with lambent points of flame in the centre, while the closed teeth and wrinkled nostrils proclaimed that it would be the blood from the scratches the little one had received, and

which had roused to the utmost the hungry desires of the savage beast. Gasping, panting, wild with terror and anxiety, the fugitive hurried along, scarcely hearing, far below, the shouts of the pursuing seamen. They could not help her—they were not near enough. The victims would be torn to pieces and devoured long ere they could attack the lion.  
This Mrs. Benton comprehended. She saw no way of escape—her only help was in Providence.  
Watching the figures, as she sped on at the head of the seamen, the young missionary almost screamed in his great agony, expecting every moment to see his wife and child fall a prey to the monster. The lion now being in a line with the fugitive, the muskets were useless in the hands of the sailors, who would not fire at the animal for fear of hitting Mrs. Benton.  
The strength of the latter, in spite of her efforts, was evidently giving way. Her limbs trembled under her—she swayed from side to side—her gasping sobs could be heard even by the sailors.  
The savage pursuer now gained with fearful rapidity.  
"Great Heaven!" screamed Mr. Benton, striking his forehead with his hand, "can nothing be done?"  
Already the lion was within three yards of the fugitive.  
"Fire!" shouted the missionary. "I give you leave. There is no other alternative."  
"True," answered the captain, as pale as death: "it must be either the lion or the bullet."  
He gave his orders; the men took aim, and fired. But neither the boat nor the lady was harmed. In their fear lest they should hit the latter, the marksmen had aimed to high.  
On went the pursuer and pursued, the lion now not more than two yards behind his intended victims.  
Mrs. Benton saw ahead a clump of slender trees, evidently growing from a cleft in the rock. A wild hope animated her, gave her renewed strength to her faltering limbs. By getting behind trees, and dodging, might she not contrive to elude the animal until the party from below should arrive?  
The cluster of trees was now the coveted goal, and she strained every nerve to reach it. But when she was within ten feet of it, she met with a fearful disappointment—a deep, yawning chasm, right in her path, between her and the trees, and which had hitherto been hidden from her sight by high bushes fringing the edge.  
The chasm was too wide to leap over. She turned, and then stood at bay—her back to the abyss, her face toward the lion. There seemed no hope now. Death was before and behind her, hemming her in on both sides.  
The lion paused as she turned toward him. He uttered a growl of triumph, and crouched for the fatal spring.  
The lady strained her child closer to her breast. To descend the dark depths of the chasm was preferable to being tore by that savage monster. There was no time to lose. In another moment the tawny body must come swooping down upon her.  
But now a quick wild thought—a mother's inspiration—flashed thro' her mind. Under the armlets she clasped the child with each hand, and raised it high above her head, so that the bleeding scratches on its white flesh were fully exposed to the lion's view.  
That sight roused to the full the uncontrollable desires of the savage beast. With a smothered roar, he shot up from the rock, his huge form cleaving the air with one tremendous bound for the child.  
That was what Mrs. Benton had waited for. By elevating her child, she had compelled the lion to take a lofty leap; and now, with her little one, she quickly snatched on the rock, thus eluding the monster which uttering one long, wild, terrible roar was carried head foremost, out of sight for evermore, into the frightful depths of the chasm.  
Nearly senseless from fatigue and excitement she had undergone, Mrs. Benton was soon after conveyed to the ship by her rejoicing friends, who next day left far behind them the place of that exciting scene of a mother's peril and timely stratagem.

**I've got Orders not to go.**  
"I've got orders, positive orders—not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth, who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon!  
"Come don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths.  
"No, I can't break orders," said John.  
"What special orders have you got come show them to us, if you can show us your orders."  
John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper, and showing it to the boys.  
They looked and read aloud:  
"Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass by it; turn from it, and pass away."  
"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and, by his help, I don't mean to break them."

**Talmadge on Sin.**  
Sin comes to the young man. It says, "Take a game of cards—it won't hurt you. Besides that, it is the way men make their fortune." It is only a small stake. See how easy it is. The young man plays and wins a horse and carriage and a house—wins a fortune. "See how easy it is," says sin; "I don't cost you anything. Look at those young men who stick to their salaries, stay down to the foot of the ladder, while you are in great prosperity." The young man is encouraged. He goes and plays larger and larger; the tide turns against him; he loses the horse, the carriage, loses the house, loses the fortune. Crack! goes the sheriff's mallet on the last household valuable. Down lower and lower the man falls, until he pitches pennies for a drink, or clutches for devils that trample him in wild delirium. "The way of the transgressor is hard."  
She comes to the young man and says, "Take this glass—it won't hurt you. It has a very fine flavor. Take a glass in the morning; it will be an appetizer. Take a glass at noon it will aid digestion.—Take a glass at night; it will make you sleep well." You are in a glow while others are chilly. How bright it makes the eye—how elastic it makes the step! One day you meet him and you say, "What are you doing here at noon? I thought you were at business." "Lost your place?" "God have mercy upon the young man when, through his misdeeds, he loses his place. Every temptation of hell takes after him. Hopped and handcuffed at thirty years of age by evil habit! Save that young man; he is on the express train that stops not until it tumbles over the embankment of perdition. "The way of the transgressor is hard."  
Sin comes to a young man and says, "Take a dollar out of your employer's drawer; he won't miss it; you can put it back after a while. Take another! Take another! Don't you see how easy it is? Hundreds of dollars added to your salary in a year!" One day the police knock at the door, and say, "I want you." Discovery has come; disgrace, imprisonment, loss of the soul. "The way of the transgressor is hard."  
But you need not look through the wicket of the prison to learn this, and to find the frozen feet, and the bruised brow, and to hear the "oughing lung, resulting from crime. Every man has found out in his own experience that the way of the transgressor is hard. Sin demands us; sin is desperate—it lacerates, it mauls the soul, it chains you like a dog, it drives you out like a dog, it whips you with insupportable stripes like a dog. There is a legend abroad of some one of whom it was foretold that she would die of a serpent's bite. The father, to keep her away from that, built a castle far out in the sea. He said no serpent could crawl there; but one day a boat came under the castle, and the daughter saw grapes in it, and, letting down a rope, she got the grapes and was eating them, when she found a serpent entwined in the cluster. It stung her and she died. Sin may seem luscious and ripe, and to have all the wealth of the vineyard, but at the last "it biteh like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Oh! have nothing to do with its approaches. It promises you a robe; it will cover you with rags. It offers you a chalice of luxurious beverage; it will fill you with wormwood. It promises you a throne; it will drive you into a kennel.

**A Moving Tale.**  
We have been reading some choice literature of late, and knowing that our readers enjoy such recreations, we propose to give synopsis of what we read. The first book we came across, was one of Beadle's dime Novels, entitled the "Abducted Maiden." A boy loses his parents at five years of age, and is apprenticed, or bound to an old farmer, who has one only child—a daughter, some three years the junior of our hero. Every thing goes along smoothly for full fifteen years, when one evening the young lady is abducted. The old man and the young one start in pursuit, and traced the daughter to New York city. One night, while prosecuting his search, the hero goes to the theater, and upon reaching his boarding house, at a late hour, discovers that he has lost his night key and can't get in. Fortunately, there is an all night cooper shop near by, and thither he wends his way. He observes many laborers at work, and sees ponderous coals turned out as if by magic. Feeling sleepy, he crawls into an enormous pipe or hoghead, and is soon oblivious to the world. He is awakened by the motion of the oak and to his horror finds himself headed up and rapidly moving on a dry. The driver stops and the load is rolled off. He soon discovers, through the bung hole, that he is on the wharf and from the conversation of those around him, learns that he is destined for a whaling voyage. He screams so as to attract attention, but the Captain orders the men to take him and his dromed to the ship at once, declaring that he is short of hands anyway. After a time, he is reasoned, to find himself well out at sea on a vessel bound for the whale fisheries. He makes the best of a bad bargain, and is soon introduced into the mysteries of a whaling voyage.

the deep except one, who acts as a cabin boy. This individual is of slight form; blue eyes, dark hair, gentle manners, and impresses him favorably. They become acquainted, and in a short time, are hale fellows well met. Neither having adopted a sailor's life from choice, there exists between them wonderful kind-Soon a school of whales is sighted, and the boats are lowered for the fray. The cabin boy insists upon enjoying the sport, and is put in our hero's boat.—The whale is reached, the harpoon flung, when the monster with a dash of his heavy flukes, overturns the boat, and the men are left struggling in the water. Our hero and the boy swim to the overturned boat, but as they cling to it, are horrified to find the whale coming down upon them, with open mouth. There is a shriek and a crash, and all was over. Our hero came to himself however, but could not tell where he was. It was so dark he could see nothing; the place was hot; the air was stifling, and, as far as he could feel, everything was greasy. He soon comprehended that he was in the whale's belly. Presently, he heard a moan, and groping about, found a human being. It was the cabin boy, and upon further investigation he learned that the individual was a woman, and that that woman was none other than his master's daughter. She soon revived, and placing her upon a portion of the boat which the whale had swallowed, he threw himself at her feet, and poured out his tale of love. Vows were mutually exchanged, and, notwithstanding the surroundings, and—wrote Morgan County [Ind.] Gazette.

**A Wild Huntress.**  
The Wheeling Register of the 20th ultimo tells the following story on the authority of Julia Messenger, of Windridge, Green county, Pa., for whose veracity it vouches:  
A man living near Windridge, Green county, Pa., had borne to him five children, four girls and one boy, his name is Daniel Lewis. When quite young the boy and second daughter, named Lucinda Lewis, developed quite a fondness for hunting, and were out nearly all the time, roaming the woods in search of game. They seemed to delight in nothing so much as the fall life of a hunter, and would be gone from home for weeks at a time. After some four or five years the boy quit it, and entered on the more industrious pursuits of life, but the girl continued in the chase. Drawing herself more and more from human intercourse and restraint, she has become a wild woman, fleeing from the approach of her kind with the speed of a deer.  
During the early years of her solitary life she used to approach her father's house and entice the dogs to follow her, teaching almost any breed of dogs to become good hunters. In the hope of bringing her back to her home and to civilization, her brother followed her and shot the dog she had taken away, using every inducement to get her back with him. But all in vain.  
For eighteen years, since she was twelve years of age, she has lived this wild life, sleeping in the centres of straw stacks during the night, and hiding in them during the summer the wild and cultivated fruits she intends for her winter's store of provisions. She is now thirty years old, and is as wild as the most untamed denizen of the forest.  
Mr. Messenger says he at one time, while out hunting, met her in the woods. Her long black hair, covering her face and eyes, was matted with bars and leaves, and her black flapping eyes, made her a startling picture. She remained perfectly still until he got within twenty feet of her, when she turned and fled with a swiftness no man could hope to rival.  
A few days since she was seen again and then had in her hands three pheasants and four rabbits; but, although encumbered, she eluded every attempt to capture her. She has been so long in the woods that she has become perfectly wild, her dress is made of the skins of wild animals and a blanket that she has taken somewhere during some of her nocturnal predatory tours.

A young man went into the office of one of the largest dry goods importing houses in New York, and asked for a situation. He was told to come again.  
Going down Broadway that same afternoon, opposite the Astor House, an old apple woman trying to cross the street was struck by a stage, knocked down, and her basket of apples sent scattering in the gutter.  
The young man stepped out from the passing crowd, helped up the old lady, put her apples into her basket, and went on his way, forgetting the incident.  
When he called again upon the importers he was asked to name his price, which was accepted immediately and he went to work.  
Nearly a year afterward he was called aside one day and asked if he remembered assisting an old apple woman in Broadway to pick up a basket of apples and, much to his surprise, learned why he obtained a situation when more than one hundred others were desiring the same.  
Young man, you had better know who you are and what you are doing.

**A Little Puzzled.**  
An old woman who traded in groceries got involved in a complicated business transaction, as follows:  
A customer came in one day and said, "Old woman, what do you ask for herring?"  
"Three cents a piece," said the old lady.  
"I'll thank you," said the customer, and the aged vender proceeded to do it up.  
"What do you ask for beer?" said the customer, as the parcel was handed him.  
"Three cents a glass," said he.  
"On the whole," said he "I'll take a glass of beer instead of the herring. So he took the beer and started to go."  
"Beg your pardon," said the old lady, "but you haven't paid for the beer."  
"Paid for it!" Of course not.—Didn't I give you back the herring for it?"  
"Well, but," persisted the old lady, "you didn't pay for the herring."  
"Pay for the herring! Of course I did not, I didn't take it, did I?"  
"Well, said the old woman, after a pause, in which she strove to master the mathematics of it, "I pronounce you're correct, but I wish you wouldn't trade here any more."

**A Powerful Argument.**  
A few days ago, a tall, rough-looking mountaineer entered the Union Railroad ticket office at Denver, and, through mistake purchased a ticket for New York via the Kansas Pacific line, when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover this fact until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it, the latter refused to do so.  
"You want change this ticket then, wont you?"  
"No, sir," replied the agent, "you have your ticket and I have the money for it, and if you want a ticket over the other route you will have to pay for it."  
Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll; very secretly he drew from under his coat-tail a six shooter about the dimensions of a mountain howitzer; coolly and deliberately he stuck the ticket into the muzzle of that six-shooter, and sticking the ugly looking thing through the little square window of the ticket office; and almost into the agent's face, and speaking in the tone that left no doubt of his determination, said: "Stranger, that's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or I'll blow it clean through you!"  
The ticket was changed immediately and without any more words from the agent, and the mountaineer walked away, saying, "I just thought I could induce him to change his mind a little."  
—A learned doctor in Washington informs the world that bald-headed men seldom live to be very old. Some say it is because they are so bald, and some say it is because they are so old.

**Advertisements.**  
One column one year \$10.00  
One-half column one year \$5.00  
One-third column one year \$3.00  
One square (10 lines) one insertion 75c  
Every additional insertion, 50c  
Professional and Business cards of not more than five lines, per year, \$3.00  
Auditor, Excavator, Advertiser, and Lodging Houses, 25c  
Editorial notices per line 15c  
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.

**A Man Chained to a Log for Nineteen Years.**  
We learn from Mr. Robert Glenn of the death, on the 20th ult., of Lewis Flint, at his home, in Wyalusing. The deceased was 45 years of age. About nineteen years ago it became manifest, from the sudden change that came over him, that insanity was rapidly developing itself. A log cabin was built near the one in which the family lived, where the demented man was placed for better security. Confinement seemed to aggravate his disease and increase his violence, which was hard for his poor mother to bear; but all efforts on the part of friends to have him removed to some safe place were unavailing.—The physicians called to examine his case pronounced him hopelessly insane, therefore no room for him could be found in the hospital for the insane, and to any other place they feared to have him go. Another plan, however, was adopted, which seemed to have a better effect. A large block of wood was obtained, too heavy to carry, to which was attached a chain, fastened around his ankle in such a manner as to produce no injury. This arrangement allowed him some freedom, and he would divert himself by rolling his block around in and out of doors at pleasure, but it was always necessary to watch his movements—it was many times necessary for his brother, who had charge of him, to be temporarily absent from home, to which the invalid mother never objected. Strange as it may seem, she felt safe to be left alone with the insane son, who never during his long insanity, when laboring under his strongest paroxysm, seemed to forget the sacred name of mother. His sickness was of short duration. A few days before death he was attacked with a violent pain in the head, which so prostrated him that he made no resistance to being laid upon his bed. His reason now, for the first time in many years, seemed to be partially restored. He told his brother that he was going to die, asked for what he wanted, and, discovering his block some distance from his couch, asked that it might be rolled to his bedside. With his own hand he wrapped the chain once around his ankle, and there kept it until his fatal fever was over.—Grant County (Wis.) Herald.

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Editorial notices per line 15c  
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.

**Advertisements.**  
One column one year \$10.00  
One-half column one year \$5.00  
One-third column one year \$3.00  
One square (10 lines) one insertion 75c  
Every additional insertion, 50c  
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