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Post Office Address.

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Lewisburg, Union county.
ASSOCIATE JUDGES—Hon. Geo. C. Moyer,
Freeburg; Hon. Jacob G. L. Sinsdel, Sel-
lingsgrove.
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MERCANTILE APPRAISER—W. C. O.
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CORONER—Peter Hartman, Penn's Creek.
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Selingsgrove.
TERMS OF COURT.—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,

PANTONVILLE, (Center 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 Beavertown, 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, Snodgrass & Lewistown
R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts.,
Lewistown Pa.,
George Flory & Son, Proprietors.
Open Day and Night for the accommo-
dation of Travellers. A first class Restau-
rant is attached to the hotel, where
Meals at all hours can be had. Terms
reasonable. 9, 13-14

BUNGARDNER HOUSE,

(Opposite Reading Railroad Depot)
HARRISBURG, Pa.,
A. H. LANDIS, Proprietor.
Every effort necessary to insure the com-
fort of guests will be made. The house has been
newly refitted. 10, 13, 14, 15

UNION HOUSE,

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

ALLEGHENY HOUSE,

No. 512 & 514 Market Street,
(Above Ethel's),
PHILADELPHIA.
A. Beck, Proprietor.
Terms \$2.00 Per Day. 12, 13, 14

T. J. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.
Offers his professional services to the public.
Consultations 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 Walls
Smith & Co's Store 8 49y

SAMUEL H. ORWIG,

Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE, 717 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

J. C. KRITZER,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Chasman township Snyder Co., Pa.
Collecting and all other busi-
ness entrusted to his care will be promptly at-
tended to.

DR. G. A. SMITH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Offers his professional services to the citizens of
Middleburg and vicinity. [Aug 11, 73]

JACOB F. BOGAR,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FISH, PROVISIONS, &c.,
No. 206 North Wharves, (above Race St.),
PHILADELPHIA.
9-71

Poetry.

The World's Opinion.

We walk in anxious thoughtful mood;
Our hearts we fully set
To gain a share of this world's goods,
No matter how we get them.
But ah! what fairy boats go down
In dark Oblivion's stream,
While racing for that leafless crown,
The outer world's esteem!
We strive with eager feet and hands,
Sail hearts, and faces gay,
From youth to age we lead. Life's page
With 'What will people say?

Most of us live a double life;

The one is outside show;
The other springs from hopes of things
None but ourselves must know.
Our time is so entirely claim'd
By worldly thoughts alone,
If almost none our feet assuaged,
A softer heart to own.
Alas! they miss earth's purest bliss,
Far, far from the light they stray.
Who always make their worth-worth this
"But what will people say?"

Kind acts, to bless those in distress

Are oft in secret done,
But how much oftener when we know
Mankind is looking on!
Better a kind word entered in
The great Recorder's book;
Than careless thousands spent to win
The world's approving look;
And he who does a noble deed,
And hides it from the day,
Be sure will gain a warmer meed
Than "What will people say?"

There is a higher One to please,

Who sends no cloud in vain;
He will despise no sacrifice
Who bears all human pain,
And so if we could only act,
To our own conscience true,
Keeping God's laws of love intact
In all we say and do...
We would not need so mean a chart
To guide us on our way,
To lay its shackles on the heart,
"As 'What will people?'"

Select Tale

The Dark Night.

"I can't stand it any longer, Jane,
I'll go out, and perhaps something
will turn up for us."
"It's a cold night, Robert."
"Cold, yes! But its not much
colder outside than in. It would
have been better if he had married
John I remain," he said bitterly.
"Don't say that, Robert; I've never
regretted my choice."
"Not even now, when there is not
a loaf of bread in the house for you
and the children?"
"Not even now, Robert. Don't be
discouraged. God has not forsaken
us. Perhaps this evening the tide
will turn, and better days may dawn
upon us to-morrow."
Robert Brice shook his head de-
spondingly.
"You are more hopeful than I,
Jane. Day after day I have been in
search of employment. I have called
at fifty places only to receive the
same answer everywhere.
Just then little Jimmy, who had
been asleep, woke up.
"Mother," he pleaded, "won't you
give me a piece of bread, I am so
hungry."
"There is no bread, Jimmy, dar-
ling," said the mother with an aching
heart.
"When will there be some?" asked
the child piteously.
Tears came to the mother's eyes.
She knew not what to say.
"Jimmy, I'll bring you some
bread," said the father hoarsely, as
he seized his hat and went to the
door.
His wife, alarmed, laid her hand
upon his sleeve. She saw the look
in his eyes, and she feared to what
step desperation might lead him.
"Remember, Robert," she said,
solemnly, "it is hard to starve, but
there are things that are worse."
He shook off her hand, but not
roughly, and without a word passed
out.
Out in the cold streets! They
would be his only home next, he
thought. For a brief time longer he
had the shelter of a cheerless room
in a tenement house, but the rent
would become due at the end of the
month, and he had nothing to meet
it.
Robert Brice was a mechanic, com-
petent and skillful. Three years
since he lived in a country village,
where his expenses were moderate
and he found no difficulty in meet-
ing them. But in an evil hour he
grew tired of his village home, and
he removed to the city. For a while
he met with very good success, but
he found the tenement house in
which he was obliged to live a poor
substitute for the neat little cottage
which he had occupied in the coun-
try. He saw his mistake but was
too proud to go back.
"Of course I can't have as good
accommodations here as in the coun-
try," he said, "but it is something
to live in, and be in the midst of
things."
"I'd rather be back again," said his
wife. "Somehow the city doesn't
seem like home. There I used to
run in and take tea with a neighbor,
and have pleasant social times. There
I know scarcely anybody."
"You'll get used to it after a
while," said her husband.
She did not think so, but she did
not complain.
But the time of great depression
came, and with it suspension of busi-
ness enterprises. Work ceased for
Robert Brice and many others. If
he had been in his old home, he could
have turned his hand to something
else, and at least could have bor-
rowed from his neighbors a better
dwelling from his pocket a bank

A Strange Story.

A Freak of the late Storm in Ohio

—It Disentombs a Skeleton—A
Soldier of the Revolution Im-
prisoned for 82 Years.

A correspondent writing to the
Piquette Democrat gives this startling
narrative:
I beg leaves to detail an incident
connected with the terrible hurricane
that passed over the Miami valley on
the evening of the "Glorious Fourth."
On the well known "old Anderson
farm," whose fertile acres extend
to the banks of the historic Miami,
stands, or rather stood, a fine oak
grove. A fortnight since the mag-
netic trees stood erect, and intact,
but now two-thirds of them arched
on the ground, hurled down by the
relentless fury of the last great
storm. Little did the storm demon
think when he set out upon his mis-
sion of destruction that he was dis-
tinct to rob a tree of a secret which
it has scrupulously kept for eighty-
two years.

Upon the morning subsequent to
the storm (Saturday) Mr. Rogers, in
company with a hired man, proposed
to inquire into the extent of the
damage inflicted upon his premises,
and the first objective point was the
ruined grove. The center tree of
the plot was a noble oak, the King
over its fellows, and a tree which had
stood the ravages of time, seemingly
unscathed, for several centuries.
This tree had been snapped and
felled by the storm. Upon exami-
ning the fallen trunk for the purpose
of ascertaining its worth as rail timber,
Mr. R. made a startling discovery.
This was nothing less than the fact
that the tree in falling had disorg-
ed a skeleton.

The bones were disconnected, yellow
with age, scattered over several
square feet of pasture. The skull
was almost intact; all the teeth save
two were still in their places, and
there was a scar on the left parietal
bone which looked like the memento
of some fierce cavalry charge. The
humorous of the right arm was shat-
tered, and save the three fingers just
mentioned, the skeleton when put
together was without blemish.

The tree in falling, I should have
mentioned, was rent asunder—a task
not difficult of accomplishment when
I refer to the fact that an examina-
tion found that at some remote date
the very heart of the oak had been
eaten by lightning. From a spot
twenty feet from the ground upward
to the first great fork a distance of
ten feet—a hollow extended, and
from this cavity the skeleton had
been hurled.

An old fashioned leather pocket or
memorandum book lay in a remark-
able state of preservation—which
doubt had been dropped into the rent
made by the lightning, and thus been
preserved while its master decayed.
A few brass buttons of old and unique
patterns were found near the memo-
randum, but it is with the latter we
have to deal. This old leather purse,
entirely moneyless, contained sundry
papers covered with rude penmanship,
quite difficult to trace as they were
written on the backs of army passes
and military consignments which dated
as far back as 1775.

Mr. Rogers conveyed the bones to
his house, and set about to read the
memorandum of the captive of the
tree. He read enough to learn that
the eyes that once shone in the now
empty sockets often looked upon
Washington in the heat of battle
and amid the snows of Valley Forge,
and the skeleton when covered with
flesh and muscle had struck many
salutary blows for our country.

The man's name as gathered from
the papers was Roger Vanderberg, a
native of Lancaster, Pa., and a cap-
tain in the revolutionary army. He
was an aid to Washington during the
retreat across the Jerseys, and served
a time in Arnold's headquarters at
West Point. In 1781 he marched
with St. Clair against the North-west-
ern Indians, and in the famous en-
counter of General on the Wabash,
November 3, of the year just written
he was wounded and captured. But
while being conveyed to the Indian
camp at Upper Piquette he effected his
escape, but found himself hard pressed
by his savage foes.

He saw the hollow in the oak, and
despite the mangled arm, and with
the aid of a beech that grew beside
the giant, he gained the heaven
and dropped therein. Then came a
terrible discovery. He had miscalcu-
lated the depth of the hollow, and
there was no escape. Oh, the story
told by the diary of the oak's despi-
ring prisoner! How, rather than sur-
render to the torture of the stake, he
chose death by starvation—how he
wrote his diary in the uncertain light
and the snow!

Here is one entry in the diary:
Nov 10.—Five days without food
when I sleep I dream of luscious
fruits and flowing streams. The
stars laugh at my misery.—It is
snowing now. I freeze while I starve
God, pity me!
Never was such a record of suffer-
ing traced by human hand before.
The entries cover a period of eleven
days, and in disjointed sentences is
told the story of St. Clair's defeat.
Mr. Rogers has written to Lancaster
to ascertain if any descendants of the
ill-fated Captain live; if so, they
shall have his bones.

Some people say that dark-haired
women marry first. We differ; it's
the light-headed ones.

A Parrot with a Wicked Tongue.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Last winter a Gratiot street saloon
keeper went to Cincinnati on a visit,
and while sojourning the town he came
across a saloon sporting the wicked-
est old parrot which ever learned to
speak the English language. Gratiot
street stood by and heard the
bird "rip and tear" for a straight
hour, and when he came home that
parrot came home with him. All the
way up here the purchase "went for"
brakemen and baggage men jipping
out oaths which Captain Kidd
couldn't have handled, and the fur-
ther north he came the more wicked
he grew. Reaching Detroit, his ex-
pression was hung up in his saloon, and
"Jack" has been there ever since, up
to Friday. It was a poor day when
he didn't learn some new cat or
slangy expression, and finally he be-
came so hot robbily that a hardened
villain could talk with him.

He was sold last Friday for \$20,
and his owner kept him about an
hour and then sent him as a present
to a minister's wife, who had been
attending to his family during sick-
ness. She was very grateful, having
often thought how nice it would be
to have a talking parrot around the
house. "Jack" seemed put out by
the change of owners, and he set on
his perch all Friday night and re-
fused to say a word. Saturday
morning the minister's wife started
for Pontiac, and she carried "Jack's"
cage into her husband's study that
neither night be luncheon. She
hadn't been gone about an hour, and
the good man was scribbling away
when all at once the parrot shouted;
"Hearts is trump!"

The good man gave a jump and
looked out of the window, thinking
that a couple of bad boys were play-
ing cards under his shade trees.
He could see no one, and supposing
that he was mistaken, he seated
himself and began to write again,
when the parrot shouted;
"Not any gin, thank ye!"

Horrid! the clergyman looked
around and he saw "Jack" trying to
wink at him. Half doubting if it
was the bird which had spoken, yet
determined to find out, he inquired:
"What?"
"Shut up, or I'll put a lead on
ye!" replied "Jack," lunging to the
cage with one claw and shaking his
feathers.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the
good man drawing nearer to the cage.
"Change names, they've got his name—
change names they've got his name—"
sang Jack, swinging furiously on
the stick.

"Vile bird, you shall go out of
here!" said the minister in an ex-
cited voice. "I would as soon harbor
a highwayman."
"Rouse mit him," cried Jack, and
then he chuckled and cackled as if
he was laughing heartily.

"It is a sin and a shame that men
have taught an innocent bird to use
such language," continued the good
man, as he picked up the cage.
"Hit him with a beer tumbler,"
replied the parrot, trying to fasten
his claws into the ministerial lap.
"Little did my wife dream what a
viper she was bringing into the
house," muttered the man. "I shall
hire some boy to carry you away."
"Send for the Black Maria," re-
plied the bird, and while he was being
carried out he continued, "Who stole
the wheelbarrow?"

The minister reached the stoop
and called to a boy who was play-
ing marbles on the grass:
"Here, bub," he said, as the boy
came up; "take this bird off some-
where and give him away, and I'll
give you two shillings."
"Oh, dry up now!" growled
"Jack," seeming to know that he
was about to change places again.
"Give him to any one who will
take him," continued the minister.
"I have received a shock which fairly
makes me tremble."
"Chuck him under the table!"
called the bird, as he went through
the gate, and when he was nearly
a block away he could be heard sing-
ing:
"We won't go home till morning—
Till daylight does appear."

A drover went in a restaurant on
Tenth avenue last night and ordered
a plate of chicken soup. After eat-
ing a few spoonfuls, he called the
waiter to him and said:
"Look here! what was the length
of the sticks used by the chicken when
it waded through the water on this
plate?"
"You infernal fool!" said the waiter.
"The chicken didn't wade at all!
It had wings and flew across the
kettle, and it's shadow fell on the
water and was boiled some, and
that's how that soup was made!"
The drover said no more, but fin-
ished his soup with a heavy heart,
and pocketed the spoon and went
away.

"What did you paint your fence
white for?" asked a man of his
neighbor, whose front fence had just
received a fresh coat of paint.
"That is not white—it is green,"
was the reply.
"Green! You must think me green,
can't I see!"
"I'll bet a dollar it's green."
"I'll do it."
"Isn't it green, and if it's green
isn't it green?"
The looper pulled the bet, and turn-
ed away to ponder on the absurdity
of our language.

A Feverish Joke.

One of Joe's latest jokes was played
off upon a stranger who came into the
city by the Jackson train during the
recent yellow fever scare. The car
had emptied out their cargo of pas-
sengers, and one greenish, country-
looking chap stood apart from the
crowd, with carpet bag in hand, evi-
dently at a loss as to what he should
do with himself. He had not stood
long before Joe "went for him."
"Five feet nine high; two feet eleven
across the breast; eighteen inches
around the straight in the face, not
cracking a smile and drawing from
his pocket a tape line with which he
was about to verify his estimate meas-
urement.

"What do you mean, sir?" eagerly
inquired the stranger.
"Why, it's all right," said Joe, pat-
ting the tape-line back in his pocket.
"You measure five feet nine by two
feet eleven by eighteen. I'll be
ready for you at nine o'clock in the
morning."
"What have you to do with my
measurement, sir? What are you
driving at, sir?" inquired the coun-
try man, excitedly and angrily.

"Why, you see," said Joe, "I'm
the city undertaker, and the yellow
fever is killing too many of us as
rapidly that I have to get my meas-
urements as they come into the city. If
I didn't you see, sir, the dead bodies
would accumulate on my hands."
At this unusual parol came over
the features of the countryman; his
whole body was in a quiver, and
turning to the baggage-master, he said:
"Look here, Mister, check my bag-
gage back up the road. I goes by the
next train."

How Semours Got a Durney.—Not
long since Spriggins had occasion to
stop in New Bedford, where the probi-
tory law is ostensibly enforced very
rigidly, or was when Spriggins stopped
there. Spriggins is a man who likes
his "right cap," and an "eye-opener,"
and a "drop" before dinner, and be-
tween these he can take an occasional
glass with a friend. In New Bedford,
before retiring, asked the landlord for
a glass of brandy. Spriggins was a stran-
ger—he might be a State constable—
and the landlord was horrified at the
audacity of his guest to ask for a glass
of brandy in the most city of Bedford!
He didn't keep the article—certainly
not.

But Spriggins did not believe his
old-fashioned had deceived him. He had
certainly smelled the critter very plain-
ly since entering the hotel. But he
held his peace, and took his lamp and
went his way to his chamber. Having
undressed and got into bed, he gave
the bell-ringer a succession of violent
gawks, which shortly brought the land-
lord, the clerk, and two porters to the
scene. Spriggins was in convulsions.
He was clasping his diaphragm with
both hands and groaning fearfully. In
answer to an inquiry as to what was
the matter he managed to gasp:
"Pain—O—D—Dying—Brandy—Brandy—O—O—O!"

A bottle of pure old Hennessy was
brought forth, and a tumbler half
full of the amber liquid was poured out
and extended. Spriggins took it and
sat up more easily. He smelled the
beverage, and the expression of agony
gave place to a gleaming satisfaction
intense and complete. He raised the
glass to his lips and drank. Then he
handed back the empty tumbler with a
genial, smiling—
"Thank you. Good night, gentlemen,
good night."

A young lady at Lafayette, Ind.,
sings all the popular songs while
fast asleep, and knows nothing about
it. Now, if she were to change her
tactics a little, and sing all the popu-
lar songs while her neighbors are
asleep, so they would know nothing
about it, we should consider her a
success as a singist.

A circuit court.—The longest way
home from the singing school.

Some People Say That Dark-haired

women marry first. We differ; it's
the light-headed ones.

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