E POST.

very Thursday Evening by
IAH CROUSE, Prop'r.

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The Post.

VOL. 12. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 11, 1875. NO. 11.

Advertising Rate.

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One-half column, one year,	10.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
Every additional insertion,	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 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 for persons ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

LIVELY CONVERSATION AT THE DOOR.

A Life Drama.

Scene, Corner of Sixth & Market Streets,

Time, One O'clock.

STRANGER—What's the price of that coat?

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—The price is on the ticket, sir, $10.50, in plain figures; same price to everybody.

STRANGER—Oh, pshaw; that's what they all say. You'll take off that 50.

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—No, sir; under no circumstances. If that 50 could be scratched the price would have been marked so at first. There is no second price. The figures are down to bottom rock. Should you buy $1,000 of us, nothing could be taken off. We have ONE PRICE to everybody and all are treated alike, whether they buy a single pair of working pants or three suits.

STRANGER—Isn't that pretty stiff?

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—Nothing stiff intended. Try us. See if we are not patient and obliging. Only we think it fairest for both parties to name at once the lowest price, and stick to it. Small buyers, on our rule, have as good a chance as large ones.

STRANGER—Well, suppose I purchase a garment and it don't fit?

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—Bring it back.

STRANGER—Yes, and perhaps get a worse one in exchange.

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—No, sir; get no worse one—get your money back.

STRANGER—Explain that. You mean, of course, if you can't fit me.

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—No, sir; we mean that if, within ten days, you bring back the garment unworn and uninjured, your money, cent for cent will be returned to you.

STRANGER—You mean simply, if I don't like the goods.

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—I mean if you don't like it, or your wife don't like it, or the weather changes, or you find goods somewhere else you like better, or you imagine you've been in any way misinformed, bring back the purchase and take back the purchase money. We give a signed guarantee to that effect.

STRANGER—Why, that's a new thing. What is it like?

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—'Tis a card signed by the firm, binding us in every way. Wait a minute, and I'll show you one.

[He reads over carefully the following Guarantee, which goes with every purchase at Oak Hall.]

We hereby guarantee:

1st. *That the prices of our goods shall be as low as the same quality of material and manufacture are sold anywhere in the United States.*

2d. *That the prices are precisely the same to everybody for same quality, on same day of purchase.*

3d. *That the quality of goods is as represented on printed labels.*

4th. *That the full amount of cash paid will be refunded, if customers find the articles unsatisfactory, and return them unworn and unsoiled within 10 days from date of purchase.*

[Signed,]

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

STRANGER—What is that remark about the quality of goods?

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—It means that the ACTUAL NAME and grade of the goods are printed on the price label attached to every garment in Oak Hall, and that no misrepresentation can be made.

STRANGER—Ah, this looks lovely, to be sure, if you only mean to stand up to it.

OAK HALL DOORKEEPER—We do, and shall stand firmly by these principles as our only rules of business. The people who don't believe it can prove us very easily if they choose.

STRANGER—Well, I'll try you once at any rate.

We think this was a sensible conclusion. Let the people inform themselves of what we are doing at OAK HALL to make excellent Clothing and Cheapen the Prices under our New Order of Business.

Our store is fuller than ever of Men's and Boys' Best Made Handsome Clothing, which, under our Ready-Money paid down One-Price Guarantee System, fixes our prices lower than the wholesale stores. This is a good time to visit the city, and the cost of the fare can be saved in getting Clothing at the Low Prices we are now selling our goods.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

ONE PRICE · CASH PAYMENTS · CASH RETURNED · FULL GUARANTEE · OUR MOTTO

OAK HALL,

The Largest Clothing House in America,

S. E. cor. of 6th & Market Sts.

PHILADELPHIA.

NEW STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS
at ISAAC BEAVER'S,

The subscriber would inform his friends and the citizens in Middleburg, and the surrounding country, that he has just returned and is now opening a large stock of all kinds of Cassimers, Jeans, Cot- **DRY GOODS,** such as Cloths, Kentucky tonades of every Style and quality, also

Ladies' Dress Goods, SILKS, ALL WOOL DELAINS, Merinos, Poplins, &c. &c, at all prices and very cheap. Hats and Caps,

Carpets, Floor, Table, & Stair Oil Cloth,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware, Tin & Glassware, Wood & Willowware,

Coffees, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Teas, of all kinds, and at Low Prices, Liquors of all kinds, FISH & SALT, Wholesale and Retail.

Coal, Coal, Coal. SHAMOKIN, WILKESBARRE, Superior Bituminous Coal for the country.

The Highest Market Price Paid for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, Dried Fruit, Potatoes, &c.

Also: Dealer in ALL KINDS of GRAIN & SEEDS, for which the Highest Price in CASH will be Paid.

Apr. 20, '74.] ISAAC BEAVER, Middleburg, Snyder Co. Pa

Middleburg Grain Market. Corrected Weekly by ISAAC BEAVER.

Wheat New,	90 to $1.00	Rye,	65cts.	Oats,	50cts
		Corn,	70 "		

DR. A. M. SMITH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sept, 73

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity.
[March 21, '07

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

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

UNION PLANING MILL!
SELINSGROVE, SNYDER CO., PA

Keely & Wagner
Lumber Dealers
AND MANUFACTURER OF
Doors, Door Boxes, Windows, Shutters Window Boxes, Blinds, Sash, Stair Fixings, Hand Railings, Brackets, Mouldings, Flooring, SCROLL SAWING & CABINET TURNING Shingles, Lath, &c., &c.

Orders solicited and filled with promptness and despatch. Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

HARDING & FERRIS,
Patent & General Claim Agency,
Washington, D. C.
Mr. Harding is well known through this section of the country as a thoroughly reliable man, and business entrusted to him will secure prompt attention. June 12, '73.

G. W. GRANELLO,
Justice of the Peace, & WATCHMAKER.
Market Street, Middleburg, Penna
Conveyancing in all its Branches, Attended to.
DEBTS & BILLS COLLECTED. REPAIRS CLOCKS, WATCHES and Jewelry, at Short Notice.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Watches For Sale.
May 8, '73.

THE SNUFF-COLORED SUIT.

I scarcely know how it happened, but a timber must have fell and struck me on the head.

The first thing that I realized after it was that I was strapped and still on something hard, and when I tried to move myself and speak, I found it impossible to do so. I concluded I must be in some very tight, dark place, for I could not see; in fact I soon learned that, though perfectly conscious, I could do nothing but hear. A door opened and footsteps approached; but I felt a cloth taken from my face, and a voice which I recognized as that of Mr. Jones—the father of my wife that was to be—said:

"He hasn't changed much," and his companion, whose voice I knew to be the village undertaker, Hopkins by name, lightly:

"Better-looking dead than alive. How does Jerusha feel about it? Take on much?"

"Oh, no; she had her eye on another fellow anyhow, and a better match, too, excepting the money part.—Though I had nothing against Ben, only he didn't know much, and was about the homeliest man I ever knew. Such a mouth! why it really seemed as though he was going to swallow knife, plate, and all, when he opened it at dinner."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again;" and then he proceeded to measure me for my coffin, for it seemed that I was dead. I had heard of undertakers who always whistled joyfully when they got a measure, but I never believed it before. But that man actually whistled a subdued dancing tune while he measured me, and it seemed to me that three or four jokelets were rolling down my back, to the music of his whistle.

His duty done, they covered my face again and left me to my own reflections, which were not particularly comforting, although I had often heard it remarked, that meditation was good for the soul, and this was the best chance I had ever had of trying it.

An hour must have passed when the door again opened, and two persons came whispering along where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell upon my ear.

"I dread to look at him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he must be frightful, dead."

I ground my teeth in indignation, [illegible] over my noble brow, and expressed a mouth; and how she had often declared that if I were taken away from her she would surely pine away and die.

One of them raised the cloth, and I knew they were looking at me. Bob was her second cousin, and I knew that he was that "other fellow," whom her father had mentioned.

"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying, 'Rusha," remarked Bob, meditatively.

"Well, to tell the truth," said my dear betrothed, "I don't care very much about it. If he should have lived I should have married him, because he was rich and father wanted me to; but I was getting about sick of my bargain, for I know I should always be ashamed of him. He looked so like a baboon."

"But you loved him," remarked Bob.

"No, I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago upon one who never returned my love;" and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily.

"They had covered my face by this time, and were standing a few steps from where I lay.

"About how long ago, 'Rusha?" asked Bob.

"A year, or such a matter," with another deep sigh, which ended in a fit of sneezing.

"About the time I went away," interrogated the cautious Bob, coughing a little.

"Well, yes, some'res near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I"—

"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith!" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now, see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time.

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gushing sort of way.

"My own Jerusha!" remarked Bob.

Then I heard a subdued rush, accompanied by violent lip explosions. I tried to kick, or grate my teeth, or do something to relieve my outraged feeling, but not a kick nor a grate could I raise. It was an awful fix to be in, but I had to stand it, or rather lay it, so I lay still and let 'em alone until they got tired of it, and then they went out, and I was again left to my own pleasant reflections.

Night came, and so did a lot of young fellows with their girls, to sit up with me and they had a jolly time of it, although it was against my principles to enjoy it on so solemn an occasion.

It seemed an age until morning, but it came at last and they went away. I heard them say that I was to be buried that at 2 o'clock, and I was beginning to feel decidedly shaky, when Jerusha and her mother came into the room and began arranging for the funeral.

"Pesha," said her mother, "here is that snuff-colored suit of poor Ben's; of course he will never have any more use for clothes so just put them away among your carpet rags—they will make a splendid stripe."

Now that particular suit of clothes was just the neatest one I ever owned, pantaloons, collars, wristbands, buttons, all just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so coolly of using them for strips in a rag carpet. They kept on talking as they swept, dusted and cleaned up the room.

"Ma," says he will take the Martin farm to work this year," said Jerusha cheerfully, "and I'm sure as we are married we shall get to housekeeping in that little cottage, right on the road. Now I must get my carpet done, just as soon as possible, for I want it in that nice little front room. These duds of Ben's will make out enough rags, I guess. His folks live so far away they will never inquire about his clothes. Now, if it wasn't for the looks of it, we would ask old Mother Smith about coloring yellow; she's sure to be here today."

I was getting very mad now, indeed. I felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone. Jerusha picked them up—I knew it, for I heard the buckles and buttons jingle—and made for the door. I tried to shake my fist and yell at her, but all in vain. I laid there outwardly as quiet as a lamb, inwardly boiling with wrath. It was too much; the deepest trance could not have held out against the loss of that suit. With a powerful effort I sprang up and screamed. Jerusha dropped my clothes and her mother, the duster, and both fled from the room and the house, never stopping until they reached Dr. Brown's, across the street with difficulty I managed to get my clothes. I had just got them fairly on, when Mrs. Jones and her daughter, followed by a numerous company of men, women and children, came peeping cautiously into the room. I eyed my beard and looked at them. Such a second looking crowd was enough to unnerve me, so I laughed; I knew it was quite useless, but I couldn't have helped it if they had chucked me in my coffin—which the undertaker was [illegible]

[illegible] I stood [illegible] down I went with a crash. Then the doctor ventured into the room, crying, rather shakingly:

"So you are not dead yet, Ben?"

"Well, no, not exactly," I replied, sorry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however.

"Yes," he said, rather absently, "bad, rather—that is—about?"

"Feeble! out of the snuff-colored clothes," I thought, as I looked at Jerusha.

"Go and speak with him," said her father in a stage whisper. "He's got the stamps, and you had better marry him after all."

They began to gather around me and congratulate me on my escape. I noticed that they cried a great deal more now than when I was dead. Jerusha came and hung around my neck, sniveling despicably. I gave her a not over gentle push and told her to wait next time until I was safely buried before she put her head on my old clothes.

"O, I am so glad!" she said sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said about the clothes—"that you are not dead, Benny dear. My heart seemed all withered and broken to see you lying all cold and white. I wept bitterly over your pale face my beloved."

"Yes," I replied, "I heard you an Bob talking on terribly. It was lucky die for me."

"Could you hear?" she gas replied.

"I rather think I could," replied.

She looked tow[ard] it was crowded [illegible] dive for the open win[dow] through it like a deer. [illegible] herself up in the smoke-h[ouse] and would not come out until after I had left the house.

Bob would not fill his promise of marrige with his cousin because she tried to make up with me again; so she is living a life of single blessedness.

While I am writing, my wife is cutting up my snuff-colored clothes to make a stripe in a new carpet for our front room.

It is estimated that there are at least 6,000 Catholic Indians in Washington territory

—Parents who send children to school should remember that too much studying often ends in the last five letters of the word.

—This very correct discovery was made by the Williamsport *Gazette*: "It is remarkable to see how exact a line a man can draw with his shovel, on a snowy morning, between his own premises and his next door neighbor's."

—A Mrs. Canfield of Bridgewater, Mass., has a daughter eight weeks old that weighs only two pounds and a quarter, its weight at birth being only one pound and a half. It is perfectly formed, but its mouth is so small that it has to be fed by means of special apparatus.

Poetry.

THE POPULAR CREED.

[illegible]

How to Conduct a Courtship.

Don't be too sudden about it. Many a girl has said "no" when she meant "yes," simply because her lover didn't choose the right time and pop the question gently.

Take a dark night for it. Have the lights closed, the curtains down and the fuses turned most out. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger into hers. When conversation begins to flag, as I then quietly remark:

"Susie, I want to ask you something."

She will edge around a little, reply "yes," and after a pause you can [illegible]

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you have I mean you must be aware that—that—"

Pause here for a while. Let her [illegible] a little and try to look [illegible] may cough and try to turn the subject by asking you how you liked the circus, but she only does it to embarrass you. After about ten minutes [illegible]

"You, Susie, the past year has been a very happy one to me. I hope that future years will be happier. Whether or not they will depends entirely upon you. I am here to-night to [illegible] that is to ask you—I mean I am here to-night to [illegible] from your own lips the one word—"

Wait again. If you don't take her [illegible] she has plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your head on your heart and continue:

"Yes, Susie, I thought as I was coming through the gate to-night how happy I had been, and I said to myself that if I only knew you would consent to be my—that—I said if I only knew—if I was only certain that my heart [illegible] and you w[ould] [illegible] Bob!

—The value of a French frank has been recently fixed by the United States Supreme Court at 19 cents 3 mills in United States Coin.

—We see it stated, and presume it is correct, that the Supreme Court of this State has decided that an express agent collecting money for whiskey marked "C. O. D." and sent into a local option county, is guilty of a violation of the local option law, as he is virtually acting as an agent for the sale of liquor.

To the Afflicted.—No matter under what form of sickness you labor, there is one great truth you should keep in mind: All disease originates in an impure condition of the blood. Purify that and the disease must depart; but you cannot purify the blood by the use of poisonous drugs, and exhaustive stimulants. The best Blood purifier ever discovered is Dr. Walker's famous Vinegar Bitters, compounded of simple herbs. Feb. 11 4w.

PETER COOPER'S LOCOMOTIVE.

The First Steam Engine Ever Run on American Tracks.

Peter Cooper, the venerable millionaire, was found recently sitting at a little desk in his private office at his residence. "I built and ran the first railroad," said he. He was in excellent spirits, and conversed as vivaciously as a man of half his age. "I was in Baltimore at the time, I owned three thousand acres of land in that city—the same property now owned by the Canton Company. I sold it to them. It cost me $105,000, but I don't doubt it is valued at $15,000,000 to-day. Well, as I was saying, the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was a horse railroad at that time—this was in 1829—and ran to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of thirteen miles from Baltimore. The road didn't pay, and the stockholders were beginning to get frightened. They refused to invest any more money in the road. I was afraid it would stop running. I went to the directors and asked them to hold on while until I could get a steam locomotive that I had an idea would do for the road. You see in that short road there were a good many curves—short curves—for it ran through a rough, rocky valley. The report had come from England that no engine could be built to turn a curve of less than 900 feet, and some of these curves were only 200 feet.

"Ross Winans, an engineer on the railroad—Ross is the man that made so many millions out of the Russians, building locomotives for them. Well, he gave me an idea of his, and I built the locomotive. It was a little thing, and weighed only a ton. Why, and Mr. Cooper laughed at the recollection. "The boiler was not as big as a barrel. But here," [illegible] you read what Mr. Latrobe says about it. He was counselor of the railroad, and I guess he is yet. He rode on the engine with me." Here read what he says."

While Mr. Cooper was speaking he had risen from his easy chair, and was examining several papers which he took from a desk in the corner, talking all the while. "Ah, here it is!" said he, unfolding a large print of chart and returned to his seat.—His aged hand trembled as he held out the sheet for the visitor's inspection. A rough wood cut of a primitive engine and car adorned the top of the sheet; beneath the piece was filled with extracts from a lecture delivered by Chevalier Latrobe. The [illegible] car [illegible] as large as a hand car, resting on four slight wheels and containing an upright boiler and smoke-stack, and six persons. Nothing else was visible except two upright bars meeting like the cheeks of an inverted V in the front of the engine. Mr. Cooper explained that this was the machinery, and the man standing by it was himself. All the people were low hats except Mr. Cooper himself, who [illegible] and he was distinguished by a silk beaver [illegible]. He [illegible] years since then and Mr. Latrobe was [illegible] years younger. "I had been a Common Councilman that year," said Mr. Cooper, "and I represented the Fourth ward, when it extended from the Bible House to Kingsbridge."

At Mr. Cooper's suggestion the writer bent over the printed matter which explained the engine and related its exploits. Mr. Cooper, it seems, invited the directors of the road, with a few others, to accompany him on his trial trip when the engine was completed. The party that accepted the invitation numbered about thirty-one. Thirty-six were conveyed [illegible]—a great carry-all wagon [illegible] car wheels—and the other [illegible] was Mr. Cooper on the engine. The machinery of the locomotive did not differ from that of the [illegible] which [illegible] boiler, [illegible] necessary [illegible] boiler driven by a [illegible] to one of the [illegible] of the trial [illegible] Mr. Cooper [illegible] boiler, [illegible] gone- [illegible] rated and the [illegible] of taken their places in the cars as pulled the [illegible] and the first locomotive engine [illegible] first trip. The ride is described as most [illegible] ing. Grad[illegible] the case, curves [illegible] were slowly taken up, and [illegible] ing up, and with every [illegible] rate of speed increased. [illegible] an hour at first, then twelve, thirteen, fifteen, and even eighteen miles an hour were made. It is recorded that the enthusiastic passengers with one accord produced their note-books, and demonstrated the possibility of writing even at this speed.

We are told how long it took to reach Ellicott's Mills, but the return trip was made in fifty seven minutes.

"Was the locomotive used upon the road afterwards?" the visitor asked when he had read the description referred to.

"I sold it to a man named Ward," said Mr. Cooper, "and he ran it during the summer, carrying pleasure parties to and fro. The next year three or four locomotives, each one an improvement on the other, were procured, and every year afterwards locomotives were built and used in different parts of the country."

"What was the nature of your apparatus for turning a short curve?"

"On the ends of the car axle, outside the wheels, there was a ring in which the axle rested and moved sufficiently in rounding a curve to turn at a good rate of speed. Now the wheels are beneath a car on which the engine rests. The car turns on a central bolt or pivot, you know."