

THE POST.  
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# The Post.

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and Assignee Notices, 2.50  
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All advertisements for a shorter pe-  
riod 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 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 unimpaired, 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 cheated in any way misinformed, bring back the purchase and take back the 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.]

**Wanamaker & Brown.**  
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,

## OAK HALL,

The Largest Clothing House in America.

S. E. cor. of 6th & Mar

PHILADELPHIA

### NEW STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS

at ISAAC BEAVER'S.

every Style and quality, also

Dress Goods, SILKS, ALL WOOL DELAINS, Hats and Caps,

Carpets, Floor, Table, & Stair Oil Cloth,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware, Tin & Glassware, Wood & Willow Ware,

Coal, Cops,

Highland Market Price, Paid for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE,

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

ISAAC BEAVER, Middleburg, Snyder Co. Pa.

Middleburg Grain Market. Corrected Weekly by ISAAC BEAVER.

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

A. M. SMITH.

D. R. J. Y. SHINDEL, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Middleburg Pa.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

### Poetry

#### THE STOLEN BOY.

Two pretty boys, of four and six,  
Were wont to play their little tricks  
From day to day beneath the shade  
Of many a quiet restful glade;  
Nor ever did they dream of harm,  
For every joy was there to charm,  
Nor had they ever known, as yet,  
How oft fond pleasure leaves regret.

As some full sunset, close concealed,  
Whose rays touch the blood congested,  
From out his noxious, secret lair,  
Steals close upon a happy pair,  
Whose nest, secluded all alone,  
Becomes to them a royal throne,  
With one fell swoop of poisoned fang,  
Changed to death's cry the song they sang.

So did these fends in human form  
Steal on their prey without alarm,  
And soon their hellish deed was done,  
Their prize secured, their victory won;  
And Charles Ross of but four years,  
Was swiftly borne away in tears,  
To some dark spot, no knowing where,  
But grief and agony are there.

His little playmate with surprise,  
With tears of grief yet in his eyes,  
Saw pieces borne the nest to bear,  
The news of sorrow and despair;  
From lip to lip it travels fast,  
Until the mother hears at last  
The bitter news, then breaks her heart,  
And all the world doth feel her smart.

Her boy whose eye was heaven's own blue  
Whose ruby lips were pure and true,  
Whose golden curls were netted beams  
Of glory such as come in dreams;  
Whose mother's voice and dimpled cheek,  
Forever only love could speak,  
Whose rounded form and cherub face,  
Would open the gate of heaven's grace.

#### "Music Hath Charms."

The following was related to me by one who was an eye-witness—an old man now, but with this scene as vividly fixed in his memory as though it had occurred only yesterday. In the year 1858, a man named Tappan moved, with his family, from New York to the remote Western country, said family consisting, he thought, of a wife and six children; was broken in spirit and children, he thought, needs a fresh air; so he accepted as a gift from his brother a large tract of land upon the edge of the wilderness, and settled thereon. Very soon enterprising people began to settle beyond him, and there came to be much travel past his door; and, as an act of humanity, he frequently entertained way-farers. As these calls upon his hospitality became more and more frequent, he enlarged his house to meet the requirements of a comfortable inn, and put up the usual innkeeper's sign.

Not long after this a party of young men, eight or ten in number, well mounted, were returning, by a roundabout way, from an electioneering expedition. They had stopped at every tavern on their route, and toward the middle of the afternoon they reined up before Tappan's door, pretty well under the influence of various kinds of fiery fluid, and having dismounted and secured their horses, they entered the house, and noisily demanded whisky.

Now it so happened that Mr. Tappan and his wife were both away, and only his daughters were in charge; and it also happened that the host, being a rigid and conscientious teetotaler, had never kept any spirituous liquors in the house. Of this fact the visitors were informed by the oldest daughter, a handsome, intelligent girl of eighteen. But the riotously-inclined invaders had no care just then for female beauty, nor were they moved by the fear and distrust of a become assured that they could have it, they resolved that they would cut down the sign before the door, and the leader so informed the young lady.

"You must do as you please, gentlemen," she said, shrinking, while her little sisters gathered around her for protection; "I cannot prevent you."  
"A tavern sign, and no whisky! Such a sign is a base fraud."  
"Aye—down with it!"  
"Where is your ax?"  
"You will find it somewhere by the wood-pile, sir."  
Three or four of the party made a rush for the wood-pile, cursing as they went, while the leader of the gang, a young man who would have been decidedly handsome if he had been himself, with others of his companions, took a notion to overhaul the house, insisting that there must be "a drop of something" somewhere. And we may here say that the whole party considered themselves gentlemen. They were well dressed, and respectfully connected.  
In a small, well-furnished apartment, apart from the guest's room, was found a pianoforte.  
"Hallo!" cried the leader, "who plays on this? Can you?"  
"It is mine, sir," answered the girl,

"And can you play?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Can you sing?"  
"I sing sometimes, sir."  
"Will you sing and play for us?"  
"With pleasure, sir."

She opened the piano, and sat down, and played and sang "The Maiden's Prayer." Her voice was clear, musical, and sweetly rich, and the accompaniment was played with rare skill and grace. The little sisters gathered in a semi-circle close around the instrument, and the heretofore riotous men—but riotous no more—drew near and nearer, upon the outside. Some of them had never heard a piano before, and not one of them had ever heard sweeter music. After a pause, at the conclusion of the piece, the leader spoke again, but in a stammering subdued tone.  
"Will you sing for us another song?"

And she played and sang that sweet song, "The Old Home."  
The men who had gone in search of the ax, hearing the music, had left the wood pile and entered the house. Other songs were sung, in several of which two of the younger sisters joined. The riotous spirits were all subdued, and half the party had wet cheeks. Their sympathies were aroused, their hearts opened, and the best part of their natures brought to the surface; and when they had taxed the fair songstress so far that they felt ashamed to tax her more, they thanked her heartily, and withdrew with much decorum as might have been exhibited had they been retiring from before the throne of a monarch.

A year after this event Mr. Tappan chanced to be in Jacksonville on business, where he was introduced to Philip St. Clair, a rising young lawyer of the place.

"Is this the Mr. Tappan who, one year ago, kept a public house on the Cloud Hill road?" asked St. Clair.  
"The same, sir."  
"And I, sir," pursued the lawyer, "was the leader of that party of riotous men who so shamefully frightened your daughters. I suppose they told you of the circumstance?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Well, Mr. Tappan, from that day I have not touched as a beverage any intoxicating drink. I would like to see your eldest daughter, and tell her of the blessing her sweet music bestowed upon me."  
Mr. Tappan knew St. Clair well by reputation, and cheerfully invited him to call on him at his residence.

St. Clair once more visited the way-side inn, the result of which was, that in less than another year the sweet songstress had become his wife.  
"My blessed angel," he said, clasping her to his bosom, when she was his own to cherish and protect, "never can I sufficiently thank Heaven for the providence that led me within your saving influence in that dark hour of my life."

### HOW IT WAS FOUND.

The First Discovery of Gold in California—An interesting Sketch.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin gives the following interesting story of the first discovery of gold in California, as told him by Mrs. Wimmer, who has in her possession the identical piece which caused such a revolution in the history of the Pacific coast:  
"We arrived here in November, 1846," said Mrs. Wimmer, "with a party of fourteen families, across the plains from Missouri. On arriving at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, we found Fremont in need of more men. My husband enlisted before we had got the oxen unyoked, and left me and our seven children at the fort in the care of Commissary Curtin. We drew our rations like common soldiers for four months. Captain Sutter arranged a room for us in the fort. As soon as Mr. Wimmer returned from Santa Clara, where he had been stationed during the winter, he joined three others and went over the mountains to what is now called Donner Lake, to fetch over the effects of the Donner family, after that terrible winter of suffering that you have heard about."

"In June, 1847, they loaded all our household plunder for Battle Creek, up on the Sacramento, to put up a saw mill, but they changed their plans and went to Coloma. Captain Sutter and J. W. Marshall were equal partners and were the head of the expedition. After seven days of travel, blazing trees, we arrived at sundown a mile above the town. Next morning Mr. Wimmer went out to select a site for the mill, and I a site for the house. He was to oversee the Indians, be a handy man about and I was to be cook. We had from fifteen to twenty men employed. We soon had a log house—a good log house—and a log heap to cook by."  
"They had been working on the mill-race, dam and mill about six months, when, one morning along the last days of December or the first week of January, 1847-48, after an absence of several days to the fort (that was our San Francisco in those days) Mr. Marshall took Mr. Wimmer and went down to see what had been done while he was away. The water was entirely shut off, and as they walked along examining the

rough muddy rock, lay something looking bright, like gold. They both saw it, but Mr. Marshall was the first to stoop to pick it up, and, as he looked at it, he doubted its being gold.

"Our little son Martin was along with them, and Mr. Marshall gave it to him to bring up to me. He came in a hurry and said: 'Here, mother, here's something Mr. Marshall and pa found, and they want you to put it into salaratus water to see if it will tarnish.' I said: 'This is gold, and I will throw it in my yo-kettle, which I have just tried with a feather, and if it is gold it will be gold when it comes out.' I finished off my soap that day and set it off to cool, and it stayed there till next morning. At the breakfast table one of the work-lads raised up his head from eating, and said: 'I heard something about gold being discovered, what about it?' Mr. Marshall told him to ask Jenny, and I told him it was in my soap-kettle. Mr. Marshall said it was there if it had not gone back to California."

"A plank was brought for me to lay my soap upon, and I cut it in chunks. At the bottom of the pot was a double-handful of potash, which I lifted in my two hands, and there was my gold as bright as it could be. Mr. Marshall still contended it was not gold, but whether he was afraid his men would leave him, or he really thought so I don't know. Mr. Wimmer remarked that it looked like gold, weighed heavy and would do to make money out of. The men promised not to leave till the mill was finished. Not being sure it was gold, Mr. Wimmer urged Mr. Marshall to go to the fort and have it tested. He did so, and George McKinstry, an assayer, pronounced it gold. Captain Sutter came right up with Mr. Marshall, and called all the Indians together, and agreed with them to certain boundaries that they claimed, and on the right of discovery demanded thirty per cent. of all gold taken out. They, in payment, were to give the Indians a certain number of handkerchiefs, pocket looking-glasses, shirts, beads and other trinkets."

"Mrs. Wimmer, will you be kind enough to tell me how you came in possession of this piece of gold?"  
"Yes; it was just this way. One day Mr. Marshall was packing up to go away. He had gathered together a good deal of dust on this 30 per cent. arrangement, and had it buried under the floor. In overhauling his things, he found the piece of gold. I will give you this piece of gold. I always intended to have a ring made from it for my mother, but I will give it to you. I took it and I have had it in possession from that day to this."

"You have not the exact date of the discovery of the gold?" I asked.  
"No, but it was somewhere about the holidays."

The piece of gold I must describe. Its value is between four and five dollars. It looks like (pardon the comparison) a piece of spruce gum just out of the mouth of a school girl except the color. It is rather flat full of indentations just as the teeth make in a piece of nice gum. There are one or two rough points on the edge, which, with a little stretch of the imagination, gives the appearance of a man's head with a helmet on; then, turn it another way, and, as Mrs. Wimmer said, "it looks like some kind of a varmint or other." It can be easily identified by any one who has ever seen it before.

TEXAS SPORTS—Sportsman find an agreeable abiding place in Texas. On the prairies almost every kind of wild animal is found. In the Northwest are the wild horse or mustang and the fierce buffalo. The deer and the antelope, the moose and the mountain goat are plentiful not to mention the jaguars, the panthers, wild-cats, black bears, coonets, wolves and foxes, and smaller game as peccaries, opossums, raccoons, hards, rabbits and squirrels. A special feature of wild life is the prairie dog or mormet, dwelling in holes burrowed in the ground. Their numbers are so great that the traveler may sometime journey for days together without losing sight of them. The feathered tribe are also abundant, including birds of prey and birds of sport. There is the bald headed eagle and the Mexican eagle, vultures, owls, hawks, wild turkeys, wild geese, prairie hens, canvas-back and other ducks, teal, brandt, pheasant, quails, grouse, woodcocks, pigeons, partridges, snipes, plovers, red birds and doves. By the waters are also found the crane, the swan the pelican, the water turkey and the kingfisher.

Half the friendships in the world are swept away by the lack of self-command on the part of their recipients. Two gentlemen who had been friends for years, were hurried by the heat of argument into contention. The one uttered an unguarded and irritating expression, which the other instantly resented. A duel took place. One fell a victim to this Gothic custom. Society was deprived of a valuable member, and her helpless children were left to reap the fatal consequences of one rash word. Two young ladies had been for many years inseparable companions. A little altercation took place, which terminated one of them, a girl of affectionate but hasty temper, to call her friend an approbrious name. A quarrel was the consequence. One was rash, the

### Not a Happy Couple.

The Detroit Press says: A short time ago a man about sixty five years of age came up stairs into the local room of this paper and inquired:

"Is this where the legislature is?"  
"No, sir," replied the reporter; the legislature is in session at Lansing."  
"Way off there, eh?" continued the man, as he sat down, laid his cane across the table, and took off his mittens.  
"Yes," trains run twice a day. Pretty good crowd out there by this time."  
"I don't care about the crowd," said the old man, "I want a law—a new law."  
"Eh?"  
"Yes, sir, I want a new law—something to protect old men like me."  
"What's the matter—how do you want to be protected?"  
"My name's Horner," replied the man, as he slowly fumbled inside his coat. "My name's Horner, and I'm an old fool! What do you think I did three months ago? Went and married a girl nineteen years old, and red-headed at that! You went and decided her a farm, and gin her six hundred dollars cash, and married her!"

"And you do not live happy?"  
"Happy! Young man, let me show you something—here, look at that!"  
And he unrolled a piece of brown paper and displayed a handful of gray hairs, some of which were blood-stained.

"Pulled right out of my scalp only three days ago!" he went on. "And see this ere leg!"  
He pulled his pants, and exhibited a black and blue spot just above the shin.  
"Struck there with a flatiron!" he explained; "meant to hit me in the chest and kill me to once, but I dodged. And see here!"  
He opened his coat and vest, and revealed the fact that he had no shirt on, and consequently nothing on which to button a collar.

"Took it off me two weeks ago!" he whispered, "and she burned up my other one. I've bin around this way for a fortnight, almost dying by inches!"  
"Well, she must be a regular wild-cat," said the reporter.  
"Young man, if I want to sit here and tell you how that woman conducted herself, you'd have to hold her back down!" exclaimed the old man, striking his leg. "No one knows how she's heated flatirons at me, hit me with pills, thrown water over me in bed, pulled hair, jawed around, and brought my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Why, what do you think she called me this morning?"  
"A condrango, perhaps."  
"Wuss'n that, boy—lar, far wuss'n; she called me an Appollo!"  
"Possible!"  
"Yes, she did! Think of that, will ye—think of a man of my age, who has always paid his debts and been honest, been set down with prates!"  
"It's bad!" sighed the reporter, as a long pause ensued.

"It's awful—the awfullest kind of awful!" replied Horner. "I've got to stand it, but I want a law to protect other old men. I want a law to forbid any man over sixty from marrying a girl who isn't over twenty."  
"That might be a wise law."  
"I can't go to Lansing," he went on, "but you kin help me. Put it in your paper—get up an excitement about it. Will you do this? Look at me, boy—look me all over! See how I've suffered! See how hot my head is!"  
"I'll write to him! Write to him five times a day! I'll goin' him to meet her, and I'll be pointed around and sass'd and jested, but if I know you're gettin' a law through I'll go to the grave fadin' good!"  
And he put on his mittens, took his cane and was gone.

### Rule Yourself.

Half the friendships in the world are swept away by the lack of self-command on the part of their recipients. Two gentlemen who had been friends for years, were hurried by the heat of argument into contention. The one uttered an unguarded and irritating expression, which the other instantly resented. A duel took place. One fell a victim to this Gothic custom. Society was deprived of a valuable member, and her helpless children were left to reap the fatal consequences of one rash word. Two young ladies had been for many years inseparable companions. A little altercation took place, which terminated one of them, a girl of affectionate but hasty temper, to call her friend an approbrious name. A quarrel was the consequence. One was rash, the

Black' bluejay  
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Watches For Sale.