

Published Thursday Evening by JEREMIAH GROUSE, Prop'r. Terms of Subscription. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

The Post. VOL. 3. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., APRIL 29, 1875. NO. 3.

Table with advertising rates: One column one year, \$30.00; One-half column, one year, \$20.00; etc.

VINEGAR BITTERS advertisement. PURELY VEGETABLE. FREE FROM ALCOHOL. PREPARED BY DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.

Poetry. LITTLE JACK FROST. A RHYME FOR FLOSSY. Little Jack Frost went up the hill, Watching the stars so cold and chill.

Somebody saw him still he was there, Nose biting, prank playing, every where! All through the houses, out in the street, Copying wildly through storm and sleet.

Select Tale. A SMALL MARTYR. BY MRS. A. M. FREEMAN. It was almost impossible to tell the material of which Tommy's pants were originally made.

out with a party of friends, it went on to two nights, then more than this; from laughing pleasantly at his wife's gentle remonstrances, it came to rough words spoken unkindly; from one business loss through growing incapacity, it came down to utter failure—total ruin.

He was too remorseless in this the first hour of his grief to think of Tommy's child, but the thought came to him at last. He was not entirely alone; he had a little girl to care for. The boy, with his mother's dark grey eyes, was looking wistfully up to him.

For a little time he kept sober, but there came a night when Tommy wanted his coming in vain. The old life had not faded from the boy's mind. When he heard his step, he covered down in silence.

The spring came on, with its warm rains, and the snow had melted on the mountains and the uplands, and had filled the great river to overflowing. The people were talking in the streets of the great embanking; of the fearful consequences should the levee break away.

Tommy's father had come staggering home at twelve o'clock, and, too much intoxicated to address, he had laid down in his clothes. It was raining fearfully, but above the noise could be heard the mad roar of the river; as it dashed, onward, past the alarmed city.

"Oh, father!" he cries, "the isn't fit to go! I've done my best! I've tried to save him—to make him better—to make him good enough to come with me to you, up there; I but he will not listen! Give him a little longer time. Oh, father, waken it! almost too late!"

ing out to him through the terrible gloom that had settled swiftly over him; he seemed to him. Let us hope that the child's death had not been in vain, for he for whom he died has turned his feet away from the road along which destruction marks the way, and his old haunts, where death still lurks know him no more. Heaven help him to become worthy of poor little Tommy, the martyr.

A New Style of Kindling Wood. On Monday he signified that he would like to settle his account. The bill was made out and handed him. He glanced down the items. As he advanced along the column his face began to work.

"Back! back from the river, for your lives back! the levee is giving away!" "White faces, Tommy hears this, and tugs with all his might at the drunken man sleeping so near death's door. "Oh, father!" he cries; "waken! waken!"

"What!" he says, "the isn't fit to go! I've done my best! I've tried to save him—to make him better—to make him good enough to come with me to you, up there; I but he will not listen! Give him a little longer time. Oh, father, waken it! almost too late!"

LOOK HERE! READ This! C. C. Seebold, MIDDLEBURG, PA. HAS OPENED A STORE OF HOME MADE WOOLEN GOODS.

JEANS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS, STOCKING-YARN, HATS FOR MEN & BOYS, CARPET CHAIN. ALL KINDS & COLORS, CARPET FILLING. CARPETS WOVE AT SHORT NOTICE & REDUCED PRICES.

WALCOTT'S Catarrh Annihilator. Stops pain instantly; subdues inflammation, heals sore-throats, and all ulceration. It will not stain, smart or burn the skin.

WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. Stops pain instantly; subdues inflammation, heals sore-throats, and all ulceration. It will not stain, smart or burn the skin.

Dr. R. L. Walcott 181 Chatham Square New York. For Catarrh, acid in the head, weak nerves, Paralysis, satisfaction given or money returned.

A Terrible Tale of Suffering. The ten men who have been bro't to Baltimore from the schooner Geo. S. Fogg, off the coast of New Foundland, tell a sad story of suffering.

The ten men who have been bro't to Baltimore from the schooner Geo. S. Fogg, off the coast of New Foundland, tell a sad story of suffering. They and those who perished with them had comprised nearly the entire able-bodied male population of the little town of St. Mary's. The ice had been firm all the water, and some of the villagers had gone out upon it frequently to hunt sea-birds.

When morning dawned seven corpses were counted at intervals upon the ice, and the remainder none could tell who was to be the next victim. A field of ice, twenty feet square, floated near the brink of the ice in the open water, upon which five of them got, hoping that it would float toward the shore, and they could thus save themselves.