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The Post.

VOL. 13. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., MAY 6, 1875. NO. 4.

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not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator
and Assignee Notices, 250
Editorial notices per line, 15
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.

S. ALLEMAN & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
All professional business and collecting
entrusted to their care will be promptly
attended to. Can be consulted in English
German. Office, Market Square.

SAMUEL H. ORWIG,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE, 111 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

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

L. N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW &
District Attorney,
Middleburg, Snyder County Penna.
Office a few doors West of the Court
House on Main street. Consultation in
English and German languages. Sep-67.

WM. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other Professional
business entrusted to his care will re-
ceive prompt attention.

J. P. CROMMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. [Jan 8, 67]

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

HARDING & FERRIS,
Patent & General Claim
Agency,
Washington, D. C.
Mr. Harding is well known through the
country as a thoroughly reliable man,
and business entrusted to him will receive
prompt attention. [June 12, '72]

J. M. LINN, A. R. DILL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
Offer their professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to their care
will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, 67]

F. J. R. ZELLER,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW
Centerville, Snyder County, Penna.
All business entrusted to his care will
be well and promptly attended to. Will re-
spond to the several courts of Snyder and adjoining
counties. Can be consulted in the English or
German language. Oct. 3, '72

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to his care will
receive prompt attention. Office two doors
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '67]

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 Wall's
Smith & Co's Store 8 49y

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the
public. All legal business entrusted to his
care will receive prompt attention. Office
two doors above the New Lutheran Church,
July, 4th '72

B. T. PARKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW &
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.
See in Court House, [Sept. 15, '67]

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Freeburg Pa.
Offers his Professional service to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. Jan 17, '67

A. C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sellinggrove Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
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will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 17, '67]

GEORGE A. BOTDORF,
Attorney-at-Law,
ALMATIA, Northumberland Co., Pa.
Practices in the several courts of North &
Snyder Counties. All business entrusted to his
care will receive prompt attention. Can be con-
sulted in the English & German languages.
Mar. 6 '74.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the
public. 6-884f

DR. A. M. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [Sept. 73]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Adamsburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]



Dr. J. Walker's California Vin-
egar Bitters are a purely Vegetable
preparation, made chiefly from the na-
tive herbs found on the lower ranges of
the Sierra Nevada mountains of Califor-
nia, the medicinal properties of which
are extracted therefrom without the use
of Alcohol. The question is almost
daily asked, "What is the cause of the
unparalleled success of VINEGAR BIT-
TERS?" Our answer is, that they remove
the cause of disease, and the patient re-
covers his health. They are the great
blood purifier and a life-giving principle,
a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of
the system. Never before in the
history of the world has a medicine been
compounded possessing the remarkable
qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the
sick of every disease man is heir to. They
are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic,
relieving Congestion or Inflammation of
the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious
Diseases.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S
VINEGAR BITTERS are Astringent, Diaphoretic,
Carmine, Nutritive, Laxative, Diuretic,
Sedative, Counter Irritant, Stomachic, Altera-
tive, and Anti-Bilious.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Chemists, San Francisco, California,
and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

LOOK
HERE!

READ

THIS!

C. C. Seebold,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.

HAS OPENED A STORE OF

HOME MADE
WOOLEN GOODS.

CASIMERS,
SATINETS,
JEANS,
FLANNELS,

BLANKETS STOCKING-YARN,
HATS For MEN & BOYS

CARPET CHAIN
ALL KINDS & COLORS,
CARPET FILLING

CARPETS WOVE AT SHORT NOTICE &
DEDUCED PRICES.

We sell in a short time overseas the country
and pay cash or exchange goods for Wool.

All are invited to come and see my goods and
be convinced that I sell them at greatly reduced
prices.

All my goods is manufactured at the "White
Star Mills, Union Co. Pa. Mar 11, '75

Dr. R. L. Walcott 181 Chatham Square
New York

WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

Stops pain instantly; subdues inflammation,
heals old sores—burns, and all ulcerations.
It will not stain smart or burn the skin.

WALCOTT'S
Catarrh Annihilator.

For Catarrh, cold in the head, weak nerves, Pa-
ralysis, satisfaction given or money returned.

Both Remedies Sold by My Travelling
Agent, Wholesale and Retail.

The trial is granted. Tested free of charge at
the Snyder County Agency. Township rights
will be returned on liberal terms, in Snyder and
Northumberland counties, by the undersigned.

All orders will be promptly filled by address-
ing
R. L. WALCOTT, Chemist, 181
Chatham Square, New York, N. Y.
[Mar 27, '74]

Poetry.

What I Live For.

Live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too!
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright home left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory;
And follow in the wake!
Heroes, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to halt that season,
By grief's mind forestall,
When men shall live by reason
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
Twixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live to those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too!
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Select Tale.

A QUIET BEDFELLOW.

BY JUNIE CLARK.

I don't think the trains on the Ba-
lamport and Hinnomdale railroad
ever did make connection at Skimp-
town. Some said the secret was that
old Tidesit, the president of the
road, conspired with himself as keep-
er of the Scentprog House, to add to
the revenues of the latter by stopping
travelers on the highway.

So that as it may, I made it a rule,
when I had occasion to go by that
line, to make allowance for several
hours' detention at Skimpstown.—
Hence I was not surprised one night,
on reaching that impassable point,
at hearing the conductor call out:
"Ten minutes late!—no up train
fill four in the morning!"

Old Tidesit's ugly eyes, that look-
ed like a pair of faded dogwood bloss-
oms, they showed so much of their
bleary whites, twinkled with pleasure
as he witnessed the rush of grumbling
passengers, each anxious to secure
the least wretched of the Scentprog's
wretched quarters.

"Must double you up to night,
gents," said old Tite. "Down train
missed connection, too; so, you see,
we're pretty crowded.

And the older sinner went on taking
in money with both hands, and turn-
ing over his hapless guests to be
stowed away, two and two, like the
unclean beasts in the Bible.

"Can put you with nice elderly
gent—single room with double bed,"
said Tite, as I crowded forward and
laid down the required sum. "You're
lucky, too—only vacancy left—rest'll
have to rough it on the floor. El-
derly gent came on down train. Put
young gent with him, but lucky for
you, young gent got up after an
hour or so, and left by private con-
veyance.

With a grunt, not exactly of satis-
faction, I followed a ragged boy and
an inch of candle to an apartment at
the door of which the boy tapped.

No answer coming, my conductor
opened the door and left me to enter,
handing me the bit of candle by way
of *loquy of salin*.

The "elderly gent" lay at the back
of the bed, with his face to the wall,
evidently sound asleep. Not wish-
ing to disturb him, I hurried off my
clothes, blew out the light and lay
down quietly.

I had never been partial to bed-
fellows. Two-thirds of those with
whom it had been my fortune to sus-
tain that relation either snored or
kicked. The "elderly gent" did
neither. He lay as still as a mouse;
and I thanked my stars and old Tite
for the luck I was in.

And here I may as well inform the
reader that I was on my way to be
married! It will enable him to ap-
preciate how much obliged I felt to
the old gentleman for not disturbing
my reflections. I went over to my-
self the marriage service—recalled
what the minister would have to say,
and my own and Margie's parts re-
spectively. How I chuckled over
the place where the word "obey"
comes in, and thought how pointing
ly the little vixen would say it.

After several false starts, I fell
asleep at last, just sound enough to
be that of the happiest of earthly states
—that of dreamy half-consciousness.

A plague on the diabolical voice
that recalled me to waking, yawning
reality!
"Passengers for the four o'clock
train!"

"I started like a guilty thing upon
a fearful summons." One's first im-
pression, under such circumstances,
always is, that he is ten minutes too
late; his second, that unless he
makes haste, he will be.
I would have called my bedfellow,
but I knew he was to go by the
down train, which didn't leave till an
hour later. And it would have been
a sin to torment him before his time.
He still lay with his face to the wall,
as quiet as when I had taken my
place beside him. Apparently he had

THE DARK DAY IN 1780.

BY D. T. TAYLOR.

On the 19th of May, 1780, the in-
habitants of New England and the
adjacent parts were the trembling
witnesses of a phenomenon never
seen before or since, and which to
this day remains unexplained. The
year was celebrated for its numerous
auroral exhibitions in this latitude.
They covered the midnight heavens
with conflagrations of red and silver,
and streamed out, like lightning,
seeming says one writer, fairly to
flash warmth in the face. The winter
proceeding was marked by extraordi-
nary severity. Snow lay on the
ground from the middle of Novem-
ber to the middle of April. In De-
cember and January a storm con-
tinued for seven successive days, and
the snow fell to a depth of four feet
on a level in this single storm, and
with drifts eight and ten feet high.
Sheep were buried in the drifts for
many days, and even men and animals
perished with the cold. Long
Island Sound was crossed by heavy
artillery on the ice. Narragansett
Bay froze over so hard that men
traversed the ice from Providence to
Newport in skating parties, and from
Fall River to Newport loads of wood
were conveyed on the ice through
Bristol ferry.

Previous to the 19th a vapor filled
the air for several days. There was a
smell of sulphur. The morning of
the 19th was overcast with some
clouds, and rain fell over the country,
with lightning and thunder. Scarcely
any motion was in the air, when
wind there came from the south-
west. By nine o'clock in the fore-
noon, without previous warning, the
darkness stole gradually on, with a
luminous appearance near the horizon
as if the obscuring cloud had draped
down from overhead. There was
a yellowness of the atmosphere
that made clear silver assume a grass
green hue. Then a dense undefin-
able vapor settled rapidly and with
aerial movement over all the land
and ocean from Pennsylvania to the
Gulf of St. Lawrence, the darkness it
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sunlight was effectually shut out.—
Ordinary clouds it was not. The
rapidity with which so large an ex-
tent of country was enveloped pre-
cludes the possibility of supposing
that there had been a natural cloud
moving laterally. Besides this, the
day was too calm to imagine such a
thing. Down came the darkness
thicker and thicker. By ten o'clock
the air was as lead with a thick gloom.
The heavens were tinged with a yellow-
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increased, few, if any, ordinary clouds
were visible. The sun, in disappear-
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brassy color spread everywhere, a-
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the color of the sky, and all out-
doors wore a sickly, weird and mel-
ancholy aspect,—a dusky appearance
as if seen through a smoky glass.
By eleven o'clock it was as night it
self, and from this time until three
in the afternoon the darkness was
extraordinary and frightful.

The extent of the darkness was
greater than is related of any other
similar phenomenon on record, not
excepting the celebrated dark days
over Egypt and Judah. It reached
south to the northern half of Penn-
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Maine, eastward to the Gulf of St.
Lawrence, and out at sea 120 miles
southwest of Boston, and undoubt-
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Hudson river, and north into un-
defined regions in Canada. Port-
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West Point and Albany were effect-
ed by it. But the degrees of dark-
ness differed in different places the
deepest night setting over New
England. A tract of land at sea 800
miles in length and 400 miles in
breadth, embracing an area of 320,
000 square miles, was known to be
covered by the cloud, and so far as
can be ascertained a population of
700,000 souls sat for a portion of the
day and night in a gloom more or
less profound and inexplicable.

Just how dark the day was is at-
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the evening repast. The keenest
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any ordinary fog was the effect that
stages on the road either put up at
the nearest hotel during the mid day
hours or carried candles or lanterns
to enable the perplexed driver to
well see his way.

And the brute and feathered crea-
tion seemed puzzled and agitated.
The birds ceased to fly, and hid
themselves in the branches of the
trees. As the darkness increased they
sang their evening songs as they do
at twilight, and then became silent.
Pigeons on the wing took to the
shelter of the forest as they do at
night. The whippoorwill, as if it
were truly night, cheerfully sang his
song through the gloomy hours.
Woodcocks, which are night birds,

not stirred since.

I lit the remains of the bit of can-
dle, dressed hurriedly, opened and
closed the door softly, and went
down stairs.

I found myself in the midst of a
shivering crowd, called as I had been,
half an hour too soon, and exhorting
the night they had passed. It was
plain that few of them had found
companions as inoffensive as mine
had been.

The up-train came, and we scram-
bled on board, glad, at last, to be able
to shake the dust of Skimpstown from
our feet.

"Fifteen minutes for breakfast!"
shouted the conductor, as we stop-
ped at a place that ought to have
been called Mugby.

I got out, and was in woful con-
templation of a morsel of some in-
digestible substance misnamed breakfast,
which had been set before me, when
some one tapped me on the shoulder.

"Take it away!" I said supposing
I addressed the waiter.

"You must come with me," said
the man, in a tone of authority.

I gave him an indignant look.
Such liberties were unbearable.

"You are my prisoner," he added.
"Your prisoner?"

"Yes—my prisoner. I have been
telegraphed to arrest you."
"On what charge?" I asked, ris-
ing.

"Robbery and murder," was the
answer.

I can hardly tell whether I was
more amazed or amused.

"Whether a joke or mistake," I
said, "your conduct is all the same,
stupid."

"It will be all the same lucky for
you," the man replied, "if it turns out
either joke or mistake. The man
you slept with last night was found
dead in his bed this morning. There
are marks on his throat indicating
that he was strangled, and his money
and effects are missing."

I protested my innocence, offered
to be searched, recounted the occur-
rences of the night; but nobody
took my part. The train went on,
and I was detained and taken back
on the next one down.

Skimpstown was in a ferment. As I
was marched through the streets to
the magistrate's office, more than one
excited citizen suggested that my
case was one demanding the applica-
tion of that rule of the higher law
which prescribes hanging first and
trying afterward.

Old Tidesit deposed to my having
been put to sleep with the "elderly
gent," and to his being found dead
in the morning. He had further ob-
served that the deceased had a
watch and a considerable sum of
money, both of which were missing.
While a half-dozed doctor gave it as
his opinion, from certain discolora-
tions about the neck, that the man
had been choked to death.

True, nothing belonging to the de-
ceased was found upon me. I re-
counted my own version of the facts,
calling attention to the circumstance
that another person had shared the
dead man's apartment before me, and
had left suspiciously. I begged for
a brief delay till an experienced phy-
sician, then engaged, as I understood
in making a *post mortem* examina-
tion, should be ready to report. But
my words made no impression. The
magistrate deemed the case complete,
and my full commitment was on the
point of being made out.

I was nearly frantic at the thought
that another hour's detention would
prevent the keeping of my wedding
engagement; and what would Margie
think when she learned the cause?
"Stop a moment," interrupted a
stranger, entering in company with
another whom he held by the arm.

"This man," he continued, "is a no-
ticed thief, whom it has been by busi-
ness, for some time past, to shadow."
I came down here with him last
night; and when after stopping an
hour or two, he started my private
conveyance to catch the train as it
came up, I kept myself informed of
his plans, and knew exactly at what
point I should meet him again.

When I saw this gentleman arrest-
ed this morning, and heard the cir-
cumstances, I immediately suspected
who was the real culprit; and when
my man here got aboard at the next
station above, I arrested him at
once, and found in his possession this
watch and packet of money."
Engraved on the watch was the
dead man's name.

"I confess to the robbery," whined
the other prisoner, "but the man was
dead when I committed it. He died
in a fit just as we laid down together,
and the opportunity tempted me to
take his watch and money."

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Woodcocks, which are night birds,

whistled as they only do in the night
time. Bats came out of their hiding
places and flew about. The fowls
marched solemnly to their roosts as
they do only at nightfall, and after
cackling a while over the mystery of
so short a day, became still. Cocks
crowed as is their custom at nightly
intervals and the early breaking of
the day. Frogs piped their evening
concert, and dogs whined or howled
and ran away as on the approach of
an earthquake. The herds of cattle
on New England's thousand hills,
sought the shelter of the shed or
barnyard, lowing as they came to
the gate, and sheep huddled around
the circle with their heads inward—
the invariable token of apprehended
danger.

On the human family the effect
was still more curious and terrifying.
The mechanic left his tools in the
shop, the farmer his plow in the far-
row, and each moved in silent and
marveling mood toward the barn or
dovetail. On the threshold they
were met by pale and anxious women,
who tremblingly inquired, "What is
coming?" The alarmed traveler,
seeking the sympathy of his fellow-
men as one impressed with a sense
of impending peril, put up at the
nearest house, and mingled his anx-
ious questionings and forebodings with
those of the family. Strong men
met and spoke, with surprise at
their countenances, and little child-
ren peered timidly into the deepening
gloom and then sought the shel-
tering parental arms. School-boys
in affright and the wandering pup-
ils scurried homeward with many
expressions of childish fear. The
inevitable candle shone out of the
windows of all dwellings—every
countenance gathered blackness—all
hearts were filled with an approach-
ing unparalleled storm, or the occur-
rence of a terrestrial convulsion; but
it was not the blackness of the storm-
cloud, such as sometimes, with
frigid agitation, breaks over a sin-
gle city; it was the silent spreading
of the pall cloth over the earth by
strong, invisible hands. Many anec-
dotes of terror are related. In Bos-
ton, from the hours of 11 or 1 till 3
o'clock, business was generally sus-
pended and shops closed. At Bos-
ton, a court was in session in a most
imposing hall of large windows