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The



Post.

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Between two evils choose neither. The end of everything—the letter g. Can you spell consent in three letters? Down South the people are feasting on blackberries.

Postmaster General Jewell is playing havoc with dishonest mail contractors. Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.

John Bures is awaiting trial in Pittsburgh on a charge of stealing a locomotive. The importation of potatoes into Porto Rico has been prohibited on account of the potato bug.

In Kansas the farmers plant and Heaven waters, but the grasshoppers reap the harvest. The talk of turning Jay Cooke's palatial residence near Philadelphia into a female college.

Don't imagine that you were born to reform the world. You can't split a mountain with a toothpick. A baby who was held in Memphis, Tenn., and the prize \$50, is to be awarded to the homeless baby.

The Poor Directors of York county have a seven dollar suit on hand for furnishing papers with cigars. Among the shipments from Indianapolis to New York, one day recently, was a car load of old boots and shoes.

What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? The belle carries false locks, and the burglar false keys. In one part of Norway the longest day is three months. What a splendid chance for a lay man to start a daily paper.

About 100,000 Spanish troops have been sent to Cuba in the last six years, and most of them are now in the grave. At a Kingston spelling match a modest chap sat down rather than spell "tankie" before so many ladies.

The biggest lumber raft ever seen on the Mississippi river was towed down the river. It comprised over a million feet.

Poetry.

The Infidel and His Daughter, The damps of death are coming fast, My father's eye my brow;

In thine? I've watched the scornful smile And heard thy withering tone, Whom or the Christian's humble lips

Or, is it my mother's faith? How fondly do I trace, Through many a weary long year past,

My father, shall I look above, And from its burning page, And from its burning page,

The crown upon that warrior brow Passed like a cloud away, And tears coursed down the rugged cheek,

My father, shall I look above, And from its burning page, And from its burning page,

The ring of the door bell has a pleasant sound to me, more particularly in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is coming.

Returning home one day earlier than usual, I found that my wife had gone out and while idly waiting her return the door-bell rang. I waited expectant until Mary appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, George L., to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, and to bring my wife with me.

For the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; consequently I was fretful and peevish, and Alice seemed to reflect my humor, for she never seemed to be so unamiable. At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely day; and as I rode along, noting the beauties of the landscape, my memory went back unbidden to the time when I wooed and won my bride.

How lovely Alice was then! But that was long ago. Now it is possible, we have been married only three years. And I felt a sharp pang, as I contrasted the past with the present. I think that we could settle into the common-place life we lead.

I had no serious trouble, I did not quarrel, though when I felt cross, or things did not suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, and sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. Still, the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished. I had become careless about my personal appearance at home and Alice was almost equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually brushed plainly behind her ears, unless she was going out or expected company.

I dismissed the subject with a sigh as I drew up at my friend's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact; for how could romance and sentiment find a place among so many prosy realities? I suppose we were as happy as anybody; and yet it was not the kind of life that I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

My friend greeted me with great lovingly in the hall we met Mrs. B. She was sitting at the table, reading a book, and noticed a vase of flowers on the table, and said to me, "My friend, do you know where the flowers here, my dear, my dear, my dear?"

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A Bride's Suicide.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE. The village of Woodhall, Steuben county, New York, was greatly excited on Thursday, May 13th, by the report that Mrs. John Farris, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Thomas, of the Woodhall Presbyterian Church, had committed suicide near Watkins Glen, by throwing herself in front of a locomotive on the Northern Central Railway.

Lavinia Thomas, deceased, was 24 years of age, and up to the time of the marriage mentioned was the center of an adoring circle, composed of the best society of Woodhall. She was handsome and accomplished, although her parents were in comparatively poor circumstances. A few months since she formed the acquaintance of a man named John Farris, a few years her senior, who went to Woodhall from Ithaca, and embarked in a dry goods store. He was of pleasing address and winning manners, and soon won the heart of Miss Thomas. Her parents thinking well of Farris, there was no obstacle to the marriage of the two, and the ceremony was performed at the time above mentioned, the father of the bride himself officiating.

From Woodhall the newly married pair started on a brief wedding tour. They went to Watkins, and stopped at the Langdon House. After spending two or three days there, the young wife noticed a decided change in the conduct of her husband. From being kind and loving he became cross and neglectful, and finally, on the third day, appeared before her considerably intoxicated. She was almost crazed at the conduct of Farris; but attempted to lovingly reconvert him, when he pushed her from him, and to her horror, coolly told her that she was not his wife, as he had been previously married, and his wife was living at Ithaca. He also said that he intended to leave her and go back to Ithaca, and that the best thing she could do would be to enter a house of prostitution, even suggesting to her the name of one, and offering to conduct her to it. He then went away, leaving the heart-broken young woman, without paying the bills that had been contracted at the hotel. Inquiry on her part proved that what her supposed husband had told her was too true, and that he was a notorious scoundrel and thief.

Having no money, Miss Thomas left her trunk at the hotel as security for the payment of the bill. She could not gather courage to return to her home and face the scandal her unfortunate marriage would make, and so she determined to seek employment in Watkins for a time. She found employment as a domestic on Saturday last, at the house of Mr. David Solomon, a prominent business man of Watkins, to whose family she related the story of her great wrong. On Monday Mr. Solomon went to the hotel to arrange for taking Miss Thomas's trunk away, when the discovery was made that it had been broken into and rifled. Farris had procured admission to the room late in the evening, and had stolen the contents of the trunk. Miss Thomas, and suspicion at once fell on him as the thief. Miss Thomas, as had in the trunk a fine gold watch, which was a wedding present from her mother, a gold chain, and other jewelry, which were all stolen. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Farris, and he was captured and lodged in jail, and on Tuesday was sentenced to six months in jail.

Miss Thomas remained at Mr. Solomon's, doing the work of a servant, and refusing to proceed against the villain who had destroyed her happiness. She rarely spoke, and seemed to think that she was shamed by all who saw her. On Wednesday evening last, after she had finished her supper work, she told Mr. Solomon that she was going up stairs to write a letter to her mother. A few minutes afterwards she came down and went out of the back door. One of the family, supposing she was going to the post office, called after her and told her that was not the way. She made no reply and kept on her way. Not long thereafter she was seen near the canal lock, looking down into the water, and subsequently walked down the railroad track. About 8 o'clock this same evening, as freight train No. 60, going south, was running at a rapid rate about a mile below Watkins, the engineer saw a woman standing about ten feet from the track a short distance ahead. He supposed she was waiting for the train to pass. When the locomotive was within a few feet of her, the engineer saw that she was very pale, and the next instant he was, horror-stricken to see her spring directly in front of the engine. Before he could sound an alarm it struck her, and the whole train passed over her before it could be stopped. The remains were picked up, the face and head alone of the unfortunate suicide being free from mutilation.—New York Herald.

A distressing accident occurred on one of the rivers of Austria recently. A ferry boat containing a number of Catholic pilgrims sunk in the river near the town of Judenburg, and seventy six of the unfortunate people were drowned.

The grasshoppers have made Illinois and a loud cry of alarm is wailed on the breeze.

An exchange asserts that "there are 40,736 lawyers in this afflicted country." And they are turning them upon society, from colleges and law schools alone, at the rate of a couple thousand a year. Well, there's lots of unimproved land in the far West, that's one consolation, and those who fail to achieve success in the practice of the law can go to farming.

The Bible.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminster Abbey, nameless and dateless, but nevertheless it is valuable for its wise and wholesome counsel to the race of Adam.

A nation would be truly happy if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book. It contains everything needful to be known or done.

It gives instruction to a Senate authority and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict to a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as the lord of his household, and wife as mistress of the table—tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents and enjoins obedience to children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the rulers and the authority of the masters; enforces the subject to honor and the servant to obey, and blessing and the protection of the Almighty to all that walk by this rule.

It gives directions for weddings and burials. It promises food and raiment, limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father, tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his widow is to trust, and promises a father to the orphan, and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it approves a lawyer for his wife, entitles the rights of first born, shows how the young branches shall be fed. It demands the right of all, and rewards young men, to every defaulter, over-reuler and trespasser.

It is the first book and the best book. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction—effects the greatest degree of pleasure and satisfaction that we have ever enjoyed.

It contains the law and the most profound mysteries that were ever penned and it brings the very best of comfort to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It exhibits life and immortality from time everlasting, and shows the way to glory. It is a brief recital of what is to come.

It settles all matters in debate; resolves all doubts; and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him, and sets aside all other gods and describes the vanity of them and all that trust to such; in short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong; of wisdom that condemns a folly and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies and confronts all errors; and it is a book of life that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities and strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestrial and infernal worlds; and the origin of the angelic myriads, the human tribe and the devilish legions. It will instruct the accomplished mechanic and most profound critic.

It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on; the best that will ever be signed. To understand it is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of true wisdom.

It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housekeeper's best guide, the servant's best dictionary, and the young man's best companion; it is the school boy's spelling book and the great and learned man's masterpiece.

It contains a choice grammar for novice and a profound mystery for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary. It affords knowledge of witty invention for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave and its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior and the swift it overcomes; it prompts an eternal reward to the excellent, the conqueror, the winner and the prevalent. And that which crowns all is that the author is without partiality and without hypocrisy. In whom there is no variability or shadow of turning.

Squelching a Legal Bully.

There was, five and twenty years ago, an attorney practicing in court named Boston. Had he been on the frontier he would have been either a blood-lifter or an arrant coward. I don't know which; but here he was simply a noisy, coarse-grained bully, and his chief delight was to badger and bully witnesses of the opposing counsel on the stand.

One day a horse case was on trial in which Boston was attorney for the defendant. By and by the counsel for the plaintiff called a witness who was supposed to be something of a horse doctor. He was a middle-aged, easy, good-natured man, clad in home spin, whose bronzed brow and hard hands betokened sweat and toil. His testimony was clear, simple and direct, made things look a little dark for the defendant, and when Boston got hold of him he proceeded to cross-question him in his usual brutal manner. Said cross-examination wound up rather abruptly as follows:

"Well, now, demanded the counsel, with a tomahawk-like flourish, 'what do you know about a horse, anyhow? Do you really profess to be a horse doctor?'"

"No, sir, not exactly. I don't profess to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal about the nature of the beast."

"That is, said Boston, glaring first at the witness, and then smiling at the jury, nothing graciously at the Court and sweeping a triumphant glance over the audience—"that is to say, sir, you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?"

"Ah—yes—just so," returned the witness, with importunate good humor and gravity, "between the two beasts I should never take you for the horse."

For once in his life, at least, the bully was effectually squelched, and would the wild roar which followed he threw himself into his seat, and allowed the witness to leave the stand.

FORESTS AND RAINFALL.—Two members of the French Academy of Sciences recently read a paper on the subject of the influence of forests and rainfall in a region. Reciprocal hold, what is generally accepted as true, that forests increase the amount of water received by the soil, but Marshal Vaillant and others have expressed a contrary opinion, and it becomes important, therefore, to test, by experiment, the two theories.—The argument of the case for M. Requier is that "Rain is formed when a warm and hurried wind comes in contact with strata of cold air, and since the air of forests is colder and more hurried than the open, rain must fall there in greater abundance."

The experiments were conducted in and near a large forest. One set of instruments for gathering rain and recording the temperature, saturation of the air, &c., was put at a height of about twenty feet above a group of oaks thirty feet high, in the heart of the forest. Another set of instruments was put in the open air at a distance of 325 yards from the forest, and at the same height above the ground as the first. At the end of six months the records showed that during the first six months of 1874 more rain fell in the forest during each month than in the open field. The total rainfall in the forest was 7 1/2 inches; the total rainfall in the open field was a fraction less than seven inches. The difference in degree of saturation of the air was in favor of the forest. During each month, and the mean difference for the six months was about one one-hundredth in favor of the forest.—The experiments are to be continued. They indicate that forests constitute vast condensing apparatus, and the conclusion is one which has already been generally accepted, viz., that more rain falls on wooded land than on bare and cultivated soil.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A MAN FROM CONNECTICUT.—A stranger with no guile in his face and no overcoat on his shoulders wandered into a clothing store in Newport, the other day, and asked if he could be fitted with a spring overcoat. The proprietor promptly answered in the affirmative. "You speak very positively," replied the stranger. "I am bigger than you take me for." The storekeeper was still confident that he had coats that would answer. "I am a pretty heavy man," said the stranger. "I will bet you five dollars that you can't guess my weight into one hundred pounds." The man was not particularly large, and this astounding challenge entirely diverted the seller of clothing from the ordinary course of his business. He took the wager, named his guess—about a hundred and sixty pounds—the money was put up in the hands of a third party, and all started off for a pair of scales, and the stranger balanced 230 pounds of weights. The storeman looked sad and puzzled. With a smile that was childlike and bland the stranger took his money and walked off without saying anything more about the overcoat. It has since been learned that this man wears a lead jacket, and has been making an honest living by playing his scurvy trick on unsuspecting dealers in clothing. He came from Connecticut.

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