The Post.

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THE POST.

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Jan 17, '67tf

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Mar. 6 '73.tf.

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Offers his professional services to the public. 6-38tf

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, '67

All Sorts of Items.

—The war in Cuba still continues—it is a murderous, cruel one, too.

....A highway robber fifteen years of age was arrested in Philadelphia last week.

....The Philadelphia house of correction has 942 inmates—627 males and 315 females.

....The man who courted an investigation says it isn't so good as an affectionate girl.

....At Allentown fourteen chickens were hatched from thirteen eggs and the people are puzzled.

....China has appropriated $60,000 for representation at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

....The State Camp of the Patriotic Sons of America meets in Sharon, Mercer county, August 10th.

....You can cure the appetite for intoxicating drinks by eating an orange every morning before breakfast.

....Miss Beatrice Lytle, living near New Brighton, mistook arsenic for epsom salts, took a dose of it and died.

....Spain is still the theatre of civil war. The Carlists appear to be gaining ground, and Alfonso seems to be losing rapidly.

....Hail stones eleven and a quarter inches in circumference are said to have recently fallen in Davis county, N. C.

....Love is sed to be blind, but I know lots of phellows in love who see twice as much in their gails as I kan.—*Josh Billings.*

....An Illinois grocer says he would rather have the power to tell a good egg from a bad one than to be President of the United States.

....The Sunbury Daily says F. B. Gowan and Asa Packer pay more than one half of all the county tax assessed in Zerby township, Northumberland county.

....Young cattle—yearlings—are suffering from a singularly fatal disease in parts of Potter county. They are suddenly seized with stiffness, and die in a short time.

....The Prince of Wales intends to visit Asia. He wants Parliament to give him $700,000 to pay expenses of the trip. That's the way the money goes in England.

....A book agent took refuge under a hay-stack during a thunder-storm, and the lightning struck him on the cheek, glanced off, and killed a mule 200 yards away.

—Alexander H. Stevens sticks to it. He said in a recent speech at Sparta, Ga., "General Grant is the best man toward the South that ever drew a sword against us."

....Mrs. Grace Bellis, of Solebury, Bucks county, will complete her one hundredth year on the 28th of October. She is still active and erect in figure, never having been seriously sick.

We are glad to learn that a general resumption of work in all the shops of the Reading Railroad Company at Reading, is to take place at once, giving employment to about 1600 hands.

....The United States has become the greatest silver producing country of the world, taking precedence even of Mexico, which has hitherto been supposed to yield nearly two-thirds of the world's supply.

....It is now said that it was the exposure of the Katy King fraud which drove Robert Dale Owen crazy But if he had not been partially insane before he never would have believed in Katy King.

....A statute of Christopher Columbus is to be erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, by Italian workmen, and the money furnished by Italian subscriptions. It will be unveiled July 4, 1876.

....The juvenile murderer of Boston, Pomeroy, will have to suffer the extreme penalty for his crimes. The Governor and Council of Massachusetts have refused to commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

....The occupants of six hundred shanties along the lines of New York railroads make a living by planting corn and pototoes between the rails and the fences. It is said that nine hundred acres are cultivated in this way.

....The Reading *Times* says: Mr. Isaac G. Ploutz, of Lititz, owns perhaps the heaviest horse in the United States. He is a Norman stallion, weighs 2,250 pounds, is over seventeen hands high and is valued at $3,000.

....The term of the governor elected this year in Pennsylvania will be three years; after that future incumbents will expire simultaneously with that of the Lieutenant Governor, General Latta having last fall been elected four years.

....George Kent, of Amherst, Mass., a deaf and dumb man, who is almost helplessly lame, has caught with a hook eight hundred and eighty trout for the Boston markets, this season, besides seventeen hundred and sixty fish of other varieties.

....The potatoe crop of Pennsylvania, in 1870, was 21,687,167 bushels. At the prices of last year—say an average of 75 cents—this would amount to $8,765,609. Now if the crop should be reduced one-half by the ravages of the potato bug, it would cost just $4,382,800 to feed this ravenous animal.

Poetry.

I'm Growing Old.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep.
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet of late I often sigh,
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of catching cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eye,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sigh;
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm Growing old!

I feel it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing air,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my snowing hair;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath,
But makes me debtor to the years,
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks to the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings—
The light that beams from out the sky
These heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

Select Tale.

The Oak Closet.

Margaret Gray was in some sort an upper servant in the household of Judge Wallace. The judge lived in a handsome house in the suburbs of the little country village of Thorndale.

Margaret was left an orphan at an early age, and the judge and his wife had taken her into their house to save her from being thrown on the charity of the town.

They had done their part well for her. They had two children of their own—twins, Alice, and Algernon—and Margaret had enjoyed every advantage of education in common with the brother and sister.

As she grew older, and began to realize how much she owed the judge and his wife she felt a desire to be able in some way to make them a recompense for kindness, and as she was a strong, active girl, she soon became very useful about the domestic affairs of the household. Mrs. Wallace was a feeble woman and very willingly resigned some of the cares and burdens to Margaret, and in course of time the young girl came to be trusted and depended on, until, by the time she was two and twenty, she was really the head of the establishment, though Mrs. Wallace still did the honors in her quiet, ladylike way, and poured the tea and coffee at the head of the table

Alice had married early and gone to the far west with her husband; Algernon was finishing his medical studies at a German university, and only the judge and his wife and Margaret—besides the man and woman servant who had been with them for years—remained at home.

Some unfortunate speculations, largely indulged in, when the judge was quite a young man, had encumbered the old estate with a mortgage, and this it was the judge's ambition to discharge. He wanted to leave the old place totally free from debt to his son Algernon.

The strickest economy had been practiced for years in the household with this end in view, and at last the judge held in his hands the money with which to liquidate the claim.

It was late on Saturday night when he brought it home, and said to his wife as he swung the little black leather trunk containing it before her eyes:

"Well Annie, at last we are to be free from debt! There are eight thousand dollars in that trunk, and on Monday I shall pay Jones in full and we shall burn that abominable mortgage together, you and I, Annie. It will be the happiest day in my life!"

"But if anything should happen, William?" said Mrs. Wallace nervously. "Do put the money in some safe place. It has cost us dear enough to scrape it together."

The judge bent down and patted the anxious little woman on the head.

"I am going to put it in the little oak closet, Annie. It has a spring lock, and if by chance any burglar should get into the house he would never dream of finding anything of value in a little stifled up closet at the head of the garret stairs."

And with a light heart the judge went off to deposit his treasure.

Margaret was sitting in the room darning the judge's stockings when this conversation took place, and of course she heard where this money was to be placed though at the time she gave little heed to it.

The next day, John and Sarah, the two servants, had a holiday to visit a married daughter of theirs, who resided fifteen or twenty miles away, and as it was in November, and the days were short, they would not return until Monday night.

And sometime after they set out there came an imperative message to the judge from his only sister—saying that she was very ill, and desired to see him without delay. Her home was in Shelbo—eight or ten miles off, and of course the judge lost no time in obeying the summons. He took his wife with him, leaving Margaret alone in the house.

After they were seated in the carriage, the judge stopped to say:

"It is barely possible, Margaret, that we remain all night. It looks very much like a storm and in that case we shall certainly stay. And if so, you had better get Sallie Turner to come over and stay with you for company.

But though Margaret would have liked Sallie's company well enough she at once decided not to ask for it, because if she did so, she knew that Sallie's brother, Willis, would be sure to come along, and the less she saw of Willis Turner the better she was pleased. Willis was an honest, industrious sort of fellow, and he was Margaret's most devoted admirer, but with the usual inconsistency of her sex, she utterly refused to see what was best for her.

The long afternoon wore slowly away, Margaret read a little, and drummed a few tunes on her old fashioned piano, played with the black cat and white kitten, and held the old cat curled up in her lap like a sleepy caterpillar, and at last it was sunset.

Time to milk the cows and shut the barn doors for the night.

It was evident enough that there was going to be a storm, for the north and west were dark with ominous black clouds, and the west winds sighed drearily in the pine woods back of the house. And indeed before Margaret had done up the odd jobs at the barn, the first great drops of frozen rain began to fall, and by the time she had eaten her supper and stained the milk, the storm had set in in deadly earnest.

She closed and barred the doors—the windows were already fastened—drew the shutters, and piled the kitchen fire place full of dry hickory.

The kitten had gone to sleep on a cushioned chair in the corner, and the old black cat sat on the hearth blinking her eyes sleepily at the cheerful blaze.

Margaret read a little, and dreamed a great deal, as girls of her age are prone to do when left to themselves. She made a very pretty picture, if only there had been some one to see her.

Her soft brown hair was unbound, and fell rippling to her waist; her fair round face was tinted as delicately pink as the inside of a sea shell; her brown eyes were dreamy and full of langour; and her lips were sweet and womanly enough for any true lover to find his rarest happiness in kissing.

Slowly at length, the old coffin shaped clock in the corner struck ten. Margaret started up. She had not thought it was so late. The evening had gone off much quicker than she had expected it would. It was so dreadful to stay alone, after all, she said to herself.

She opened a shutter and peered out into the night. It was as dark as Erebus, and the wind and rain beat against the pane in a perfect torrent. The judge would not think of returning on such a night.

"Well, Tommy," said she to the cat, "I guess you and I and kitty will go to bed. We must be up betimes in the morning, you know since there will be none but us to do the chores."

As she spoke, Margaret stooped to stroke Tommy, but to her infinite surprise, she saw that the animal's paw and tail were erect—eyes had changed to glassy green of rage and terror, and with, panther like tread, she was making her way toward the door which opened upon the cellar stairway.

And while she gazed, Margaret saw with horror that the latch was slowly lifting, and the next moment the door swung open with an ominous creak, and a man stepped into the room. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with sandy hair and whiskers, and a pale, ferocious-looking blue eye set far back in his head.

"So ho, my dear," said he "you are sole proprietor, it appears?"

For an instance Margaret's heart stood still, but she was naturally brave, and she was proud as well, and would not allow this man to see that she feared him.

"I have that honor," she said, coolly, "who are you and what do you want?"

"I trust you will excuse me if I neglect to introduce myself," said the man with much courtesy—"as for my business, I am quite happy to inform you about that. I want the eight thousand dollars that the judge brought from Ridgely bank last night, and I depend on you to point it out to me."

The indignant blood rushed to Margaret's face, and she answered sharply:

"I will die before I will do as you ask!"

"You shall have your choice."

He produced a pistol which he cocked deliberately, and pointed at her head.

"Show me the place where the tin is hidden, or I'll blow your brains out."

Like lightning a varied train of thought rushed through the head of the girl; in that one instance a score of plans to evade the rascal, and simultaneously discard them as impracticable.

There she was alone, helpless, a weak girl almost a mile from any other human habitation, and in such a storm it was by no means likely that any one would be passing by from whom she could claim assistance.

For a second she thought of risking everything to escape by the outer door, and, trusting to the darkness and her knowledge of the way, to attempt to reach Mr. Turner's and seek protection.

But the man seemed to divine her thought, for he stepped between her and the door.

"No, my beauty, you don't play that game on me!" he said with a sardonic smile. And now I'll give you just three minutes to decide what you'll do. If you you will show me where the money is, I swear not to do you harm; if you refuse, I swear to kill you, and trust to luck for finding it without your help.

He took out his watch and stood regarding it and Margaret alternately. As she stood there, faint and giddy with fear, a new idea penetrated Margaret's brain, and she was in just the state of desperation which stops at no sacrifice however great. Come life or death she must save the money for which her friends had toiled so long and earnestly, and the loss of which would involve them in ruin. As she thought she saw a way to do it, though it would compass her destruction.

"You may put up your pistol," she said calmly. "I will show you where the money is concealed."

"That's sensible, my dear," said the man. "It's not often that sense and a pretty face go together. But you're an exception. Come be lively now."

She took a candle from the table selected one from a bunch of keys in a basket hanging from the wall, and bade him follow her.

She led him up stairs to the door of the oak closet, applied the key, and opening the door pointed to the black box in the farther corner of the closet.

"You will find what you seek there."

She stepped back for him to enter but he seized by the wrist and pulled her along with him.

"I know your game," said he; "you would get me into that cursed close hole and then lock the door upon me. Take out the key and fling it down the stairs, and come in with me. I shan't eat you.

She obeyed him literally, and as they stood together in the stifling place, which was scarcely large enough to contain them, Margaret with the hand which the latter had let free, seized on the door and pulled it to.

It shut with a sharp click—shut and locked at the same time.

A fierce oath burst from the burglar.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Hell and furies! I shall suffocate here! Open the door; or I will shoot you."

"Do as you please," said Margaret, defiantly "the door has a spring lock and can be opened only from the outside. And unless some one comes to our relief, we shall remain here until we die, which will be only a few hours at the most!"

"You—she devil! Why have you done this?" he demanded, hoarse with rage. "Don't you know that you will die too?"

"Certainly; but I prefer death to the ruin of my best friends. If we die here—as we shall without doubt—the money shall be saved."

The oaths, and threats, and curses of the man were fearful—but Margaret felt no fear. Something above and beyond herself sustained her, and she was happy in the consciousness that her life would purchase the old home for her kind benefactors

The close torpid air weighed upon her like lead—already the bad wretch who was her companion sank stupified to the floor. All her past life came up before her—she remembered things long ago forgotten—she saw faces dead and buried—she heard voices long mute beneath the grave clods, and then life and sense faded out, and she knew no more.

☞"God's Ways are not our Ways"—As the following incident will fully show. On June 28th, 1875, near Hollidaysburg, whilst a terrific storm of thunder, lightning and rain was brewing, two small children became so much alarmed as to run from their own home to an old vacant log house across the street, the mother in close pursuit to arrest them, did not succeed until reaching a safe harbor, as was soon demonstrated. Immediately after entering, the roof was carried away from above them, and in casting their eyes in the direction of their own house, they found it entirely blown to atoms. Truly the interposition of Providence was miraculous in this instance

☞The Academy building in Sunbury, was somewhat damaged by lightning, Sunday, week.

A New Swindle.

A few weeks ago a novel way of raising funds was introduced into one of the rural districts of Somerset county. A farmer living in the neighborhood of Berlin, named Hanger, was visited by two men who professed to be looking for a farm to purchase. After chatting awhile they took a casual look over the premises, and appeared to be delighted with the farm, and offered a very tempting price for the same. It was more than the farmer would have asked and he agreed to sell. They were to pay one hundred dollars to bind the bargain, and in a few weeks to pay the whole purchase money. An article was drawn up to that effect. The hundred dollars they had not along with them, but had a check on an Eastern bank for $600. The farmer went with them to Berlin to get the check cashed. When they came to town one of the men stayed at the hotel with the agreement, while the other man and the farmer went to the bank to get the check cashed. The banker not knowing the man refused to cash the check, unless he was vouched for by some one knowing him, or, that some responsible person would endorse the check. As the farmer was to get one hundred of the money and in a few weeks a much larger sum, he was easily persuaded to endorse the stranger's check, who then drew his six hundred dollars. He then told Hanger that he would go back to the hotel, get the agreement and come back, pay him the one hundred dollars, and finish the business. The farmer waited an hour or more, and the stranger came not back. He then repaired to the hotel and learned that the two had left immediately and were not to be found. The farmer was then satisfied that he had been swindled to the amount of $600. He procured a warrant, and with an officer and some assistants started in pursuit. One of the men was overtaken about ten miles south of Berlin on an unfrequented by-road, taken back, and lodged in the Somerset jail. The men had parted at Berlin, one going North the other South. An officer in pursuit of the northern bound scamp had passed him somewhere before reaching Scalp Level, this county. Leaving Scalp the officer gave a description of the man with a desire that if he made his appearance there he should be detained and word sent. The next day Mr. Joseph Orris saw a man at Scalp Level answering the description left. He and the stranger got into conversation and the stranger asked him if there was a place in the village where he could buy a cigar. He took him to a place, and to pay for the cigar he threw down a $10 greenback, but withdrew that and put down a five. Mr. Orris then took him aside and told him he must detain him until he could send word to Somerset. On the stranger was found $240. He was brought to this city, and subsequently taken to Somerset jail. The balance of the $600 was found on the man arrested south of Berlin.—Johnstown, Cambria County *Democrat.*

Attention! Young Men.

Young gentlemen in want of wives who are worth more than their clothes cost, are instructed to turn their eyes Warsawward. A band of 31 young ladies, in Warsaw, Ky., have pledged, to wit:

"We, the undersigned, ladies of Warsaw, desiring by our example to promote economy and so discountenance extravagance, and thereby lighten in some measure the burdens of our husbands and fathers by prudent retrenchment in our household expenses, therefore pledge our words of honor one to the other, that we will not, during the period of one year from May 1st, 1875, purchase any material for wearing apparel the cost of which shall exceed twenty-five cents per yard; and shall further promise to observe a strict economy in all our household purchases, and cheerfully aid by those delicate sacrifices to the general stock of home comforts—too often dispensed with for the frivolous outside adornment of the body alone."

Now, that sounds first-rate. But, our word for it, you could hardly find 31 young men in Warsaw or anywhere else, who would follow a parallel line of argument and pledge themselves to a corresponding system of economy in their dress.—Young men who are continually harping upon this one female extravagance are seldom caught at self-examination as to whether or not they are remiss on the subject of economy. A young man's weakness too often crops out by his desire to gain the good graces of a stylish dressed young lady. Calico is commendable in conversation; but the rustle of silk, the flash of a diamond, and the tick of a gold lever too often have stronger charms than calico. Let young men do all they can to make gentlemen of themselves, and girls to become ladies, and dress will soon regulate itself.—Ex.

....The paddle-wheels of a large steamer on the St. John river in Florida stopped suddenly, a few nights ago, and then came crash after crash in the wood work. A panic followed, everybody rolled out of his bunk and rushing for the deck, and it was soon ascertained that a big alligator had become entangled in the revolving wheel.

One-fourth ...
One square (10 lines) one insertion
Every additional insertion,
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices,
Editorial notices per line,
All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not the person ordering them will be responsible for the money.

Try—Don't Give Up.

A gentleman traveling in the eastern part of Ireland heard a group of children and paused to listen.

Finding the sounds proceeded from a small building used as a school house, he drew near; the door was open he entered, unobserved. The words the boys were reciting were these:

One little fellow standing sad and dispirited, exclaimed:

"Why does that teacher keep so hard on me? I can't do it any better than I can, and he knows it."

"Oh, he is good enough for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at the teacher's answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid boys were nearly crushed.

He said a few kind words to them; then placing his hands on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. *Don't give up; but try my boy, try.*"

The soul of the boy was aroused. Dormant intellect awake. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious, and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar and the author of a well known commentary on the Bible—a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clark. The secret of his success is worth knowing:—*Don't Give up; but try my boy, try.*"—*Sel.*

Trade of Animals.

It has been well remarked by a clever author that bees are geometricians. The cells are so constructed as with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible interstices.

The mole is a meteorologist.

The torpedo, the ray and the electric eel are electricians.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The beaver is architect, builder and wood-cutter. He cuts down trees and erects houses and dams.

The marmot is a civil engineer.—He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The ant is a soldier, and maintains a regular standing army

Wasps are paper manufacturers.

Catepillars are silk spinners.

The squirrel is a ferryman With a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses the stream.

Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others are hunters.

Black bears and herons are fishermen.

Ants are day laborers.

Monkeys are rope dancers.

Ten Rules For Farmers.

1. Take good papers and read them.

2. Keep an account of farm operations.

3. Do not leave implements scattered over the farm, exposed to snow, rain and heat.

4. Repair tools and buildings at a proper time, and do not suffer subsequent threefold expenditure of time and money.

5. Use money judiciously, and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap.

6. See that fences are well repaired and cattle not grazing in the meadows, grain fields or orchards.

7. Do not refuse to make correct experiments, in a small way, of many new things.

8. Plant fruit trees well, care for them, and of course get good crops.

9. Practice economy by giving stock shelter during the winter; also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half rotten or mouldy.

10. Do not keep tribes of cats and snarling dogs around the premises, who eat more in a month than they are worth in a lifetime.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.—Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruit are not taken care of in season, and become wormy.

Rags, string, and paper are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bit of meat, vegetables, bread, and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, and served as good as new.—*Cottage Hearth.*

HUMAN BABY MONKEY.—A Paris journal reports that recently in the Butte-aux Cailles, one of the poorest quarters of that city, a human baby monkey was born, with an ordinary boy's face, a long tail, and considerable hair on its body. The father of the beast, a workman, got wrathy over the birth, and immediately left his home, with a visible prospect of going crazy.