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The Post.

VOL. 13. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 5, 1875. NO. 15.

All Sorts of Items.

Always back your friends, and face your enemies. No man gives more than he that keeps back nothing. Despair as much as you please of self, but never of Jesus. Contentment makes one happy and rich as the greatest king. No one in his right mind will go to a picnic without an umbrella. Low as the grave is, only faith can climb high enough to see beyond it. The thoughtful man doesn't wait until it rains to borrow an umbrella. The wife of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, was once a poor flower girl. The shades of adversity is better for some than the sunshine of prosperity. Philadelphia papers claim 125,000 strangers can be accommodated in that city. Happy is the man who has found out his sins before his sins have found him out. Heaven is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it. Texas will have a surplus wheat crop this year of over two million bushels. The Women's Congress will hold its annual session in Syracuse in October next. Berks county, contains a sugar bowl said to be three hundred and seventy years old. A son of Martin Van Buren was recently sent to the insane asylum of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Pennsylvania has about 250 Masonic Lodges, with a membership of \$35,000 Master Masons. A. T. Stewart is seventy six, worth \$30,000,000, doesn't live with his wife, and has no children. The potato bug has been demolishing the tomato plants in the eastern portion of the State. The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have a humble opinion of ourselves. Poverty pinches, but not half so hard as vice. The one wound to heal, the other leaves an ulcer. One hundred and fifty "picked Welsh singers" are organizing an expedition to attend the Centennial. "Magnificent Abe, come hither, my dear," said the girl when he told her he'd ten thousand a year. The average personal wealth throughout the whole United States, including the Territories, is \$772. We should not only break the teeth of malice by forgiveness, but pluck out its sting by forgetfulness. Louisiana will raise two hundred thousand barrels of rice this season, or twice as much as last year. It is now settled that the American can beat the Irishman with a rifle. But how about the shillalah? The importation of breech-loading rifles and fixed ammunition into the Territory of Alaska is forbidden. The whole amount of United States currency outstanding at date, of all denominations, is \$417,417,756.99. Is it not strange that a little silver dust should blind our eyes and divert them from beholding him who is altogether lovely? Chicago fills up with grain as fast as she ships East, showing that the Northwest is still carrying last year's crop to a large extent. Three young men in Milton county, Ga., on June 30, while in a field threshing wheat, were struck by lightning and instantly killed. A Kansas paper says: "A mule kicked an insurance agent in this place on the cheek the other day. The agent's cheek was uninjured, but the mule's hoof was broken." When a man travels it doesn't take him long to find out things. He soon discovers that the brakemen own all the railroads, and the clerks all the hotels; what is left of the rest of the world isn't worth having. Colonel Gildersleeve, who is doing such credit to the American eagle abroad, was fifteen years old before his father allowed him to have a shot gun. He distinguished himself upon that occasion by putting the powder in last. The Centennial Exhibition will continue six months, commencing April 10th, and closing October 19th, 1876. It is thought the average daily attendance will be 50,000. At this rate the aggregate attendance during the six months will be about 8,000,000. It isn't often that a man is married by his own son, but such an occurrence took place in New York the other day. The bridegroom was Captain James Little, a shipmaster and the bride Mrs. Mary Atwood. The clergyman was Rev. James A. Little, of this State. The Lewistown Gazette says that preparations have been made to tear away the locks along the line of the Pennsylvania canal, between Huntingdon and Williamsport, a distance of fourteen miles. The Canal Company was authorized to abandon this part by the terms of purchase.

Poetry.

Be Happy as You Can. This life is not all sunshine, No life for all showers, But storms and calms alternate, As thorns among the flowers; And while we seek the roses, The thorns fall oft we scan; Still let us, though they wound us, Be happy as we can. This life has heavy crosses, As well as joys to share, And grief and disappointments, Which you and I must bear; Yet, if Misfortune's lava, Entombs Hope's dearest plan, Let us with what is left us Be happy as we can. The sun of our enjoyment Is made from little things: As of the broadest rivers Are formed from smaller springs; By treading small waters, The rivers reach their span; So we increase our pleasures, Enjoying what we can. There may be burning deserts, Through which our feet may go, But there are given oases, Where pleasant palm-trees grow; As if we may not follow The path our hearts would plan, Let us make all around us As happy as we can. Perchance we may not climb with Ambition to its goal, Still let us use "present" Where duty calls the roll; And whatever our appointment, Be nothing less than man, And, cheerful in submission, Be happy as we can.

Select Tale.

The Accepted Challenge. Shortly after the close of the late war two young men sat in the bar room of one of our noted hotels on Broadway. One of the men was dressed in the half military style so much affected by those stay-at-home heroes who had fought, bled, and died for their country. The subject that occupied their attention seemed to be an exciting one, at least to him of the military dress, for he emphasized his words, knit his brows fiercely and at last went so far as to swear a terrible military oath. "The weapons!" asked the friend of the ex-lieutenant. Your principal by the laws of honor, has the choice of weapons, also the right to name the time and place. "Yes, I understand," replied the other. "All that has been settled." "So Mr. Crawford will fight?" "Fight," returned the other, drily. "Charley Crawford is no coward, I assure you." "A brace of good goose quills," replied Crawford's second, with the utmost composure. "Sir!" said the other, in blank amazement. "The weapons are to be a pair of goose quills, manufactured into pens. The place of meeting, the columns of the Morning Ventilator—the time, to-morrow morning, bright and early. Do you mean to insult me, sir?" "This was said in a fierce tone of voice. "Very far from it," replied the other with the utmost composure. "Then you cannot be serious." "Never more so in all my life. By the code of honor the challenged party has the right to name the weapons, place of meeting and time. Is that not so?" "Most certainly." "Very well. Your principal has challenged mine. All the rights are his, and he is perfectly right in choosing the weapons with which he is most familiar. The weapon he can use best is the pen, and he chooses that. If Lieutenant Miller had been challenged, he would of course have chosen either swords or pistols, and my friend, Mr. Crawford, would be called a coward, a poltroon, or something else as bad, if after sending the challenge he objected to the weapons. Will your principal find himself in any different position if he declines this meeting? I think not." Pens are as good as pistols at any time, and do a far better execution. "Fighting with pens, the very idea is preposterous." "Not quite as preposterous as you think. Mr. Crawford has more than intimated that Lieutenant Miller is no gentleman. For this he is challenged to single combat, that is to prove him to be either a gentleman or not. Surely the most sensible weapon with which to do this is the pen. Pistols will never prove either, but pens will. In the columns of the Morning Ventilator, my friend Charley Crawford stands ready to prove your friend, Lieutenant Miller, no gentleman. Let him stand on the defensive and prove that he is a gentleman, and that any gentleman has perfect right to publicly insult any person he chooses, without the slightest cause of provocation." "Let me tell you, my dear sir, your friend, Lieutenant Miller, will find this as serious an affair as if pistols were used." "Allow me to say, my dear sir, I did not come here to be trifled with." "There is not a particle of trifling in the matter, I assure you. I am in sober earnest. Pens are the weapons—the columns of the Morning Ventilator the battle ground. Are you prepared for the meeting?" "No." "Do you understand the consequences?"

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

None think the great unhappy but the great. Got work! Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get. 'Tis the wit, the policy of sin, to hate those men we have abused. He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own. It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy. We worship the promotion of all good, all that is very beautiful, shining, immortal, bright, everything that is good. The whole duty of man is embraced in the two principles of abstinence and patience; temperance in prosperity and courage in adversity. Man, being essentially active, must find in activity his joy, as well as his beauty and glory; and labor, like everything else that is good, is its own reward. However slow the progress of mankind may be, or however imperceptible the gain in a single generation, the advancement is evident enough in the long run. It is the goodly outside that sin puts on which tempts to destruction. It has been said that sin is like the bee, with honey in its mouth and a sting in its tail. Follow after justice and duty; such a life is the path to heaven, and into the assembly of those who have once lived, and now released from the body, dwell in that place. There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect of the end. We recognize goodness wherever we find it. 'Tis the same helpful influence, beautifying the meanest as the greatest service by its manners, doing most when least conscious, as if it did it not. God reveals his beneficence to the poets and artists in the clouds that curtain the skies, and in the waists that mantle the mountains; he shows his bounty to husbandmen and operatives in general showers and unfauling rivers. I never yet heard man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them; and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow creature. A Chapter of Bad Manners. It is a sign of bad manners to look over the shoulders of a person who is writing to see what is written. It is the height of bad manners to blow one's nose with the fingers in the streets or in company; use your handkerchief, and if you have none, borrow one. It is bad manners for a man to walk the streets with a lady, and at the same time smoken a cigar. It is bad manners to go into any person's house without taking any of your hat. It is bad manners to use profane language in the presence of a decent company. It is bad manners to go into any person's house with mud or dirt on your shoes. It is bad manners to talk in company, when others are talking, or to whisper in church. It is bad manners to talk in company to one or two persons about some subject which the others present do not understand. It is bad manners to stare at strangers in company or in the street. It is bad manners to say "yes" or "no" to strangers, or to your parents, or to aged people; let it be "yes sir" or "no sir." It is bad manners to pick your teeth at the table and bad manners to pick them with a pin in any company. It is bad manners to comb your hair or brush your coat in the eating room. It is a sign of low breeding to make a show of your finery or equipage. It is bad manners to boast about your wealth and prosperity or good fortune in the presence of the poor or those less fortunate than you are. It is vulgar to talk much about yourself, and it is very low and vulgar to lie. It is bad manners to stand with your side to or to turn away your face from the person you are talking to—look him in the face. It is bad manners to stand in the middle of the pavement when people are passing, or make remarks about those who pass. It is bad manners to spit on the floor or carpet, or to spit at meals, and yet many people who think they are genteel do it. If you must spit during meals, get up and go out. The Peach Growers' Convention at Middletown, Del., last Saturday, developed the probability of a 10,000,000 basket crop of peaches on the Peninsula. It is estimated that two thousand persons were drowned during the floods in the vicinity of Toulouse, France, three weeks ago. Two hundred persons were present at the banquet in London given by the Americans on the 5th, in honor of the anniversary of the declaration of independence. He that seeks nothing but the will of God shall always find what he will.

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