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A Last Word. Reader, remember that in this year you take a National, patriotic, wide awake paper, one that is for rights and justice, and that it is for the people.

Poetry. Every Day.

Oh, trifling tasks, so often done, Yet ever to be done anew! Oh, cares, which come with every sun, Storm after storm, the long year through.

The restless some of wasted power, The stream round of life's things, Are hard to bear, as hard by hour Its tedious iteration brings.

We rise to meet a heavy blow— Our souls a sudden in a very flash— But we endure not always so.

And even saints of holy fame, Whose souls by faith have overcome, Who were amid that cruel flame The molten sea of martyrdom.

As more than martyr's creed, We need the humble strength of soul, Which daily tells and tells require; Sweet patience, earnest as if you may, And added grace for every day.

Select Tale. Taking A Situation.

"Well, girl," said my Uncle Barnabas, "and now what do you propose to do about it?"

We sat around the fire in a disconsolate semi-circle that dreary, drizzling May night, when the rain pattered against the window panes.

Uncle Barnabas sat in the middle of the circle, erect, stiff and rather grim. He was stout and snort, with a grizzled mustache.

"What do we propose to do about it?" Eleanor slowly repeated, lifting her beautiful grey brows.

"Yes, that's exactly it," said my mother, nervously, because, Brother Barnabas, we don't pretend to be business women, and it's certain we cannot live comfortably on our present income.

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not to offend Uncle Barnabas Berkeley, didn't quite know what to say;

"So you won't take the situation, eh?" said Uncle Barnabas, staring up at a little whisky-washy water-color drawing of Cupid and Psyche.

"I couldn't, indeed, sir." "Wages twenty-five dollars a month, mechanically repeated Uncle Barnabas, as if he was saying off a lesson.

"No, Uncle Barnabas, no!" said Eleanor, with a little shudder. "I am a true Berlin, and I cannot stoop to menial duties."

"Sorry," said he. "Heaven helps those who help themselves, and you can't expect to be any more liberal minded than Heaven."

"I think my daughter Eleanor is quite right," said she. "The Berlin girls have always been ladies."

"If you please, Uncle Barnabas," said I, with a rapidly throbbing heart. "I would like to take the situation."

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Barnabas. "My dear child!" exclaimed my mother.

"Susannah!" uttered Eleanor, in accents by no means laudatory. "Yes," said I, "twenty-five dollars a month is a great deal of money, and I was never afraid of work."

"I can't help it," quoth I, holding valiantly to my colors. "We can't starve. Some of us must do some thing. And you can live very nicely, mother darling, on twenty dollars a month."

"That is true," sighed my mother from behind her black-bordered pocket handkerchief. "But I never thought to see a daughter of mine going out to— to service!"

"And Uncle Barnabas isn't going to do anything for us, after all," cried our Eleanor, indignantly. "Stingy old fellow; I should think he might at least adopt one of us! He's as rich as Croesus, and never a chick nor a child!"

"He may do as he likes about that," I answered, independently. "I prefer to earn my own money."

"The next morning I set out for the unknown bourne of New York life." "Uncle Barnabas," said I, as the train reached the city, "how shall I find where Mrs. Prudence lives?"

"Oh, I'll go there with you," said he. "Are you well acquainted with her?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, very well indeed," answered Uncle Barnabas, nodding his head sagely. "We took a hack at the depot and drove through so many streets that my head spun round and round like a teetotum, before we stopped at a pretty brown-stone mansion—I looked like a pale to my unaccustomed eyes—and Uncle Barnabas helped me out."

"Here is where Mrs. Prudence lives," said he with a chuckle. "A neat little maid, with a frilled white apron, and rose-colored ribbons in her hair, opened the door with a courtesy, and I was conducted into an elegant apartment, all gilding, exotics, and blue satin damask, when a plump old lady, dressed in black silk, with the loveliest Valenciennes lace at her throat and wrists, came smilingly forward, like a sixty-year-old sunbeam."

"Oh, yes, I know," faltered poor Eleanor, who, between her distaste for the proposed plan and her anxiety

one of the dear girls with you. Come and kiss me, my dear."

"Yes, Susy, kiss your aunt," said Uncle Barnabas, flinging his hat one way and his gloves another, as he sat complacently down on the sofa.

"My aunt?" I echoed. "Why, of course," said the plump old lady; "don't you know? I'm your Aunt Prudence."

"But I thought," gasped I, "that I was coming to a situation."

"Well, so you are," retorted Uncle Barnabas. "The situation of adopted daughter in my family. Twenty-five dollars a month pocket-money, the care of your Aunt Prudence's cat and emery, and to make your self generally useful."

"Oh, Uncle!" cried I. "Eleanor would have been so glad to come if she had known it."

"Fiddlingstricks and little fishes!" illogically responded my uncle. "I've no patience with a girl that's too fine for work. Eleanor had the situation offered her and she chose to decline. You decided to come, and here you stay. Ring the bell, Prue, and order tea, for I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I dare say little Susy here would relish a cup of good tea."

"But he lets me send them liberal presents every month, so I am happy."

Troubles of a Newly-Wedded Pair.

The Troy "Press" tells an amusing story of the vexatious disappointments which befell a recently married pair. It reads thus: "George W. Pratt of Pittsford, Monroe county, and his wife were made one just before Christmas, and like most people started on a wedding trip. Port Henry was their destination, and they reached Saratoga in safety."

"Here the groom found it necessary to see a man just opposite the depot, and he left his blooming bride in the car. He would be back in a minute," but while he was looking through the bottom of a tumbler the bride continued her journey alone, while the groom went dashing around Saratoga like a madman to get somebody to stop that train and bring back his bride.

"He burst into tears and fell prostrate on the street. Constable J. W. Gilbert, volunteered to assist the man in trouble. A dispatch was sent to Port Henry for the bride. She, sensible woman that she was, got on the down train to come back after her husband. The up train and the down met at Saratoga. When the former came into the station the bridegroom boarded it and was whirled away northward just as the down train drew up to the depot having on board the wife. The situation is now reversed, and Mr. Gilbert felt embarrassed with a new bride on his hands instead of the groom. More dispatches to Port Henry followed. The wife took the next train north at the same time her husband took the next train south from where he was. Half way between Saratoga and Port Henry the trains pass, one standing on a siding, the other not stopping. At this particular point the husband and wife passed "unbeknownst" to each other. When the groom reached Saratoga he found his wife had left for the north on the last train, and ditto wife when she reached Port Henry. Finally an order was sent to Port Henry preemptorily requiring the wife to stay where she was till the husband should come. By obeying this order the two got together at last and everybody was happy, including Officer Gilbert.

For Fat Persons, Only.

A correspondent of the "Scientific American," says: I find in use in Delaware the leaves of a small bush that grows in the swamps and on the borders of lakes and ponds. It possesses the peculiar property of diminishing or preventing the accumulation of fat in persons disposed to obesity. I have been unable to find that it is known to the medical profession, and I do not know what its proper name is; it is called here the swamp shrub. It is a beautiful bush, growing to the height of 2 1/2 or 3 feet, and bears a beautiful purple flower. It blooms in July and August, and is quite ornamental in comparison to the surrounding rubbish among which it grows. My attention was called to it by several corpulent individuals, who stated that they could diminish their proportions at leisure at the rate of 5 or 6 pounds per week. Being quite lusty, I was induced to try it, with the following result: In five weeks I diminished my weight from 210 lbs. to 190 lbs., when my clothes commenced to feel unconformably large, and then I stopped. I took a dose of the infusion when convenient. When my fat accumulated, I take to drinking it; and in a short time the oppressiveness of flesh diminishes. If there is anything in medicine that will do this, I am not aware of it. What is the botanical or medical name of the shrub?

The Gentleman.

Every man may be a gentleman if he will—not by getting rich, or by gaining access to that self-appointed social grade that claims the excessive right to give the laige of gentility—but by the cultivation of those unselfish, kind and noble impulses that make the gentleman. It is too rarely we find among those who vote themselves the gentlemen and ladies of that day, anything to warrant their assumption.

There is but little of the true metal about them. Personal contract reveals arrogance and pride, and too often a meanness of spirit and a fittleness that disgraces human nature.

So far as our observation goes—and it covers many years of contact with high and low, rich and poor—we are constrained to say that, while among the poorer classes there is, as a general thing, a sad lack of external culture; of attention to little personal habits that are not agreeable to others, and which ought to be corrected; there are ready in the lower and middle ranks of society, so called, quite as many true gentlemen and ladies as among those who claim the exclusive right to these honorable designations.

The apprentice and the errand-boy the man who digs the ditch or carries a load, the mechanic and the artisan, the shop-girl, the seamstress, the cook and the waiter, may be as truly gentlemen and ladies as the richest and most cultivated in the land. The qualities that make the lady and gentleman are qualities of the soul, and there is no monopoly or exclusive right to these.

Reader, no matter what your condition in life, resolve to be a gentleman or lady. Cultivate not only the external amenities and grace of true gentility, but the inner graces that give these outer signs their glory and their strength.

Much in Little.

A man walks 3 miles in an hour; a horse trots 7; steamboats run 17; sailing vessels 10; slow rivers flow 4; rapid rivers 7; moderate wind blows 7; storm moves 35; hurricanes 80; a rifle ball 1,000; sound 443; light 732,000,000; electricity 250,000,000. A barrel of pork weighs 196 pounds; a barrel of flour 200; a barrel of rice 600; a barrel of powder 250; a firkin of butter 56; a tub of butter 84. Wheat, beans and cloverseed 60 pounds to the bushel; corn, rye and flaxseed 56; buckwheat 62; barley 48; oats 55; bran 20; timothy seed 48; coarse salt 85. Sixty drops make a drachm; 8 drachms one ounce; 4 ounces a gill; 4 gills a pint; 60 drops a tablespoonful, or half an ounce; 2 table-spoonfuls an ounce; 8 table-spoonfuls a gill; 2 gills a coffee cup or tumbler; 6 fluid ounces a teacupful. Four shons and eight hundred and forty square yards an acre; a square mile 640 acres. To measure an acre 209 feet on each side making a square within an inch. There are 275 1/2 languages. Two persons die every second. A generation is 35 years; average of life, 31 years. Two standing armies in Prussia, war times, 1,200,000; Austria, 825,000; Italy, 200,000; Spain, 100,000; Belgium, 94,000; England, 75,000; United States, 24,000. Mails in New York City are 100 tons per day. New York consumes 600 hives daily, 700 calves, 20,000 sheep and 20,000 swine in winter.—American Journal of Health.

"Jolly When They're Half Tight."—"O the fellows are just jolly when they are half tight?"

That is what a young lady (?) said recently, when the tipping custom of young men was under remark.

Heaven pity a head so shallow, a heart so wicked.

Does not every thoughtful woman know that the young man thus held up as an ideal is corrupt to the very core—that his presence is a pestilence and his friendship death?

"Jolly!" Beasty, the rather. The high, the moral, the intellectual in the young man is laid low, and the base, the vile, the treacherous, the remorseless in his nature is let loose by the way exhilaration that while it stupefies conscience, excites the low cunning that is mistaken for fun and gaiety.

Young woman, can that very young man whom you falsely admire respect you for the silly and vicious compliment?

Were you to change places with him—the sober, you drunk—would your admiration be reciprocated? Do sober young men risk their self respect and character with tipping young women? Not they! If our young women could insist on as high standard of friendship from the opposite sex as our young men do, there would be few, indeed left, so vulgar as to say, the "fellows are jolly when they are drunk."

Young woman, God will be your judge! You may by your influence, be a holy angel, or a queen of devils. You may lead or be led to heaven or hell!

We warn every young woman and girl whose eyes may rest upon these words—soil not your name and character by even common friendship with the "jolly fellows" whose guilty attention will be your shame, long after their quick repartee has ceased to kindle your delight.

He Had no Enemies.

If he had no enemies he never had a positive opinion upon any leading; subject he ever heard discussed. He could have had no ideas about religion, nor could he have taken any side in politics. He could never argue upon any topic. He could never find fault with anybody or anything, nor could he have a word of praise for any person, or any object. He must have been continually wrapped up in himself. He must have been all things to all men, and his character or nature.

He had no enemies! What earthly one could a man be to the world to live fifty years, and during all that time make no enemies? What an outcast man he must have been! No friction, no disturbances, no opinion, no trouble, no quarrels, no nothing. How much pleasure he must have missed! Not one enemy to relieve any of the monotony of life. He never learned that enemies were better than friends if you only know how to use them, and don't have too many.

The man who think have enemies. The man who act have enemies. The man who put their impress on an idea have enemies. No man is prominent among his neighbors but he finds plenty of enemies. The man who leads, no matter who or what has enemies. Enemies are more necessary to develop a man's capabilities than friends. No man can tell what he can do until he meets resistance, and that resistance comes not from friends. It takes the storm to make the oak stout and strong and it takes the sting and backbiting of enemies to make a man of grit and nerve and force.

A man may make enemies by being dishonest, deceitful, and acting the hypocrite. Such a man is really not entitled to the luxury of owning and controlling enemies. But the class of enemies we refer to are those created by firmness of purpose, by decision of character, by independence of action, and by adherence to the right. Every man worthy of the name has them, and the man who dies and leaves behind one friend who says he does not have them, leaves his memory in unkind hands and hearts.

Shortness of Life. Pliny makes a striking computation in regard to the shortness of life. We never recall it without being powerfully impressed by its truth. "Consider," he says, "the time spent in sleep, and you will find that a man actually lives only half his space. The other half passes in a state resembling death. You do not take into the account the years of infancy, which are destitute of reason, nor the many diseases, and the many cares of old age, those penalties of longevity. The senses grow dull, the limbs are racked, the hearing, the power of walking, the teeth, also, before us, and yet all this time is reckoned in the period of a life."

But, short as life is at the best, those who complain at its brevity let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of the golden moments. How much time do we waste in indecision, in vain regrets, delusive hopes, and ungrounded fears! What a vast portion of our previous existence is wasted in mere waiting! Waiting for something that seems necessary for our happiness, and the want of which prevents us from enjoying the present hour.

Some Curious Facts About Tools. Every mechanic knows that old tools, which have been laid aside or lost for a long time, seemed to have acquired additional excellence of quality. Razors which have lost their keenness and their temper, recover like mankind, when given them time to recuperate. A spring regains its tension when allowed to rest. Farmers leave their scythes exposed to the weather, sometimes from one season to another, and find their quality improved by it. Boiler-makers frequently search old boilers carefully, when reopened for repairs after a long period of service, to find any tools that may have been left in them when last repaired, and if any are found they are almost invariably of unusually fine quality. The writer, when a boy in the shop, frequently, if denied the use of their tools by the workmen, looked about the scrap shop, and under the window, for tools purposely or carelessly dropped by the men; and when one was found badly rusted by long exposure, it proved to be of the best of steel.—English Mechanic.

On the 4th inst. in the Criminal Court, at Memphis, two attorneys became engaged in a rough and tumble fight, and while the sheriff was separating them a prisoner named Bill Smith walked off with his handcuffs and escaped. The judge sent both the attorneys to jail, but they were released that afternoon on payment of a fine.

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