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# The Post.

VOL. 13. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., APRIL 12, 1876. NO. 50.

**"THE POST."**  
 Published every Thursday Evening by  
**JEREMIAH CROSBY, Prop'r.**  
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**Poetry.**  
**Robin Rebreast.**  
 BY ELIZABETH BOSTON.  
 [There is a supernatural current in Britain that when our nation was bearing his crown, a flight took one from his crown which died his breast, and that since then the bird has been the friend and favorite of man.]  
 Up Mount Calvary's height ascending,  
 Toiled the man of sorrows on,  
 Doomed to die for man's transgression,  
 He, God's sinless, only son.  
 Round the haunted Jewish Rabbi  
 Stood and looked him as he passed,  
 Bitter taunt and fierce reviling  
 At their suffering Saviour cast.  
 On that brow built never clouded,  
 Yet a crown of thorns he wore,  
 While like ruby dew drops gubered  
 Round each point the crimson gore.  
 And the mocking hosts surrounding,  
 Shouted, "Hail all hail our King!"  
 Till the scornful acclamations  
 Made the echoing walk in ring.  
 Fainting 'neath the cross, his burden,  
 From his lips no accents drew,  
 Save, "Forgive them, Heavenly Father,  
 For they know not what they do."  
 All unmoved, God's chosen people  
 Heard the meek, forgiving word,  
 And as throbs of human pity  
 In their stony bosoms stirred.  
 But a wild bird, ere then flying,  
 Caught the plaintive pleading tone,  
 And once thru' plucked from its forest,  
 So to shame man's heart to stone.  
 From its tiny beak descending,  
 Touched the point its little breast,  
 And upon the glory plummage  
 Its aw crimson hue impressed.  
 Still that sanguinary color  
 Dyes the bosom of the bird;  
 Still near homes of happy Christians  
 Are its sweetest warblings heard.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**Mr. and Mrs. Shot.**  
 Mr. Shot hadn't been out of Detroit in seven years when the other day business called him to Chicago. Mrs. Shot wanted to go along, but he said that times was too hard, he didn't want to have the bother of taking care of her, and she was compelled to remain at home. He reached home in the evening after an absence of two days, and as he sat eating his supper he observed:  
 "I tell you it was a long ride, and I'm glad you didn't go."  
 "Lonesome, was it?" she asked.  
 "It would have been fearful if I hadn't had a young lady in the seat with me," he replied.  
 "What! a young lady in the seat with you?"  
 "That is—you know—the car was crowded," he said.  
 "And you offered her half your seat?"  
 "I that is, she sat down there," he stammered.  
 Mrs. Shot's ears grew red and her eyes snapped.  
 "And so it was lonesome, was it? You didn't speak to her, I suppose?" inquired the wife.  
 "Why, I—I spoke once or twice, of course."  
 "Nice young lady, I suppose?"  
 "Well, no, I can't say she was."  
 "And there you sat and looked your sweetest, and I'll bet you passed yourself off as a single man."  
 "I don't no as I did," he replied as he drank his tea.  
 "Did you inform her that you were married and had three children?" she demanded.  
 "I don't remember, though I presume I did."  
 "You presume you did! Well, I presume you didn't. I know just how you sat up there and pretended to be a rich widower, and took care of her snatches, and bought popcorn and illustrated papers for her!"  
 Mr. Shot inquired if there was any more biscuit.  
 "It's a nice operation you coming home and expecting to find hot biscuit for you!" she went on.  
 "Why didn't you ask if that young lady could make biscuit? Why didn't she come home to tea with you?"  
 "Nancy, don't be foolish," he observed.  
 "Don't be foolish! Who is foolish? Here I was, scrubbing and baking and patching, and breaking my back, and you were braced up in a seat beside a young lady, stroking those yellow whiskers and talking about your bonds and mortgages and your lonesome widower life!"  
 "I wasn't," he briefly observed.  
 "Daniel, did that girl ride all the way from Chicago with you?" asked Mrs. Shot as she toyed with the handle of the milk jug.  
 "Did she? Lemme see!" he mused, as he helped himself to the butter.  
 "You know she did!" shouted Mrs. Shot.  
 "If she got off at any of the stations I didn't see her," he admitted.  
 "And there you sat and sat, and you paid out money we could not get in the house, for popcorn and papers!"  
 "Daniel, let me see your wallet?"  
 "My wallet?"  
 "Yes, your wallet?"  
 "What for, Nancy?"  
 "To see if I have any money left."  
 "No, I have exactly what I need."  
 "No more?"  
 "No more, except the money I gave you for the ticket."  
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for incidentals, and now where's that six dollars?"  
 "I—I—" he stammered.  
 "You what?"  
 "I met Green down by the depot and lent him four dollars."  
 "Daniel, you're lying!"  
 "Daniel didn't reply."  
 "Daniel, you've lied to me!" She exclaimed, "You didn't want to take me along owing to hard times. You said I'd bother you. If I'd been along you'd have groveled four times a mile about the bother and expense, and there you went and bothered with a young lady and squandered four dollars on her, and here I've worn those old shoes seven months to save expense!"  
 "I'll get you a new pair pretty soon he replied.  
 "You will, oh! When?"  
 "Before the Fourth of July, any how."  
 "You can squander four dollars on an unknown girl and make me wait four months for shoes, can you?"  
 "What unknown girl?"  
 "Daniel, don't—" she said.  
 And the milk pitcher came down on his head, she caught him by the necktie, and the oldest boy ran out doona and yelled "fire." Several of the neighbors ran over, but Mrs. Shot met them at the door and said it was only a burning chimney. When they asked for Mr. Shot she remarked:  
 "Mr. Shot doesn't feel a bit well and is covered up on the lounge!"—  
*Detroit Free Press.*

**Intelligence of insects.**  
 One day, while watching a column of foraging ants *Editha herculea*, I placed a stone on one of them to secure it. The next that approached, on discovering the situation of an associate, ran back in an excited manner and communicated with the others, which rushed to the rescue. Some hit at the stone and tried to move it, others seized the prisoner by the legs, and tugged with a force which threatened to separate them from its body; but they persevered until they got the captive free. I next covered one of the ants with a piece of clay, leaving only the needlessness of its antennae projecting. It was soon discovered by its fellows, which set to work immediately, and by biting off pieces of clay soon liberated it. On another occasion a very few ants were passing at intervals. One of these was confined under a piece of clay, at a little distance from the trail, with its head projecting. Several ants went by without seeing it, but at last it was discovered by a sharp-eyed friend, that at once undertook to pull it out. Failing in this, it immediately hurried off for assistance, and soon returned with a dozen or more companions, all evidently fully informed of the circumstances of the case, for they made directly for their imprisoned comrade, and shortly set him free.  
 Can such actions be regarded as instinctive? They seem rather to be the result of sympathy, the ants rendering to their fellows such assistance as man is in the habit of rendering to his kind. The excitement and ardor with which the ants carried on their unflagging exertions for the rescue of their comrades, could not have been greater if they had been human beings; and this to meet a danger that can be only of the rarest occurrence.

**Mother.**  
 How many heart has been pained to see the coolness and indifference which is often manifested for an aged and dependent mother.  
 Age may waste a mother's beauty and dim the lustre of her eyes, her strength may depart, her limbs may refuse to support her tottering frame, or she may become helpless as an infant, but shall we love her less? Is she not our mother still? Has she not toiled and watched over our helpless infancy? And in youth she has tried to lead us in the straight and narrow path? And in sickness she was our ministering angel. Who but a mother could be so patient, so kind and affectionate, so gentle and so self-sacrificing as a mother.  
 If we have been tempted into forbidden paths, if we have followed in bad counsels and have gone astray, if we have chosen evil companions and forgotten the good counsels of our youth, who is as ready to encourage and lead us back to honor and virtue, as a mother? She is ready to forgive, to love and cherish us still.  
 Who can fit them a mother's love? She is our friend when all the world forsakes us. She will cling to us, will die for us if necessary.  
 A mother's love is strong, tender and true. Hard indeed must be the heart that can neglect and abuse a dear old mother.  
 She should never feel that she is not welcome, never should her sensitive heart be pained by an unkind look or word. How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness and love while living—how little do we think of her anxiety for us? But when she is gone, and we see the old arm chair, the vacant place at the table, and hear no more her dear voice, then do we know who is gone, never more to return and we call her back. She has gone; and happily for us if we can say we have been faithful and made her happy, and could look forward to a meeting beyond this world.

**Amusing Incident in a Court.**—A laughable incident occurred at a trial at Justice's court in Jersey City recently. A trial was in progress, and several important witnesses had been examined at length; the trial had lasted nearly all day, and the case was about concluded, when one of the counsel picked up the book upon which the witnesses had been sworn, in a careless manner, and, perhaps to refresh his memory with a Bible text, and opened it, when, to his astonishment, he found the book was entitled "Tales and Novels," by Maria Edgeworth. He immediately arose and announced the fact, to the consternation of the Justice and amusement of the spectators. In consequence all the witnesses had to be re-sworn and repeat their testimony. One cause of the mistake was the close similarity of the covers of the books, and it is also hinted that it is was the work of a waggish lawyer.  
**Had His Reward.**  
 A blustering, windy night; one just suited to a dark deed. The howling of the wind, as it tore around the house, effectually drowned the slight noise made by James Barkley in attempting to gain the roof of the porch in the front of widow Ross's cottage.  
 The shed in which Jim stood led into the bed-chamber of Mabel Ross, said to be the prettiest in the village. She was pulled by all the children, the blessing of old age, and decidedly the young men's centre of attraction. No one envied her lot, for they well knew how richly she deserved it.  
 The picture which met Jim Barkley's eyes, as he gazed through the half-drawn curtains, caused him to stand still in amazement. There before her, but his tiny hands clasped, and her eyes raised to heaven, knelt Mabel. Her unbraided hair served almost as a covering for her bare shoulders, and her eyes were filled with tears as she offered her evening prayer.  
 What were the words which fell in clear child-like tones from the rosy lips? Like unto James Barkley turned and softly descended the pillar of the porch, and sank away in the darkness?  
 "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."  
 This was all.  
 We will now learn for what reason Jim Barkley had tried to gain ingress to the widow's cottage. That very morning he had peered into her rear story of his love. Tenderly, but firmly, had Mabel said:  
 "I can never be your wife."  
 "Do you love me?" he asked.  
 "No answer."  
 "You shall tell me?" he beseeched through his set teeth, and he grasped her arm as in a vice. "You shall tell me!"  
 "Mr. Barkley, you forget yourself! Release my arm!"  
 Saying this, she swept out of the room, her face glowing with excitement.  
 "She shall never have a chance to marry another man!" he muttered, as a half-determined plan ran through his mind.  
 This was why he sought the cottage at night—intending to murder Mabel and stab himself, thus ending the life of both, guiltless and guilty. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" These were the words which reached the now asorbed senses of James Barkley. By the next evening he had left the village, gone no one knew where.

**Nailed to Death.**  
 A New York *Mail* Teacher charged With the Death of Several Young Women.  
 On the 31 of February, 1866, several girls were murdered in a mysterious manner at Pfaffenburg, near Kaiserlautern, in Rhienish Bavaria. Among them was Mrs. Joseph Sheffer, daughter of a wealthy miller, who was found to have been strangled to death during her father's absence from his house. The police made efforts for the discovery of the guilty parties, but not the slightest clue was obtained. The affair was almost forgotten, when a thrilling incident during a performance at the Kaiser slattern opera house not only brought it again into vivid light, but also led to the discovery of the murderer of a number of young creatures.  
 On that occasion Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" was played. During the second act a loud cry resounded. Then a man rose, and pointing to a well dressed gentleman in a procession box, he shouted: "Police! arrest that man!" A great uproar ensued. Three or four officers asked the shouting man what he meant. Pointing again to the above mentioned gentleman he said: "Arrest him! He is the murderer of 1866!" This added to the excitement. The gentleman in the procession box, upon hearing what had occurred, turned pale, and said the man who had called him a murderer must be insane. But the audience, who gave his name as Valentin Fry, made the following startling statement: "On the evening of the 31st of February, 1866, about dark, I escaped from the house of correction in this city. Being afraid of falling in with the gens d'armes, I climbed into one of the large ladder tresses in front of the small saw mill at Pfaffenburg. I could look into the attic window, which was lighted. I saw in a young woman, lying asleep in bed a few minutes later this man crept on tiptoe, he seized the young woman's head, and with a hammer deliberately drove a nail into her forehead. She writhed a moment and then expired. He covered the spot where he drove the nail in with her own hair, and then left. I was so horror-stricken that I was unable to move or speak for several minutes. I did not leave after that, I positively identify this man as the murderer of the young woman. I did not tell this before because I was afraid that, being an ex-convict, my story would not be credited."  
 The witness gentleman had listened to this horrible charge with visible agitation. He gave his name as Barthold Humbert, and said he had left Kaiserlautern in 1855, having been a school master there, and gone to New York, where he had been a music teacher. He denied the charge, but his conduct was so suspicious that he was kept in custody. On the following morning the remains of the unfortunate woman the miller's daughter, Jane Bahrens, were exhumed and in her skull the fatal nail was found. The sight of the skull with the nail in it caused Barthold Humbert to confess that he had killed her, as well as four other young girls, on the same day at Pfaffenburg. He refused to say what his motive had been. His trial will come off early in May.

**SHARK FISHERY.**  
 The recently revived shark fishery of the Northern Ice sea in the bay of Teroborsky and the Peninsula Kela is, says the *Lehigh*, the subject of an interesting article in *Das Ausland*, April 5. Two kinds of sharks are found in this region, *Sphyrna lewini*, the Greenland shark, and *Sphyrna tiburo*, or basket shark. It is stated that these sharks special frequent places where sea currents meet, and, contrary to the assertions of many naturalists, assembly in shoals, so that boats engaged in the fishery are often surrounded by a hundred or more of these voracious, greedy for prey. The boats employed for fishing in deep water are from twenty to thirty tons burden, and carry five or six men, who obtain from one to two hundred kilograms of oil from one fish. Forty years ago, one Pashoff received a subvention from the Russian Government to pursue this fishery, which went on slowly till 1851, when a Norwegian emigrant, Sal, took to the business. In the Autumn of that year he began his shark hunt in Teroborsky Bay throwing into the water kitchen waste and excrement. This attracted a thousand sharks, and many were caught with hooks baited with sea-calfs' flesh, and dispatched with harpoons. Sal was prosperous for some time, but at last he was robbed and his tackle sunk. His example, however, excited the people of Kela to take up the occupation. The Russians felt near the coast with small boats which can scarcely hold four men. Anchoring at a certain distance from the bank they sink a vessel piece of drift-wood, containing oil, tallow, or other fat, which the sea currents distribute in the neighborhood. This causes the sharks to assemble, and they are caught with bait hooks attached to iron chains, as they could not instantly bite through the strongest rope. Three of the men wade an opportunity of pulling the fish toward the boat, and the fourth stands ready with a wooden hammer, weighing twenty pounds, to strike with all his force the moment the head appears above the surface of the water. By means of a knife with a very long handle, the oil taken, and its swimming bladder, derelictized by long rope. It is then cast adrift to float. If allowed to the men say the other sharks would eat it and not care for the other bait. The long handle of the knife is to secure the safety of the operator's hands from a bite by other sharks that keep swimming round the bait. Sometimes the sharks surround a boat so thickly that it cannot escape, and the crew fall victims to their intended prey—*Lehigh and Water.*

**CHOICE FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS.**  
**STRAWBERRIES AND PEACHES.**  
 New Sorts by Mail.  
 Plants of the newest and finest improved sorts, carefully packed and prepared by mail. My collection of Strawberries took the first premium for the best Collection, at the great show of the Mass. Horticultural Society, in Boston, last season. I grow nearly 50 varieties, the most complete collection in the Country, including all the new, large American and imported kinds. Priced descriptive Catalogue, gratis, by mail. Also, Bulbs, Fruit Trees, Roses, Evergreens, 25 packets Flower or Garden Seeds, \$1.00 by mail.  
 The True Cape Cod Cranberry, best sort for Upland, Lowland, or Garden, by mail, prepaid, 25 per 100, \$5 per 1000. Wholesale Catalogue to the Trade. Agents Wanted.  
 B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nursery and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842.

**EVERY LADY**  
 At the Office of Administration of the estate of George W. Butler, late of the County of Snyder, Penna., deceased, the following notice is hereby given: That the undersigned, being the executor of the estate of the said deceased, has in his hands the residue of the estate of the said deceased, and is desirous of making a distribution thereof, and for that purpose has caused a list of the names of the persons entitled to the same to be prepared, and the same will be presented for the confirmation of the Judge of the County of Snyder, Penna., at the Court House at Middleburg, Pa., on the 15th day of April, 1876, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and any person interested therein will be present and show cause against the same, if he or she so desire, at the time and place above specified.  
 PETER H. MILLER, Executor.  
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**NEW STOCK**  
 AT A. K. GIFT'S NEW CASH BOOK AND STATIONARY STORE,  
 On the North side of Market Street a few doors west from the Court House.

**NEW BARBER SHOP**  
 AND  
**TOBACCO STORE.**  
 Middleburg, Pa.  
 Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, and Hot Dyeing done in the best manner.  
**TOBACCO & CIGARS.**  
 The best brands of tobacco and Cigars constantly on hand, always a good quality and at reasonable prices. Goods and money paid for.  
 JOHN J. BARR.  
 Sep. 21, 1874.

**B. C. SHAFER,**  
 WITH  
**JOEL J. BAILY & CO.**  
 HOSIERY, SMALL WARES,  
 White Goods, Embroideries &c.  
 28 N. 3d St., Philad.  
 JOEL J. BAILY, ELTON R. LIPSON,  
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**J. S. FARNSWORTH,**  
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 Importers of  
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 Nos. 722 & 724 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.  
 J. S. Farnsworth, Proprietor.  
 J. P. Wain, Manager.  
 Philad. Mar. 15, 1874.

**EDWD J. EVANS & CO.,**  
 NURSERYMEN AND SEEDSMEN,  
 Young Trees, Peas &c.  
 Fruit Trees, Flower Seeds, Grass Seeds, Peas, Beans, Potatoes, &c. Also, all kinds of fruiting and non-fruiting plants. Fall planting.  
**BUTTS,**  
 Stables and Horse Traps, Patent Harness and Saddles, Patent Harness Plans for the steam engine, and all kinds of machinery.  
 A. H. BENTLEY,  
 Newburgh, Orange Co., N. Y.

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**NOTICE.**  
 It is hereby given that George W. Butler, executor of the person and estate of William S. Butler, has filed his account by J. P. Wain, by counsel, and is desirous of making a distribution thereof, and for that purpose has caused a list of the names of the persons entitled to the same to be prepared, and the same will be presented for the confirmation of the Judge of the County of Snyder, Penna., at the Court House at Middleburg, Pa., on the 15th day of April, 1876, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and any person interested therein will be present and show cause against the same, if he or she so desire, at the time and place above specified.  
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