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The Post.

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VOL. 14.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., MAY 18, 1876.

NO. 3.

Poetry.

On Reason.

Reason, best of heaven's blessings,
Given only to mankind,
Life would not be worth possessing,
Did not reason rule the mind.

When we see auspicious fortune,
Striving all the risk to bless,
Reason tells us, envy not them,
Riches are not happiness.

When in the height of beauty blooming
Clara exercising power,
Reason whispers in our hearing,
"Beauty is a faded flower."

When in pomp and power parading,
Kings and presidents we see;
Reason tells us they are failing,
They must die as well as we.

When fell poverty invades us;
And our lot is slaves to be;
Reason tells us, bear with patience;
Time will come we shall be free.

When our passions drag us headlong,
Thro' lust, ambition, avrice—where—
In search of happiness and pleasure,
Reason tells us 'tis not there.

Let poverty and poverty attend us,
All our life in trouble spent;
Reason has a balm to send us,
And that balm is called content.

When we're on our death bed lying,
Full of anguish and pain;
Reason tells us, "Be of comfort,
You shall surely live again."

Miscellaneous.

Gustavus III and the poor girl.

One evening little Anna clambered upon her father's knee, which she was very fond of doing when the work of the day was over. At once she asked for a story. "What kind of a story, darling?" asked her father. "A Bible story, or anything else you please; your stories are all good." Well, then, listen:

"There was a good king of Sweden called Gustavus the Third, whose death occurred in 1792, after a reign of twenty-one years. One morning he was riding through Stockholm, his capital city. Seeing a young girl at a fountain getting water, he asked her for the favor of a drink. Without knowing who was addressing her, she stepped forward and lifted the pitcher to his lips. The ready kindness of the girl, her artless manner, and her appearance of being poor, drew the king's heart toward her. He told her if she would come to live in the city, he would place her in a nice agreeable and comfortable position in life."

"Ah! good sir," answered the girl, "I am not anxious to forsake the position to which Providence has led me; and even if I were, I would not leave my home to accept of your offer."

"And why not? rejoined the king, with some surprise."

"Because," said the girl with sighs of modesty, "my mother is poor and sickly, and I am the only one to take care of her and comfort her; and nothing that could be offered would lead me to leave her."

Your mother? I returned the monarch, and where is she?

In this little cabin, was the reply: the girl at the same time pointing to a humble dwelling close at hand.

Gustavus descended from his horse and went with the little girl into the cabin to see her mother. There he found lying upon a bed of straw the aged suffering mother, who was sinking under infirmities. His kind heart was moved, and he said to the woman:

"I feel very sorry, mother to find you so destitute and alone."

"Yes, dear sir, I am poor and sick," she replied in a feeble tone, and should be distressed, indeed, but for the affectionate attention of my dear daughter, who labors and tries to support and comfort me, and omits no effort for my relief. May God remember it to her for her good," she added, as her hand wiped away the tears, which now rolled down over her cheeks.

The good king was very deeply affected, and never, perhaps, was more thankful than at that moment, that he was able to help a suffering fellow creature. Then handing the daughter a purse of gold and directing the poor family to a better home, he said to the girl:

"Still, my dear young friend, go on taking the same care of your mother, and you shall not fail to have my help. Trust my word. I am your king. Good-bye."

On reaching his home, Gustavus made provisions to have a sum of money regularly paid to the woman for her support, as long as she might live; and when her death occurred he remembered the daughter with a very rich endowment.

How strikingly did God in this case reward, even in life, this honor and love shown by this dear girl toward her mother!

The fields in the country, which for some months have been under the ban of winter are beginning to put on the green robes and show outward signs of a rapid vegetation. In a little while every thing will be fair to the eye, glorious and beautiful. But we will not anticipate, but patiently await the coming of the fruit and flowers.

Don't talk about your war record where there are young boys. An old veteran was relating his exploits the other day in a promiscuous crowd, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," wrote a sprightly juvenile, "my sister Alice has been engaged more than twice."

Characteristics of the Average American Boy.

NOTICE OF INQUEST.

In the matter of the estate of John Hackenburg late of Centre Township, decd.

To

Catharine Hackenburg, Har-

leton, Union county; James Hackenburg,

Jane Hackenburg, Centreville, Say-

der Co., Pa.; Harriet Everhart,

Harriet Hackenburg, intermarried with

Nathan Everhart, Clyds, Snyder Co.,

Ola, Susanna Wilt nee Susannah Hacken-

burg intermarried with John Wilt, Han-

nah Beachler, nee Hannah Hackenburg,

termarried with John Beachler, Hartleton,

Union Co., Pa.; Catharine Weaver v. Cathe-

rine Hackenburg, intermarried Edward

Weaver, Schoderack, Kalama Co., Mich-

ie, John Hackenburg, Swenzel, Pa., Union

Co., Pa.; Union, Centre, townships of John Hacken-

burg, Centre, townships, decd.

Mother Angel Mather, Solo and Quartet,

Danks, 3rd, Danks, 3rd, Danks, 3rd,

Leveller, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd,

Leveller, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd,

Hark the Yonder Bells are chiming, song and

cho. Danks, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd,

Leveller, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd, 3rd,

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