



THE POST. Published every Thursday Evening by JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.

Poetry.

Immortality.

We are but walking shadows Soon to be here no more; The eradic is behind us, The tomb is just before.

Whence came, and whither go we, As on life's silver stream We pass from gloom to glory, To waking from a dream?

Eternity behind us, Eternity before; Life's narrow span is left us, And soon it will be o'er.

Man is a microcosm, And all beneath him stands Objective to his reason, Subjective to his hands.

The dazzling spheres above him Await the wondrous call Of this integral portion Of the Eternal All.

No vacuum can hide him: Nonentity is naught; The thinking and the thinker Are subjects of his thought.

Self-moved by his own will, And hence he is immortal; He borrows not his skill.

What scenes of glory beckon Along the starry plain, Awakening hope within us! This hope cannot be vain.

No gift is vainly given; No good is vainly done; The goal of beauty mocks not, The soul by whom 'tis won.

Each star and atom moving In nature's strong embrace; Each thought and action filling Its well-appointed place.

I love this flowery footstool, I love these skies above; They kindle hope within me Of perfect light and love.

I greet these midnight glories, Though shadowy they be, But when my earthly ship shall sink, 'Tis to another sea.

Select Tale.

A Wife's Mistake.

Mrs. Hopgood prided on being one of the best housekeepers. She was of those rapid housewives who pursue an atom of dust as a hunter might pursue a stag.

As for Mr. Hopgood and the children, they lived mostly in the kitchen. 'I can't have the boys' muddy coats tramping the carpets, and the girls sewing in the parlor,' said Mrs. Hopgood.

'I've got a dining room as nice as anybody,' said Mrs. Hopgood, 'with carved oak sideboard, with a marble top and silver, polished till it better than any looking glass; but where's the use of turning things all upside down, just for one's own family? Common crockery ware and good one handled knives are just as good as every day use.'

'Mamma,' said Elsie Hopgood, a heavy checked girl of sixteen, 'I should like to sit in the parlor sometimes. Mrs. Montfort and her daughter use theirs every evening, and it looks so pretty and pleasant here.'

'Stiff and nonsense!' said Mrs. Hopgood, sharply. 'I keep house myself after my own fashion, and I give others leave to do the same.'

'But mamma,' pleaded Elsie, 'I was thinking how I should like to invite all the girls here some evening and have tea; and afterwards a little dance. I've been asked out so many times without responding that I'm really ashamed to go.'

'Then you had better stay at home,' said Mrs. Hopgood, 'polish vigorously away at the stem of your silver card receiver. I think I see myself, with all the young folks a town, dancing on my Brussels carpet, and cake crumbs and melted rosin daubed over everything.'

'Elsie made no answer but her countenance fell. 'I wish ma was like any one else,' she said to herself, 'the tears obscuring her eyes. 'I wish she was like Kate Pickett's mother, who lets her have company every Thursday evening. John Elton wants me to marry him. If I married, I could have a house of my own, and do as I pleased.'

going to commence cleaning to-morrow, and then I'll give her enough to do to keep her out of mischief. 'Mother,' said Isaac Hopgood, gravely, 'sometimes I think that if we made a home a little more attractive to our children—'

'O, nonsense!' petulantly interrupted his wife. 'I suppose you'd like us to have tablecloths, like Mrs. Montfort; or a magic lantern like the Miekfords. Our children haven't been brought up that way.'

And Mr. Hopgood said no more. Mrs. Hopgood was to usher our expression, 'in the thick of the house cleaning,' the next day, with the carpets rolled into heaps, the floor spattered with soap suds, and her head tied up with a pocket handkerchief, when the door suddenly opened.

'Take care of pail of soap suds and soda!' cried she shrilly, 'O, it's you is it, Ally?'

'Yes, mother, it is me,' said Alexander, her eldest son, who had just gone into business as a junior partner to his father. 'I say—do leave off washing a minute, and attend to me! Ryerson's in town—my old chum, you know—only for one day, and I've asked him to dinner.'

'To dinner!' almost screamed Mrs. Hopgood, dropping her brush in consternation. 'Alexander Hopgood, are you crazy? Of course I can't have him for dinner. Just look at the condition the house is in.'

'O, he won't mind that, mother. Ryerson's a thoroughly good fellow. Just let him sit down to pot luck with the rest of us, any—'

'I shall do nothing of the sort, Alexander,' said Mrs. Hopgood, severely compressing her lips. 'You know I do not approve of inviting company at any time, still less at such a period as this. If you have been fool enough to ask him, you may get out of the scrape the best way you can.'

'But, mother—'

'I don't want any more discussion on the subject,' said Mrs. Hopgood, dabbling away with the brush. And Alexander went out, slamming the door.

'By George,' quoth Alexander Hopgood to himself, 'if I can't ask a friend to my home, there's at least the alternative of inviting him to the hotel. I never did mean a thing before, but I don't see how else I can manage.'

So Alexander Hopgood entertained Mr. Ryerson at the hotel, and gave an unlimited order for iced champagne and dessert. And the upshot of it all was that Alexander Hopgood was brought in at eleven o'clock at night, by two of the waiters, hopelessly intoxicated.

'Don't be 'f-feel, mother!' sputtered he, brandishing an empty bottle, as he became dimly conscious of her white scarred face bending over him. 'Go on with your washing! It's a deal jollier at the hotel than it is at home. Freedom forever! Ho, coo-ray!'

'O, what shall I do!' said Mrs. Hopgood, when the waiters were once more out of the house, and the roll of the cab wheels had died away.

'To think—only to think that one of mine should ever disgrace himself thus!'

'It's your own fault, mother,' said Renny, the second son. 'You would not let Ally bring his friend here.'

'Hold your tongue,' sharply retorted Mrs. Hopgood, wincing beneath the prick of this home thrust. 'Call Elsie. I need her help.'

'Oh, mother!' piped Fannie, the youngest girl, running down the stairs in frantic haste, 'Elsie ain't here.'

'Not here?'

'No, mother; she hasn't been to bed at all—and there's a note on her table directed to you.'

'Open it, mother,' said Isaac Hopgood huskily. 'This is a doomed night for our household. My God! has our home become so distasteful to our children that they will fly from it like rats from a falling house?'

set in the pretty dining-room, with flowers on the table, and new games and puzzles scattered around. Mrs. Hopgood gazed around with a bewildered air. She hardly knew her own home.

'This is the way in which we must live henceforward, mother,' said the husband cheerily. 'Let in the light and sunshine; teach Ben and Fanny that home is something more than an empty name, and try, so far as we can, to retrieve the errors of our past life.'

And Mrs. Hopgood mutely bowed her head. 'I will try, husband,' she answered.—PRAIRIE FARMER.

Mystic Roads. Perhaps the most familiar of mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriloquist; familiar because almost every county fair is visited by one or other of these exhibitors; mysterious because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain why it is that some can speak from the stomach instead of from the throat, and without any perceptible movements of the lips; but the person who can do this, the ventriloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver of those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Savilla Carey, who could well imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by exerting this art in a private coffee house; some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed, while others would button up their coats, as if cold.

Sir David Brewster notices a ventriloquist of exceptional skill, M. St. Gilles, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother. Suddenly they heard a voice, as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal, not suspecting the trick, they fell on their face and chanted the De Profundis. A committee appointed by the academic des sciences to report on the phenomena of ventriloquism went with M. St. Gilles to the house of a lady, to whom they announced that they had come to investigate a case of aerial 'spirits' somewhere in the neighborhood. During the interview she heard what she termed 'spirit voices' above her head, underneath the floor, and in distant parts of the room and was with difficulty convinced that the only spirit present was the ventriloquist voice of M. St. Gilles. Brewster tells of another master of this art, Louis Brabant, valet de chambre to Francis I, whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother after the death of the father, again to urge his suit; and while he was present she heard the voice of her deceased husband expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give her immediate consent to the betrothal.—Frightened and alarmed, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage arrangements but having not much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the conversation should turn upon the subject of demons, spectres and purgatory. Suddenly he heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible suffering he was enduring in purgatory, and saying there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with gold to yield at once.—Brabant went next day and resumed the conversation, when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relations, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer; he placed 10,000 crowns in the hands of the unsuspecting ventriloquist, who, of course, forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or anywhere else.—When the usurer learned after death how he had been duped, he died of vexation.—Chambers's Journal.

Section two imposes a penalty of five dollars for each gray, black or fox squirrel killed or had in possession between January 1 and July 1.

Section three imposes a penalty of five dollars for each rabbit killed or had in possession between December 15 and October 15.

Section four imposes a penalty of ten dollars for killing any wild duck or goose with a sawed or punt gun, or with any gun than such guns as are raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder.

Section five imposes a penalty of ten dollars for killing any wild turkey or woodcock between January 1 and October 1.

Section six imposes a penalty of ten dollars for killing any upland or grass plover between January 1 and August 15.

Section seven imposes a penalty of ten dollars for killing any woodcock between January 1 and July 4.

Section eight imposes a penalty of five dollars for killing any quail or Virginia partridge between December 15 and October 15.

Section nine imposes a penalty of ten dollars for killing any ruffed grouse or partridge grouse, commonly called partridge chicken, between January 1 and October 1.

Section ten imposes a penalty of five dollars for killing any railbird or redhead except in September, October and November.

Section eleven imposes a penalty of five dollars for killing any night-hawk, whippoorwill, sparrow thrush, hawk, hawk, martin, chimney swallow, barn swallow, wood-pecker, flicker, robin, oriole, red or cardinal bird, cedar bird, tanager, catbird, bluebird or any other insectivorous bird.

The twelfth section provides that such birds may be killed for the purpose of scientific investigation or having the same stuffed or set up as a specimen.

Section thirteen imposes a penalty of ten dollars for robbing or destroying eggs or nests of any wild birds except those of predatory hawks as are destructive of game and insectivorous birds.—Eggs are allowed to be taken for scientific purposes.

Section fourteen imposes a penalty of twenty dollars for killing, catching or discharging any fire-arm at any wild pigeon while on its nesting grounds or in any manner disturbing such nesting grounds or the birds thereon or discharging any fire-arm within one-fourth mile of the place or shooting at, maiming or killing any wild pigeon within its roosting.

Section fifteen imposes a penalty of ten dollars for killing or taking any wild turkey, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, rail or red head, or rabbit by means of any blind, trap, snare, net or any other device.

Section sixteen imposes a penalty of twenty-five dollars for hunting or fishing on Sunday.

Section seventeen imposes a penalty of twenty-five dollars for catching or killing speckled trout with any device but rod, hook and line, except for propagation or scientific investigation, or for placing any fish in waters inhabited by the speckled trout.

The New Game Law.

The first section prohibits the killing of elk or wild deer except from October 1 to January 1. The sale of elk, wild deer or fresh venison is not allowed within the above period. Penalty of fifty dollars for each elk, wild deer or fawn so killed. Constables or rather town officials are authorized to kill dogs that habitually pursue elk, wild deer or fawn, and the owner of such dog is liable to ten dollars fine for every elk, wild deer or fawn killed by such dog.

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Section seventeen imposes a penalty of twenty-five dollars for catching or killing speckled trout with any device but rod, hook and line, except for propagation or scientific investigation, or for placing any fish in waters inhabited by the speckled trout.

Section eighteen imposes a penalty of \$100 for trespassing on any lands for the purpose of taking fish from any private pond, stream or spring after private notice shall have been given. The section only applies to ponds, etc., as shall be and are improved by the owners or lessees for the propagation of fish or game fish.

Section twenty-one imposes a penalty of twenty-five dollars for placing any set net, fish baskets, pond nets, eel weirs, kiddies, brush, and faucine nets, or any other permanent set means of taking fish or otherwise, in the nature of seines, in the waters of the Commonwealth.

Section twenty-two imposes a penalty of ten dollars for catching or killing, at any time save only with rod, hook and line, or scull, any black bass, pickerel, pike or Susquehanna salmon or for catching any of these fishes between March 1 and July 1, except alive for stocking other waters.

Section twenty-three imposes a penalty of twenty-five dollars for catching or killing fish in any of the inland waters inhabited by speckled trout or black bass, by means of any net or device in the nature thereof of the marshes or open spaces, provided that nothing therein shall authorize the catching of speckled trout by means of any device, save only by rod, hook or line, except for propagation and to stock other waters.

Predatory Chicks

Try Max Adeler's method. He describes it as follows:—'We had a good deal of trouble last summer with Pitman's chickens; as fast as we planted anything in our little garden, these chickens of Pitman's would creep through the fence, scratch on the soil, fill up, and go home. When the rabid bird had been ravished in this manner for the fifth time, we explained to Pitman (Adeler), he said, 'I tell you it was on good and it does them better—good to be raised over by chickens. If I have rabbits, give me chickens to scratch around them to eat up the worms. Rabbits that haven't been scatched ain't worth a cent. Then we climbed over the fence with the determination to take the law into our own hands. We procured half a peck of corn and two dozen small fish hooks. Fastening the hooks each to a grain of corn, we tied the wire to each hook.—Then we scattered the whole of the corn on the rabid-bird and fixed the ends of the wires to the biggest sky rocket we could get. The rocket stood in a frame about ten yards away from the hooks. That very morning Pitman's chickens came over, and instantly began to devour the corn. We were ready, and as soon as it was evident that the hooks were all swallowed, we applied a match to that rocket. It is regarded as probable that no barnyard fowls that have existed since the days of Noah proceeded toward the azure vault of heaven with such rapidity as those did. A fizz, a few ejaculatory cackles, a puff of smoke, and Pitman's roosters and chickens were swishing around among the celestial constellations without their feathers, and in some doubt respecting the stability of earthly things. Pitman never knew what became of his fowls; but when we read, in the paper next day that twenty-four moulting chickens, with rain-soaked feathers, had been raised down by a hurricane in New Jersey, we felt that that rocket had done its duty.'

Mullen Tea for Consumption. The Official Touchlight, a leading North Carolina journal, relates the following:—'Last week we saw our old friend John Satterwhite, aged 64, hearty and hale, better than he had been in thirty years. About one year ago we told the ranchers of his cure, and of the remedies used so successfully. Mr. Satterwhite has had many relatives to the cure of consumption. He had long been threatened with the same fall disease.'

He had hemorrhaged after hemorrhages, had a dreadful cough, expectorating a pint of most offensive matter every twenty-four hours, was awakened daily until he was scarcely able to rise from a chair, and as the doctor supposed, near death's door. By accident he heard of two remedies, when he used together, and with really astonishing results. In three weeks he began to fatten and strengthen, was able to attend to his farming operations, all of his distressing symptoms disappeared, his cough vanished, and he walked and rode about a well man.'

In March of last year we gave a brief statement of his then condition. A year has elapsed, and he has gone on improving. We have known him for at least thirty years, and we never saw him so stout and buoyant. He informs us that he has not had an hour's sickness in fifteen months, did not lose a day from work last year, and feels that he is entirely relieved of his pulmonary symptoms.'

The remedy: One pint of liquor at four tablespoonfuls of old fat light-weight soft savast. Dose: Cut mullen leaves in July or August, dry them and make a tea, not too strong, and use night and morning in place of coffee. Mix with sugar and milk to suit the taste. Drink one cupful. It is not well to take too much.

Mr. Satterwhite still continues the use of mullen tea, and has great faith in it. To inform us that an old friend of his, who is very far gone with consumption, is improving. It makes a cure we will report the fact, for we know the person and his case appeared desperate. Drs. Jackson, of Philadelphia, Churchill, of Paris, and other men of eminence, say that tubercular consumption has been often cured, and we so believe unflinchingly. We are sure we have known at least two cases.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, writing about chicken cholera says:—'After losing about 100 chickens and 50 turkeys, by advice, we gave them iron sulphate and sulphuric acid, in proportion to 2 oz. to 1 lb. of the former in one gallon of soft water. Put a little of this liquid in their drink or feed. My poultry is doing well now. There were some that were so bad that they would not eat or drink; of course they died.'

A Watertown, N. Y., lawyer said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, many of you are fathers, many of you are mothers,' and there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

WEST BEAVER School District.

Snyder Co. Pa. Expenditures for the year ending June 30th. A. D. 1876.

Amount levied for School purposes \$234 34

Amount levied for Building purposes 811 45

Total amount levied 1045 79

State appropriation from State Treasurer and other sources 75 51

By balance on former settlements 227 24

Total amount 1348 54

Unsettled funds 104 22

Balance on hand 1244 32

By interest on investments 104 22

Total amount 1348 54

By interest on investments 104 22

Total amount 1348 54

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D. R. A. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. (Sep. 1, 73)

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