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The Post.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JUNE 29, 1876. NO. 9.

THE POST.
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Poetry.

Great and Small.
A sparrow, twittering by a door,
Seem'd to lack up soaring high,
He seem'd at heaven's gate to pour,
His joy rejoicing melody,
A poor dull thing, unwar by birth,
A foolish chamber of the curtain,

BY AND BY.

By and by the roses wither,
By and by the leaves will fall;
By and by the crimson autumn
Sheds its leaves over all.
By and by our hopes will brighten,
Though the swallow homeward fly,
And false friends who seem to love us
May forget us by and by.

Select Tale.

Ned and Hannah.

You must know that although I am a rough and ungainly-looking object now, having met with many hard knocks and weathered many tough gales in the course of my life, I was once quite a good looking youth, and was fond of the society of the girls. My father was an honest farmer, who resided in Cranberry village, in the interior of Massachusetts, and I was the oldest son. At an early age I was instructed in all the mysteries of cooping, hoeing, mowing, plowing, taking care of the stock, and other duties which devolve on a farmer; and at the age of twenty I was able to cut as large a swath as any man within five miles; and at the raising of Deacon Jones' barn, when the wrestling ring was formed, I threw every man who could be brought against me. Well a few days after this—it was in the latter part of November—my good mother, one day taking an opportunity when we were alone, spoke to me something after this fashion:

"Ned, you are growing to man's estate. You are stout, well-grown lad, of steady and industrious habits, and, thanks to your father, know how to work. It is time for you to be looking out for a wife, for I am growing rather infirm, and work does not come so easy to me as it used to do. What do you say, Ned, should you like to be married?"

"Well, Ned," continued my mother, "I've been thinking for some weeks which of the girls in these parts would suit you the best, and have come to the conclusion that Hannah Hartsborn will be the very dangle. You know her father Euseius Hartsborn, don't you, Ned?"

worse. The oldest was soon saddled. I shook hands with my mother, who had me not be afraid but to keep up a good heart and behave like a man, mounted my steed and departed on my expedition. Euseius Hartsborn lived at the distance of five miles, and as I rode leisurely along the road, I had abundant time to reflect on the starting character of the expedition in which I had so suddenly embarked, and the more I reflected the more I felt conscious that I should make a folly, a complete boot-jack of my self, and I would gladly have given up the project, or postponed it for a time, were it not for giving offense to my mother.

I hitched the colt to the horse shoe, nailed to the buttered tree at the end of the house, and went in—I may heart all the time beating in my bosom, for all the world like a partridge drumming behind a stump. I found the family cozily seated around the fire—the hearth was nicely swept, and everything looked as neat and comfortable as wax-work. The ensign looked a little surprised at my entrance but gave me a cordial grasp of the hand—and his good wife said she was delighted to see me. As for Tom he grinned and looked knowingly to Hannah, and his brother-in-law, who was sitting in the chair, which was old and rickety, came down, and me in it, with a terrible crash.

This unlucky incident, and my wild looks, frightened the poor girl almost out of her wits. She jumped from her chair screaming, "Oh! he's in a fit!" and seizing a large pitcher of water that was unfortunately on the table, dashed its contents full in my face and bosom, and darted out of the room, crying aloud for help! Her parents rushed in at one door, crying, "Where is the rascal? let me come at him!" just as I recovered from my astonishment, and had exulted myself from the wreck, I made a run for the front window, threw it up, and darted through the aperture, with the nimbleness of a harlequin—mounted the "old colt," who had been patiently standing beneath the tree all the time—and applying my heels to his sides, accompanied with sun-bly thumps, an jerk of the bridle, soon snowed in urging him into a gallop, down the green lane—but not before Tom, who had mistaken the course of his sister's alarm, had rushed out of the front door, and seizing a good stone, let it fly at my back with all his strength, exclaiming, "There, take that, you rascal! and it may teach you better manners in the future!"

I reached home without meeting with any more adventures; but with the bath administered by Hannah, and the rubbing down by Tom, the excitement of the interesting occasion, combined with the disappointment of my hopes, and the mortification of my cavalier treatment from the village beauty, I was attacked the next day with a violent fever which lasted more than a week—and before I recovered the whole affair, through the notice of Tom, and perhaps the fair maiden herself, got wind. I found that there would no longer comfort for me in cranberry village, and picked up a few of my tools, and started off for Boston, shipped on board the first vessel I could find bound on a foreign voyage, and with the exception of a few visits to my native village some years afterwards, have stuck to the blue waters ever since.

Couldn't Play The Hippodrome Dodge.

He started for New York, only to remain there two days. Meeting with some old chums, the gaiety of Gotham had too many attractions for him to return within the prescribed time. Ten days passed and his convivialities were not ended. Anxious to propitiate his wife, he wrote to her as follows:

"My Dear Kate—Have become deeply interested in the glorious work going on here at the hippodrome. Have been there three times a day, and am sure you will be pleased with the change time has wrought in me. Shall not return to you until next Saturday night. I send one copy of the Gospel hymns. Have marked some as they express so perfectly my feeling at our long separation.

The Boy's First Dollar.

Many years ago a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Mass., while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew of a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his shop.

"Your mother said so, did she? Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed my fair one, with a scornful laugh. "Oh, you are a good boy, and a bright one in the bargain. You shall have a wife when you are married!"

I was thunderstruck. A fearful shudder passed over my frame, for I saw that the sweet girl whom I had chosen for my bride, was actually making fun of me—and that as my mother would have said, "my cake was all dough." I leaped back in my chair, and while my limbs shook, and my teeth chattered, I looked her impudently in the face, with a view to remonstrate against her incivility.

"Why ha-a-nah! dear ha-a-nah!" said I, in hollow and dolorous tone—and it is possible that I might have said something more, when the chair, which was old and rickety, came down, and me in it, with a terrible crash.

This unlucky incident, and my wild looks, frightened the poor girl almost out of her wits. She jumped from her chair screaming, "Oh! he's in a fit!" and seizing a large pitcher of water that was unfortunately on the table, dashed its contents full in my face and bosom, and darted out of the room, crying aloud for help! Her parents rushed in at one door, crying, "Where is the rascal? let me come at him!" just as I recovered from my astonishment, and had exulted myself from the wreck, I made a run for the front window, threw it up, and darted through the aperture, with the nimbleness of a harlequin—mounted the "old colt," who had been patiently standing beneath the tree all the time—and applying my heels to his sides, accompanied with sun-bly thumps, an jerk of the bridle, soon snowed in urging him into a gallop, down the green lane—but not before Tom, who had mistaken the course of his sister's alarm, had rushed out of the front door, and seizing a good stone, let it fly at my back with all his strength, exclaiming, "There, take that, you rascal! and it may teach you better manners in the future!"

Be Economical.

Take care of the pennies. Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if no more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blinkers will reach or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry futilities. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money; but it takes a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board there is nothing left for the savings bank. Far and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Harnessing Colts.

The utmost gentleness should be exercised in harnessing the colt the first time. Any undue roughness over his back, the tugs and straps slapping against his sides, may forever render him exceedingly shy, restive and consequently dangerous to approach. First detach the harness from the pad, closely trying up the tugs. Then take them in both hands and place them gently over the collar, backing below without jerking at the straps—the too common practice of grooving—the pad after this, with both hands place the pad over the back, buckling just tight enough to prevent the pad from moving out of place. When this is done the tugs may then be drawn through the support straps and tied snugly up to them. The collar must be carefully adjusted to the animal's neck so as to prevent both scalding and chafing.

How Girls are Made Fretty.

The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindoostan. Dr. Henry Spry, one of the company's medical officers, says that this exercise of carrying water in small vessels on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb bells, backboards, skipping-rope, &c. The young lady ought to be taught to carry the jar, as these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with her hand. The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Spain and in the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very brink over a rough road and not spill a drop of it, and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait, and the same expanded chest and well-formed back and shoulders—School and Home for Mary.

The Baboon Mother.

A Mr. Hazley, in a lecture on Africa, tells the following story: A woman, belonging to a settlement of about 150 souls, went one day to gather wood, and left the child on the ground to take care of itself. While the mother was gone, a female baboon appeared on the scene, and, copying the child, approached and began to fondle it. The child was allowed to partake of the baboon's milk, when deprived of any appetite for its mother's. When the mother returned, she noticed that the child was exceedingly covered over with leaves, and had but its hunger. This was done for several days before the mother ascertained what performed the unthankful act. When the mother did find out the cause, indeed the man of her tribe to be in want for the baboon the next day. The animal noticed the man raise his weapons to fire, and began to wave her hand, or paw, as if asking them not to kill her, and at the same time, pointed to a young one at her breast. But the natives killed her. No sooner had they done so, however, than the male baboon put in its appearance, and, by a loud shout, summoned others of his tribe to the spot. Then in a body, the animals attacked the natives, and forced them to flee to their huts for safety. One of the baboons tracked them to their settlement, and the next day they were visited by about 500 baboons, who assailed them with execrations, and compelled them to run away from their homes. The animals kept a watch over the huts for several days, and prevented the natives from returning to their dwellings.

John's Opinion.

Some years ago, being at Philadelphia, John Colwell, of Ohio, received an introduction to a prominent divine of that city. The reverend gentleman invited John to attend his church on a certain Sunday, which invitation was accepted. They entered the sacred edifice together. It was one of the first churches in the city, and its members were fashionable and aristocratic in the extreme. The minister put John in an elaborately furnished pew, well to the front. John looked comfortable down into one corner of the same, and looked about as interesting and contented as a toad under a cabbage leaf.

After a while the owner of the pew arrived, and at once gave signs of intense disgust and indignation at the presence of the interloper. He looked at John, looked at the pew, scowled magnificently, and finally, after fumbling through his pockets some time, drew forth a card and wrote on it with a pencil:

"This is my seat, sir!" and, with an air of the loftiest contempt, tossed it over to John.

The latter took it up, read it with a lamb-like meekness peculiar to himself, and then, with the most delightful coolness, wrote in reply:

"It's a devilish good seat! What news to you say?" and tossed the card back to its owner.

The latter took it up, read it with the most profound astonishment a minute or two, and then a broad grin overspread his countenance. He evidently enjoyed the sublime brass and coolness of his new acquaintance and when service was over he approached John, apologized for his rudeness, and invited him to his house, gave him the best he had, and treated him with the utmost respect and consideration during his sojourn in the city.

WEST BEAVER School District.

Snyder Co. Pa. Expenditures for the year ending June 5th. A. D. 1876.

Amount levied for School purposes \$228 50
Amount levied for Building purposes 81 18
Total amount levied 309 68
State appropriation 212 00
From State Treasurer and other sources 70 74
By balance on former settlements 127 20
Unsettled funds 224 20
Total amount 837 82

Penn Township Finances.

Settlement of the general officers of Penn Township for the year ending April 30th. A. D. 1876.

Account of Rudben Roy, Treasurer for the year ending April 30th, 1876.

Account of Jonathan W. Roy, Treasurer for the year ending April 30th, 1876.

Account of Charles Miller Auditor and Treasurer.

Account of Enns Klingler School Treasurer of Penn School District for the year ending June 30th A. D. 1876.

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