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The Post.

VOL. 14. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., SEPTEMBER 21, 1876. NO. 20.

THE POST.
Published every Thursday evening by
JEREMIAH GROUSE, Prop'r.
Terms of Subscription,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Sellinggrove Pa.
All professional business and entrusted to their care will be attended to. Can be consulted in German. Office, Market Square.

Poetry.

Cooking and Courting.

Dear Ned—no doubt you'll be surprised when you receive and read this letter; I've called against the marriage state, but you see I have a better.
I've met a lovely girl out here.
Her manner is well—very winning;
We're soon to be—well, Ned, my dear, I'll tell you all from the beginning.
I went to ask her out to ride,
Last Wednesday—it was perfect weather,
She said she couldn't possibly.
The servants had all gone off together;
(Hibernians always rush away,
As cousin's funeral to be looking!)
Pie must be made and she must stay,
She said to do that branch of cooking.
"Oh, let me help you," then I cried;
"I'll be a cook too—how jolly!"
She laughed and answered with a smile,
"All right! but you'll repent your folly;
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple with."
So sit down there and don't you stir,
But take that knife and pare that apple.
She rolled her sleeves above her arm,
That lovely arm so plump and rounded,
Outside the morning sun shone bright,
Inside the dough she deftly pounded.
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie crust into masses;
I passed the most delightful hour,
"Mid butter, sugar and molasses."
With deep reflection, her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle;
She sliced the apples, filled her pie,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In the great bowl were tightly twisted,
But looks would break it here and there,
And twirl about where'er they listed.
And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fasted it up—her hands were doughy,
Oh, did it take the longest time,
Her arm, Ned, was as fair and snowy,
She blushed, and trembled and looked shy,
Somehow that made me all the bolder,
Her arch lips looked as red that I—
Well—found her head upon my shoulder.
We're to be married, Ned, no Xt month;
I'll be at the wedding revells.
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils;
You'd better go for some girl's hand,
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a demand,
Why, just try cooking pies together.

Select Tale.

A Blind Man's Duel.

Major Buford, called by the way of eminence, "the Major," was one of the most noted duellists of the day. A dead shot, a perfect master of fence, and his enemies utterly relentless, his name became a terror to all who knew him.
In the midst of a knot of admiring friends one day, the Major was discussing his last "affair," and complacently explaining how it came that he mortally wounded his adversary, instead of killing him on the spot, when one or two men standing within hearing, suddenly advanced and struck him in the face. The spectators stood aghast. What could have tempted the stranger to rush thus impudently on his fate? He was an old man. Already, to appearance, had three score and ten years passed over his head. He must, indeed, have been weary of life, whose brief remnant he was ready to cast away so recklessly.
The Major was astonished. The very audacity of the act struck him with amazement.
"Is this provocation sufficient, or must I repeat it?" inquired the assailant.
The Major's first impulse was to return blow for blow. But fierce and violent as were his passions, he schooled himself to complete mastery over them, and a moment's reflection told him how bootless, under the circumstances, would be a public brawl. The indignity he had received would admit of but one reparation, and that he determined to lose no time in seeking.
"The insult is sufficient," he answered with a forced calmness. "Oblige me by naming a friend."
And the two strangers took their leave together.
At sunrise on the following morning the principals and their seconds made their appearance on the ground selected. No one else was present—not a surgeon. The Major, in his own past experience, never had need of one, and his opponent, it was plain, was careless of the consequence.
There was no necessity of delay. The preliminaries had been settled. The parties were to fight with pistols, at ten paces, the combat to continue until one or both had fallen.
One condition had been insisted on by the stranger, which called an indignity to the Major's cheek, as it seemed to imply and imputation upon his honor, though he submitted with the best grace he could. It was, that before placing the combatants, the bodies of both should be inspected, to see that no secret protective device was employed by either.
The ground was measured and the men placed. There was a marked contrast between the two in more respects than that of years. The old man erect and motionless as a statue, his eyes looked fastidiously in the distance. His face was stern and determined, but nothing malignant in it. The Major, on the other hand, glared fiercely at his foe—seemed even to glare him the few moments of life yet ahead out to him.
"Were he my own father, I would kill him!" he answered sabbily,
some whispered expostulation of his second, who was evidently touched by the old man's venerable appearance.
The pistols were put into the hands of the principals, and the giving of the word explained.
"Gentlemen, are you ready?"
"Ready," both answered.
Still the old man moved not, nor did he direct a single glance at his adversary. His eyes were fixed in front. His attitude was one of rapt attention. He seemed like one listening intently.
"Without changing the direction of his gaze, or other movement than that of his arm, which arose with the precision of a nicely adjusted machine, the old man brought his pistol to the level of his enemy's breast. For an instant he held it there. Still the same appearance of eager listening.
The Major was in no hurry. He could afford to take his time with a man who held his pistol at random, without looking whitherward. He was determined to make sure work. If his ball missed his adversary's heart, even the fraction of an inch, he would never make any pretension to skill again.
The sharp report of the stranger's pistol was followed by a convulsive jerk of the Major's arm, causing the discharge of his weapon far wide of its mark, while he, staggering a few paces backward, fell heavily to the ground.
"Conduct me to him," said the old man to his friend.
The latter took his principal's arm and led him to the prostrate form of the Major, whose second, kneeling by his side, had torn open his garments, exposing to view the fatal wound in his breast, made by the stranger's bullet.
"Is your friend seriously hurt?" inquired the latter, coolly.
"You can see for yourself, sir," the second answered.
"There you're in error," replied the other. "I am totally blind."
The wounded man, who by this time revived a little, and his second looked at the stranger in astonishment. There was no visible defect in his organs of vision, but there was a fixity of look—that "bending of eyes on vacancy"—which so unmistakably evinces the absence of sight.
"Who are you, and what is your motive in seeking this encounter?" the Major faintly murmured.
"First, are you in a condition to renew it?" inquired the stranger.
"There is no need—I am dying."
"When I have told you who I am," the stranger resumed, "you will scarce require my motive for what I have done. No wonder that you have forgotten James Morton," he continued, "for he has greatly changed, no doubt."
The dying man started and groaned bitterly.
"But I have not forgotten you, Richard Buford, nor the injuries you have done me. A cherished daughter, the pride of my eyes, and the joy of her mother's heart, you enticed from her home, deceived by a sham marriage, and then abandoned her to die of a broken heart. My son, and only remaining child, in a rash attempt to avenge his sister's wrongs, fell a victim to your accursed skill. You even robbed him of the ordinary chances of combat, unequal as they would have been, by concealing armor. The loss of both of our children unsettled my wife's reason, and she died in a mad-house. Could I have found you then, I would have given you no chance for your life, but valiant as you have always professed to be, but coward as you are, you evaded me.—Yet I know that we should one day meet and I registered a vow that when we did I would offer you a sacrifice to your infernal art. To this I studied to become an adept at it, and succeeded.—And when at length blindness cast its shadow over me, and seemed to render hopeless the fulfillment of my vow, instead of abandoning it, I betook myself to a new species of practice. I sought to make hearing take the place of sight.—Again I succeeded. I learned to take aim with ear instead of eye. When I heard you say 'ready' to-day, I knew the exact direction in which to point my pistol, as well as if I had seen you. Besides, I could hear you breathing where you stood. You lost your chance in delaying your fire. You wished to make sure work and over reached yourself."
More than once the Major looked appealingly at the speaker's face, but in those remorseless, sightless eyes, there was no sympathy. As the labored breathing grew fainter, the old man resumed his listening attitude. At last all was still.
"He is dead!" he said; and its wondrous expression of sober melancholy settled on the old man's face, as taking his companion's arm, he turned and walked leisurely away.
A young man was frequently mentioned by his father to vote for "measures" not "men." He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired the reason for doing so. "Surely, father," said the son, "you told me to vote for measure and if Peck is not a measure I don't know what is!"

MIND READING.

Mr. J. R. Brown, the mind reader, gave a private test of his powers in the parlors of the Lochiel hotel, at Harrisburg, last week, in the presence of distinguished persons. After briefly stating the conditions for the satisfactory performance of his test, he declared himself ready to go to work.
His first test was to find an article secreted by Robert Snodgrass, esq. To prevent all possibility of his seeing where the article was secreted (a coin) the Hon. A. J. Herr and Jones Wister accompanied him to the hall and remained there with him until the article was hidden; they then led him blindfolded into the parlor in which he soon picked up the article and held it up to view of the audience, although it had been carefully secreted in the lining of a hat.
A number of other experiments—reading the minds of the following gentlemen: Dr. T. J. Dunott, Hon. R. A. Lamberton, Dr. H. B. Buehler, Jas. W. Weir, Jones Wister, A. J. Dull and Mayor Patterson, were performed successfully to the astonishment of all present.
Mr. Brown also announced that he would discover the location of any article secreted by any person whom the committee might designate. Two of the committee accompanied the mind reader, who was blindfolded, to the outside, after which Robert Snodgrass was selected. That gentleman placed a small silver coin under the leg of a chair, and when Mr. Brown returned (still blindfolded) he placed his left hand under the left hand of Mr. Snodgrass and for a number of seconds placed his right hand on the subject's forehead, telling him to concentrate his thoughts intensely on the object which he had secreted. The mind reader, after taking a short and rapid walk with Mr. Snodgrass, stopped at the chair, lifted it and exposed the coin. Rev. F. A. Bryant and Benjamin M. Nead were then requested to fix their mind on one person each in the audience, and Mr. Brown pointed out both gentlemen—H. A. Cline and Daniel Herr. Dr. Jeremiah Seltzer was asked to think of the initials of any person in the audience, and the mind reader informed him that he would not only pick out the initials but pick out the man whose name they represented. From an alphabet string along the wall he selected the initials, "F. W." and afterward walked up to Francis Wyoth and said he was the man wanted. Mr. Seiler, having stated that he had an acute pain, Mr. Brown told him where it was located—in one of his fingers. He also located the malady from which James W. Weir is suffering. The mind reader retired to the outside again and in his absence Rev. Clark transferred a key to James W. Weir, who handed it to Mr. Holmes, who handed it to Attorney General Lear, who hid it in the folds of a book. When Mr. Brown returned he operated on Mr. Clark, traced the key to the several parties, who had it and finally picked it up from the floor where the article had fallen.

How to Keep Sweet Potatoes.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following as his method of taking care of sweet potatoes.
As soon as well matured, dig them up. Handle them with care so as to avoid bruising them. As soon as the sun has dried the moist earth adhering to them, pack them in barrels or boxes which do not hold over two bushels each. First place in the bottom of the box a layer of dry shavings about an inch thick. Those made at planing mills are well adapted to the purpose. On these place a layer of potatoes, and another of shavings, and so on until the box is full, covering them freely with two or three inches of shavings. Let the boxes stand a few days without any other cover, to give the moisture and opportunity to escape, and the covers that are put on finally must not be closed. The potatoes need some ventilation throughout the winter. Place the box in a warm, dry room. For several years past we kept them in a chamber adjoining the family sitting room with the door between open. When the weather was very cold we sometimes threw quilts over the boxes at night removing them in the morning. One night, last winter the mercury sank to twenty eight degrees below zero, but our potatoes were not injured; the shavings by their non-conducting quality, retaining the warmth received from the fire of the preceding day.
This plan answers well for family purposes, when the object is to keep only a few bushels for daily use and for seed. They are readily accessible, and if care is used as to handling, packing, ventilation and warmth few of them will be lost. We had them to use the present year until July, and the last cooked were as good as those we used the day that they were dug.
In this neighborhood, it is said that formerly sweet potatoes could be kept as others are simply by placing them in a heap in a cellar beyond the reach of the frost. But from some cause, not explained, this cannot be done now.

The 'Forty Thieves.'

A dispatch from Hamburg, Pa., says: About a year ago some men and women inhabited an old, tumble down farm house in the woods between Pottstown and Lancaster. A murder was committed there one night last spring during a drunken carousal a woman called Pretty Margaret being the victim. Who has been the murderer has never been ascertained. The "Forty Thieves," as they are called, had committed many lawless acts, including highway and house robberies and incendiarism; but owing to the fear and inefficiency of the constabulary they had not been punished immediately after the murder, however, a vigilance committee made a descent upon the house and drove the inmates from the neighborhood. The "Forty Thieves" went into York county and settled in the hilly region, where they had a large cave for a habitation, and kept the region in excitement by their predatory incursions. Last Sunday they held a drunken carousal which terminated in a terrible tragedy. One of the men, Big Mike, accused the chief, Bill Pratt, of unfairness in the division of plunder that had been stolen the night before. This led to a fight between them, eventually involving nearly the entire party. At the close of the affray, which was only stopped because of sheer exhaustion upon the part of some of the participants, three of the men had been stabbed to death. They were known as Patsy Burns, Dutchman Green, and Greasy Bob, Big Mike, the chief, and two women were severely wounded. Nothing was known in the outside community of the tragedy until Monday night when children, who had been out gathering berries in the woods, brought the news there were three dead men among the bushes. It was soon learned that the remaining members of the band had quit their home, leaving behind them the unburied dead, and Big Mike, who expired soon after relating the particulars of the fight. The murdered men were buried where they lay, and preparations are being made for the capture of the murderers, who are supposed to have gone in the direction of the Cumberland valley, with the intention of escaping into Maryland or West Virginia.

Notice to Heirs.

In the matter of the estate of Henry Verger, late of Middleburg Township, Snyder County, Pa.: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, To Nancy Verger, widow, Susan Sawyer, nee Susan Verger, intermarried with John Sawyer, residing in Middleburg Township, Snyder Co., Pa., Hannah Verger, nee Hannah Verger, intermarried with Charles Grouse, Washington Township, Snyder Co., Pa., Esther Dauterman, Swengel in P. O. Union Co., Pa., Henry C. Verger, Middleburg Township, Snyder County, Pa., (Heirs of Verger) lineal descendants of Henry Verger, deceased, late of Middleburg Township.
You are hereby cited to appear before the Judge of our Orphans' Court at an Orphans' Court to be held at Middleburg, on the 4th Monday of September A. D. 1876, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to accept or refuse to take the Real Estate of said Henry Verger, deceased, at the appraisal valuation put upon it by an Inquest duly awarded by the said court, and returned by the Sheriff of said county, or show cause why the same should not be sold. And hereof fail not.
Witness the Hon. J. C. Buecher, Esquire, President of our said Court, at Middleburg, this 14th day of August A. D. 1876.
DANIEL EISENHART, Sheriff.

Notice to Heirs.

In the matter of the estate of John Hackenberg, late of Centre Township, Snyder County, Pa.: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, To James Hackenberg, Jane Walter intermarried with David Walter nee Jane Hackenberg, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa., Harriet Everhart, nee Harriet Hackenberg, intermarried with Nathan Everhart, Clyde, Snyder County, Ohio, Susan Witt nee Susanna Hackenberg intermarried with John Witt, Hannah Buecher nee Hannah Hackenberg intermarried with John Buecher, Harleton, Union Co., Pa., Catharine Weaver nee Catharine Hackenberg intermarried with Edward Weaver, Leeburg, Adams Co., Pa., George Hackenberg, Swengel P. O. Union Co., Pa., Samuel Hackenberg, Vicksburg P. O. Union Co., Pa., lineal descendants of John Hackenberg, late of Centre Township Snyder County, deceased.
You are hereby cited to appear before the Judge of our Orphans' Court at an Orphans' Court to be held at Middleburg, on the 4th Monday of September A. D. 1876, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to accept or refuse to take the Real Estate of said John Hackenberg deceased, at the appraisal valuation put upon it by an Inquest duly awarded by the said court, and returned by the Sheriff of said county, or show cause why the same should not be sold. And hereof fail not.
Witness the Hon. J. C. Buecher, Esquire, President of our said Court, at Middleburg, this 14th day of August A. D. 1876.
DANIEL EISENHART, Sheriff.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. J. C. Buecher, President Judge of the Judicial District composed of the counties of Snyder, Union and Millin and Daniel Gemberling and B. L. Rausenbush Esqrs. Associate Judges of the County of Snyder, have issued their precept bearing date the 22nd day of May, A. D. 1876, to me directed for the holding of an Orphans' court, a court of Common Pleas, court of Oyer and Terminer and General court of Quarter Sessions of the peace at Middleburg, for the county of Snyder, on the 4th Monday, (being the 25th day of Sept. 1876,) and continue one week.
Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables in and for the county of Snyder, to appear in their proper persons with their rolls, returns, requisitions, examinations and other remembrances to do those things which of their offices and in their behalf pertain to be done and witnesses and persons prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any person or persons are required to be then and there attending and not departing without leave at their peril. Justices of the peace are particularly in their attendance at the appointed time agreeably to notice.
Given under my hand and seal at the Sheriff's office in Middleburg, the 12th day of Aug. A. D., one thousand eight hundred and seventy six.
DANIEL EISENHART, Sheriff.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

Of Valuable Real Estate!
BY virtue of a pluries order granted to the undersigned Administrator of the estate of William Bowers, late of Franklin Township, Pa., will be sold to Public Sale, at the late residence of said dec'd. in Franklin township, Snyder county, on FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1876, the following described tract of real estate, to-wit:
TRACT No. 1.—A certain Tract of Land situated in Franklin township, bounded on the North by land of Joseph Eby, East by land of John Steininger, South by Public Road, and containing 21 ACRES and one hundred and forty square feet. The above tract is nearly all timber land.
TRACT No. 2.—A certain tract of Land adjoining the above Tract No. 1, containing 45 acres and 30 square feet. This tract is nearly all cleared and under cultivation.
TRACT No. 3.—A certain message and Tract of Land situated in Franklin township, adjoining Tract No. 2, containing 20 ACRES, part of which is cleared and under cultivation, the balance good timber land.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and afterwards will be given and the terms of sale made known by the undersigned.
Aug. 24, 1876. W. BOWERS, Administrator.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned Executor of the estate of Peter Maurer, dec'd., will expose to Public Sale, in Beavertown, on SATURDAY, SEPT. 23rd, 1876, the following described Real Estate, viz: A LOT OF GROUND situated in Beavertown, Snyder Co., Pa. Bounded North by Market street, East by lot of Robert Beaver, South by an Alley, West by other lots of said dec'd. It being lot No. 15 as marked in the plan of said town, containing ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE—there are excellent apple and other fruit trees on the lot.
Sale to commence at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, when due attendance will be given and terms of sale made known by the undersigned.
Aug. 28, 1876. IRVING KINNEY, Executor.

Gold Dust.

Dissipation is never worth what it costs.
Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.
A man may talk as a wise man and yet act like a fool.
Choose those companions who minister to your improvement.
A good sermon or a faithful preach or does not require a large church or splendid audience.
Deliver us from the men whose tongue never made a mistake, and who keeps a note of the fact.
Many a sweet-fashioned month has been disgraced and made hideous by the fiery tongue within.
God breaks the cistern to bring us to the fountain. He withers our gourds, that He Himself may be our shade.
The smallest and slightest impediments are the most annoying; and as little letters most tire the eyes, so do little affairs most disturb us.
To be truly great, it is necessary to be truly good and benevolent, for all other distinctions the clouds of the valley will cover, and the greedy worms destroy.
Prosperity shines on different persons much the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.
False happiness renders men stern and proud; that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible and that happiness is always shared.
If you would have your son be something in the world, teach him to depend on himself. Let him learn that it is by close, strenuous personal application that he must rise—that he must, in short, make himself, and be the architect of his own fortune.
We never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people cold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How can they govern others? Those who govern well, are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.
Words That Always Touch Us.—They occur in so many letters addressed to us, and yet we can never read them without emotion. The words are these: "My mother died when I was a child."—A lot so common and yet so hard, for a child to start on the perilous road thro' this life with no mother's voice to guide it, no mother's voice to warn against the dangers, the pitfalls, which beset on every hand.
There is no grander charity than that which provides so liberally for orphan children. At the same time can hardly be a more melancholy sight than that presented by the long procession of little boys and girls that emerge from the palatial edifices erected and maintained at the public expense for the accommodation of orphans. We never look upon them without a feeling of ineffable sadness that the one great want, the greatest want of all, of those little children—the want of a mother—is one which the State, with all its strength and all its wealth, is utterly powerless to supply.—"My mother died when I was a child," is one of the saddest of events in human life.

CURE FOR BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

There are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each side of the wind-pipe, and running upward toward the eyes, pass over the outside of the jawbone, about two thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Each of these arteries, of course, supplies just one half of the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied with blood by the left artery, and the right nostril by the right artery. Now, suppose your nose bleeds by the nostril, with the end of the fore finger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jaw-bone; the result will be that not another drop of blood goes into that side of your face while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak.—Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way. The Creator probably placed those arteries as they are so that they might be controlled. Those in the back of the head, arms, and legs are all arranged very conveniently for being controlled in like manner.

WONDROUS WOMAN SWIMMER.

I have seen some of these ethereal ladies swimming and diving as fearlessly as fish. Recently I saw a woman further out than seemed to be safe. She would get upon his shoulders and dive from them though the heaviest breakers, then she would attempt summersaults over his arms; for a moment her head and half her body would be in the deep, and her feet toward the zenith. Sometimes before she had completed the revolution, a big breaker would strike and toss her fifteen feet away, when I expected to see her half drowned and in need of masculine assistance. She would simply spout like a little whale, snatch the brine from her eyes and was ready for another trial.—Corner Stone.