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The Post.

VOL. 15. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 23, 1877. NO. 14.

THE POST.
 Published every Thursday Evening by
JEREMIAH CHOUSE, Prop'r.
 Terms of Subscription, Two Dollars PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or \$2.50 not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
 Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
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Poetry.
Can a Woman Keep a Secret?
 BY RUTH LYNN.
 Can a woman keep a secret?
 Ask you this, with frowns sincere,
 Keep it ever? Lower whisper
 Least your little maid may hear.
 In her hour of bitter weeping
 Past her red lips' rosy bars,
 Went their cry to mortal hearing
 Voice to ought beneath the stars?
 Did that pallid, patient mother,
 Meeting you at morning tide,
 Tell you of her weary vigil,
 Hope and love both crucified?
 Look where evening revels echo
 Round the haughty, lovely queen,
 While fair blossoms rain their petals
 Over hair and rippled tress,
 Ask her why her velvet bracelet
 Seems a trifle out of place,
 Will she tell you, how in anger,
 Fingers strong have left their trace?
 When a slave from thraldom fleeing,
 Bought a woman's tender aid,
 Was the fugitive who trusted
 Ever stricken or betrayed?
 Ah! through all the Jester's charges,
 Still abides a better trust,
 In the safety of the secret,
 Woman keeps it if she must!

residence was nearly midway between Golosha and New York, and the old heathen had not yet forsaken it for the city. The telegraph operator came into the house where Kirko was at work—and read it to him. Kirko made a note of it in his pocket-book:
 Pay train on the line. Will meet you just west of Leeds at 10:15. Run on to the siding at Deering's Cut, and wait.
 Kirko's watch hung on a nail beside the old clock. It was a fancy of his always to hang it there when he was off the train, so that he could make no mistake in the time.
 He glanced at the clock and from it to his watch. Both indicated the same hour—7:15.
 "Seven fifteen," said Kirko meditatively, "and we leave at 7:50, and the pay train meets us at Deering's Cut at 10:45. So much time to make the run in this thick weather, but it must be managed."
 And he turned away to give some brief orders to the fireman.
 Jack Halliday was there—he had been strolling in and out of the room for the past half hour, smoking a cigar and swearing at the bad weather. His train did not leave until near midnight, so he had plenty of time to swear.
 We all went to the door and took a look at the weather and unanimously voted it duce deuce, and then we walked up and down the platform and smoked our after-supper cigars, and by the time we were through it was time for the train hands to be getting into their places. Both the clock in the engine-room and Kirko's watch indicated 7:40.
 Kirko was putting his watch in his pocket as he said:
 "Garth, are you going with me on the Flyaway?"
 "No, thank you," I said, "I got enough of that sort of thing in my every day life. I am going to do a little swell business to-night, and take passage in the palace car. Want to rest my back. Good night to you, and hudd in well around Rocky Bottom curve. The road-boss's slinky."
 "Aye, aye, sir," responded Kirko, and swung himself to his position on the Flyaway.
 The bell rang—I scrambled to my compartments in the Pullman, and felt horribly out of place among the silks and broadcloths, and smell of musk. But I was in for "first class" and made the best of it so effectually that five minutes after Gibson, who fancies he owns all creation because he has got a silver coffin plate on his breast, with "Conductor" on it, had shouted, "All aboard!" I was sound asleep.
 What occurred in other quarters to affect the fate of Kirko's train, I learned afterward.
 Old Whately, the Superintendent of the road, as I guess I have already said, had a country residence at Leeds, on a mountain spur, which commands a view of the surrounding country for more than a score of miles. The line of the railway could be distinctly seen in each direction fifteen miles, and Whately was wont to say, his lookout was worth more to the safety of trains than all the telegraph wires on the line.
 Whately was a rich old buffer, kind enough in his way, but sharp as a ferret in looking after the train hands, and determined that every man should do his duty.
 He had but one child, a daughter; and Floss Whately was the belle of the country. She was brave, beautiful and spirited, and more than once, when her father had been away, had she assumed the responsibility of directing the trains, and she had always acquitted herself with credit.
 Old Whately was very proud of her, as he had a right to be, and kept all the young fellows at a distance, until it was said that he intended keeping his daughter single till the czar of all the Russians came on to marry her.
 This night in November, Whately and Floss were out on the piazza of their country home, peering through the gloom and for the Golosha train, which was nearly due.
 "It's very strange it doesn't come in sight," said Whately, laying down his night glass in disgust. "It is hard on ten now! They ought to show their light round Spruce pond by this time."
 "You telegraphed them, father? You let them know the pay train was on the road?" asked Floss.
 "To be sure. And good heavens! there is the headlight of the pay train now! See! ten miles away, and running like the wind, as it always does."
 He pointed with trembling finger down the valley gorge, where, far away, a mere speck in the gloom, could be seen a light, scarcely moving it seemed, but those anxious watchers knew it was approaching at lightning speed.
 Father and daughter looked at each other.
 The truth was evident. For some reason the train from Golosha was ten minutes behind time, and it would not reach the siding at Deering's Cut until the pay train had passed beyond on the single track!
 And then? Why, to read under the head of "Appealing Railway Disaster!" and few more homes would be rendered desolate, and a few more

A Young Girl's Terrible Revenge.
 [From the St. Journey (Iowa News), Aug. 3.]
 Miss Caroline White, a young lady of seventeen, has created a sensation by shooting Wm. M. Holland, a married man, having a wife and seven children. On Monday last shortly before dinner, Miss White called at the house of Thompson Yocum, in English River township. Mr. Yocum, being unwell, was not long at the table, and left. Just as Holland was about finishing dinner Miss White walked out to the table and presented a paper, telling him to sign it, which he refused to do, and stepped out doors, Miss White following. In a moment the first shot was heard, and Mr. Yocum, who was first at the scene, tells us that Holland was running, passed around an evergreen, and a short distance therefrom fell perfectly lifeless. Miss White followed him up with a revolver, and when Holland fell placed the muzzle close to his head and continued firing. Yocum and another man, whose name we have forgotten, attempted to get hold of her, but she quickly leveled the pistol at Yocum's assistant, telling him to stand aside or she would shoot him. This he did quickly, and the weapon was in a second lowered by Miss White and fired at the prostrate and lifeless body of Holland. When the men got hold of her the chambers of the pistol proved to be all empty. Whether the full five shots were fired is not known, as in the excitement none remembered distinctly. If all were fired, one failed to take effect. One shot grazed the face, doing no damage. One entered the temple, one over the right eye, making its way through the brain, and another to the left of the vertebrae, ranging upward to the centre of the heart, and between the fourth and fifth ribs, lodging beneath the skin. It is thought that the ball passing through the heart was the first one fired and that the other shots taking effect were fired after he had fallen lifeless.
 The cause of the act is said to be that Holland had repeatedly stated that he had had intercourse with her, which reports coming to the ears of her family, Holland was interviewed and promised to sign a statement that he had had. For some time he has evaded his promise, until the girl became exasperated. She is reported to be of good character, modest and unassuming; not a whisper was ever heard against her name, except from Holland, who went to young men and told his tales.

GRAND Spring Opening!
 AT THE
New York Fancy Store,
 (In Holmes' new building, opposite the Keystone Hotel.)
 MARKET ST., SELINGROVE, PA.
S. WEIS has just returned from the East—Cities with the Largest and most Complete Stock
OF NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS!
 ever brought to this county.
 Large variety in **SUMMER SHAWLS, SKIRTS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, etc.** Great bargains in **BLACK ALPACAS.**
 Special inducements in **HAMBURG EDGINGS & INSERTINGS, Table Linen and Toweling** of all descriptions.
 People in need of any goods in our line will find it to their advantage to call and examine my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. They can always save from 25 to 40 per cent. **GOODS RECEIVED ALMOST DAILY DURING SEASON.**
 Thankful for past favors a continuation of the same is respectfully solicited.
 Oct. 16, '73. **S. WEIS.**

Assignee's Sale.
NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!
Great Bargains!
 FOR CASH OR PRODUCE BY the undersigned Assignee of
HOWARD I. ROMIG
 Adamsburg, Snyder County, Penn'a
 The Stock Consists partly of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
 Such as Cloths, Cassimers, Kentucky Jeans, Cottonades of every style and quality, also
Ladies' Dress Goods, Silks
 ALL WOOL DELAINS, Merinos, Poplins, &c. at all prices and very cheap.
HATS AND CAPS, Carpets, Floor, Table, and Stair Oil Cloth.
BOOTS AND SHOES,
 Hardware, Queensware, Tin and Glassware Wood and Willowware, Coffees, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Teas of all kinds, and at Low Prices, Cigars & Tobacco, Fish & Salt, Wholesale and Retail.
COAL, COAL, COAL. SHAMOKIN & WILKESBARRE.
 ISAAC BEAVER, Assignee.
 March 7, 1874.

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL,
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
 Offer their professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 8, '67]
 H. H. GRIMM, Wm. H. DILL,
GRIMM & DILL,
Attorneys & Counselors
 AT-LAW,
 Office Near the Post Office.
 "Freeburg, Penn'a."
 Consultation in both English and German languages. Dec. 19, '74.

F. J. R. ZELLER,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
 Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.
 All business entrusted to his care will be well and faithfully attended to. Will practice at the several courts of Snyder and adjoining counties. Can be consulted in the English or German language. Oct. 20, '74.
CHARLES HOWER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Solingrove, Pa.
 Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office two doors north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 6, '67]
JOHN H. ARNOLD,
 Attorney at Law,
 & DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
 MIDDLEBURG, PA.
 Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb. 9, '71]
J. THOMPSON BAKER,
 Attorney-At-Law,
 Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.
 Can be consulted in the English and German languages. OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store. 8-497

B. T. PARKS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 SELINGROVE, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.
 [Sept. 15, '67]
A. C. SIMPSON,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Northumberland, Pa.
 Offers his professional services to the public. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
 [Jan. 17, '67]
J. I. MONBECK,
Justice of the Peace
 Adamsburg, Snyder Co., Pa.
 Will be in his office at the above mentioned place, on MONDAY and SATURDAY of each week, when all kinds of business relating to his office, will be attended to.
 aug. 7, 73/0c

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.
 This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community that it is now deemed indispensable as a food medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and restores the vitality of the aged. It is the best of all medicines for the cure of Weak stomachs, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Headaches, Stomach, and for all cases requiring a Tonic. This wine looks like the most agreeable and efficacious of all medicines. It is made of the most purest of vegetable matter—Yellow Peruvian Bark. Do you want a tonic? Do you want a food? Do you want energy? Do you want to sleep well? Do you want to look your best? Do you want to feel well? Do you want a tonic and a pleasant-tasting one? If you try E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, you will be convinced of its value. Beware of counterfeits, as Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is the only one and of great utility in the known world for the permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Indigestion and for all a number of affections of the system. I would caution the community to purchase only the genuine article, manufactured by E. F. Kunkel, and having his name on the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy proves its worth and gives evidence in its favor. Sold only in 12 bottles, or six bottles for \$1. Try this valuable medicine in the winter months. It never fails to renew all kinds, from children's sickly persons. Directions with it.

NEW GOODS!
A. S. HELFRICH
 Beaver Springs, Pa.
 LARGEST, BEST AND COMPLETEST STOCK OF
Dry Goods, Croceries, Queensware, Hardware, Wood & Willow Ware,
 Notions, Furnishing Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps
 READY MADE
CLOTHING
 cheaper than ever brought to Snyder County.
 Dealer in
 GRAIN, SEEDS, COAL, LUMBER, FISH, SALT, PLASTER &c.
 All kinds of Goods exchanged for Cash or approved country produce. Call and examine my stock and learn my prices before purchasing elsewhere.
 Oct. 12, 1874, 6m.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—Letters testamentary on the estate of Conrad Heister, late of Beaver Township, Snyder Co., Pa. deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned. Failure to do so will result in the estate being closed and the debts of said estate will be paid out of the assets.
 June 7, 1877. **I. M. NEECK,** Executor.

Caution.
 ALL persons cautioned against negotiating for a note signed by me on the 27th of March, 1877, as I never received any value for the same and will not pay it unless compelled to do so by a due process of law.
 AMOS STEYLER,
 Penn Twp., March 31, 1877.

READ THIS!!
 A chance for all to make or save money and get the Best Goods in the market.
TEAS, COFFEES, &c.
 sold at low prices than the same qualities can be bought at any other house in this country. All goods guaranteed to be satisfactory and as represented. The undersigned will be refunded on return of the goods, which may be done at any time.
 The reputation of one house for selling standard goods at low prices (1 1/2 to 2 years) has given us a standing in New York City and vicinity, that is not enjoyed by any other house in the trade. After mature deliberation we have determined to sell our goods to our customers in the interior, at the lowest Wholesale Trade Prices, which will insure a large enough to make a small one. The goods of each member of the club will be put in separate packages, and marked with name and cost as far as to avoid confusion in distribution. Goods will be sent by Express to Collect on Delivery. All orders will be promptly answered by the family supplies at New York. Wholesale Prices mean that the matter is over to the friends and neighbors and send to us for Club Catalogue. Free list, &c. We give a present of either goods or money to the person who sends us the club to compensate for trouble and expense. All kinds of TEAS & COFFEES sent by mail. Send for Free List and Club Catalogue to S. W. MOSES & CO., Proprietors, 75, 76, 81 and 82 VESEY Street, New York.

Select Tale.
Ten Minutes Late.
 In '52 there wasn't a likelier fellow on the line than George Kirko. He was the son of a poor man, and his mother was dead. His father was a confirmed invalid of the rheumatic order, and George played the dutiful son to him in a way that would astonish the young men of today.
 Somehow, nobody knew exactly how George managed to pick up a good education, and he had polished it off, so to speak, by a two years' course at a commercial college.
 Kirko began on the Stony Hill Railroad when he was about 21 or 22 years of age. First he was a brakeman. This railway business is a regular succession, and generally speaking, a man has to work his way up. It ain't often that he gets right up to the dignity of a conductor at one step, with the chance to pocket ten cent scrips, and with the privilege of helping all the good-looking and well-dressed ladies out of the cars, and letting the homely ones, with babies and hand-boxes in their arms stumble out as best they can.
 George did his duty so well that he was soon promoted to fireman, and after he had learned the workings of the machine, he was made an engineer and given an engine.
 The engine was one of the newest and best on the line, and was called the "Flyaway," and George was mighty proud of her, you may well believe.
 I tell you, sir, your true engineer one as is out and out for his business and feels his responsibility—takes as much pride in his engine as the jockey does in his favorite race horse, and would sit up nights, or neglect sweet-heart, to keep the brasses and slag-rocks of his machine so you could see your face in 'em.
 There was another man wanted George's chance. There's generally more than one after every paying job.
 Jack Halliday had been waiting for some time to be engineer of the Flyaway, and when he lost it he was mad enough to pull hair. He was brakeman, likewise, and had been on the road full two years longer than Kirko, and it would seem that the chance really belonged to him, yet he was a quarrelsome, disagreeable fellow, with independence enough to have set an Emperor up in business, and still have had some left.
 When Jack realized that George had got the inside track of him, his anger was at white heat. He cursed Kirko, and cursed the company and old Whately, the Superintendent, and things generally, until it seemed a pity that there was not something else to curse, he was in such fine cursing order.
 There was more than one thing which made John Halliday down on George Kirko. George had been his rival in many respects, and particularly where the fairer creation was concerned. George was a great favorite with the girls, for he was handsome and generous and good natured, and Jack was sarcastic, and always on the contrary side, and the girls avoided him, as they always should such men.
 We always expected that it would come to George, from Jack's bad blood against him, and we warned him more than once, but he always laughed, and reminded us of the old saying that 'barking dogs seldom bite,' which is true in the main.
 And as the time went on, until three or four months had passed since Kirko's promotion, and nothing had occurred, we forgot all about our apprehensions of evil, and we thought we had wronged Halliday by our suspicions.
 It was a dark night in November, with considerable fog in the air, and strong appearances of rain.
 It was a Golosha, the northern terminus of the road, looking after some repairs on a defective boiler, and I was going down to New York on the 7:50 train—Kirko's train.
 About 7 there came a telegram from old Whately, whose summer

The Haunted Chamber.
 A room in the principal inn of a country town had the reputation of being haunted. Nobody would sleep in it, and it was therefore shut up. But it so happened that at an election the inn was quite full, and there was only the haunted room unoccupied. A gentleman's game keeper came to the inn, exceedingly fatigued by a long journey, and wanted a bed. He was informed that, unless he chose to occupy the haunted room, he must seek a bed elsewhere.
 "Haunted?" exclaimed he, "stuffed and nonsense! I'll sleep in it! Ghost or demon, I'll take a look at what haunts it!"
 Accordingly, after fortifying himself with a pipe and tankard, he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber and retired to rest.
 He had not laid down many minutes when the bed shook under him most fearfully.
 He sprang out of bed, struck a light, (for he had taken the precaution to place a box of lucifer matches by his bedside) and made a careful examination of the room, but could discover nothing.
 The courageous fellow would not return to bed, but remained watching for some time. Presently he saw the bed shake violently. The floor was firm; nothing moved but the bed.
 Determined, if possible, to find out the cause of his bedquake, he looked in the bed, and near the bed, and not seeing anything to account for the shaking which now and then seemed to seize on the bed, he at last pulled it from the wall. Then the "murder" came out!
 The sign board of the inn was fastened to the outer wall by a nut and screw, which came through to the back of the bed, and when the wind swung the sign board to and fro, the movement was communicated to the bed, causing it to shake in a violent manner.
 The gamekeeper delighted at having hunted up the ghost, informed the landlord next morning of the real nature of his earthly visitor, and was handsomely rewarded for rendering a room, hitherto useless, now quite serviceable.
 All the ghost stories on record might no doubt have been traced to similar sources, if those to whom the "ghosts" appeared had been as "plucky" as our gamekeeper.

WHAT IS WANTED.—People are flattered with the idea that good crops will make good times. That would be the case under other favorable circumstances but not otherwise. It is not for want of food production that times are and have been hard, but for want of means to employ labor. What good will it do to have a good crop if people have not the means to buy all the flour and meat they want.
 Ireland has good crops generally, but are the Irish people well off for all that? There are good crops in Germany, but times are bad there, nevertheless. Bad legislation will offset the best crop that Providence will give the country. Providence is bountiful, but Congress puts it out of the power of the people to take advantage or get the benefit of the bounty. Better the country had wise legislation and poor crops than good crops and unwise legislation.—*Kir*

IF WE WORK UPON marble it will perish; if we work upon brass time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with just fear of God and our fellow-men—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten all eternities.

Suspicious amongst thoughts are like cats amongst birds—they ever fly by twilight. Certainly they are to be well guarded, for they cloud the mind, they lose friends, and they check business. They dispense kings to tyrants, husbands to jealous, wise men to melancholy. They are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain. They are but buzzes, but if artificially nurtured, have stings.