

The Post.

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THE POST.
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JEREMIAH GROUSE, Prop'r.
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Poetry.

Whittier's Corn Song.

Keep high up the farmer's wintry board,
The golden gift the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine,

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vale bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
White on the hill the sun and showers
Of chafing April played.

We dropped the seed 'er hill and plain,
Beside the foot of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June,
Its leaves grew bright and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer noon,
Its soft and snowy hair.

And now in autumn's moonlight eyes,
Its harvest time has come;
We pluck away its frosty leaves,
And bear its treasures home.

Then richer than the faded gifts
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And hand its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers roll in silk
Around the costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homely beauty poured.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn;
The blessings of our hearty grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mid-wind blight the rye;
Give to the worm the ordinary fait,
And wheat fields to the fly.

But let the good old corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for the golden corn
Send up our thanks to God.

Select Tale.

A Lucky Shot.

"Very wet day, sir," said the cheery host of the "Traveler's Rest," as he basted the meat to take off my heavy riding coat.

"Very wet, indeed," I replied, "I've had my share of it to-day."

Miss Good conducted me to a room with a cheery fire burning in the grate and having been served with good hot supper and my favorite class of hot brandy, I began to feel more comfortable. I drew up my chair to the fire, and my feet in a pair of easy slippers, and filled my pipe preparatory to a quiet smoke, when I was disturbed by the entrance of my host.

"Won't you join the company in the next room, sir? We have a social club held here twice a week, and perhaps they may amuse you during the evening."

"With pleasure," I replied. So taking my glass and pipe, I followed my landlord into a large room, which was almost filled with a numerous company. At the moment of my entrance they were listening with evident satisfaction to a story told by one of their number. My host briefly introduced me, and I took a chair close to the story-teller, and prepared to enjoy my smoke.

"Now, Mr. White, you must begin your story again, in honor of the gentleman," so Mr. White recommenced.

"You must know, gentlemen," he began, "that the scene of my tale lies in Australia, just about the time of the gold fever there."

The tones of the speaker's voice seemed familiar to me, and I gave him a searching look. What did I see? The lobe of his left ear was missing. I half started from my seat, spotting my glass of brandy by my elbow, and starting the company generally.

"How pardon, gentlemen, a sudden speech—that is all!" I stammered out.

"It is the same man!" I soliloquized.

I was supplied with a fresh glass of brandy, and Mr. White resumed:

"I was only a young fellow of twenty when I got bitten by the gold fever, like many other people of my age. Every paper contained glowing accounts of the riches to be had in that far-off land, so at last I made up my mind to go and try my luck. When I told my mother and tried to dissuade me, she said, 'If you are determined to go, I will not stand in your way, but I will determine upon after I left for London, when I received my name on the list of a steamer passage on board the clipper ship "Australia."'

"I was his sweetheart," I later learned, "but she left hand a neighbor."

"I remember the day we sailed," he said, "the scene of the docks were so stirring. Handcuffs were worn from their wives, brothers and sisters, young fellows from all over the world, and I was not sure when the long loved one would be seen. I had a hotly opinion. There were representatives of all classes, from the mechanic, broken-down tradesman, and the student, to the nobleman, and even a couple of military gentlemen. All came down to try their fortunes at the new Eldorado. We had very good weather during our voyage, and I missed my little home from an old man, but they were unimportant, and I turned to the crew. The captain of the wagon was divided among the gang, and they soon rode off, followed by wrapping Bill and three troopers. In the morning, the bound troopers managed to awake the others by their cries, and then it was found, by their condition, that the spirits must have been drugged, hence their inability to offer any resistance.

"We held a hasty council and decided to send to a station four miles away, for fresh troopers. By means of a messenger, a search party was organized and they left the camp two hours later, proceeded by the black trackers to point out the trail. Luckily, I managed to be enrolled among the party, much to my satisfaction. I had a score to settle with Wapping Bill and I intended to give a good account of him if we met. We numbered twenty resolute, well armed fellows, carrying revolvers and knives, whilst the twelve troopers with us had revolvers in addition.

"We proceeded first to the scene of the encounter. We found the wagon drawn off the track and overturned. The black trackers soon took up the trail and we went into the bush in Indian file. Our progress was necessarily slow, but we were quite certain of coming up with the rangers at last. We followed the blacks for a couple of hours, then one of them suddenly set up a warning cry, and we rushed forward. In the centre of an open glade, we saw the body of a man laid upon the ground. Scattered around were bits of canvas, and grains of gold glittering in the grass. Examining the body we recognized it to be a person some of us had seen hanging about the camp a few days previous to the starting of the escort. A small blue hole in his forehead told what had happened. Evidently a dispute had arisen among the rangers, and this poor fellow had been shot for his obstinacy. We again took up the trail and proceeded. The bush now became less dense, and we made greater progress. About a mile further on, one of the blacks, who was some hundred yards ahead, suddenly dropped flat on the grass, and gave us a warning signal. Advancing cautiously to his side, we peered through the bushes. Down in a hollow were six bush-rangers, seated around a small fire. Their horses were tethered near them, and various packages were scattered about. Our plan was soon laid. We made a detour, and completely surrounded them. I crept quietly through the underwood, intending to reach a tree, which grew about twenty yards from the fire of the bush-rangers. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder. I hastily turned, and saw a dagger close by my side. He grasped me by the collar, and presented a revolver to my forehead.

"One sound, and I'll blow your brains out," he said.

"Resistance was useless, so I submitted. He disarmed me, flung me on the ground, and fastened my hands behind me with a cord he pulled from his pocket. He then went a few hundred yards away, to warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and all the usual noise of a hand to hand encounter. Giving a short and sudden wrench, I got loose and rushed forward to see the result of the fight. Just as I advanced, I heard two shots fired almost simultaneously, and a bullet shaved past my head. I clapped my hand to my left ear. Heaven! the lobe was shot away! Another inch, and I should have been killed.

"Rather a narrow shave, that," said one of the troopers, coming forward. "I just saw the fellow drawing a bead on you when I dropped him."

"I went forward, and found the victory had been ours. Three of the rangers had been shot down, one of them being Wapping Bill. Two were wounded, and lay on the ground whilst one had escaped. Judge Lynch soon settled the two prisoners.

"We recovered all of our gold, and we made preparations for our return. We gave the dead a hasty burial, casing them, of course, of all valuables, etc. I found a pocket-book on the body of my would-be slayer, and from it: gleaned a full account of the gang. From information therein contained, Sandy and I, some weeks later, made a little expedition of our own to a place in the bush, where we found quite a large collection of nuggets and dust the result of many months of a bush-ranger's life. As it was impossible to restore the treasure to its lawful owners, we were obliged to keep it. We returned to camp; and in consideration of our successful efforts we received a share of the gold. Some months later I left the diggings, and returned home, married Mary, and settled down here. I ought to add that I gave the trooper who so bravely saved my life an old silver ring to wear for my sake. I have never seen him since; but if ever I do, he shall be welcome as a king. Such, gentlemen, is the story of a "Lucky Shot."

The hearty thanks of the company were voted to Mr. White, for his story, and the company drank the trooper's health.

"You never saw him after?" I asked Mr. White.

"Never, sir."

"Could you recognize him if you were to see him?" I asked.

"I can't say; he may have altered considerably; but I could recognize the ring immediately."

"Then is that it?" said I, putting out my right hand, on the little finger of which was the identical ring.

"It is; and you are Jack Fox."

"I am; and I am exceedingly glad to meet an old friend once more."

Lord were the exclamations of joy at this disclosure. We had fresh bumpers, and we caroused until the small hours, fighting our old battles over again.

I accepted Mr. White's invitation to stay with him for a short time, and I must admit that I spent some very happy hours in "The Traveler's Rest."

An Overshadowing Power.

I was traveling the other night between Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump, in northern Vermont, and suddenly I heard the sound of the railway train. We were moving twenty miles an hour. It was four o'clock, and great Orion was looking down upon the great majestic ranges. I heard for an instant the pumping of the wheels of the railway timbers, and then felt myself being down an embankment the height of which I estimated by the time when we left the track to the instant at the end which came not; will it never come? I thought of all my life in those instants of suspense. I did. I give you my word of honor that I had passing before me a very complete and record of all career, especially of its relations that God in whose more immediate presence I expected to be an instant. Just the experience of many who are dropping down to me as I lay wide awake in the berth of a sleeping-coach and waited for the striking. We struck, and the interior of the car fell together like cobwork, and I felt that I was alive and uninjured, the escape owing wholly to the strength of the frame work of the car. The common passenger carriage just ahead was smitten to pieces and set on fire, and in our carriage the first question was: "Are there any lights here?" "Put them out." Now, in that instant, I wanted peace with God. What do you suppose I depended on? My own righteousness? I didn't think I could be safe with God unless I loved what He loved and hated what He hated. It was a searching question to me at that moment whether I had attained similarity of feeling with God. Yes, yes. But you say this is the expiatory doctrine of the new birth. The Bible says the new birth is needed for salvation. Well I was not in the mood to sneer at the new birth because it is Biblical or because ministers preach it. When I was reeling down the marble bank, a little west of Montpelier, at four o'clock on a winter's morning, on a railway accident. I wanted this Book, and the thing which seemed to me the "rock of ages" then was Biblical inculcation, Biblical promise, Biblical exhortation, and the tried and tested certainties of the revelation of God. I wanted that for a dying pillow, and not Theodore Parker's guess, if you please. I reverence Theodore Parker as an anti-slavery reformer. I reverence hundreds and hundreds of men who don't hold my opinion; but when I lie dying, I don't want their speculations to rest my head upon. I want that book for the nature of things. That is the only honest book in the world. That tells me what I am; that tells me how to get into the mood of peace with God; that is what I wanted on a cool winter night as I rolled forty feet down a precipice, expecting instant death; and if that is what I wanted then, its what I want any time, isn't it? What is true in our highest moments is true in all moments. And what we see only by flashes is true the whole day long, the whole year long, life through, eternity through. If there is any certainty, it is certainly for all times and places.—Joseph Cook.

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, Sliks
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, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Molasses, Tens of all kinds, and at Low Prices,
Cigars & Tobacco, Fish & Salt, Wholesale and Retail.
COAL, COAL, COAL, SHANKLIN & WILKESBARRA.
March 1, 1878.

FOR CASH

YOU CAN BUY

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

at HALF PRICE, at

Wels & Oppenheimer's,

SELINGROVE, PENN'A.

MEN'S SUITS formerly sold	at	\$6 00	NOW	\$5 00
" " " "	"	7 00	"	5 50
" " " "	"	8 00	"	6 00
SPLENDID all wool suits	for			9 00
" " " "	"			10 00
" " " "	"			11 00
" " " "	"			12 00
FINE cassimere suits all wool	"			13 00
" " " "	"			13 00

COAT, PANTS, and VEST for \$7 50 and an OVER COAT in the bargain.

Boys' Clothing a Specialty.

BOYS good school suits	only	\$3 50	BOYS all wool suits	only	\$4 50
" cassimere suits	"	5 00	" all wool fine suits	"	6 50
" fine Sunday suits	"	7 50	" finer Sunday suits	"	9 00

We have a Larger Assortment of HATS & CAPS than ever before. Prices Lower than ever.

Over Coats for Men and Boys,

Cheaper than ever Offered. All we ask is to Come and See.

DO NOT FORGET THE PLACE.

WEIS & OPPENHIMER, opposite Keystone Hotel, Selingsrove.

GRAND FALL OPENING!

AT THE

New York Fancy Store,

(In Holmes' new building, opposite the Keystone Hotel.)
MARKET ST., SELINGROVE, PA.

A LARGER STOCK OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS & FANCY GOODS NOW THAN EVER.

I would most respectfully announce to the public that I have just opened the largest and most complete assortment of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS, ever brought to this county.

LARGE VARIETY OF FELT SKIRTS, HOISERY, GLOVES, SHAWLS, A FULL LINE OF THE BEST

Germantown Wool, Zephyr, Ladies and Children's Underwear.

A Full Line of LADIES CLOAKS which I selected with care as to price and quality. My Dry Goods Department embraces all the staple goods such as

Cashmeres, Alpacas, Delaines, Calicoes, Muslins, Flannels, Waterproofing, Shirting, etc.

In short my stock is full and complete in everything appertaining to my line.

Everybody is invited to call and examine my goods. Courteous attention given to all who may favor me with a call.

Respectfully,
S. WEIS.
Oct. 16, 73.

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Selingsrove, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office one door above the New Lutheran Church, July, 4th '72.

J. THOMPSON BAKER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewistown, Union Co., Pa.
Can be consulted in the English and German languages.
OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store 5 49y

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public. 6-861f

FAIRMOUNT HOUSE,
NEAR THE DEPOT,
Middleburg, Pa.
IRVIN SMITH, PROPRIETOR.
This house is in close proximity to the depot and has lately been rebuilt and refitted. Rooms commodious—the table well supplied with the best the market affords—and terms moderate.
He also keeps a first class livery, where horses, buggies &c. can be had at all times and at reasonable rates.
aprif '77.

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

S. A. WETZEL,
Justice of the Peace,
Beavertown, Snyder Co., Pa.
All kinds of collections made on liberal terms. Promptly attends to all business intrusted to his care. (June 25, '73 if)

A. B. KECK,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,
Smith Grove, Snyder Co., Pa.
Collections and all business pertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace will be attended to promptly. Mar. 12, '75

SAMUEL ALLEMAN, HUBACH ALLEMAN,
S. ALLEMAN & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Selingsrove, Pa.
All professional business and collecting entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Can be consulted in English or German. Office, Market Square.

Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given to all persons by the undersigned, not to trespass on his farm, nor carry away or take any wood, chips, hay, poles, shavings, rocks, or stones, horses, &c., so as all persons so offending will be dealt with according to law. T. J. SMITH.
June 21st, 1877.

CHARLES O. CORNELIUS,
Attorney-At-Law,
New Berlin, Union County, Pa.
Can be consulted in English or German.
May 20, 1877.

JOHN E. ARNOLD,
Attorney at Law,
& DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

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HATS AND CAPS, Carpets, Floor, Table, and Stair Oil Cloth.
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hardware, Queensware, Tin and Glassware Wood and Willowware, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Molasses, Tens of all kinds, and at Low Prices,
Cigars & Tobacco, Fish & Salt, Wholesale and Retail.
COAL, COAL, COAL, SHANKLIN & WILKESBARRA.
March 1, 1878.