

Advertising Rates.

One column one year, \$50.00
Two columns one year, 80.00
One-fourth column one year, 15.00
Per square (10 lines) 1 insertion, 75
Every additional insertion, 50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00
Auditor, Excavator, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50
Editorial notices per line, 1.50
All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid by person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.

The Gospel Train.
The gospel train is coming,
I hear it just at hand,
I hear the car-wheels moving,
And rumbling through the land.
Tossing: Get on board children, get on board children,
For there is room for many more.
Hear the bell and whistle,
They're coming round the curve,
The engine puffing steam and power,
And straining every nerve.
Get on board, children, etc.
Oh, see the gospel engine,
She's leaving now in sight,
Her steam valves that are growling,
The pressure is so great.
Get on board, children, etc.
No signal for another train
To follow on the line—
Oh, sinners, you are never lost
If once you're left behind.
Get on board, children, etc.
Oh, see the engine banner,
She's fluttering in the breeze,
She's sprangling in the Saviour's blood,
But still she flaps with ease!
Get on board, children, etc.
This is the Christian's banner,
The motto is new and old,
Repentance and salvation
Are banished there in gold.
Get on board, children, etc.
She is nearing now the station,
Oh, sinners, don't be vain,
But come and get your ticket,
And be ready for the train.
Get on board, children, etc.
The fare is cheap, and all can go,
The rich and poor are there;
No second-class on the train,
No difference in the fare.
Get on board, children, etc.
I think she'll make a little halt,
And stop up on the line,
And give all a chance to go,
But yet she'll make her time.
Get on board, children, etc.
She's coming round the mountain,
By the rivers and the lake,
But the Saviour's on board the train,
Controlling steam and brake.
Get on board, children, etc.
This train has never run off the track,
It has passed through every land—
Millions and millions are on board,
Oh, come and join the band.
Get on board, children, etc.
There's Moses, Noah and Abraham,
And all the prophets too—
Our friends in Christ are all on board,
Oh, what a heavenly crew!
Get on board, children, etc.
We soon shall reach the station,
Oh, how we then shall sing,
With Christ and all his army,
We'll make the waiting ring.
Get on board, children, etc.
We'll shout 'e'er all our sorrow,
And sing forever more,
With Christ and all his army,
On the celestial shore.
Get on board, children, etc.

Select Tale.

Little Paul.

A touching story of humble life, with an excellent moral lesson.
He was, indeed, a noble boy; just such a one as you would like to see. Many years have passed since; but I still remember well the beautiful Sabbath morning when father and I met him for the first time.
We were just turning down the narrow street which leads to the old convent "de-Glany," when some twenty or thirty yards before us, we perceived several boys getting with mud and rubbish a poor little girl, scarcely more than four or five years of age. A fine little fellow, perhaps two or three years older than herself was trying to screen the frightened creature and save her from the rags of her tormentors. All fled as we approached, except the poor child and her brave defender.
She had fainted, and Paul (for it was he) was now kneeling by her side, endeavoring to raise her head and wipe the blood which was slowly oozing from a slight cut on the temple. His little face was bathed with tears, and never shall I forget his expression of hopeless agony as he looked up to us and repeating, "Is 'ont sue! Is 'ont sue!"
But the little one did not die, and soon the children became frequent visitors at our house. There was a sad tale. The mother died; the father was a drunkard. His poor children compelled to beg the bread he had long ceased to provide for them. A friend took the girl, but Paul would never be persuaded to leave his wretched parent.
"Ma'mama told me he used to love her, and be kind to her, and care for his children. So I promised I would stay with him till she would come for me. And now, you see, I must be here, for dear ma'mama would not know where to find her little boy, if he went away.
So Paul remained in his miserable home, making it bright with love and kindness to one who seldom gave him sight in return but cross looks and angry words. Yet he never complained. His father's breakfast was always ready for him, the hearth neatly swept, and the scanty furnished room as tidy as his little busy hands could make it. And then, day after day, the unwearied boy would patiently follow the staggard's steps, praying the angels—for his ma'mama's sake—to keep the big carriage and with-

The Post.

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Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Persons living and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

FOR CASH YOU CAN BUY CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

at HALF PRICE, at Wels & Oppenheimer's, SELINGSGROVE, PENN'A.

Table listing clothing items and prices: MEN'S SUITS formerly sold at \$4 00 now \$5 00, SPLENDID all wool suits for 7 00, FINE cassimere suits all wool for 10 00, COAT, PANTS, and VEST for \$7 50 and an OVER COAT in the bargain.

Boys' Clothing a Specialty. 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. WELS & OPPENHEIMER, above Keystone Hotel, Selingsgrove.

GRAND FALL OPENING!

AT THE New York Fancy Store, (In Holmes' new building, opposite the Keystone Hotel) MARKET ST., SELINGSGROVE, 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.

NEW HARDWARE STORE, Middleburg, Penn'a. READ! READ! READ!!! Dan'l Hackenburg, Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stoves &c.

Notice: NOTICE is hereby given to all persons by the undersigned, and to those on his property, not to cut or take any wood, chips, branches, falling rails, saw-lum, or any other material, on his property, without his consent, under penalty of law. J. J. SMITH, June 1st, 1877. S. ALLEMAN & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Selingsgrove, 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.

and soon became an object of more than usual interest. His progress was so rapid that in less than four months he read fluently. It would have done you good to see him pointing over some favorite volume his fine intelligent face mirroring every emotion of his soul. It seemed as though he could never drink deep enough at the fountain of knowledge thus unexpectedly opened before him; and he was never so happy as when my father gave him permission to spend an hour or two in the library. The Bible however was his favorite study. In one year he committed to memory nearly the whole of the Old Testament; and would often gather around him the poor children of the neighborhood, and repeat to them some of the touching stories contained in its sacred pages. He learned to write, in the long mornings in summer, before his father was up; and surprised one day with a neat little letter, in which, in his simple way he told us how anxious he was to do something for his own and father's support. (He had long since ceased to beg but was now entirely dependent on the ladies of our school.) At his request a small basket was filled up for him with such little articles as were most likely to find a ready sale. A few tracts and two or three copies of the New Testament were added to his little stock, and on the first day of September, not quite three years after we first became acquainted with him, our youthful peddler set out on his daily round, with hopeful heart.
Oh! how bright and beautiful everything seemed to him that morning. With what honest pride he walked along the streets, thinking of all that the products of his little basket would enable him to do for his "dear sister" and his "poor papa, who could not care for himself. Of course, everybody would buy his goods. They were so nice. Did any one ever saw with better cotton or more brighter needles? And the scissors, how pretty they looked in their carrying tin! He was so full of confidence he would surely be able to return to the kind ladies all the money they had spent for him; and at last, when he should get to be a man, perhaps he would grow rich and become a great merchant, and then he was sure there would be no more poor little children begging in the streets, for he would take care of them all.
But Paul did not find it as easy as he expected to dispose of the contents of his little basket. There were so many people selling such articles that he did not often find customers. Still his honest face and pleasant manner did much for him, and during two or three years he earned enough for daily use.
Just at this time I was obliged to leave the city for a month or two, and I heard nothing from Paul during my absence. The day after my return, however, he came, his face beaming with delight and looking so perfectly happy that I knew something very fortunate must have happened. What could it be?
"O! I cried Paul, dancing around the room, and clapping his hands with delight, "I am so glad that you have come. It is so nice and pretty that I am sure she will be very happy now. She is coming at three o'clock; but I want you to see it first, so please, Mademoiselle, do put on your bonnet and come with me. Oh! I am so glad! I am so glad! Please come, Mademoiselle. Please come!"
The child stopped, fairly out of breath, and I tried to find out what was "so very nice" and who was to come at three o'clock; but it was of no use, and nothing would do but for me to follow the delighted boy.
We soon reached the miserable tenement he called his home, and opening the door, Paul held me back on the threshold, bidding me look before I entered. One glance explained all. The rough brick floor had been newly painted and waxed, and now shone like a mirror. A clean white spread covered the bed, fresh muslin curtains hung in the windows, and the humble abode had an air of neatness and comfort to which it had long been a stranger.
Paul enjoyed my surprise. Then, leading the way, he said, smiling: "Now this is not all. And I have kept the best for the last. See! He opened the door of a little side room, which had hitherto been filled with rubbish. A neat little cottage bed, with snowy counterpane, a small painted bureau, and a few shelves, with half a dozen good books, had transformed it completely; and by the open window, had concealed by the curtain, stood a little work table, with a few fresh flowers in a small vase.
"This is sister's room," said Paul, his eyes glinting with pleasure, "and now she may come and spend Saturdays and Sundays with me, and we can go to the Sabbath school together. Oh! we shall be so happy!"
"But how did you get the money to do all this?" I asked.
"Ah! you left for the country, he answered, "I sold a New Testament to the gentleman who lives in that beautiful house near Mount Airy, with such splendid grounds around it. His daughter was very kind to me, and told me that if I

ed in the house for incubates, and we knew that this time, at least, he would come sober.
But the hours passed on, and Paul was falling so fast that we feared he could not live to see him. Toward morning, however, he seemed suddenly to revive. He called us to him, and thanking us affectionately for what we had done, gave us several messages for the teachers and pupils of the Sabbath school. Then, pressing his cold lips on his sister's forehead (the poor child had not left him since the dreadful occurrence and had now fallen asleep by his side), "I am only waiting for father now," he said. A step was heard in the hall, and Paul, looking up joyously exclaimed: "It is he! It is he!" The next moment his arms were clasped around his father's neck. "Poor, dear papa!" said the child. "Your little boy could not go without bidding you good-by; without asking you to renounce that dreadful cup forever. Oh! say for dear mamma's sake, it shall never touch your lips again."
We did not hear the answer; but a heavenly smile overcast the countenance of the lying boy, and, looking upward, he exclaimed: "I am ready now! Sweet mamma! take me! Jesus! come!" The loving arms relaxed their hold, the lips parted, the eyes became fixed; the little hero's heart was still forever.

In a secluded part of the Cemetery, near the resting-place of "Little Paul," but the angels wait the spot, and on the last glorious day of the evening the little form shall rise, clothed in immortal beauty, and around that brow a crown shall be wreathed, which the gods and gods of the earth shall have striven vainly to secure.

Difficult Love Making. The boy who sells fruit and confectionery on the train is usually a very vigorous sort of a boy, with an eye strictly to business, and with no romantic thoughts running through his active brain. One of them came very near ruining the happiness of two young souls for life, the other day.

A young man sat in the seat with a pretty girl, and though the passengers could distinguish their conversation from the noise made by the cars, it was pretty evident that what was being said was of great interest to the young couple.

"He was saying, 'Jennie, darling, I have long been wishing an opportunity to tell you of my great regard for you.'
"'Jennie?' inquired the fruit and confectionary boy, thrusting his basket in front of the pair.
"'No!' exclaimed the young man in an annoyed tone, and waving his hand to one side.
"'As I was saying, Jennie,' he continued, when the boy had passed on, 'I have long wanted to tell you of my regard for you. You are everything to me, and always in your absence my thoughts are constantly dwelling upon you.'
"'Nice really—prize in every box," interrupted the boy, totally ignorant of the interesting conversation he was interrupting. The young man shook his head, while the girl looked mal contented to bite a hairpin in two. When the boy had left the young man resumed:
"'I do not think you are entirely inconsiderate to my regard, and I feel certain that you in some degree reciprocate. Tell me, darling, if I have a right to think that you are fond of me?'
"'Nice fresh figs—ten cents a—' the boy saw by the countenance of the pair that he could make no sale, and moved ahead with the basket. The young man finished with his eyes the sentence he had commenced, and waited for an answer. It came, murmured in his ear, that no other person might learn its import:
"'Oh, Charlie, you've no idea how happy you make me by your avowal. You know that I care for you only, and that my regard for you is as lasting as—'
"'Maple candy—very nice"—said the boy, displaying a tempting array of the delicacy.
"'Clear out!' ejaculated the young man, between his teeth, in a savage tone, and as the boy cleared out he turned to his sweetheart for the confirmation of her answer.
"'As lasting as eternity, I have always cared more for you than anybody else. All our folks think that you are just apple-bill, and mother says you are as good as—'
"'Pop corn—fresh this morning." The young man rose hastily and lifted the boy several seats down the aisle, and the girl fell to crying in her handkerchief. The young man resumed his seat, and sat in moody silence until the train stopped at his station, when, in company with the young lady, he alighted, while the boy, after nursing that spot where he was kicked for a few minutes, went on with his business, in utter ignorance of the fact that he had perhaps broken up a most interesting and happy courtship.—Rockland Courier.

The undersigned would inform the citizens of Middleburg and surrounding district that he has opened a Hardware Store at the above mentioned place and that he will keep a full line of all kinds of Hardware, including Heavy & Shell Hardware, TRIMMINGS, SADDLERY, Iron Findings, Leather, Special Inducements in BUILDING HARDWARE, LOCKS, HINGES, SCREWS, NAILS, &c. A Large Assortment of Cast Steel Shovels & Spades, Bores, Garden Tools, scythes, Grain Rakes, Hay Ropes, Pulleys, &c. IRON. OF ALL KINDS constantly on hand. All at Greatly Reduced Prices. All who are in need of any kind of Hardware will do well by calling at this place. MALANSON MOATE.

The Sheriff of Butler county was the first officer upon whom was enforced the clause of the Constitution of the State forbidding bribery, fraud, or wilful violation of any election law; and his fate should be a warning to those whose ambition to succeed is more powerful than their