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The Post.

VOL. 15. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 7, 1878. NO. 37.

THE POST.
 Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CHOUSE, Prop'r.
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 Persons offering and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

Poetry.

The Independent Farmer.
 Let sailors sing of windy deep,
 Let soldiers praise their armor,
 But in my heart this toast I keep—
 The independent farmer.
 When first the rose in robe of green
 Unfold its crimson lining,
 And round his crown the garb is seen
 The honeyuckle climbing;
 When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
 To bees that gather honey,
 He drives his team across the fields,
 When skies are soft and sunny.
 The black bird cucks behind the plow,
 The quail pipes loud and clearly,
 You orchard birds behind its boughs,
 The home he loves so dearly;
 The gray and old barn doors unfold,
 His ample store in measure,
 More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
 A precious, blessed treasure;
 While ponder in the porch there stands
 His wife, the loving charmer,
 The sweetest rose on all his lands—
 The independent farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing,
 To him the summer blushes,
 The autumn smiles with yellow ray,
 His sleep old winter bushes.
 He cares not how the world may move,
 No doubts or fears confound him,
 His little flock is linked in love,
 And household angles round him,
 He trusts in God and loves his wife,
 Her grief or ill may harm her,
 He's nature's nobleman in life—
 The independent farmer.

Select Tale.

The Willow Switch.

About forty years ago a large part of Central New York, that is now becoming a garden, was almost a new country, and people talked of "moving west" when they emigrated from the banks of the Hudson to those of the Genesee. Still one of the cities on the Erie canal was even then a town of some importance, and boasted much of what then amounted to wealth and even aristocracy.

Of this latter class had been the family of Judge Morton, but sundry unlucky speculations had made it impossible for him to retain his accustomed position among his old neighbors, and he was about to seek a new field in one of the younger settlements.

Everything had long been prepared, the wagons were laden, the axes for the most part had been said again and again, and a part of the cavalcade was fairly on its way.

The heavier goods, indeed, had been started two or three days before. The ladies of the party, as well as the gentleman, had decided to attempt the journey on horseback, well aware that the condition of the roads, even though spring was well advanced, could not be safely depended upon.

Apart from the rest, mounted on a stout and quiet-looking pony, sat a young lady of some eighteen summers in whose rosy cheeks and bright black eyes the excitement of the occasion seemed almost to overcome its soberer suggestions. Still, something like a shade was on her face as she leaned forward in her saddle and conversed in low tones with a gentleman whose arm was thrown carelessly over the neck of her pony.

"Never mind me, Charlie; why it isn't three days' riding, at the very most, that won't hurt me."
 "But me, Susie! I am ordered off for a long cruise, and I cannot tell when I shall see you again."
 "But you will come back?"
 "Yes—but when? And you will—"
 "Will I what, Charlie?"
 "Wait a moment, Susie."
 And the young man, who was in the dress uniform of a naval officer, sprang off to the side of the road, where some willow trees were growing in untrimmed luxuriance. Catching hold of one of the gracefully bending bows, he cut through a long and pliant slip, with which he returned, stripping off the leaves as he came:

"There, Susie; that will do for a riding whip, but do not wear it out on your pony, even if the roads are bad."
 "Why not, Charlie?"
 "Because at the end of my cruise I shall come back to claim it. Will you keep it for me?"
 A very soft light stole into the black eyes; but she said in a low voice, "Yes, Charlie, I will keep it. But are you sure you will come back to claim it?"
 "If I live, Susie."
 "Ah! then it is good-by, sure enough, now for father is calling me. Good-by, Charlie."

There was a most passionate earnestness in the young officer's reply, and he stood gazing after the pony and his mistress long after they were hidden by a turn of the road. We cannot follow him however, by land or sea, for our business is with the willow switch.

If Susie's pony suffered on the road it was not from any excessive application of Charlie's queer memento, and on the third day, about noon, Judge Morton rode up to the side of his daughter and announced that they were close to their journey's end.

They were nearly at the fork of the road, and at the foot of a gently sloping hill; and just where the two ways met a spring bubbled up and overflowed into an adjacent meadow. There were more signs of improvement than could be expected.

"Our new home," said the Judge, "will be on the top of this knoll when it is built, and our present quarters, such as they are, will be a little further on."
 A sudden thought seemed to have entered the brain of Susie.
 "Father, won't willow grow from small slips?"
 "Yes, my dear; that's the usual way of scattering them out."
 "And they want water, don't they? Is this one fresh enough to grow?"
 "I should say it was."
 "Well, then, may be we can have something growing here to remind us of our old home."
 In an instant Susie was down from her pony, and the willow switch was carefully planted, just above the little spring. It would have all the water it wanted, at all events. And then Susie and her father rode on to their new home; but there was a warm flutter at the young girl's heart, and a blush on her cheek, as she wondered, "Will it ever grow?"

The new settlement was a good one for the Judge, and Susie's willow prospered famously. Even the rude farmer boys had learned how it came there, and respected it religiously, while a little pailing kept off the intruders. Susie's heart throbbed high with hope and faith, at times, as she noted the wonderful vitality and prosperity of her leafy favorite. It grew as if it had a duty to perform, and was determined to do it well.

And the little spring bubbled up more briskly from under it, and seemed to murmur, very softly, "He will come! He will come!"

Still, one year, and another, and another, went by, and Charlie did not come, and letters were terribly uncertain, and far between. All around the world he had been sent, and Susie's heart at times grew sick and weary in spite of the willow.

But she had other suitors, for her beauty seemed to grow every day, and her father was getting along well in the world once more. Truth to tell, Susie had something of Mother Eve in her, and was by no means averse to admiration and attention.

So it happened that one day in June of the fourth year of the residence of the Mortons in their new home, just as the sun was setting, Susie found herself taking a stroll along the shaded roadside, accompanied by the handmaid and most favored of her numerous train of worshippers.

They did not seem to be in a talking humor, but walked slowly along until they came to the forks of the road, and paused a moment by the side of the spring. Here, at last, the young man seemed to have found his tongue, and he pleaded eloquently and passionately for the half-reticent hand which he had seized in both his own.

Still Susie was silent, and it may be that the bubbling spring, and the sighing willow were talking to her; but just then they heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming at a quick pace up the road, and in a moment more a rider drew rein beside them and asked politely if he could be directed to residence of Judge Morton.

The young man had dropped Susie's hand, and half vexed at the interruption, was proceeding to give the desired information but his words were not listened to.

The horseman was leaning forward in his saddle, and had fixed a gaze of earnest penetration on the face of Susie Morton, on which the blushes had given way to a deadly palor.

"Susie, I have come! The willow—"

The light came back to Susie's eyes in an instant, and with a long sigh of relief, she pointed to the little branches which swept their shoulders, and answered: "Here it is, Charlie; it has been growing ever since you went away."

Susie's other companion was not obtuse enough to linger longer in the shade of such a tree as that, and before she returned to the house, Charlie had reclaimed his gift. The song of the spring only changed enough to sound like "He has come—he has come!"

Thirty years went by, and the Morton willow kept on growing, until it became a well-known landmark, towering high in air about the little spring at the forks of the road. But thirty years work changes in other things besides trees, and a slip from the willow had been discovered to grow above a little mound in the village graveyard for the Judge slept, like a true American, not with his father. Everything else had undergone changes, and at last came the fearful changes of the war of the rebellion.

It was not many days after the Gettysburg fight, that a matronly lady, in mourning, supported by a fair young girl similarly clad, walked slowly and feebly down the sloping road to the spring.

"If there is a bough within reach, dear, I would rather gather it myself; and then, if I can find where they have laid him, I will go and plant it with my own hands."

One long, sweeping branch of the willow tree seemed, as she approached it, almost to be held out to her.

she was proceeding to sever the slip she wanted, unmindful of the rattle of coming carriage wheels. As for her girlish companion, she had sank down upon the grass and covered her face with her hands. The good lady's trembling fingers almost refused to perform their duty, and the carriage drew up within a few paces of her just as she had severed the slender rod.

"Well, mother, I hope that you are not cutting that for me," said a cheery but somewhat feeble voice from the carriage. The young girl sprang to her feet, but only just in time to save her mother from falling, though she did not faint, and recovered quickly.

"Oh, Charlie, my boy—my boy!"
 "Here I am mother—hurt sure enough, but in no need of a willow yet, am I, father?"
 "Not by no means," said a hale and hearty old gentleman, in a naval dress, who now sprang out of the carriage, and they were given us both a furlough, though mine is a short one. This willow was always a good omen.

And again the spring seemed to bubble up softly, "He has come—he has come!"

And the old lady, and the young lady, too, sobbed and laughed, and kissed the returned warriors, till the good mothers, with the bit of willow still in her hand, knelt down in the shade of the memorial tree to pour out her thankfulness to Him who had made her prosperity to grow with its growth from the day when she sprang from her weary pony to plant it.

Hints to Visitors.
 Try, without being too familiar, to make yourself so much like one of the family that no one shall feel you to be in the way; and at the same time, be observant of those small courtesies and kindnesses which all together make up what the world agrees to call good manners.
 Regulate your hours of rising and retiring by the customs of the house. Do not keep your friends sitting up until later than usual, and do not be rousing about the house an hour or two before breakfast. If you choose to rise at an early hour, remain in your own room until near breakfast time, unless you are very sure that your presence in the parlor will not be unwelcome. Write in large letters, in a prominent place in your mind "BE PUNCTUAL." A visit for an hour has no excuse for keeping a whole family waiting, and it is unpardonable negligence not to be prompt at the table. Here is a place to test the good manners, and any manifestation of ill-breeding here will be noticed and remembered. Do not be too ready to express your likes and dislikes for the various dishes before you. The wife of a certain United States Senator once visiting acquaintances at some distance from her native wilds, made a lasting impression upon the family by remarking at the breakfast table that "she should startle before she would eat mush," and that she "never heard of cooking mush before she came east."

If you are tempted to go to the other extreme, and sacrifice truth to politeness, read Mrs. Opie's "Tale of Potted Sprats," and you will not be likely to be insincere again.

It is well to remember that some things which seem of little importance to you may make an unpleasant impression upon others, in consequence of a difference in early training. The other day two young ladies were heard discussing a gentleman who had a great many pleasant qualities. "Yes," said one, "he is very handsome, but he does not eat pie with his knife." Take care that no trifle of that kind is recalled when people are speaking of you.

Keep your own room in order, and do not scatter your belongings all over the house. If your friends are orderly, it will annoy them to see your things out of place; and if they are not, their own disorder will be enough without adding yours.

Make up your mind to be entertained with what is designed to entertain you. If your friends invite you to join them in an excursion, express your pleasure and readiness to go, and do not act as though you were conferring a favor instead of receiving one. No visitors are so wearisome as those who do not meet half way whatever proposals are made for their pleasure. Be contented to amuse yourself quietly in the house, or to join in any outside excursions to which you are invited, and show by your manner that you enjoy both.

If games are proposed, do not say that you will not play, or "would rather look on;" but join with the rest, and do the best you can. Never let a foolish feeling of pride, lest you should not make so good an appearance as the others, prevent your trying.

If you are not skillful, you will at least show that you are good natured, and that you do not think yourself modest when you are only proud.—St. Nicholas for January.

For The Post.
COUNTY INSTITUTE.—VII.
 Wednesday, morning Session.

Prof. Raub spoke upon language culture. He said: If you wish to teach your pupils to speak pure English, you must speak it yourself. Pupils are imitative creatures, and hence will follow examples, whether good or bad. Whatever you do not want your pupils to do, you must not do yourself. If you can succeed in making good writers, you can also make good speakers; you will not have any difficulty in making good writers.

If you can get your pupils to speak the English language correctly, you will need no grammar. Teach composition. In teaching this subject, commence with words, and have your pupils say about them what they can. In the teaching of this as well as in everything else taught in the public schools, let the order of procedure be—first the thing, then the picture of it, and afterwards the name. Require your pupils to give all their answers in sentences. They should always express themselves in this way, then the teacher can correct them, if their language is not such as good usage sanctions.

Teachers should have good conversational powers. In order to speak, it is necessary to have something to speak about. In other words, it is necessary to be informed. Information, in these days of newspapers and books, is cheap. Every one can get it, and no one should grow up without it.

Teachers should not only have, but encourage, debating societies. Nothing else does so much good in a community as weekly meetings of this kind.

Typical recitations also cultivation of the power of expression and conversation.

The next topic taken up by the Prof. was spelling. He believed that the secret of this art lies in the preparation for the recitation. They detect misspelled words with the eye, and hence should train the eye to correct spelling. Written spelling is much more valuable than oral, for spelling is used for writing and not for speaking. Words are learned as words, and an incorrectly spelled word presents a distorted picture to the eye. Spelling lessons should be prepared by writing them on the slates, the pupils having long pencils, and holding them as pens should be held. A good plan is to have pupils copy their reading lessons. Another is to give them words selected from their reading lessons, and have them incorporate these into sentences of their own construction. In this way they learn not only the meaning of words in sentences, but the different meanings which they have.

Prof. Neelings next gave a short exercise on the sounds of the letters. He wrote a number of words upon the blackboard and should have consonants following vowels like the sounds of the latter. The vowels owe their short sounds to the sharp snapping consonants which immediately follow them. If a child pronounces "pig" for "pig," the mistake is not, as some teachers suppose, in the name of the letter, but in the sound of it, and hence it is the latter should be corrected and not the former. The pupils should be shown in what position to place the organs of speech in order to utter the correct sounds. No teacher should fail to give his pupils a knowledge of the sounds of the letters in the words they use. REPORTER.

A DREADFUL railroad accident occurred last Tuesday night a week, near Hartford, Conn. An excursion train with passengers that had been attending Moody and Sankey's revival services fell into the Farmington river. Two engines, a baggage car and three passenger cars fell through the bridge, on the Connecticut Western Railroad. The list of killed has been placed at thirteen, with a possibility that others may be discovered. The bridge—a Howe truss—seems to have been in good condition, and to have given way simply because subjected to a weight greater than it was constructed to bear. The two engines weighed about sixty tons, and were followed by cars loaded with excursionists. Many of the deaths were caused by drowning; but the water prevented the wreck from catching fire. Little more than a year has elapsed since the terrible accident.

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 3, above Keystone Hotel, Selingsgrove.
 Nov. 2, 77.

GRAND FALL OPENING!

AT THE
New York Fancy Store,
 (In Holmes' new building, opposite the Keystone Hotel.)
MARKET ST., SELINGS GROVE, PA.
 A LARGER STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS & FANCY GOODS
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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
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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, Deaines, Calicoes, M velins, 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. Obtrusive attention given to all who may favor me with a call.
 Respectfully,
S. WEIS.
 Oct. 16, 73.

NEW READ! READ! STORE.
Dan'l Hackenburg.
 Beaver Springs, Penna.
 Dealer in
Hardware, Tinware, Stoves &c.

The undersigned would inform the citizens of Selingsgrove and surrounding districts that he has opened a **Hardware Store** at the above mentioned place and will keep a full line of all kinds of Hardware, including
Heavy & Shell Hardware, TRIMMINGS, SADDLERY, Shoe Findings, Leather, Special Indulgences in BUILDING HARDWARE, LOCKS, HINGES, SCREWS, NAILS, &c.
 A Large Assortment of Cast Steel Shovels & Spades, Hoes, 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

A. W. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
 Selingsgrove, 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,
 Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.
 Can be consulted in the English and German languages. Office—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store. 8 49y

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
 Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.
 Offers his professional services to the public. [March 21, '67]

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. apr 17 '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 entrusted to his care. [June 26, '73]

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. 11, '76]

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.

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, head-poles, fishing rods, saw-logs, staves, &c., or all persons so offending will be dealt with according to law. J. J. SMYTH, June 21st, 1877.

CHARLES O. CORNELIUS,
Attorney-At-Law,
 New Berlin, Union County, Pa.
 Can be consulted in English or German. May 20, 1873.

JOHN H. ARNOLD,
Attorney at Law,
 & DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
 Aug. 10, '76.