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Poetry

Retrospection.

Listen, listen, gentle breeze!
Stay one moment! happy breeze!
Come, oh! come! thy happy breeze!
While my heart pours forth its woe!
Down beside a weedy prairie,
Where the vine and rose blend,
Where the proud magnolia's waving,
And the stately poplars bend!

There in early boyhood,
I wandered for many a day,
Cutting flowers of richest odor,
Blossoms of my happy way.
There, within that fairy dwelling,
Sweet affections kept their throne;
There in prayer, loved voices mingled;
And I where those treasures gone?

Is that grayest 'neath the willow,
Side by side, in dreamless sleep,
Where the moon looks down their requiem,
Where the low green clover creeps,
Are those loved ones sweetly resting,
Lost to sorrow and to care,
Heedless of the trumpet sounding,
Round the glories of coming years.

Select Tale.

The Fatal Nail.

On the evening of June 29th, 1837 a peddler on horseback stopped at the smithy of one John Steele, on the outskirts of the town of Hick-hill, near Doncaster, England. Several persons were in the smithy at the time, beside the blacksmith and his son Richard. The peddler asked Steele to show his horse as a quality as he could, as he wished to reach Doncaster early and get a bad at his old place; for the next day being "Statures" or Fair, a number of visitors would be looking for a commolation.

While the smith was attending to the peddler's horse, another stranger entered, also on horseback, and likewise desiring the smith's services, as his horse had cast a shoe. The two strangers and the peddler got into conversation, and the peddler finally opened a mahogany case which was suspended by a strap from his shoulder, and exhibited his wares, which consisted of rings, gold and silver chains, watches, and so forth. On the first corner's looking at the peddler was going to Doncaster, he offered to accompany him, as he was going in the same direction; adding that as he, the peddler, might take him to some home where he could get accommodation. The peddler replied that he was going to "The Travellers Rest," on the outskirts of Doncaster, as it was a good house and he knew the landlord.

When the smith removed the shoe from the horse of the last corner, he examined it closely, remarking that it had been made in Holderness, pointing out the fact that the nail was peculiarly made, having a half split in the head, and saying it was a Holderness fancy.

"I'll keep this nail," the smith said, and he drove it as wedge in the handle of a small hammer, where it pushed it through the head.

The peddler sent for a flagon of ale, and they stood drinking and talking for some time. When the blacksmith joked the peddler about being in such a hurry when he first came in, he laughed and said:

"Oh, that is all right. I've made up my mind to sleep in the big out-house, where I have often slept before; it's comfortable, and you take anybody you like in there, you know," the peddler added with a wink.

When the two men were ready to depart, the peddler took a large wallet from the value on his saddle bow and paid the smith. The peddler seemed to make a rather ostentatious exhibition of his wallet, which was crammed with bank notes and gold.

The two men rode off together, and the smith cleared his place and closed it for the night.

In due time the peddler and his new friend reached the Travellers Rest, and told the landlord they would sleep in the out-building they would sleep in the out-building in the rear, in which there were several beds. The landlord said there was good accommodation there, and promised to make them comfortable.

The peddler retired first and the stranger remained behind him. At eleven o'clock he went to his out-building, and five minutes later the landlord observed the light go out.

Next morning neither the peddler nor his friend appeared, and the landlord went to the out-building to arouse them. He found the door open, and on entering the room discovered the peddler in his shirt, lying on the floor at the far end in a pool of blood. His head was battered in and near him was lying a hammer with blood and hair on the head. He was dead and cold.

When the alarm was given it was found that the horse belonging to the man who had accompanied the peddler to the inn occupied the same room with him, and was missing, and suspicion at once fell on him as the murderer. The authorities were notified and officers were in pursuit of the supposed assassin before the day was an hour older. They tracked him to a cottage, but lost trace of him on the side of that town, on the field. The loss

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eyes of the officers, however, caught sight of a horse among the brambles in a valley to the left of the road, and there the man was captured. He was terribly frightened—so much so that he was unable to articulate for some time. Strapped to his saddle bow was a valise, and opening it a heavily filled wallet, identified as being the peddler's was found.

Before the coroner or the prisoner, who told his name was Henry Scott, told a most astounding story. He said that when he went to the out-house the peddler had already gone to his bed, which was a high, old-fashioned tent bed, with curtains.

Scott took the bed at the opposite end of the room. The bed had curtains also, and the room was large and draughty. He placed his clothes on a chair, and flung his valise, or holsters, on a bit of carpet at the side of the bed. What he put out the light, he observed it at the moon was shining full into the room. He lay awake for some time, and presently heard a step in the room. The next moment the curtain of his bed was gently drawn, and he saw a face looking down upon him. He lay perfectly still, though greatly alarmed. The face disappeared, and retreating footsteps were heard. He arose on his elbow, and peered through the curtains. He distinctly saw two men at the further end of the room, near the peddler's bed. They passed round the foot of it, and disappeared at the other side. The next moment he heard a scream and a scuffle, and saw the legs of the peddler protrude from the curtains.

There was a scuffle and a suppressed cry, and the next moment the peddler bounded from the bed and ran, screaming "murder!" toward Scott's bed, holding his valise at arm's length. Two men followed the fugitive, and Scott, horrified and fear-stricken, slipped from his bed on the other side, and hid himself in a closet. He heard the groans and blows, and the sound of retreat of footsteps; then all was still. The next instant, however, the door opened, other footsteps were heard along the floor, and the curtains of Scott's bed were hastily drawn. Two visitors, whoever they were, uttered a oath of disappointment, and hurried from the room.

After waiting for some time Scott came forth from the closet, and found the peddler lying on the floor, dead. Scott was in a terrible dilemma, and saw at a glance that he would be suspected of having murdered the peddler. Panic-stricken he hastily dressed himself, picked up his valise from the stable, and departed from the inn, resolved to seek safety in flight. It was daylight when he reached Doncaster, and then for the first time he discovered that the valise which he had taken from the floor was not his, but at the peddler's which he had not doubt dropped when the murderer fell upon him, and in place of which they doubtless seized and carried off Scott's which lay on the carpet.

This extraordinary story was not believed by the coroner's jury in the face of all the damning evidence against Scott. It was shown that he had seen the peddler produce his valise in the black-tie that he had offered to the peddler to Doncaster, and that he had taken up his share in, and slept room with the murderer, besides this, he was captured in his possession at better evidence of his guilt than he could give.

Scott was sent to jail, and in due time for a willful murder. Out of charity the coroner's jury in the face of all the damning evidence against Scott. It was shown that he had seen the peddler produce his valise in the black-tie that he had offered to the peddler to Doncaster, and that he had taken up his share in, and slept room with the murderer, besides this, he was captured in his possession at better evidence of his guilt than he could give.

The hammer with which the murderer committed the crime was produced, and shown to the jury. One of them remarked that the smith's shoeing hammer might have been used. Mr. O'Brien was called to the witness stand, and he was asked to look at it, and he stated that it was the smith's hammer. The next instant he drew it from his grasp, and scrutinized it with most intense interest. He carried it to the counter, with flushed face and heavy sigh, and he pointed to the side of the hammer, and exclaimed with him in a low tone for several minutes. The prosecuting officer called to the witness stand, and he was asked to look at it, and he stated that it was the smith's hammer. Mr. Steele, the blacksmith, was recalled to the witness stand by Mr. O'Brien, who said: "Mr. Steele, you are an old man, and you are not so strong as you were once."

"Yes, sir," he answered, in a perceptible tremor of voice. "Did you ever work at your trade in Holderness?" "Yes, sir, when I was a young man."

"Anything peculiar in the manner of horse-shoeing in that district, Mr. Steele?" "I think there is, sir."

"The head is divided like in the middle."

"Anything like that nail?" "I don't know, sir."

"Should you say that nail was made in Holderness, Mr. Steele?" "It looks like it, sir," was Steele's reply.

"Mr. Steele," the counsel said, "moving almost close up to the witness stand, and looking at the witness, "Did you ever see this hammer before you saw it in this court?"

The witness gave a gasp and then recovering himself, said: "Yes, sir; I saw it in the hands of the coroner."

At this juncture there was a disturbance in the court, and the officers were seen striving to prevent a young man from quitting the room. The young man was Richard Steele, the blacksmith's son.

"Let me go," he said, "that's the damned old scoundrel that did it. He knows that it is his hammer, and the whole thing and led me into it. I'll turn him a evidence; I'll hang the story. Let me go, and I'll hang the old villain, though he is a y factor."

The scene that followed is not described. Suffice it to say that the witness was transferred into an adjacent witness stand, and his son being duly indicted and tried for the murder of the peddler. Scott was re to the blacksmith's having taken the nail from the old horse-shoe, remarked that it had been made in Holderness, and given it into the hammer head as a wedge. The hammer was further identified as having belonged to Steele, testimony was given which showed that the blacksmith and his son were absent from home on the night of the murder, a marketman swearing that he had passed them near Doncaster, going in the direction of York, at three o'clock on the morning of the 21st of June. But the evidence that settled their fate was furnished by Scott's valise, which they had taken at the time of the murder of the peddler. It was discovered in the ash heap at the back of the smithy Steele and his son were sentenced to be hanged, and both made a full confession to the following effect: Steele, resolved on the robbery and the murder, if needs were, of the peddler, immediately after he discovered that the man was possessed of a large sum of money. After the peddler and his companion had left the smithy, Steele closed it, and communicated to his son, who was a prodigal man, assented to the scheme. Both were about to start after the two men and get ahead of them by a bridge path, but the smith changed his plan. If they did that they would have to tackle them both in the open road and on horseback. The smith knew the inn to which they were going, and was well acquainted with the outbuilding in which they were to sleep. He proposed, therefore, that they should rob the peddler in his sleep, and only use violence in case it was necessary to secure their safety. When they entered the outbuilding the smith went toward Scott's bed, while Richard remained near the door. Finding the man they wanted was not there, Steele and his son approached the other bed, and found the peddler asleep, knowing it was there, they tried to remove the valise from under his head, but he evidently had his hand in the strap, and the tug awoke him. Teach them to wash and iron clothes. Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them how to cook a good meal. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them to say "no," and mean it. Teach them how to wear calico dresses—and do it with a queen. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of their beads. Teach them that a good, round, rosy romp is worth fifty delicate connoisseurs. Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—and at a suitable time let them marry.



What George Washington Didn't Know.

We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask: What did our forefathers know? What for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a hat mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his picture in a photograph gallery; he never saw a steamboat; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never received a telegraphic dispatch; he never listened to the 'fizz' of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl running a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine going down street to a fire; he never took laughing gas; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an International Exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "Old Prob."; he never why go on? When he took an excursion it was on a flatboat. When he went off on a train it was a male train. When he wanted to talk with a man in Milwaukee, he had to go there. When he had his picture taken, it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears. When he got the returns from bank counties, they had to be brought in by a man with an ox cart. When he took aim at the enemy, he had to trust to a crooked-barrelled old flint lock. When he wrote it with a goose quill. When he had anything to mail, his grandnephew did it with a darning needle. When he went to a fire, he stood in a line and passed buckets. When he looked at a clock he never dreamed that it was any relation of his. When he went to a concert he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarinet. When he had a tooth pulled he sat down and never left off yelling. When he got out of teeth he gunned victuals. When he wanted an international show he sent for Lafayette and ordered his friends up from Old Virginia with the specimen carefully labeled in bottles. When he once got hold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief he felt rich. When he wanted to know anything about the weather he consulted the ground-hog or goose-bone. When—but why go on? What did such a man know? Who was he, anyway?

Pat Among the Lawyers.

While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wisconsin recently, a jolly soul from the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner. The landlady told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done.

Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains. AUG. 15th, 1877.

Trains leave Herndon as follows (Sundays Excepted): For Shamokin, 10.15 11.00 a.m. and 3.25 p.m.

Trains leave Herndon as follows (Sundays Excepted): Leave Shamokin, 8.00 a.m. 1.50 and 3.40 p.m.

Trains leave Harrisburg as follows: For New York, 5.20, 8.10 a.m., and 2.00 and 3.57 p.m.

Trains leave Harrisburg as follows: Leave New York, 8.45 a.m. 1.00 5.30 and 7.45 p.m.

Trains leave Harrisburg as follows: Leave New York, 5.30 p.m. Leave Philadelphia, 7.20 p.m.

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LOCKS, HINGES, SCREWS, NAILS, &c.

DAVIS AND THE ST. JOHN Sewing Machines.

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