The Post.

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THE POST.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.

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Poetry.

The Old Man in the Stylish Church.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—
been to a stylish one—
And seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell
you what was done;
You would have been surprised to see what
I saw there to-day;
The sisters were fiXed up so fine they
hardly bowed to pray

I had on these coarse clothes of mine—
not much the worse for wear—
But, then, they knew I wasn't one they
called a millionaire;
So they led the old man to a seat away
back by the door;
'Twas bookless, uncushioned, a reserved
seat for the poor.

Pretty soon in came a stranger, with gold
rings and clothing fine;
They led him to a cushion'd seat far in
advance of mine;
I thought it was'nt eXactly right to seat
him up so near,
When he was young, and I was old, and
very hard to hear.

But then there's no accountin' for what
some people do;
The finest clothing now-a-days oft gets
the finest pew.
But when we reach the blessed home, all
undefiled by sin,
We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate, while
poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far
away,
So, through the hour of service, I could
only "watch and pray,"
Watch the doin's of the Christian sittin'
near me round about;
Pray that God would make them pure
within as they were pure without.

While I sat there, lookin' all around upon
the rich and great,
I kept thinking of the rich man and the
beggar at the gate;
How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor
beggar's form grew cold,
And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions
built of gold.

How at last the rich man perished, and
his spirit took its flight
From the purple and fine linen to the home
of endless night;
There he learned as he stood gazin' at the
beggar in the sky,
"It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death
to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in
that religious fold
Who went up from their dwellings like the
Pharisee of old;
Then returned home from their worship
with a head uplifted high,
To spurn the hungry from their door
with naught to satisfy.

Out, out! with such professions; they
are doin' more to-day
To stop the weary sinner from the gospel's
shinin' way
Than all the books of infidels; than all
that has been tried
Since Christ was born in Bethlehem—since
Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet
how very grand—
The shells in ocean caverns—the flowers
on the land—
He gilds the clouds of evenin' with the
gold light from his throne.
Not for the rich man only; not for the
poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man
because of lack of gold?
Why seat him in the poorest pew because
his clothes are old?
A heart with noble motives—a heart that
God has blest—
May be beatin' heaven's music 'neath that
faded coat and vest.

I am old—I may be childish—but I love
simplicity;
I love to see it shining in a Christian's
piety;
Jesus told us in His sermons, in Judea's
mountains wild,
He that wants to go to Heaven must be
like a little child.

Select Tale.

The Money-Maniac.

"Help! help! for the love of God help!"

Faintly borne on the fierce, shrieking wind of a bitter New Year's Eve, this cry rung out weirdly over a vast Western plain whose winding-sheet was a white, sparkling snow, under the moon's pale light.

And Tom Lisle, the young son of a veteran border trapper, was crossing the lonely white tract on this night, homeward bound from the settlements, and heard the supplications for aid—recognized the voice as that of a man, and urged on his pony with a chirp, while he rubbed his nose and ears vigorously in order to keep up the circulation, for the air was keen andf rosty.

"G'lang, old boy; cheer up yer spirits, fer it's not many miles further we've got to travel this orful night!" spoke the young hunter. "Hello! what was that?—a cry of distress, and in a man's voice, 'way out here? Jupiter! it's a mighty poor place for a lost 'coon, out on Big Flats, durned if it ain't. G'lang, faster, Jack, old boy, and let's see what ther rumpus is about."

By the use of voice and spurs the jaded pony was induced to strike into a faster trot, though very little headway was to be made in the deep snow.

With all his senses on the alert, Tom Lisle listened for a repetition of the cry, that he might obtain a bearing. But it came not, though the wind caused weirdly mournful sounds in its fierce flight across the plains.

On--on—on the steaming pony floundered, while the youth strained his eyes ahead through the dim starlight over the surface of the winter's white shroud.

Then, all of a sudden, the animal

hands held the reins in a firm grasp

"Whoa! January! what ails ye now? Ha! by Jupiter, I think I see!"

He was out of his saddle in a twinkling, and waded a r o u n d through the snow to where a dark object was distinguishable, lying half-buried from view.

It was a man—a wild, haggard, savage-looking specimen of humanity, more resembling some wild beast, perhaps, than ought else. A horrible leering face, terribly furrowed and scarred; eyes that burned with the fascinating fire of insanity; hair and beard heavy, matted, snarled,and the form clad in ragged, tattered garments.

So much it was that Tom Lisle saw, and then he knelt beside the prostrate form, and producing a flask from inside his hunting-shirt, he poured a quantity of the liquor between the parted lips, that revealed a row of gleaming teeth, more like the ivories of a wolf than of mankind. The liquor went rioting through the lost traveler's veins; his eyes shone with increased brilliancy; words, at first scarcely audible, but growing steadily in volume of sound, came to his relief.

"Why did you rouse me?' he spoke, clutching at the snow, wildly. "I'm a raving madman, boy, at times. I came out here to die, but the furnace of hell is not quite to white heat yet, Ha! I fancy I see the old Satan frying me, and seasoning my spirit with brimstone. Yes, I am mad. I had a furious fit, awhile ago, an' I fit myself. They call me the Money-Maniac, because I love gold. I went to California fifteen years ago, and dug for gold. *I got it*—I GOT IT; great bulks of the shining scales of Purgatory's walls I was overjoyed. They say it drove me mad! mad! But what care I? All of it shall not buy me from the devil. Gold! gold! gold! how I have worshipped at thy shrine!'

Then a sudden drift of white passed over the man's face, and he seemed more like a sane person, though his eyes burned fiercely.

"What is your name?" he asked, watching the young hunter sharply; "tell me your name, for I have something important to say. Hurry, for I would tell you before I get mad again—mad! mad!'

"My name is Tom Lisle, stranger,' the youth replied, nervously, for he had never before encountered a maniac.

"Tom Lisle!" repeated the other thoughtfully—"Tom Lisle. I will put it way down in my memory, where I will remember it. And now listen

"I am a madman, but sane enough at times to know what I am about Years ago I went to California and acquired an immense fortune—immense because it is counted by millions. I went mad, and fearing I should be robbed, I buried it in a lonely portion of the wild West. I stationed a guard to watch it—a faithful Indian who was my slave from choice.

"I have a child—a beautiful girl of eleven now; this fortune must go to her.

"Ten years from this New Year's Eve, go to the spot where is buried my gold. You will find there my Indian slave, Red Pine, or, if he is dead, another guard, commissioned by him, who will know all.

"Show him these gold bullets,' and here the Money-Maniac placed in the youth's hand three rifle-bulets of gold, a packet of paper and a gold ring; "show him these bullets, and he will give you the gold. He will then take you to my child, and you will show her this ring. By this she will behold in you the man I have chosen for her husband. The packet of paper is a map of my treasure-trove.

"Now go! leave me! go, and in ten years do my bidding. Go no sooner, no later—*then*—New Year's Eve, ten years hence. Hurry! depart! for I feel it coming on—the madness; I'm then ferocious."

"What? and leave you here to perish!" Tom Lisle demanded, in horror.

"Yes; I want to die. Don't touch me, or I'll scratch and bite you; and you'll go mad, too. Leave me your flask, then get you gone. And my curse of gold go with you!"

The flask was given over without a murmur, and after a last look of horror and sympathy upon the suffering maniac, the trapper-boy turned and mounted his pony, and set out over the white-shrouded plain.

And the howling wind pursued him and rung in his ears the cry that ever after haunted his life:

"Gold! gold! oh! it's all mine!"

* * * *

Five years later, Tom Lisle was standing, one summer's afternoon, upon the bank of the Missouri river, idly watching a steamboat that was puffing along on its way southward, when suddenly his eyes became riveted upon a man, who, from an upper deck, was wildly gesticulating to him. A man in tattered garb, and with wild, streaming hair and beard, and burning sunken eyes—Tom Lisle, now a man, recognized him, even though five years had passed since that wild blustering night on Big Flats plain.

It was the Money-Maniac.

Or was it his apparition?

That was not the last time the

window-pane from the outside, while he was sitting in a St. Louis hotel; again it glared at him through the window of his own cabin, away out on the far frontier.

And ever was the hideous face a visitant to his nocturnal slumber; it haunted him, night and day, as the years rolled by, prosperous to him, and the world wagged on.

* * * *

The expiration of ten years from that eventful New Year's Eve, when he had found the maniac upon the plain, discovered Tom Lisle riding along in the mellow moonlight, through a broken piece of country contiguous to the North Fork of the Platte river. He was a man six and-twenty years, now—a brawny, stalwart knight of the West, handsome, brave and fearless.

Well mounted, armed and provisioned, he appeared at home upon the trail—for he was following a trail which was outlined upon a pen-map held in his hand.

Nor was it far he had to go, for a snow covered cabin loomed ahead, during the next hour, and he reined in his horse before the door.

"So this is the treasure trove, eh?" he muttured, glancing sharply around. "Surely it is lonely enough if them's all the requirements. Hello! there, inside; d'ye keep stragglers?"

In answer the door swung open, and a grim, stolid-faced Indian stood upon the threshold, rifle in hand—a burly old fellow who showed his age in every lineament.

"Wagh! what does the white hunter want?" was the query, and the savage never let his eye leave the horseman.

"I want the money of one who called himself the Money-Maniac!" replied Tom Lisle; "see! I am the right man," and he laid the three golden bullets in the palm of his hand.

"Good! the hunter is right. Red Pine will give up the white miner's gold, and lead the way to where the white maiden dwells in the squatter's cabin!" was the reply. "Let the hunter come with Red Pine!"

So saying the Indian turned back into the cabin, and dismounting from the horse that had borne him many a mile, Tom Lisle followed suit. Inside were warmth and rude frontier comfort, to which Tom Lisle was used.

"White miner Red Pine's friend," the old savage went on; "once saved Red Pine's life, an' Injun no forget it. He stay here fifteen years—watch gold. Wagh!"

Fetching forth a pick from among other implements in the cabin, he pried up a log in the floor, and rolling it to one side, a hole in the ground was revealed.

Out of this the red-skin fished a dozen or more buck-skin pouches of various sizes, and with a fast beating heart Tom Lisle proceeded to examine their contents.

Gold! gold! pure, shining gold, in nuggets and in shining dust—Tom gave a great yell of delight as he gazed at the glittering treasure.

"Heapee much nice!" Red Pine grunted, enjoying the hunter's surprise. "He go for Lily--white miner's girl."

And when the Indian returned with Lillian Grayel, Tom thought he had somehow gotten into wonderland. She was, he found after further acquaintance, a rough, uncut diamond--a wild flower grown up in the wilderness, untrained and uncultivated. She was beautiful of face and form, with sunny nature; quick to comprehend, studious.

And all that she lacked was education which Tom Lisle has given to her in the last two years. And this New Year's Eve will see them united in matrimony, as happy a couple as fate ever brought together. With their marriage may the Money-Maniac no longer visit Tom's dreams.

The novelty of the happy occasion will be the groomsman, who will be no other than the aged and faithful Red Pine.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endevoring to accumulate wealth without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials, and enjoy little comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

The oldest man now living without a doubt, is a citizen of New Grenada, South America. He is one hundred and eighty years old, never was intoxicated, never eats more than one meal a day, and, more wonderful than all never was Gen. Washington's body-servant.

Max Strakosh has fathomed the great secret of managing female opera singers, "I have found," says he "they don't sing well when they think they're not well dressed."

Arizona lifts up its voice and cries aloud for more girls. House servants there are paid $25 per month and boarded.

King Kalakaua, while in this country, found the daily paper such a lux-

The Planets Described.

The Sun.—The Sun is the centre of the solar system, andthe great dispenser of heat and light to all the planets. Around the Sun all the planets revolve, he being the greatest and most influential system known to us in the universe. The distance of the Sun from the earth is ninety-five millions of miles, and his diameter is estimated at eight hundred and eighty-seven thousand miles. A body of such mighty dimensions hanging on nothing it is certain must have emenated from an Almighy power.

Mercury, the planet nearest to the Sun, is about three thousand miles at diameter and revolves around him in a distance of thirty-seven millions of miles. No signs of an atmosphere have been discovered in this planet. The Sun's heat at Mercury is about seven times greater than it is on this earth, so that water, if nature follows the same laws there that she dose here, cannot exist at Mercury, except in the state of steam.

Venus.—This is the other planet whose orbit is within that on earth. Her diameter is about eight thousand miles, being somewhat larger than the earth. Her revolution around the Sun is performed in two hundred and twenty-four days, at the distance of sixty-eight millions of miles from him. She turns on her axis once in twenty-three hours so that her day her day is a little than ours. Her hourly motion in her orbit is eighty thousand miles. Venus, as seen, from the earth, is the most brilliant of all the primary planets, and is better known than any nocturnal luminary except the moon. When seen through a telescope she exibits the phases of the moon, and her face is sometimes variegated with dark spots. This planet may often be seen in the daytime, even when she is in the vicinity of the Sun. A luminous appearance around this planet seen at certain times, proves that she has an atmosphere. Some of her mountains are several times more elevatd than any on our globe, being from ten to twenty-two miles high She sometimes appears to recede from the Sun and approach him, as her orbit is within that of the earth, her distance from us varies from twenty seven millions to one hundred and sixty-three millions of miles. When Venus is in that part of herorbit which gives her the appearance of being west of the Sun, she rises before him and is then called the morning star; and when she appears east of the Sun she is behind him in her course,and is then called the evening star. These periods do not agree with the yearly revolutions of the earth or of Venus; for she is alternately two hundred and ninty days the morning star, and two hundred and ninety days the evening star. The reason of this is, that the earth and Venus move round the Sun in the same direction, and hence her relative motion, in respect to the earth, is much slower than her absolute motion in her orbit.

The Earth.—The next planet in our system nearest the Sun is the earth. *Her* diamter is eight thousand miles. This planet revolves around him in three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours and forty-eight minutes, and at the distance of ninety-five millions of miles. It turns on its own axis once in twenty four hours, making a day and a night. The earth's revolution around the Sun is called its annual or yearly motion, because it is performed in a year while the revolution around its own axis is called the diurnal or daily motion, because it takes place every day. The earth's motion in her orbit is at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles per hour.

The moon.—The moon,next to the Sun, is to us the most brilliant and interesting of all the celestial bodies. Being the nearest to us of any of the heavenly orbs, and apparently designed for our use, she has been observed with great attentions, and many of the phenomena which she presents are therefore better understood and explained than those of the other planets. The distance of the moon from the earth is two-hundred and forty thousand miles. Her surface, when seen through a telescope, appears to be diversified with hills, mountains, valleys, rocks and plains, presenting a most interesting and curious aspect.

Mars.—The next planet in our solar system is Mars, his orbit surrounding that of the earth. The diameter of this planet is upwards of four thousand miles,being about half that of the earth. The revolution of Mars around the Sun is performed in nearly six hundred and eighty-seven days, or in somewhat less than two of our years, and he turns on his axis once in twenty-four hours and forty minutes. His mean distance from the Sun is one hundred and forty-four millions of miles, so that he moves in his orbit at the rate of about fifty-five thousand miles in an hour. This planet sometimes appears much larger to us than at others, and this is readily accounted for his greater or les distance. At his nearest approach to the earth, his distance is only fifty millions, while his greatest distance is two hundred and forty millions of miles, making a difference in his distance of one hundred and ninety millions of

this planet is less than half that which we enjoy. To the inhabitants of mars our planet appears alternately, as the morning and evening star, as Venus does to us. It was recently discovered that Mars has two moons.

Jupiter.—Jupiter is eighty-nine thousand miles in diameter and performs his annual revolutions once in about eleven years, at the distance of four hundred and ninety millions of miles from the Sun. This is the largest planet in the solar system, being about one hundred and forty times larger than the earth. His diurnal revolution is performed in nine hours and fifty-six minutes, giving his surface at the equator of twenty-eight thousand miles per hour. Jupiter, next to Venus, is the most brilliant of the planets, though the light and heat of the Sun on him is nearly twenty-five times less then on the earth.

Saturn.—The planet Saturn revolves round the Sun in a period of about thirty of our years, and at a distance from him of nine hundred millions of miles. His diameter is seventy-nine thousand miles, making his bulk nearly nine hundred times greater than that of the earth; but notwithstanding this vast size, he revolves on his axis once in about ten hours. Saturn therefor performs upward of twenty-five thousand diurnal revolutions in one of our years, and hence his years consist of more than twenty-five thousand days. On account of the remote distance from the Sun he receives only about a ninetieth part of the heat and light which we enjoy on the earth, but to compensate, in some degree, for this vast distance from the Sun, Saturn has seven moons which revolve round him at different distances and at various periods from one to eight days. Saturn is distinguished from other planets by his rings as Jupiter is by his belt.

Courting Under Difficulty.—They were courting under difficulties. It was in a room through which the members of the family were continually passing to and fro.

"Dear Alice. I can not longer under this sus—'

(The old man appears,)

"pension of banks is due to unwise policy—"

(Old gent passes on.)

"I was going to say, my dear girl, that I hope you will promise to be mine, and name an early day for the bonds—'

(Old woman happens in.)

'—should never be paid in gold alone.'

(Exit old girl.)

"Name the happy day when I may call you my own, for I can believe that you will think if pre—'

(Old man slides in again.)

"—sumtion can not be soon accomplished."

(The intruder retires.)

"I say I can't believe you are entirely indifferent to me, but will soon grant me the privilege of calling you wi—'

(Old lady on deck)

'—ife given the financial question much, study.'

(Old lady slides off.)

"If you love me just nod your head. You and, Oh, one sweet kiss to seal it—one sweet—oh, hell!—'

(Prospective father-in-law.)

"according to eminent divines, is a myth, a superstition.'

(They were left alone.)

The old folks concluded that Alice is safe enough in the company of a young man who can talk nothing but finance and theology, and so relax their vigilance.

A young lady called at a place the other day, where she found two nice young men with the latest edition of the *N. Y. Herald* between them, apparently discussing the war news. The young lady picked up the paper to take a peep at Mrs. Tilton's last letter, when, to her astonishment, and utter confusion of the nice young men, an elegant edition of the history of the four kings lay scattered on the floor. *Moral*: When you pick up a newspaper look a leedle out; you can't always sometimes dell what is in 'em.

"What are you trying to do?' demanded an irate father of his boy who was standing on a high chair in the closet, and trying to grab a $5 bill which lay temptingly on the upper shelf. "Trying to reach a high note," calmly sang out the lad. The even tenor of that boy's life was immediately interrupted, as his dad came to his assistance with a bass accompaniment.

A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the south end but when you go to grab a wasp, you want to catch it at the north-easterly end shifting westerly toward the head.

Daron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied, "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

From a boy's composition on hens: "I cut my Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death.'