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All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.

I Love Thee, Pennsylvania!

BY L. C. MALONE
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
My own dear, native state,
Proud birth-land of the noble free,
Home of the good and great.
For in our country's story
There is no fairer name;
No other shines more brilliant
Upon the scroll of fame.
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
When 'mid the smiles of Spring,
Along thy dark green valleys
The strains of gladness ring;
When gentle flowers arising,
Put on their varied sheen,
And raise their bright eyes laughing,
Up toward the sky serene.
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
I love thy mountains grand,
Whose summits bear the impress
Of deity's own hand;
Stern battlements of freedom,
They frown upon their foes,
While cradled in their valleys
The children safe repose.
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
Though fortune unto me
Gives me a scanty pittance,
Thank heaven, I am free;
For 't is the sea I see gleaming,
Unstilled, bright, and fair,
Thy broad, resplendent banner,
And read my "title" clear.
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
On many a gory plain,
Thy patriot heroes slumber
Amongst the noble slain;
No other scene so grand,
No other hearts more true
In the unbroken phalanx
Of freedom's chosen few.
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
For when the battle raged,
Along the South was gleaming,
O'er fierce battlements nodded,
And trumpets loudly pealed,
At the first call for soldiers
Thy widows took the field.
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
'Twas the endearing smile,
That 'lured my loved ancestors
From a far Ocean Isle;
They left the fields of Erin,
The "shamrock growing green,"
To breathe the air of freedom,
And see her face serene.
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
We are all sons and daughters,
We have no lords or tyrants,
No slaves to quake with fear;
Thy sons are brave and hardy,
Of bold and true estate,
Thy daughters chaste and witty,
The fairest of the fair.
I love thee, Pennsylvania!
Still may thy freedom shine,
Till hearts from every nation
Shall gather 'round its shrine;
Proud Keystone of our Union,
Still secure, the arch,
And in the path of glory,
Still onward proudly march.

Select Tale.

The Forbidden Marriage.

BY MAME C. WALLIS.

"I wonder what detains Louisa," exclaimed Mrs. Warren, "it is already past our usual breakfast hour, and she has not yet made her appearance. I suppose she has overslept herself."
"Perhaps you had better learn the cause of her delay; the child may not be well," replied her husband.
Mrs. Warren then left the room, and was gone some time. When she returned, she was much excited.
"Louisa has gone," she cried.
"Gone! Gone where?" exclaimed Mr. Warren.
"O, I do not know, read this, it explains all." He seized the note from her hands and read as follows:
"My dear Parents:—Since you drove Arthur away, I will go with him, for we cannot be separated. But I beg dearest parents, your forgiveness for what I have done,
Farewell,
Louisa.

The



Post.

VOL. 16. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., MAY 30, 1878. NO. 1.

THE POST.
Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROSBY, Prop'r.
Terms of Subscription,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

"Oh I have good news to tell you, replied he. 'Whom do you think I met? Why no one, else than Maurice Ranell. Fortune has favored him. He is yet single, and received a large inheritance from a deceased uncle. Well when I told Maurice my story he said he knew a Mr. Milton who was looking for a book keeper. He asked me to go along. He thought I would do. We went and kind Mr. Milton accepted my offer immediately; so I am to go tomorrow.'
Mrs. Graham was truly happy; she saw Providence had provided for them, when they had the least hopes.
Next day Mr. Graham went with a joyful heart to business; he found his employer a kind old gentleman, and all were very agreeable.
Months passed by and Mr. Graham, by his salary maintained himself and wife very comfortably.
Five years have elapsed and we find things somewhat changed. Mrs. Graham is a widow with one little daughter, a bright promising child of four summers. Her husband came to his death very suddenly. One day when returning from his business as usual, he saw a train approaching on the railroad track he was crossing, and in order to escape, he sprang directly in front of another coming in the opposite direction, which he had not observed, and was instantly killed.
Poor Mrs. Graham was almost distracted by this terrible news. During her husband's life they had lived very nicely, his salary afforded them a competent living, besides a surplus of money, which they had saved toward buying a home of their own. But now since his death, she was forced to use it for the support of herself and child.
This did very well for awhile, but she saw something else must be done. Ada, of course had to go to school, and she must earn a living herself.
So by the assistance of some kind friends, she succeeded for awhile, they giving her all their fine needle work to do for them. They in time thought, moved away, and Mrs. Graham was again left to her own resources. She searched for other employment, but all her efforts were fruitless.
At length she saw an advertisement for 'Hands on Shirts.' She went off in high spirits to see after it, and Mr. Lovatt (foreman of the firm) gave her a large bundle of work, and told her it was to be finished in two weeks, and he promised, if it was properly done to pay her well for it and give plenty of employment for the winter. Mrs. Graham plied her needle diligently night and day, and at the appointed time carried her work joyously to her employer, who after examining it awhile turned to her and exclaimed in great rage,
'Woman, do you think I am going to have goods destroyed in this manner, and then pay you for it? If you receive half price you shall consider your self well paid.'
The poor woman had quite a difficult time in obtaining what little she did. But after some time she departed very much dissatisfied. If Mrs. Graham started from her home with a sad one; for now all her hopes were overthrown. She had counted upon this work to be her support for the winter; and the manner in which she had destroyed the angry man's goods, prevented her from seeking elsewhere.
But it was not as she thought, for no sooner had she left the store, than Mr. Lovatt turned to his men with a look of gratified pleasure, and said:
'Now see what I have accomplished; this work is very well done, and I had to pay but little for it, all I did, was to frighten the foolish woman away, and I gained this. His men then all joined in a hearty laugh at the good joke, as they deemed it. Perhaps some would have hesitated, if for a moment they had seen that poor woman's misery. Mrs. Graham at length, failing in health, as well as in business affairs, finally removed from her residence in the city of C., to a quiet little village on the Wabash River. Not succeeding in obtaining a livelihood there, she at length sold one article of furniture after another, until she became sadly impoverished.
Years have elapsed since her husband's death and Mrs. Graham worn out with trouble and sorrow, took sick. Ada then left her school which she had so punctually attended, and tried to assist her mother.
But Mrs. Graham declined in health from day to day and lost all hopes of recovery. The only person with whom Mrs. Graham was acquainted, was Mrs. Dover whose acquaintance she had made by accident, in the following way:
Mrs. Graham was returning from another village several miles distant from her residence, when a sudden storm arose and she sought the nearest place for shelter, which happened to be Mrs. Dover's. She received a very pressing invitation, and after this Mrs. Dover visited her often.

asked Mrs. Dover to send Ada if her parents sent for her and if they did not she begged her to find her only child a home.
Mrs. Dover promised to attend to all, and if they did not take the child, she would.
Mrs. Graham thanked her warmly and then asked for Ada.
'My dear child!' exclaimed Mrs. Graham when Ada arrived 'I am now about to leave you to battle against this hard world with no one to defend you. But there is one above to guard you against all evils. It is He who protects the orphan, and I trust my dear child, you shall always be what you now are a good and faithful daughter. Although you may be left here a few years, I sincerely hope you shall meet both your father and mother in heaven.'
When Ada saw she was about to lose her only friend, her mother, her grief became very violent, she exclaimed, 'O, my mother! you do not intend leaving me here in this wicked world? Oh I could not live without you. What will I do?'
'Listen Ada,' said Mrs. Graham, 'I have told you that I have not seen my parents since my marriage, and I have, also, told you the cause, but I could not die and see you without a home; so I wrote to your grandparents and asked them to give, or find you one, but I have received no answer yet to my letter. So I told Mrs. Dover all, and she has kindly promised to take you to her house, if your grand parents do not. And now my dear child, kneel down that I may give you my last blessing, for my time has come and I must leave you.'
Shortly after this conversation the poor woman expired.
The desolate child clung to her mother and could not be persuaded to leave the corpse until the body was buried, when she became very ill, and was removed to Mrs. Dover's house.
It happened that Mrs. Graham's letter was in some way delayed, and did not reach its destination until some days after her death.
Mr. and Mrs. Warren had long before forgiven their only child for her disobedience. They felt after her departure how desolate they were without their daughter. They tried to find where she had gone, and prayed for her return. So as soon as the letter arrived, Mr. Warren started immediately to bring home his daughter, and grand-daughter.
Mrs. Dover had one child also, a girl just Ada's age (eleven). Ada was a beautiful child, a blonde, she resembled her mother very much. Ellen, on the contrary, was exceedingly homely and more of a brunette.
But notwithstanding, Mrs. Dover soliloquized thus: 'Now I have a chance of raising my daughter in a fine company, riches, and pleasures. Would I sacrifice my child by sending that Ada Graham to New York?'

Her grandparents do not know her, they have never seen her, and if I give them my Ellen they will not know the difference, and after the old folks death, Ellen will become heiress to a nice little fortune and I shall be a sharer, and by that time if Ada is not dead, I will have to put her out of the way, and no one will be any the wiser. So she laid her plan to give, or send her daughter in place of Ada.
While Ada was sick her grandpa then arrived, and was informed by Mrs. Dover of his daughter's death, which he felt very sad about, and then he inquired for his grand daughter; when Mrs. Dover produced Ellen he seemed to be disappointed with her, but he took her, and started home.
In the meantime, Ada was in perfect ignorance of what was occurring. After Ellen's departure, Mrs. Dover told Ada the former had gone to live with her Aunt, in Michigan. She also informed the child, that her grandfather had not come, so she was to live with her.
Mrs. Dover was a mean, deceitful woman and she compelled Ada to work very hard.
Ever since Ellen had gone to New York she was constantly sending money to her mother, but she was very careful not to let Mr. or Mrs. Warren see any of these letters, or money. No one in the house liked her, for she was very easily spoiled, and in a short time became exceedingly haughty. Mr. Warren had quite a difficult time in controlling her, and he loved her only for his daughter's sake. He had her educated at one of the first academies, in all the accomplishments necessary for a lady of her position.
One day (several years after Ada's mother's death) Mrs. Dover told Mrs. Graham she was going to visit a friend and would be back later in the day and she wanted her to have the house in perfect neatness on her return.
So Ada went to work in good earnest, and having the greater part of it finished, she thought it would be a nice surprise, to clean out a closet, in which they had stored a large amount of rubbish. It had not been used for some time, and she thought it would please Mrs. Dover to have this done. While Ada was engaged in doing this, a small piece of paper dropped on the floor, she looked to see what it was, and the first words she observed were 'Ada Graham.'

"Why," said she, "I wonder who knows me. It is not Mrs. Dover's writing. I will look and see who it is from; it may be mine, and perhaps Mrs. Dover has forgotten to give it to me," she looked, and saw it was from Ellen Dover, to her mother. "Well, I guess Ellen has written home; but on turning it over, she saw it was from New York. 'Why, I thought she was in Michigan, I will look and see what she says about me.'
'What would Ada Graham say, if she knew I was playing the part of grand child in her place?'
'What does this mean? Surely I am not dreaming; is she paying the part of grand child in place of me, I will now see all she says, and then I may understand it.'
The letter ran as follows:
NEW YORK, Oct. 13th, 18—
DEAR MOTHER:—Your last letter could not be answered sooner, for I had to wait until I could get the money you wanted. I told Mr. Warren, I wished some little money to give to a poor woman. So this is the way I got it for you. He is not so generous to me as he has been, before I could get any sum of money as soon as I asked him, but now he refuses me, and says I am too much spoiled. The other day a poor woman came here for alms, and when I told him I wished to render her some assistance, he supplied me with the amount immediately. What would Ada Graham say if she knew I was playing the part of grandchild in her place; but she will never know.
From Your Daughter,
ELLEN DOVER.

Cured by Cremation.

Mrs. Broggs had been under the weather for two or three days. At least she said she was, but these attacks came rather frequently, Boggs thought, for when his wife was having one of these off spells he had to cook the meals and do all the house work. We don't remember what particular date the weather was in this last time, but Mrs. Boggs was under it very badly. She even told Boggs that she didn't believe she was ever going to get out of it, and she made a hysterical request that he bury her in some sunny spot where the birds might come and sing to her, and she made him promise that he would bring flowers once a week and scatter them over her grave. A dozen times that day was Boggs called from his work in the kitchen to bid a last farewell to his dying wife, but still she lingered. He had been through the experience a great many times before, so he wasn't as much alarmed as he might otherwise have been.
That night, as he sat watching, like the affectionate husband that he was, at her bedside, she saw that he was deeply engrossed in a book.
'What book are you reading, dear?' she faintly asked.
'A railroad guide, my love,' was the reply.
'What do you want with a railroad guide?' she inquired.
'I want to see how far it is to Washington, Pennsylvania, and how the trains run,' said Mr. Boggs.
She would have asked him what he had to do with Washington, Pennsylvania, but he got up and went out and she fell into a doze, the inclination to which she didn't care to repress, even though it delayed the final departure that she had so often prayed about. When she awoke she saw Boggs bending over her with a candle. He evidently hadn't observed that she was awake, so she closed her eyes and feigned sleep and overheard the following soliloquy, which sufficiently explained to her how thoroughly awakened senses his inquiry of the railroad guide about the route to Washington, Pennsylvania:
'Splendid subject for cremation a little scraggy (Mrs. Boggs' fingers worked nervously under the bed clothes and she had hard work to keep from flying at him), but the scraggy ones imbecitate quicker than the fat ones, the doctor says. She could be ground if necessary, to make her go quicker. Think I'll send her up by express, as I'm too busy in the store to get away. Her ashes can be forwarded to me in an envelope through the mail. I'll know them (audible chuckle). They'll be under the weather every few weeks and want to die. And they'll ask me to bury them in some sunny spot where the birds can come and sing to 'em. I'll send word to Dr. Le Moyne to make it hot for her—she has kept it hot enough for me. And I'll tell him to let all the reporters in, so as to give her a good send off through the papers, and whoop'er up, Liza Jane. Sorry I can't be there to stir her up myself, and—'

Something New For All.

DANIEL C. BERGSTRESSER desires to announce to all interested, that since the dissolution of the Firm of Bergstresser & Ulrich on the 1st of April, he has continued in his new Building in Soling Grove, on Water Street, Soling Grove, opposite J. S. Henning's Store, a
Leather Store and Finishing Shop,
where will be found at all times an assortment of all kinds of Finished Stock, consisting of Harness, Sells, Upper, Kip and Calf Skins, Saddlery, Luggage, Trunks, &c., of different qualities and prices. The attention of Shoemakers, Farmers, and all others is invited, before purchasing elsewhere.
Thirty-five years as a practical Tanner qualifies him to judge the quality of Stock. Highest taken in exchange for Leather.
June 1-75 D. C. BERGSTRESSER, Soling Grove, Snyder Co., Pa.

READ! READ! READ!!!

Dan'l Hackenburg.
Dealer in
Hardware, Tinware, Stoves &c.
Also SPOUTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and satisfactory manner.
I am fully prepared to furnish all kinds of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, &c. at the very lowest rates.
All in need of Tinware or Spouting or anything else in my line of business, will not regret it by examining my goods and terms before purchasing elsewhere.
DANIEL HACKENBURG.
Aug. 10, '76.

LEVI RELLER.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in
FURNITURE,
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Soling Grove and vicinity, that he manufactures to order and keeps constantly on hand CHAIRS OF ALL KINDS, AND
FURNITURE of every Description at the very lowest price. He respectfully invites an examination of
BEDSTEDS, BUREAUS, TABLES, SOFA LOUNGES, STANDS, CHAIRS, &c.
A special invitation is extended to my married friends to call and see my stock or purchasing elsewhere.
LEVI RELLER
Soling Grove, April 10, 1876-4f

MARBLE WORK.

LEWISBURG, PA.
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS,
Tombstones, Statues, Urns, Vases
LAMBS, for Children's Graves,
Pots, Lintels, Tablets, Marble and Slate Mantels, &c.
All those who desire to purchase tombstones or anything else manufactured at the above mentioned marble works, should consult the undersigned agent, before purchasing elsewhere.
SAMUEL BOWEN,
July 15 75-16f Middleburg, Snyder Co. Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Table with train schedules for Pennsylvania R.R. including destinations like Pittsburgh, Erie, and Philadelphia, and departure times.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

Middleburg, Penn'a.
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, Shoe Findings, Leather,
Special Inducements 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 do well by calling at this place.
MALANTHON MOATS,
Middleburg, Snyder Co., Pa.
May 28, 1876.

Use day he returned from his usual search for employment and his face wore a brighter aspect than it had for months.

During Mrs. Graham's sickness she wrote to her parents and asked them to take Ada and give her a home, or find her one. But Mrs. Graham died shortly after this letter

was received. Mrs. Warren returned to New York, and she was very anxious to see her mother, but she was so much distressed by the news of her mother's death, that she was unable to do so.

At this moment, Ada observed Mrs. Dover approaching the house. 'There is Mrs. Dover I will go and let her in.'
'Say nothing of my presence,' returned Mrs. Warren.
Mrs. Dover being angry at not receiving any letters, turned her wrath on Ada, unconscious of any one being

near her. 'Why, I thought she was in Michigan, I will look and see what she says about me.'
'What would Ada Graham say, if she knew I was playing the part of grand child in her place?'
'What does this mean? Surely I am not dreaming; is she paying the part of grand child in place of me, I will now see all she says, and then I may understand it.'

\$66 a week in your town. \$5 out of town. No risk. Ready to pay you for your business as well as for your own. Write me at once and I will send you the full particulars.
MIDDLEBURG, PA.
May 28, 1876.