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The Post

VOL. 16. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., MAY 1, 1879. NO. 47

THE POST.
Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH GROUSE, Prop'r
Terms of Subscription, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
Payable in advance.

Poetry

Song of the Heart.
BY AVENUE.
Through all our lives there flows a song,
And in its tide are borne along
The mystic notes that but reveal
Our innermost desires.

Select Tale

MR. FITZ HUMES EXPERIMENT,
AND HOW IT SUCCEEDED.
Mr. Augustus Fitz-Hume sat in his luxurious bachelor establishment in Mayfair, and pondered deeply.

A Whimsical Piece

Mrs. McAndrews fell down stairs and sprained her ankle. She gave her husband fifteen cents and a bottle to procure whiskey to reduce the swelling.

How a Dead-Beat Got Ahead of a Restauranter

A long, attenuated individual, with two weeks' growth of beard on his face, passed before the window of a temperance restaurant.

A Prophet of Evil

Mr. David C. Croly, the late Editor-in-Chief of The Graphic, has an alarming reputation for making pretty accurate predictions.

A Pair Town for Business

He was a red-headed, wild-eyed man from the best waters of Sage Run, and looked as if he had not been in town since oil was discovered.

The Butler Boy and the Baker's Girl

It was down in the yeast part of the city. He was a barley-batcher boy and she was the pie, one daughter of a German baker next door.

He Didn't Pass

Last week was examination week in most of the schools, and the boy who passed can easily be selected from the list.

HENRY A. WOLFLEY, Saddler and Harness Maker, Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.

W. H. RUPKA, PRACTICAL MILL-WRIGHT, Meigs Station, Snyder Co., Pa.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE "VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

PAENSYLVANIA R. R. Through Express, Daily Express, Family Express, Mail Express, West Passenger, East Lines.

GEORGE B. BRITTON, County Surveyor, Kratzville, Snyder County Penna.

THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY STAR. For a year of CATHARTIC! That same old, old, old...

Mr. Augustus Fitz-Hume sat in his luxurious bachelor establishment in Mayfair, and pondered deeply.

"I wish I'd never had a penny, and that but for that I should have been too poor to marry anyhow."

"That makes no difference; I'm miter here now, and I shall close it for the present."

Three days later, Augustus Fitz-Hume was safely domiciled in quiet lodging-rooms, and shortly afterwards began to sell his diamond rings, and seals, and other paraphernalia of fashionable life.

"They have not heard the news," he muttered, cynically. "He was mistaken. That night the owner of the carriage called to see him."

"Rather close quarters, my friend," he said, as he took a calm survey of Augustus's not very pretentious surroundings.

"I loved you so," she murmured, deprecatingly. "Do not doubt it, dearest," said Mr. Augustus Fitz-Hume.

"I wish I'd never had a penny, and that but for that I should have been too poor to marry anyhow."

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