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Poetry.

A Son's Lament.
BY LEWIS W. RIGGOLD.
Oh, mother, dearest mother,
I long for you to-day;
I want you, when I'm sitting still;
I want you when I pray.
The folks are kind and gentle,
And the world is fair to see;
But there's none like you, dear mother,
There's none like you to me.
You're away so quickly;
You never said "Good bye";
I want to kiss your cheek again
And look into your eye.
Are you in heaven, mother?
Is it very far away?
Oh, is it such a happy land?
And do you want to stay?
I wish that I could see you,
Among the angels bright;
I wish that I could hear you,
Singing "both day and night."
They tell me Jesus loves you,
In your new glorious home;
Oh, mother, won't he love me too?
And won't he let me come?
Oh, Jesus, high and holy!
Oh, Jesus, kind and true;
Help me to love and follow thee;
Help me to be thy child.

Poetry.

Advice to a New Choir Singer.
BY JOSH BILLINGS.
Dear Miss:—This is an important epoch into your life. The last thing to make a good choir singer is to giggle a little.
Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday night so to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair. If he is very rich buy some more and build it up high into your head; then get a high priced ornament that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and get the milliner to plant some high grown artificial flowers on the highest part of it. This will make you sing high, as soprano is the highest part.
When the time is given out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle a good deal.
Whisper to the girl next you that you are the one to sing the 21st note from the front on the left hand side, has her hand with the same color, and that she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.
Object to every tune unless there is some solo into it for the soprano. Cuff and bang a good deal before you begin to sing.
When you sing a solo, shake the artistiseis off your basket, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself a bit, and then sing.
When the preacher gets under his belt, with his preaching, write a note onto the blank leaf into the fourth part of your note book. That's what the blank leaf was made for. Get somebody to pass the note to somebody else, and you watch them while they read it, and then giggle.
If anybody talks or lifts in the congregation and the preacher takes notice of it, that's a good chance for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great deal. The preacher doesn't say anything to you because you are in the choir, and he can't read the music lines at both ends without the choir. If you had a box before you went into the choir, give him the music—you ought to have somebody better now.
Don't forget to giggle.

Poetry.

Be Independent.
Don't hang round and wait for somebody else to go ahead. Be on your own path. Do what you want to do, your own way. Don't put off to-day's work until to-morrow in hope that it will be done for you.
If you want to succeed, take up your gloves and caress your own hands on the plow handles.
If you are a woman, and Bridget goes off to a ball, be independent, and wash your own dishes, and wear your own shoes, and laugh in her face when she comes back, expecting to be received with open arms.
There is nothing like showing up, even if it be late in the shape of an independent Bridget, that you are independent of it, and can get on without it.
When people find you are not twinning any of their help, they are always eager to help. Think that you do not stand in need of will be offered you freely.
When you see a duty before you, do it, and don't stand shivering on the brink, for fear somebody will say something about it. What matters it if Mrs. A. says you're a fool, and Mrs. B. expresses the opinion that there is something wrong in your upper story? What they say does not affect it.
Don't ask everybody's advice about everything. Have plenty enough to decide for yourself. If you want to buy a barrel of corn, don't spend a day running about asking X, Y and Z, where you had better say, or I you had a better wait until you're old.
Don't be a slave to what any body else is going to say about you. If you have a comb, and of course you have, unless you are a lion, let him find out at you. Show the world by your daily life that you are a man, and not a woman.
Mutual friends are dangerous. Beware of anybody outside of Charles Dickens' novels.
Don't matter of right and wrong, judge for yourself, and for your self.
Be independent. Do not cast your burden on others.
The tree which lifts its ragged branches to the sky, in the open field, stands firm before the tempest which will sweep its neighbor in the thicket, and sweep it away. It has learned to stand for itself. It has learned the lesson which every man should make of his independence.
Disadvantages in Life.
Cultivating a beard.
Setting at the foot of a boarding house table.
Wearing tight boots with a waist of extra distance in the heel.
Waking through a closed doorway with a year's delay in your arms.
Passing the club or billiard room without dropping in to see who's there.
Having a bad cold in the head and no handkerchief within holding distance.
Being asked what time it is when you are in a hurry, and you are not wearing a watch.
Endeavoring to persuade a fellow to let you have your pig, and you are the owner of a pig.
Crying a whole of out up stairs while the partner of your joys stands in the hall, and yells "Oh, Henry what a dirt you are making on my new carpet!"
For the first time in one's life asking a girl if she "wouldn't like to go out some evening next week," and have her coldly say "No, you mustn't keep late hours!"
Taking off one's shoes in the lower hall to walk up stairs noiselessly, and just as the top is reached, to drop one shoe, hear it rattling to the bottom like the gong of eternity.

Poetry.

He Hung Himself.
Jerry Mooney and his wife could never agree. Whatever he did she condemned, to all she did she would not permit him to utter a disparaging word.
"Moine," said he one day, "I cannot please you while I live, so I will see whether my death will increase your happiness. I'll hang myself."
"O, please," was the cool response.
Half an hour later she happened to go up stairs, sure enough, there was Jerry hanging by the neck. It was not a slip knot, however, but a shawl a circus man taught him. She gave a scream and rushed down stairs, while he caught the rope with his hand, and took a resolute leap of quiety to think how he had fallen off his wife. He heard her rushing up again, followed by a neighbor. Then they cut him down and took the rope from his neck, his wife, his neighbors, including luxuriously in grief. Soberly he sat his hands behind him and a tremendous plaster slipped over his mouth, his wife crying and moaning all the time.
"Now, help me with all your might," said Jerry to Mrs. B. (these are the first things to be done when a man is hanging); the plaster compels him to breathe through his nose when he comes to. Now hold for the hot flat-iron—hurry!"
And then began a system of torture for Jerry that would have put the Boynton into a blush. They would not let him to the soles of his feet until he was so sore that they applied a mustard-plaster to his chest that drew like a magnet, and they bathed his head with essences till he thought of Ireland. The nurse kicked the more vigorous their exertions; they stamped his hands, rolled him over the floor, and stood him on his head, and every verse. This was kept up for half an hour, when he was released, and then his wife, a truly infernal being, when he wanted by hanging her again to have a shock!

Poetry.

The Light of a Cheerful Face.
There is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The saddest temper most sweetened in the atmosphere of a cheerful good humor.
As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun, and extinguish his light, as the gloom and exulting laughter of a cheerful face will be lighted by a cheerful face. There is no such thing as a cheerful face that will be lighted by a gloom and exulting laughter. It is a cheerful face that will be lighted by a cheerful face.
It may at times seem difficult for the happiest-tempered to know the extent of the joy and contentment that the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sorrow, gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply troubles and awaken sorrows. It comes to us as providentially as good and as good as we rightly apply our lessons. Why not, then, accept the ill, thus blunt its effect?

Poetry.

Henry A. Wolfley, Saddler and Harness Maker.
Contraville, Snyder County, Penna.
Keep on hand and make to order all kinds of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, etc. All work guaranteed for the year. The quality and price of the work is guaranteed to be the best.
W. H. Ripka, Practical Mill-Wright.
Minor Station, Snyder Co., Pa.
Agent for the latest Improved Tomlin's Water Wheel, and other machinery.
Nichols, Shepard & Co., Original and Only Genuine "Vibrator" Threshing Machinery.
Bottle Creek, Mich.

Select Tale.

Battle with a Bear.
I never did like bears, and polar bears than any other bears, so, when I think of my little escapade when I was "up north" last year, a cold shiver runs through my frame.
Who I am or what I am don't matter, so I need not explain myself any further than to say that last year I had the darndest adventure with a polar bear that ever a creature of this unhappy world had.
Well, during the long winter months that we were shut in by the ice we had constructed some snow-huts or "airns," as we call them, for it was much warmer to sleep in them than to sleep on "board ship," so we used to nestle in them for the night.
One day when we had returned from an unsuccessful hunt, we were repaired to the ship, and indulged in a hearty meal while praying for the speedy termination of the winter.
I suppose that I must have had a glass too much, or that the cold air had affected my head for I began to talk a thing that I don't generally do.
Now, they all knew of my hatred for "polaris," and used occasionally to chaff me with it, and on this particular day they began with a vengeance.
"Kill any polars to-day, Blinky?" "Polars!" says I, in a loud voice. "Now, look you here; you fellows are always chaffing me about 'polaris,' but I ain't scared at any 'polar' living. So put that in your pipe and smoke it!"
"O, you ain't ain't you?" says the boat.
"No, I ain't," says I; "and what's more, one of these mornings you will see me bring in a big 'polar' for breakfast!"
"Get you won't!" shouted twenty voices.
"Get I do!" I yelled back again, and carried away by my unatoned ardor, I made bets in all directions.
When I returned to my cabin that night, I bitterly repented my folly and mentally speculated on the improbability of a "polar" being generous enough to allow me to shoot him.
In this melancholy state of mind I crawled into my cabin—the openings are only large enough to admit your entrance in an excessively low position—and as I composed myself to sleep, I vowed a solemn vow never to bet on "polaris" again.
At about three o'clock, the next morning I was aroused from the arms of Morpheus by hearing a low, grating sound at the entrance of my cabin.
Hastily removing the bundle with which I had closed the orifice, I seized my rifle and crawled to the entrance to interview my early morning visitor.
I reached the opening, put my head out, but could not see anything; but resolving to make sure, I ventured my shoulders out also, when, on turning my head a little to the left, what was my horror and dismay to see an enormous "polar" looking me full in the face.
To draw myself in again like a frightened snail into its shell, was the work of a second, and not a second too soon, either, for my uninvited visitor shoved his muzzle into the opening and greeted me with a loud roar, to which I answered by a blow on the snout from the butt end of my rifle, causing the retreat of the enemy in dismay.
Here was a golden opportunity to distinguish myself. Oh, if I could only get a fair shot at the polar! Suddenly a bright idea flashed across my mind. Why not tunnel out at the other end and take the bear in the rear?
No sooner said than done; half an hour later, I cut my way through the back of the cabin, resolving to steal a march on the "polar." It was a hard job in two senses, for the snow of the hut had been converted into solid, firm substance, and it was tough work to burrow through. At last, by dint of superhuman exertion, I succeeded in making a hole of

Select Tale.

Useful and Useless Husband.
The average husband is concealed by all intelligent wives to be utterly useless when at home. He may be useful and skillful at his business, and he may be an affectionate husband and father, and when there is anything to be done in the way of repairing furniture or improving cheap substitutes for bedsteads or mop-handles, he is of less value than his own little boy, who often helps his mother. While this is undoubtedly true of some men, there is occasionally found one whose delight consists in constantly practicing as an amateur cabinet-maker, plumber, or carpenter. He often prattles about the house, seeking articles upon which he can use a little glue or varnish, and devising plans for filling up the corners of the dining room with a few triangular shelves, for putting up a wooden mantle piece in the hall-bedroom. The sound of his saw and hammer are heard often, and he goes to bed at late hours, with more paint adorning to his fingers than his wife regards as strictly necessary.
It is a curious illustration of the perversity of the female sex that a husband with this fondness for doing little useful things is held among wives to be even more undesirable than the kind of husband who is perfectly useless. He is charged not only with a finidious fondness for late hammering, but is constantly upbraided because he explains that painting a board necessarily results in chips, and that saw dust is the inevitable consequence of using a saw. He is told that he ought to be ashamed of himself, that no decent man would think of making chips all over the floor. These things, however, dishearten a husband of an active disposition, who cannot possibly find enjoyment in sitting at home and doing nothing at all; to him the little domestic jobs are a relaxation, especially when the nature of his daily routine of business is of another kind, and we earnestly implore wives who happen to have such husbands to be indulgent toward them, as they are really of more value to them and their children than those who, when at home, do nothing but fill their rooms with tobacco smoke.
—Rural New Yorker.

Select Tale.

The Horse-Snake.
There is a well known popular belief which largely survives in spite of the efforts of naturalists to assure the public of its fallacy, that the gophers or "horse-hair snakes," is actually a live horse hair. There are still many people who firmly believe that the hair from a horse's mane or tail if left for some weeks in running water, the individual hairs will assume vitality and become "horse-hair snakes." Many a country lad has tried this experiment, though, of course, with unsatisfactory result.
At a recent meeting of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, Professor Fisher, the president, read an interesting paper emanating up our knowledge of this strange worm. Dr. Leidy has determined the fact that in its adult state the "horse hair snake" does not eat any food; it has many insects in their final stage of life, it is then solely devoted to the reproduction of species. A single female may lay an enormous number of eggs; Dr. Leidy's estimate is 6,521,890. The young gophers attach themselves as a parasite to many fishes and small aquatic creatures, and also to such insects as grasshoppers and day flies. The length of the mature gophers is about fourteen inches; its thickness, three twenty-fifths of an inch; its tendency to coil in knots has given the worm its scientific name.
Nouns of Multitude.
A little girl was near the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships were called a fleet, and a fleet of sheep were called a flock. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect of nouns of multitude, that flock of girls is called a bevy, and a body of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of ponies is called a mob, and a mob of gophers is called a school, and a school of buffaloes is called a troop, and a troop of patriots is called a corps, and a corps of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of railroads is called a herd, and a herd of robbers is called a horde, and a horde of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackberries is called a mob, and a mob of snakes is called a school, and a school of wasps is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of robbers is called a horde, and a horde of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentle folks is called the elite, and the elite of the city's movers and shakers are called roughs, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community, or the public, accordingly as they are spoken of by the religious community, or by the secular public.—Woman's Photographic Magazine.

Select Tale.

Time Enough to Belter.
One day Billy, that's my brother, and Sammy Dugay was playing by a mud hole, and Billy he said, "Now, Sammy, let's see who was barnyarded by the deeper and the drier and waller, and I'll be a bull and belter like everything."
So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he got in the mud and walled, while Billy belted, like distant thunder.
Billy Sammy became out of mud, you never saw such a muddy little fellow—and he said:
"Now you be the pig, and let me belter!"
But Billy he said:
"I ain't a very good pig 'ere, and I'll be time and for you to belter me for mother and for you."
There is no disgrace in being poor; the thing is to keep it quiet and not let your neighbors know anything about it.—Boston Club Bulletin.

Select Tale.

Indian Babies.
Indian babies, as you are not kept in their cradles more than twenty-four consecutive hours at any one time; they are usually confined for a week or two, and they are allowed to roll and tumble all over the blanket, or in the grass or sand, if the sun shines warm and bright. But this liberty is a way conditional upon their good behavior when on the ground; they begin to fret or whine, or when they creep back into their cradles, where it rests, with emphasis, for it can then move nothing away from its head; but as far from disliking these sleep-benches, the babies actually sleep better in them than when free, and positively cry to be returned to them when neglected and left longer than usual at liberty. This fact is certainly an amusing instance of the force of habit.

Select Tale.

Count's Surveyor.
Kratzerville, Snyder County Penna.
Surveying and Estimating property and acreage, and all other business connected with the profession.
July 23rd, 1879.

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