

Advertising Rates.
On column one year, \$60.00
One-half, column, one year, 30.00
One-fourth column, one year, 15.00
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion, 75
Every additional insertion, 50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00
Auditor, Executive, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50
Editorial notices per line, 15
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.
Let Every One Sweep Before His Own Door.

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of yore,
"Let every one sweep before his own door?"
Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of yore,
"Let every one sweep before his own door?"
Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of yore,
"Let every one sweep before his own door?"

Select Tale.
A NIGHT OF DANGER.

Being hard and fast, almost as for dear life, along the wilds of a vast prairie, I found myself to my intense astonishment, entering upon a struggling settlement, and pulled up to reconnoitre and consider.
That I had missed my way was all too plain; for on the contrary that I ought to have come, there was not a cabin or a single settler.
Almost any traveler in the border section would have rejoiced to thus stumble unexpectedly upon a place where food and shelter might be obtained. At another time I should have been so myself. But now!

The



Post.

VOL. 16. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., MAY 29, 1879. NO. 51

meant pursuit.
I gave my steed a lash and he broke into a convulsive gale, hove his body up with one or two plunges, stumbled and pitched me literally heels over head.
What was the matter with the horse? He had a white spot on his face, and this seemed to come off on my hand as I touched him, a wet, slimy, sticky substance, bearing a remarkable resemblance to white wash. With my hand in my mouth I stooped to feel his white legs and feet. Yes, they were whitewashed too. The trappings had been taken off my own horse at the inn, and transferred to this worthless animal, which had been whitewashed over to imitate mine.
The discovery brought an appalling interpretation of the oncoming horseman. I gave the horse the whip as soon as his unstable legs were well under him, and sent him scouring ahead, while I ran on foot to the right, making for a little hollow that I discerned in the darkness. It proved to be a shallow, dry ravine; and here, to my profound astonishment, I discovered a low cabin or hut, about the dimensions of an ordinary country log house.
Dashing up to this, I gave a rapid succession of knocks. A shrieking, pale and cowering woman opened the door.
"What is it?" was her question, noticing by breathless haste.
"Is there any chance to hide here?" My horse has thrown me and I believe a party of desperadoes are close upon my heels."
She mechanically closed the door behind me, before I had finished my explanation.
"No, no; there is no place!" she gasped, her ear catching the sound of the coming horsemen. "This is all there is; this one room."
My eyes had been seeking for a place of concealment, but in vain. Suddenly they rested on a dark object in the far corner.
"But this?—what's this?" I exclaimed, making a rush for it.
"It's a coffin. Get in quick."
I had barely time to place myself in this receptacle for the dead, when the horse voice of Bill Wolf was heard outside.
"Here, you Dick—Is Dick here?" The woman opened the door.
"He has not come back yet," she replied.
"Oh, not yet! Jenny, have you heard a horse go by yonder?"
"Yes, just now."
"Driving on like the devil—eh?"
"Going fast," she answered. "You might perhaps hear its tracks still, she added.
But Bill must have been of a suspicious nature. I heard him leap from his horse.
For the life of me I could not help pushing up the coffin lid and looking through the chink.
A fire was burning on the stone hearth.
Bill Wolf had a hand on each door post. His brutal head was thrust inside the room peering about.
"What's that?" he questioned pointing to my retreat.
"It's Stafler's coffin," she answered.
"Are you in pursuit of the man gone by?"
"Ay. But what's that to you if you are? He can't have gone far either on that animal."
Riding away in search of me, and of what I carried, Wolf clattered off. The woman watched him join two comrades who had waited at a little distance; then she came in and barred the door.
I was out of the coffin in a moment.
I looked around in despair. To go out was fatal, and to stay in meant discovery, probably death. The coffin was no longer available, for Dick was coming for it.
"Stay, there's the rain barrel outside," said Lin desperation. "They've tried that once; they may not look at it again."
And before you would be able to speak a sentence, the water was dashed out of the cask, and I was in the barrel, the woman dropping a tub half filled with water, in at the top as a coverer.
She had barely time to re-enter the house, the door of which fortunately opened on the side from the moon, when a rattling vehicle drew up at the door, and I heard a voice raving and swearing at the woman for something done or left undone, and then from the bungalow, the plug having been dislodged by the upsetting of the cask, I saw the furious return of the three other renegades.
There ensued a good deal of loud talking, explanations and oaths.
A jorum of hot nectar was prepared and they all went to partake of it. Dick refused to join the hunt after me on account of having to take the coffin to its destination.
At that moment a wild and desperate plan entered my brain.
The horses of the three renegades—my own which had been retained by the hostler at the inn, among them—were hitched on the other side of the door, where the moonlight, striking by the end of the cabin, rested full upon them. It was suicidal to attempt seizing one of them—my own as I had hoped to do and riding off. So I embraced the only alternative—leaping from the barrel (the tub having been removed to water the horses with) and creeping into the wagon while the driver was engaged in some business.

Dick yelled out to her to mind her own business and let the thing alone. But she succeeded in accomplishing her purpose. Disposing the blanket across the coffin, as he was beginning to drive away, she contrived to lift its lid and drop inside a bowie knife.
You may be sure I seized it hastily and gave her a blessing too, poor thing; and the first use I made of it was to lodge the lid up just a fraction, so that my breathing was easy, though my position was cramped.
They kept within hailing distance for some three or four miles, Dick driving the heavy wagon along at a steaming pace and I expected that the coffin would be jostled out.
By-and-by, there was a sudden shout, a loud hallo, as if the horsemen had sighted the quarry. It came from the gang.
No sooner was the noise heard, than my driver threw the reins across the horses, leaped down and started off towards his friends. Perhaps the temptation of the money (that they might be then dividing) was too much for him.
In a moment I sprang from the coffin to the ground. A few lightning like strokes and I had severed the traces and the rattle bands of the harness.
I mounted the horse and urged him onward.
All might things have well had not the quick ears of the men caught the echo of his footsteps.
Looking around they saw me making off, and I think must have known me, for I was lighted up by the bright moonlight.
With a wild shout they came in pursuit. There was the sharp report of two rifles. I felt a sting in my foot, another in my shoulder but the horse was unharned, and the race for life began.
The issue I knew would rest chiefly with the horse.
I knew nothing of the one which I rode; I knew nothing of the who were pursuing me, excepting my own horse.
On, and on, my steed bore along actually causing me to gasp for breath; and not two hundred yards in the rear rode those would-be assassins.
A momentary dizziness threw me forward on my horse's neck. Whether I should have yielded to the faintness I knew not, but a distant sound struck on my ear and brought me up.
"Oh, it was good—that sound!" but I was not quite sure yet. I leaped into the wild, long, fierce yell of the bolter rangers, and sped on again but my horse had that peculiar twitch now and then in his gait that told me he was faltering.
Again that echo reached me. I was the shrill music of the rifle and the rattle of the drums of the infantry, who were probably returning to the fort from some expedition.
Again I sent out that wild cry, which I knew the soldiers heard, and were coming to my aid.
A parting shot, and my pursuer turned; they could not face the soldiers. But I called to my horse by a peculiar whistle that he knew, and he came towards me in spite of his rider, who was Wolf, who only gave up the fruitless struggle and leaped from his back as a squad of infantry appeared on the scene.
"It is Wolf," I panted. "Go in pursuit of him."
There was no need to urge them. A price was set for Wolf's head, which all knew, for he was the most dangerous and most desperate outlaw of the time.
Then I fainted, and when my eyes opened again they fell on Mr. Wolf a prisoner. Our men had brought him to receive his deserts.
As for myself, I was saved and the money also.
"It was a near touch, Captain," observed one of the men to me; "and I should not have liked the coffin at all."
But it was the coffin that saved my life.

For The Post.
Avoid Technicalities.

The custom which many forensic physicians have of making more use than is absolutely necessary of Latin and Greek terms in drawing up their reports in regard to corporal injuries, disputed mental conditions, etc., has given great offence, particularly to the recently introduced Courts of Law, because these reports are thereby less easily understood by the public at large, and particularly by the jury. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that a complete omission of the use of words of foreign extraction would injure the scientific completeness of the report, as in some instances the vernacular expression or any circumlocutory description of the thing would not so distinctly mark what it is, as the word which science has adopted from a foreign language. I am therefore forced to recommend that all forensic physicians should endeavor to hit the happy medium, which consists in this—that foreign words should not be employed for things which are just as correctly or better expressed in the vernacular, which is to be retained, and in certain cases, to obviate any doubt that may arise from the use of the vernacular expression, the Latin or Greek word is to be added within brackets. How often does it happen that physicians talk to the judge and jury of excited sensibility, reflex movements, coma, idiopathic, etc.; expressions wholly unintelligible to unprofessional parties. An opinion should be expressed in plain English.
"Well, I'll kiss her," was the prompt reply.
"Yes; but hold on a little," continued the old man. "There's my girl Emma. We think she's a party as one of 'em, but certain folks around here kinder stiff at her cause her nose crinkles a bit and her hair is a trifle high colored. Now I want you to kiss Emma for the landsman's sake in the room. If she the old woman good, do Emma good and kinder set those ears snuffin' back a little. I don't ask you to kiss her for nothing, but if you'll do it, I'll throw fifteen cents off your bill in the morning. What'd'ye say?"
The young man said he'd do it, and the father continued:
"That's the checker. Don't let any make believe about it, but kiss her right pop-out, so that we kin all hear the smack!"
The game was played, the Detroit or was "kissed" and he kissed "Emma" like the pop of a pistol. He felt all the happier for it that night, seeing how greatly the old woman was pleased; but next morning, as he jogged along, he had to run the gamut of a score of farmers' sons, waiting in fence corners to kiss him because he passed their "girls" by for "Emma." He was struck by thirteen stones, six clubs, and about a bushel of potatoes before he got out of the neighborhood, and when he came to figure up he realized that fifteen cents was no inducement at all.—Detroit Free Press.

A red, a line, and a poor worm at

Grains of Gold.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.
Words are often the substitute than the vehicle of thought.
Hypocrites are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light.
A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.
Clerical boundedly young shoots, for thorns and briars are but non-encouraging buds.
Argument in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst reading.
If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would be living upon the earth?
Nothing makes one so indifferent to the pain and miseries of this life as the consciousness of growing better.
To work out our own contentment, we should labor not so much to increase our substance, as to moderate our desires.
We should not speak all that we know—that would be folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks—otherwise it is leaviness.
Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.
If we wish our children to reverse high things—things simple, and pure, and lovely, and of good report—we must set them the example.
Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth. We never see the stars till we can see little or nothing else, and so it is with truth.
An industrious man is more harmful than an ill-natured one; the latter attacks only his enemies; the other injures friends and foes alike.
Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we profess, performing as we profess, and being as we appear to be.
None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes—especially mistakes of prejudice.
To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.
The hard straits of circumstances through which one's life will most often pass, may make it bitter and clear, just as all hard straits are the sifting stones of water.
Compliments of congratulation are sure to be kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink and paper. We consider them as drafts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favor of the drawer.
Words are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew and the breezing rain; but when unfeeling, like the frost, the hail and the tempest.
When you hear an evil story of one you know to be good, discredit it, and say so. Gossip is not gathered from thistles, neither do thistles grow on a grape vine. The fruit tells you from what tree it came, but you also know what fruit a tree is likely to bear.
Getting on a Sure Thing.
A tough-looking citizen walked into one of the justices courts recently, very much intoxicated, and requested that he be allowed to swear off drinking for a year. His Honor obligingly put him through the solemn motions, and the convert, with a confused ramble of well-meant but profusely expressed resolutions, stammered out of the court room.
"What he don't keep it an hour," said one of the grinning lawyers.
"But he sticks to it a week, anyhow," observed the Judge with confidence.
"Nonsense!" cried everybody.
"What if you bet?" asked the Judge.
"Twenty to ten," exclaimed an eager attorney, producing the money.
"Done!" cried His Honor, and the stakes were turned over to a Chronicle reporter.
"Constable," said the Judge quietly, "go out and fetch that man back."
In a few minutes the reformed one was dragged in, and the Judge ascended his dais, rapped for order and looked severe. Judge: "what's your plea?"
"Guess I'm full," admitted the prisoner, with an idiotic smile.
"Ten days in the County Jail, Constable, lock up your prisoner. Mr. Reporter, hand this Court that wouldst. Court adjourned, Boys, let's go and feed our lower levels."
Two men were looking at some persons stretching a rope across the street from one house top to another for the purpose of suspending a banner. Said one "share an' what will they be after a do-in at the top of them houses there!" The reply was "Fah an' it's a subman to help they're either pullin' up."

A red, a line, and a poor worm at

THE POST.
Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROSS, Prop'r.
Terms of Subscription,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Persons sending and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper unless otherwise notified.
HENRY A. WOLFEY,
Saddler and Harness Maker
Centerville, Snyder County, Penna.
Keeps on hand, and makes to order all kinds of Harness, Saddles, Breeches, Whips, Collars, etc. All work guaranteed for one year. Mr. Wolfey was for a trial to prove that he understands his business. (1867-1874.)

W. H. REPKA,
PRACTICAL MILL-WRIGHT
Millers Station, Snyder Co., Pa.
(Formerly from Lehigh Iron Works.)
Agent for the latest Improved Treadle Water Wheel, Patent by J. H. REPKA, HILLSBORO, N. C.
Also, Agent for the PATENTED and PATENTED Mill, Patent by J. H. REPKA, HILLSBORO, N. C.
Snyder Co. Pa. 1879.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
Baltimore, Md.
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
"VIBRATOR"
THRASHING MACHINERY.



JAMES WEISER, Agent,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.
Philadelphia, Pa. to New York, N. Y., as follows:
Philadelphia Express 10:00 a.m.
Philadelphia Passenger 11:00 a.m.
Philadelphia Mail 12:00 p.m.
Philadelphia Freight 1:00 p.m.
Philadelphia Express 4:00 p.m.
Philadelphia Passenger 5:00 p.m.
Philadelphia Mail 6:00 p.m.
Philadelphia Freight 7:00 p.m.
Philadelphia Express 10:00 p.m.
Philadelphia Passenger 11:00 p.m.
Philadelphia Mail 12:00 a.m.
Philadelphia Freight 1:00 a.m.

The Phoenix Pectoral.
This great remedy is the most valuable medicine ever discovered for the cure of all the diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs. It is a specific for all the ailments of the respiratory system, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is sold by all the leading druggists and is highly valued by the public.

THE GINGINATI
WEEKLY STAR
Is the largest and best DOLLAR WEEKLY PAPER published in the country.
It is the largest and best DOLLAR WEEKLY PAPER published in the country. It is published every week, and is highly valued by the public for its interesting and useful content. It is sold by all the leading news dealers and is highly recommended by the press.