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

Poetry.

FLOWERS.
THOMAS MOOD.
I will not have the mad Gillye,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The cup is a curly queen,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the daisy rose,
The queen of every one.

Select Tale.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Glorious Rome!" exclaimed Miss Julia Brandon, as she leaped back in the traveling carriage beside her young old guardian, Ebenezer Brown Esq., alderman of the city of London, as it slowly rolled upon its way from Terracina to Fondi, on the road to Naples—"shall I never see thee again?"
"Behave! now I know what you are thinking of—that confounded Claude Crayon, who was always dangling round you. Do you know he had the impudence to ask my permission to pay his address to you?"
"Did he tell you that?" inquired the lady, eagerly.
"I told him to go to the demon!" "Hush! I said the young lady, putting her soft hand upon her guardian's lips, "I'm ashamed of you."

The Post.

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Color mounted to the painter's cheek

color mounted to the painter's cheek as he pressed her convulsively to his heart, and replied:
"You must keep me to pieces before you lay a hand upon this lady."
The brigand chief smiled—his manner and bearing were no longer menacing.
"You're a pack of cowardly hangers!" cried a well-known voice, as the alderman was brought into the ring by three stout fellows, struggling and kicking. "Do you know who I am? I'm an Englishman—an alderman of the city of London. I'll prosecute you! You shall all be hung!"
Julia, forgetful of danger, flew to her guardian's side. His captors released him, and, though short-winded and puffy, he planted his back against a tree, and squared away in attitude that Tom Cribb would have envied.

Come and be Shone.

The Detroit brigade of bootblacks, says the Free Press, was increased by one yesterday. A passenger train from the East carried one more passenger than the conductor knew of, because the said passenger was concealed on the trucks and looked more like a lump of mud than a live boy 14 years old. He came across the river with the others, and after a brief look, around the depot he walked up to a hackman and said: "Old boy, I'm right from Jersey City, with nothing to eat for two full days and not a red in my pocket. Lend me a quarter and I'll make it a dollar before noon."
"don't know you," replied the hackman.
"Nor I you, but that's all right. A man who won't lend a live boy a quarter to get a start in life is no man at all. Come, what d'ye say?"
He got the money, and walking up to a bootblack who stood shivering in the cool air, he said: "Boy, you'll never make a shiner in the world. Your forte is landscape painting or counting bank notes. I'll give you a quarter for your kit, and if you ever want money for a pint of peanuts call on me."
It was a trade. There was a new box of blacking and a pretty fair brush, and the new boy no sooner had the box under his arm than he cried out in a wonderful shrill voice: "Come and see me! Come and be shone by a chap who kin make yer butes look nicer in two minutes than a slouch could in four days. Hold out yer feet an' give me a chance to lay the corner-stone of a fortune—and don't forget it!"
He secured five black' as fast as he could work and in twenty minutes he had paid back the quarter. In half an hour he was fifteen cents ahead and then he rubbed his aching arms and said: "I've got to drop sunthin' down for my stomach to lay hold on, and then I'll come out and make the fur fly. I'll take me two hours yet to get limbered up and feel like a buzz-saw run by chain lightning, but when I do get to work in earnest I shall see you a brush every nine minutes all day long."
After he had procured a cheap breakfast at a restaurant he found himself confronted by four or five bootblacks, who looked as if they had planned to give him the bounce. "Morning, gents," said the new boy as he looked from one to the other. "No use giving me any coppers, my booties, for I've struck this town to-day. I'm right on the black. I'd rather black butes, but I kin black eyes if I'm forced to. I'm a Keely motor—only more so. I strike, kick, bite and pull hair all at one motion, and it takes three policemen to pull me away from the mangled remains of my victims."

Marrying.

There are girls who start out in life with an undefined idea that they will marry somebody, and they keep looking through the matrimonial market just as they would look through the stock of silks on the shopman's counter. Taking down piece after piece they find the shade of this too dark, or of that too light, or of the other not exactly what they think it ought to be. After putting the salesman to much trouble they say will call again, and leave the place not knowing what they want. So the girl who wants to marry looks around to see what offers, and finds that this man's board is too red, that one's eyes too blue and the other one's ears too long. She will look a little farther. She examines all that are in the market and concludes to look farther yet. And when, after having almost unconsciously become a flirt and having broken the hearts of half the young men in the neighborhood, she keeps on "looking a little farther." She finds herself going alone down the hill on the shady side of the way, still with an indefinable longing to marry somebody, and wondering who will come along to propose to her.
It would be rash to advise the young lady to accept the first marrying man who offers. It is equally rash to advise her to wait, and wait and keep on waiting and at last marry nobody. Perhaps it is not necessary that all should marry. Some of the noblest women in the world are what the world calls old maids; yet that is a lonely way of getting along. If the girl wants to marry, the young man will find it out, and her soul will look out of the windows of her eyes in an unmistakable manner when the right man comes along. And all this without any lack of modesty or breach of decorum on her part.

Be a Lady.

Wildness is a thing that girls cannot afford. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalted and ennobling. It is the first duty of woman to be a lady. Rude manners in a woman are next to immorality. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a shame that they need it. Women are the empires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a princess. Carry yourself so perfectly that men should look up to you for a reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man to woman is reverence. He loses a large amount of respect when he is obliged to account for a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman falls in worldly wisdom. But if in grace, gentleness, sentiment and delicacy she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

How Shaving Originated.

The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of the Indus, when they encountered their foes had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterward shaving was practiced by the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric in the Middle Ages, at the time of the Renaissance, it was introduced and the habit was retained though classicism gave place to romanticism, and then in its turn was replaced by realism. The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce the people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistence, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believe, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about twenty years ago, but even yet a majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alexander the Great.

The colored woman began laughing such voices as sweep across it? Let for sale. Nice chance for a young...

THE POST.
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THE PHOENIX PECTORAL.
Has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted to all persons, prominent and children, in the case of a cold, it relieves the throat, relieves the chest, relieves the lungs, relieves the stomach, relieves the bowels, relieves the nerves, relieves the system, and relieves the mind.

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Always pointed and with one eye to business—A snail.