

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, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50. Editorial notices per line, 15. All transient advertising less than 3 months 10 cents a line. 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.

The Post.

VOL. 17. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JULY 17, 1879. NO. 5

THE POST. Published every Thursday Evening. JEREMIAH CROUSE, Proprietor. Terms of Subscription. Two Dollars per Annum. Payable in Advance. Persons lifting and using paper addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

Poetry.

From Fraser's Magazine. Three Angels. They say this world is barren, drear and cold. Ever the same old song was sung of old. Ever the same long weary tale is told. And to our lips is held the cup of strife; And yet—a little love can sweeten life. They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed, Youth has but dreams, and age an aching, Which Dead Sea fruit long, long ago has stowed. Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife, And yet—a little hope can brighten life. They say we fling ourselves in wild despair, Amidst the broken treasures scattered there. Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair, And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife, And yet—a little patience strengthens life. Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief, Of moral anguish finding no relief? Lo! amidst the winter shines the laurel's leaf. Three Angels share the lot of human kind, Three Angels glorify the path of life! Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our way; Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits' stay; Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day, And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal. Until the insect fades in the eternal. What insect does the blacksmith manufacture?—He makes the fire fly.

Select Tale.

SAVED BY A BIRD.

The old coal pit of Bottsford had proved a failure after fifteen thousand dollars had been expended on it. The forsaken shaft, two hundred feet deep, and a long tunnel in the mountains of Bottsford, were the only remaining traces of work having been done. Newman Highborn, while roving through these mountains became separated from his companions. He had reached the forsaken shaft, and was precipitated into the fearful abyss. His walking stick struck the rough side walls here and there, broke the swiftness of the fall. But down, down he went to the bottom, where, it is true, he reached very much mangled, but alive. Although agonizing with pain, he experienced a feeling of thankfulness for the preservation of his life. Still he felt there was no help for him; two hundred feet below the surface. He was only saved here to faint, throughout the whole dreary night he planned how to escape, but nothing occurred to him. He must stay here to perish. The next morning he consumed the bread which fortunately he found in his pocket. The space he occupied was but a few feet square, and with the help of matches he soon explored it most thoroughly. Highborn, under ordinary circumstances, was not easily discouraged, but now the terrible situation in which he found himself, gradually began to oppress his spirits. The more he reflected on it, the more he became discouraged. He began to be tormented by thirst, and there was no water there, not even a drop, which usually trickles down so abundantly in places of that kind. The day passed, night came; he covered down weary and hungry, and fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed of a woolen stocking. It was an old story which he had often read in his boyhood of a workman in England, who was left on a high chimney after the scaffold had been removed. He unraveled his stockings and let down the thin yarn to the ground. With it he pulled up a cord, with the cord a string and with the string a rope strong enough on which to descend. So ended the story, and so, also, ended his dream. He awoke. What was the cause of his dream? He had known this narrative for many years. He did not find himself on the top of a chimney, but deep down in the earth. His situation was quite different. As he was thinking over the dream a swallow fluttered down the shaft and fell by his side to the ground. The poor bird was frightened, but not dead. Suddenly a thought flashed upon the mind of Newman Highborn, and he thrust his hand over the swallow. It was but a weak ray of hope. He took off his shoes and stockings, and carefully unraveled the latter. The threads he laid over each other in a circular manner so as not to become entangled. He labored industriously and patiently until the two stockings formed one long string. This he fastened securely to the tail of the bird, and again placed it under the beak of an ant at the bottom of the shaft. Newman Highborn. After he had fastened this and had it in the other hand, he turned to the swallow and said, "Fly, my friend, and take this to the old fellow on the top of the chimney."

The "Separated" Man.

About eight o'clock yesterday forenoon a man whose form was full of wrinkles and twists, crawled out of a coal shed on the warf and began yawning and rubbing his eyes like one who had put in a heavy night. A policeman lunged that way, gave the man a looking over and asked: "Sleep in there last night?" "Yaas, kinder," was the reply. "Looking for work?" "N-o-o, not exactly." "You'll be run in if you hang around in this way," remarked the officer. The man put his hand on top of a snubbing post, laid his chin on his hands and after a long look at Canada, he said: "I dunno exactly what I'm going to do. I did live out here about eighty miles, but I've separated from the old woman. Yaas, separated last night." "What's the trouble?" "Waal, she was my second and I was her second and we never got a long any too sweet. We both of us think we know it all and neither feels like giving in. We came in to see the circus." "Ah, you did?" "And that's where the separation took place—right in front of the sacred byenas from Japan. You know they advertised an electric light there?" "Yes?" "Well, we've never seen one. When we got to the menagerie there stood the elephant. Then came the camels. Then we came to a darned old bar. Further on where the lions and tigers and monkeys, but no electric light. We walked three times around that old tent without coming to his cage, and I got mad. Says I to one of the chaps over the ropes: 'Where in the thunder is the cage with the electric lights?' We just watched. Well, the male saw the can, and walking up, smelt of it, and then squared himself for the kick. The man was speaking off, and just as the male was going to kick the can, he caught sight of the feller, and changed his position so that his tail was toward the man. He lifted his tail just like he was taking aim, and let fly his right hoof. The can went flying through the air and hit the man square in the rear just as he was getting over a fence about a hundred feet away. The thing exploded, and I never saw the man again. But next morning Pat Holland came out in the Record and said that the town had been visited by a shower of blood." "Males are impossible when they get roused!" "You bet!"—Virginia City Chronicle.

A Wise Animal.

This morning a couple of miners were seated on a bench alongside of the road to Sifuro, discussing the kicking powers of the mule. One had just returned from Sifuro, and the other was on the way there, and having met near the rock, they sat down for a talk. "Have you quit over there?" said the one who was eastward bound. "Yes?" "Why?" "Mules." "Fraid of 'em?" "You bet. I saw one yesterday alongside of an old boiler, kicking off the rivet heads one by one. Never missed one. I was just going on shift, and when I saw that mule and heard there was more of 'em inside, I weakened and threw up my job. I've got a wife and three children dependin' on me, and I don't take chances." "The worst mule I ever saw," said the other, "was in Picoche some years ago. It was one I owned. One day it rubbed against some nails sticking out of a post, and it turned square around and drove those nails in one by one, using a single blow of the hoof with the iron shoe on for each nail. It never missed its lick, and always drove 'em just in to the head. Then he saw a few tacks on the post, a little lower down, which was only half driven in, and he drove them in, too, with light taps of the hoof. Just as gentle and easy as could be. One day a man came along and set out a can of nitro glycerine and giant powder. He wanted to get the mule to kick it and get killed. I saw him about to corral with the can, and knew what was up. At first I was going to stop him, but then I thought if my mule was any kind of a mule at all he could take care of himself. So I just watched. Well, the mule saw the can, and walking up, smelt of it, and then squared himself for the kick. The man was speaking off, and just as the mule was going to kick the can, he caught sight of the feller, and changed his position so that his tail was toward the man. He lifted his tail just like he was taking aim, and let fly his right hoof. The can went flying through the air and hit the man square in the rear just as he was getting over a fence about a hundred feet away. The thing exploded, and I never saw the man again. But next morning Pat Holland came out in the Record and said that the town had been visited by a shower of blood." "Males are impossible when they get roused!" "You bet!"—Virginia City Chronicle.

California Sharpeners.

A new dodge for beating the innocent out of their coin has been resorted to by sharpeners in this city since the town has been made "too hot" to hold the banks and permit of them plying their trade. A number have already fallen victims, and the sharpeners are beyond the reach of the law. Two of them enter a saloon, walk up to the bar and converse as if they had just met. One draws forth his handkerchief, mops off his brow, and remarks: "Gracious, how I do transpire!" The other says: "You mean perspire; there is no such word used in that sense as transpire." "There is," says No. 1, "and I'll bet you on the point." An outsider is then referred to by sharper No. 2, and as a general thing sides with the latter in saying there is no such word used in that sense. "If you think so," No. 1 says, "I'll bet you that I am right." A bet is made, sharper No. 2 generally taking part of it with the stranger. A dictionary is procured, the word is found, and the stranger learns that Webster's Unabridged says, "Transpire—to emit through the excretories of the skin. Of course he loses his money, and soon afterward the sharpeners repair to a convenient place, divide the spoils and go in search of another victim.

Perfection.

To be always a man of rule and duty, to follow with fidelity to the end the way of honor, to renew each day without weariness and weakness, the laboring struggle of a soul wrestling with itself, to draw from the sacrifice of the eve the force necessary to accomplish that of the morning, to attach one good work to another like the links of a chain, of which each one is joined to that which precedes it and supports that which follows it, to accomplish in silence this slow and prolonged immolation of the senses to the spirit of reason, of faith, of interest to duty, of passion to law, of self-will to authority, of our own will to the general good of our whole existence to God—this is true perfection of life.

Optimism and Pessimism.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them. Two men, being conversant, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day." The other said, "I was worse yesterday." "When it rains, one man says, 'This will make mud.' Another: 'This will lay the dust.'" Two boys got an oyster. One looked at it, and said it was nasty. The other tasted it, and declared it was good. Two boys examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn. The other that it had a rose. Two children looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue." And the other said, "It is bright." Two boys eating their dinner, one said, "I would rather have something better than this." The other said, "This is better than nothing." Two men went to see New York. One visited the saloons, and thought New York wicked. The other visited the homes, and thought New York good. Two boys looking at some skaters, one said, "See how they fall." The other, "See how they glide." A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest that it is principally parlor. Two boys got each an apple. One was thankful for the apple. The other was dissatisfied because it was not two. "I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another. "I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better." One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes. One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to this, and is satisfied with this. One man enjoys what he has. Another suffers what he has not. One man makes up his account from his wants. Another from his assets. One man complains that there is evil in the world. Another rejoices that there is good in the world. One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."—Independent.

Proverbs Concerning Noses.

1. Follow your nose.
2. He cannot see beyond his nose.
3. A nose is a good deal on a man's face.
4. He would bite his own nose off to spite his face.
5. He has a nose of noses.
6. As plain as the nose on your face.
7. To hold one's nose to the ground.
8. To lead one by the nose.
9. To put one's nose out of joint.
10. To say through the nose.
11. To have a good nose for a poor man's son.
12. To thrust one's nose into other people's business.
13. A nose that can smell a rat.
14. Every man's nose will not smell a stinking bird.

Friends.

People who have warm friends are healthier and happier than those who have none. A single real friend is a treasure worth more than gold or precious stones. Money can buy many things good and evil. The wealth of the world could not buy you a friend or pay you for the loss of one. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy. Health writes, but wanting that, have wanted something, and again, my heart has been found, not will it find, a heart to speak to. We are the weak, we are spiritless if we let our friend drop through inattention, or if we push away a friend because it prickled you. Your good friend is not to be weighed against the price of the earth.

Is It True?

A man who marries without any trade, profession, visible means of support, or a rich father-in-law to feed him, is pronounced a fool. But a young woman who marries without possessing any knowledge of the first rudiments of house-keeping, who knows how to wash, but not how to make it, and whose knowledge of household affairs is limited to getting up in time to make beds, is said to have made a fool of herself. Will the man at the head of the table please stand up and tell me why young women should not be just as competent to provide for a household, as the man is able to provide for the same? Who she has answered this question so satisfactorily we will go down in our grand bag and get another ounce of bread for her.

THE PHENIX PECTORAL.

The Phenix Pectoral is the most valuable medicine for all kinds of coughs, colds, and bronchitis. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to cure all these ailments. It is sold in every drug store and is highly recommended by all medical authorities.

THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY STAR.

The Cincinnati Weekly Star is a popular publication that provides news, entertainment, and information for the Cincinnati area. It is published weekly and is known for its high-quality journalism and engaging content. The paper covers a wide range of topics, from local news to national and international events. It is a must-read for anyone interested in staying up-to-date on the latest news and events in the Cincinnati area.

THE PHENIX PECTORAL.

The Phenix Pectoral is the most valuable medicine for all kinds of coughs, colds, and bronchitis. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to cure all these ailments. It is sold in every drug store and is highly recommended by all medical authorities.

THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY STAR.

The Cincinnati Weekly Star is a popular publication that provides news, entertainment, and information for the Cincinnati area. It is published weekly and is known for its high-quality journalism and engaging content. The paper covers a wide range of topics, from local news to national and international events. It is a must-read for anyone interested in staying up-to-date on the latest news and events in the Cincinnati area.

THE PHENIX PECTORAL.

The Phenix Pectoral is the most valuable medicine for all kinds of coughs, colds, and bronchitis. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to cure all these ailments. It is sold in every drug store and is highly recommended by all medical authorities.

THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY STAR.

The Cincinnati Weekly Star is a popular publication that provides news, entertainment, and information for the Cincinnati area. It is published weekly and is known for its high-quality journalism and engaging content. The paper covers a wide range of topics, from local news to national and international events. It is a must-read for anyone interested in staying up-to-date on the latest news and events in the Cincinnati area.

HENRY A. WOLFLEY, Saddler and Harness Maker.

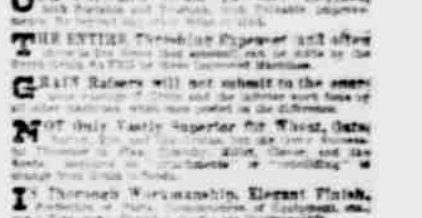
Centerville, Snyder County, Penna. Keeps on hand, and makes to order all kinds of Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Bags, etc. All work guaranteed for one year. Mr. Wolfley extra and a trial to prove that he understands his business. (Nov 19, 74.)

W. D. RIPKA, PRACTICAL MILL-WRIGHT.

Miller Station, Snyder Co., Pa. (Formerly from Lewistown Junction.) Agent for the Latest Improved Trunks, Bags, etc. Also, for the manufacture of all kinds of Mill Machinery. Address: Centerville, Pa.

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

THE Vibration Crank-Acting, Time-Saving, and other improvements of this machine, and other details, will be found in the full description and list of prices, which will be sent on request. Address: Centerville, Pa.



AMERICAN PATENT. This machine is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the most perfect and most efficient threshing machine ever invented. It is the only one that can be used in any weather, and it is the only one that can be used in any soil. It is the only one that can be used in any field, and it is the only one that can be used in any season. It is the only one that can be used in any country, and it is the only one that can be used in any age. It is the only one that can be used in any way, and it is the only one that can be used in any place. It is the only one that can be used in any time, and it is the only one that can be used in any manner. It is the only one that can be used in any way, and it is the only one that can be used in any place. It is the only one that can be used in any time, and it is the only one that can be used in any manner.

AMERICAN PATENT. This machine is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the most perfect and most efficient threshing machine ever invented. It is the only one that can be used in any weather, and it is the only one that can be used in any soil. It is the only one that can be used in any field, and it is the only one that can be used in any season. It is the only one that can be used in any country, and it is the only one that can be used in any age. It is the only one that can be used in any way, and it is the only one that can be used in any place. It is the only one that can be used in any time, and it is the only one that can be used in any manner.

Keely & Wagner Lumber Dealers.

Keely & Wagner are lumber dealers located in Centerville, Pa. They carry a large stock of lumber, including pine, spruce, and fir. They also have a sawmill on the premises, and they are able to cut lumber to order. They are known for their quality work and their fair prices. They are a well-established business in the area, and they have a long history of serving the community.

THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY STAR.

The Cincinnati Weekly Star is a popular publication that provides news, entertainment, and information for the Cincinnati area. It is published weekly and is known for its high-quality journalism and engaging content. The paper covers a wide range of topics, from local news to national and international events. It is a must-read for anyone interested in staying up-to-date on the latest news and events in the Cincinnati area.