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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.

Sparking Sunday Night.

Sitting in a corner On a Sunday eve, With a taper finger, Reasting on your sleeve, Starlight eyes are aching, On your face their light; Bless me, ain't it pleasant, Sparking Sunday night.

How your heart is thumping Against your summer vest, How wickedly it's working On this day of rest, Hours seem like minutes As they take their flight, Oh, bless me ain't it pleasant Sparking Sunday night.

Dad and Mam are sleeping On their quiet bed, Dreaming of the things The folks at the meeting said; "Love ye one another," Ministers recite, Bless me don't we do it Every Sunday night.

One arm with gentle pressure Lingers round her waist, You squeeze her little hand, Her pouting lips you taste, Then she slaps your face, More in love than spite, Oh, tender, ain't it pleasant, Sparking Sunday night.

But hark, the clock is striking, 'Tis two o'clock I swear, As sure as I'm a sinner The time to go has come, You seek in spiteful accents If that old clock is right, You wonder if it ever went A Sparking Sunday night.

One, two, three sweet kisses, Four or five you took, Then consoling that you rob her You give back all you took; Then at four you bid her good night, From the fair one's sight, Don't you wish that every day Was only Sunday night.

Select Tale.

THE MUTINY.

I had been sojourning in Paris for some time, and became anxious for new sights and scenes, so I took passage on a small vessel at Havre bound for a pleasure excursion in the Mediterranean. This vessel was English built, being in fact one of the largest class of pleasure yachts. Her late owner was a wealthy but dissolute young noble who had built, and luxuriously fitted up the 'Belle,' as he called her, for his own use. Coming over to Havre he left her in charge of the captain and repaired to Paris, where he plunged into every species of dissipation. Before many weeks had elapsed he fell into the hands of several of his countrymen, who were professionally gamblers and blacklegs, although their real character was distinguished by the most fastidious dress and the most scrupulous deportment. From this point the story of Lord Crom—is that of hundreds of others. The conspiracy that these sharks formed to plunder him was perfectly successful, and he lost more at the gaming table than his estate would yield for a whole life time.

Mad with his ill fortune, as he unsuspectingly thought it, he offered to put up the 'Belle' against five thousand pounds. It was done, and he lost—it would have been impossible for him to win. Tossing off a tumbler of raw brandy he rushed from the place and was not seen again for two days, when his body was found among the drowned at the Morgue. The scoundrels who now owned the yacht were glad to get rid of her before the affair became too public, and therefore offered her for sale at two thousand pounds. I had seen the vessel at Havre and taken a great fancy to her, and knowing that she was richly worth five times the sum demanded, I conceived a plan of forming a joint stock company of two of the wealthy Americans then sojourning in Paris, and purchasing her, particularly with the view of making a pleasure excursion in the Mediterranean. The project worked to a charm; the shares were quickly taken, and the new owners prepared for a six month's cruise along the shores of the great sea, which with me was a long cherished plan.

But we experienced some trouble before our voyage began. The captain of the yacht made his appearance in Paris with the unwelcome news that his crew had deserted him to a man, being dissatisfied with the proposed voyage, and that he should not be able to ship another.

The difficulty was at length remedied by the kind assistance of the American consul, and a dozen men were procured for the voyage. The business of attending to this important affair was by unanimous consent intrusted to me, and as my fellow voyagers were in ignorance of the character of the crew, they were not troubled with the anxieties that beset me about them. As is generally the case, able seamen were not to be picked up in a foreign port, nor could we obtain either English or Americans. Of the twelve that we shipped at Havre seven were French, two Portuguese, two Spanish, and one a mulatto from the West Indies. They were an ill favored, rascally looking set; but the mulatto was certainly the most brutal, suspicious appearing, and being that my eye was attracted to him, I was quite

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observed, and strong as a horse. His coarse features were usually as heavy and sullen as those of an idiot, but occasionally a gleam of intelligence shot across them that made him look almost fiendish. After completing their shipment, the counsel took me aside and said, very seriously: "Now, sir, after helping you get this crew, I am free to give you a piece of advice—don't sail with them unless you have a captain who knows how to enforce discipline and compel obedience."

"I'll answer for him," was my reply. "Boss Cryder is as brave as a lion, and not afraid of anything in the shape of a man. I knew him in command of a Liverpool liner before he met Lord C— He'll do, I know."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said the consul, drawing a long breath. "Tell him from me that the only members of his crew that I really know anything about are the two Portuguese and the darkest Spaniard. They have been in the galleys. I suspect that little Frenchman of being a spy for a secret order of assassins at Rome, but I'm not certain. The captain will see for himself that the mulatto wants watching; his face is continual warning."

All our preparations were at last made, and we left Havre with a favorable wind that quickly sped us across the Bay of Biscay. I communicated the suspicions of the consul to Capt. Cryder, and found as I expected, that he was perfectly equal to the occasion. He was kind but prompt and firm with his motley crew; and after one or two collisions with the more unruly of them, which ended by their getting into irons for twenty-four hours, the crew seemed to be subdued and orderly. But I could see the captain never relaxed his vigilance, and I resolved that I would second him with my eyes and ears to the utmost.

Aside from these misgivings, the voyage was a most delightful one. The weather was mild, the sea smooth, the wind exactly in the right direction; and we were running rapidly down the coast of Portugal. The passengers numbered twenty, including the servants; ten being men, three ladies, the wives of some of the owners, and three children. We whiled away the time by reading, whist playing and music, and I spent much of it on deck, chatting and enjoying the voyage.

I must explain here that the cabin and saloon which we occupied in the latter part of the yacht communicated with the deck by means of a narrow stairway, hardly wide enough for two to pass. One night, about eleven o'clock, after all the other passengers had retired, I had been walking the after deck with the captain, enjoying a quiet cigar. The moon shone brightly, and the scene was so captivating that I lingered on deck to observe it after I had bidden the captain good night. I sat down between one of the small boats and the railing, and watched the cloudless sky, the distant shore, and the long swell of the sea, illuminated by a broad pathway of light. I could see the vigilant pacing the deck from me; and the sailors of this watch I had seen some minutes before about the forward ladder. The sound of the subdued voices suddenly arrested my attention, I listened, and heard two voices from the other side of the boat talking hurriedly in French. My heart almost stopped its motion as these words came to my ears: "I might shoot him from here."

"Nay, you fool; the report would rouse them below, and they might come up quick enough to give us trouble."

"But they're not around."

"Half of them have pistols, and that American with the big beard (myself) has one of those toys of the diavolo. What do you call it?—six pistols in one. He carries it with him, too. Look out for him."

"The Condition of Life is Death." This is the aphoristical saying of one of our own most eminent modern physiologists; and one, too, that is being continually verified. We can scarcely turn our eyes in any direction without beholding the exhibition of this law. We perceive a disposition in the great kingdoms of nature, to be continually catering to their mutual wants. Upon the death of indefinite quantities of vegetable and animal matter, is the principal life sustained within our bodies. Upon the destruction of the smaller and weaker animals depends the lives of all the carnivora. The hawk preys upon the chicken; the fox upon the birds; the wolf upon the lamb; and man upon all. By the death of the foliage, and its subsequent decay, the trees receive nourishment. Even the fall of the "human leaf," and that disgusting corruption which succeeds, comes forth arrayed in all the beauty of vegetable life—consumed once more (as food), again it forms a part in the nutriment of another soul. Well may we ask, "Where is the dust that has not been alive. The spade, the plow, disturbs our ancestors, From human mold we reap our daily bread."

But this law is still more beautifully exemplified in the successive death and removal of the particles which compose our living bodies. This is taking place as continually, that the human body is an allusion to our senses. It has been compared to the flame of a lamp, which appears the same although its particles are being removed constantly, and new ones hastening to be consumed likewise. Stop but for an hour the process of interstitial death, that is going on within our bodies; suspend but for a few minutes the depurative action of the lungs, and we would be poisoned and stilled by matters generated within our own bodies. To describe how these changes occur—how by the addition of the new and the removal of the old, the mechanism is sustained through the different periods of life, is the province of physiology. Anatomy describes the organism separately and as a whole, physiology, its function. It tells us how we live, and points very significantly to the outlets of life. For the sustenance of animal life there are three great essentials, food, air and water. Suspend but for a few moments the introduction of air into the lungs, and the wheels of life would move heavily, a few more, and they would pass forever. So, then, wherever the behests of nature have directed the footsteps of any animated being, is found an abundance of this invisible food. Wherever ought that breathes the breath of life has penetrated, in recesses far beyond the eye of man, this prying element has preceded; the shy denizens of the ocean are supplied with an apparatus by which they separated it from the water. As soon as man is ushered upon this theater of action it rushes into his lungs, ere long the machinery of life begins to move, and ever afterward as long as his fabric is kept in working order, receives new supplies to renew the red stream of life as it hastens on its endless course; its mission of charity, distributing its supplies to the hungry organs. The other essentials, food and water, are required only at intervals of some extent, consequently, nature, always true to herself, has provided them here and there, accessible to the hand of man. In obtaining the first of these essentials we play a passive part. No effort is required to inhale the air; it enters unbidden; not only so, but such is the arrangement that the instinctive wants of our nature rebel at the slightest check upon this function. In obtaining the last two some effort on our part is required. Ever since it was pronounced, that "by the sweat of his brow man should eat bread," he has been, more or less complacently, submitting to his destiny. In obedience to this edict, he has gone forth and loved the forests, and made to wave in their stead the golden grain; he has dug deep into the earth, and exhumed the shapeless ore, and transformed it into the beautiful and precious jewel. In compliance with this command, he has exchanged the bow of the wild beast for the ham of machinery; he has reared upon the waste places of the earth great cities and splendid institutions of learning. He has never ceased trying to invent something new, to bless mankind and gain him bread. For this he has endangered his life upon the seas of battle-field, in the pestilential wards of the hospital, and the poisonous precincts of the dissecting room. In short, he has made earth to teem with the products of his inventive, restless mind. The entertaining and instructive volume, that you buy for a trifle, and of this one and the speech of that one the dress of one and the opinions of another, will make home the unhealthiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will be pleased with you; and if it be known you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.

A lot of American sorrels shipped to Mexico were supposed to be a new kind of saddle, and they were commended, in like manner, that he

imbibes a bout fifteen hundred pounds of water per year. It has been found, also, that an adult man, of average weight, takes into his lungs, of oxygen alone, in the course of one year, about eight hundred pounds. Now, if in ordinary health and an adult man, his weight will be about the same at the end of the year as it was at the beginning. Upon a recognition of these facts we appreciate, to some extent, the force of the proposition laid down in the outset. The question naturally arises in the mind of the novice, what becomes of such an enormous amount of material? This will be readily explained, when we come to consider what a destructive process is going on within all the parts of the system, requiring immense supplies to compensate for the loss. When we reflect that every breath we take, every idea that fits across our minds, every motion of every fiber in our system, occasions the destruction of thousands of the atoms which compose them, it is no cause of wonder. We as Americans, it is said, are a "fast people," living a "fast age," and physiologically speaking, there is nothing more true, the more active the life we lead, the more actively are performed those processes that constitute life. Those who exert themselves, mentally or physically, change rapidly; their muscles are parting with the atoms of which they are composed very fast, and new ones are hastening, through the current of their nutrient arteries, to supply their places. They inhale more air; respiration is hurried; the blood goes its rounds more rapidly; and larger quantities of food, air and water are required to supply the increased demand.

If a man is seated at his desk, engaged in intellectual pursuits, it has been found that this kind of labor is attended with great destruction of the tissue of the brain, so that much of the nutriment of the blood, that would be otherwise appropriated, goes to make up this loss. Accordingly, we seldom see appearances of great health in the person of the intense student. Their aspect is generally lean and haggard, rather than ruddy and robust, as is the case with those who study but little. We will now consider some of the special of food these ingesta food and water perform, as well as the air we inhale, in the animal economy. All food suitable for the nourishment of the human body, should be combustible. When subjected to sufficient heat it should burn, and the result of that combustion should be principally, carbonic acid gas and water. Knowing that articles suitable for food, when burned in the open air, do yield carbonic acid gas and water, and some nitrogenous compounds, and knowing that the matters thrown off by the skin, lungs and kidneys, when analyzed, yield precisely the same composition, the inference follows, that the food, air, and water, which we take in, are disposed of in a somewhat similar manner. They are thought in their disposal, by a late writer, to be identical. The air we inhale depends for its value, principally, upon the oxygen it contains. This element has a great affinity for the tissues and the blood; indeed, it is by its union with the food, or its product, the blood, and the worn out tissues of the system, that it fulfills its great office in the instances, viz: the production of animal heat. While uniting with carbon of the blood and the hydrogen of that fluid, giving rise to various products, it acts also as a scavenger to the system, consuming all the waste material of the system, that would otherwise become offensive. Each of these processes is attended with the production of heat, making the human system a little furnace, and the production of its heat owing, like that of artificial heat, to the oxidation of its substance. If we burn a piece of animal flesh or any other suitable article of food, we will have as the result, carbonic acid, formed by the union of carbon and oxygen, water, or its vapor, formed by the union of hydrogen and oxygen, and ammonia, formed by the union of nitrogen and hydrogen. When food is taken into the stomach, water and air into the lungs, we find the same results following; carbonic acid gas and water are expelled by the lungs, while ammonia is found in abundance in the urinary secretions. The decay of leaves, the mellow tints of autumn, the putrefaction of animal matter, are all similar instances of oxidation, differing only in intensity. These facts indicate to our minds the mighty part performed, by this element, in the economy of nature. It composes one third the weight of the solid globe, one fifth the volume of atmosphere, and eight-ninths the water of the lakes, oceans and rivers of the earth. Its discovery was indeed an epoch in the history of science, and the dawn of a brighter day in the manipulations of art. Blessed with a knowledge of its phenomena, as we are at the present day, we can scarcely conceive how science and art progressed at all prior to its discovery, so completely it is interwoven with their every branch. The science of physiology has been greatly advanced by its discovery, and from the intimate and inseparable connection that exists between physiology and medicine, it is impossible to calculate the im-

provement it has wrought in this direction. What were the ideas of the function of the lungs before its discovery we cannot say; they must have been far from correct. But of all, chemical science received much the greatest impetus from its discovery. Thousands of phenomena, hitherto inexplicable, were readily solved by the triumphant alchemist. It was to chemistry, what the circulation of the blood was to physiology, and the name of Priestly, like that of Harvey, was spoken in derision by many, while grateful thousands gave their meed of praise to his unparalleled achievement. R. R. Middleburg Pa.

A Debt To Mother. Mothers live for their children; make sacrifices for them; and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the same Mother is the sweetest in the human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. These loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony un told. As the mother watches by night or prays in the secrecy of her closet, she weighs well the words that she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly tears that beset her soul. She warns him with trembling lest she say overmuch, she tries to charm him with cheerful love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy or successful man ever yet knew the depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the son do his utmost to soothe his mother's pathway; let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice; let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest, and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with his debt to her not half discharged.

Riches. The more experience we have of the world, the more that experience should show us how little is in the power of riches; for what, indeed, truly desirable, can they bestow upon us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Surely if they could, we should not see so many ill-favored faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and mansions. Can they prolong their own possessions, or lengthen their days who enjoy them? So far otherwise, that the squalid and luxurious care which attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave. Where then is their value, if they can neither embellish nor strengthen our forms, nor sweeten and prolong our lives? Again, can they adorn the mind more than the body? No; but do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shutting up the ears to every call of compassion, and our hands to every motive of sympathy and virtue.

Saturday Night. Saturday night makes people human, set their hearts to beating softly as they used to before the world turned them into war drums and jarred them to pieces with tactics. The ledger closes with a crash, the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang, up go the shutters with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! the door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him, and the world is all shut out. Shut out! Shut in rather. Here are his treasures, after all, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible, and not in the bank. Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed, or black-eyed, but above all, true-eyed. Get a little home—no matter how little—a sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, upon it, of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

The character of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent, accomplished, the young men will feel that they themselves should be upright, gentlemanly and refined, but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found dissipated and worthless. But remember always that the sister is the guardian of the brother's integrity. She is the surest indicator of faith in female purity and worth. As a daughter, she is a light of home. The pride of the father often centers in his sons; but his affection is expended on his daughter. She should be cherished by the center of all.

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