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One column per year.
One-half column, one.
One-fourth column, two.
One-eighth column, three.
Every article, five.
Professional and business cards of
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Editor, Executive, Administrative,
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Editorial notices, 2.
All remanents, 10.
All advertisements for a shorter per-
iod than one year are payable at the
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The Post

VOL. 17.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 8, 1880. NO. 29

Poetry.

EVENING PRAYER.

BY R. M. MORSE.

A Lord, my God! All-wise, Most High!
Thou hearest the ravens when they cry;
Thou dweltst on earth, in sun and air;
And thou will hear my soul's deep prayer.

I pray for all, for all thy kind;
That they, dear Lord, sweet peace may find;
That all through Christ, may ransom me, be,
And rest forever safe in Thee.

For sins committed, glad not done,
Look Thy pardon through Thy Son.
For good received, and blessings free,
I render gratitude to Thee.

By Thee I put my trust, O God,
And for my good, spare not thy Son.
Dear trials must come, and trials I know,
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To-night, as I'm tellin',
My being fit with love divine;
And as I sleep I do realize;
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That always open the hearts of some
Whom lie in darkness and sin,
My mate the wicked, clear the faint,
And slide the soul that makes no aplite.

The spring comes to Thee least;
That all their title clear may read,
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Miscellany.
A Darky Wants a P. O. Box.
He wasn't a member of the Lime Kiln Club, but he had a whole whisltarow fall of philosophy and logic under his ancient looking plug hat as he entered the post office and said he would like to rent a box. The chief clerk was ready to accommodate him when the applicant said:

"Da terms an' cash, I suppose?"
"Yes, sir."
"Da dar any legal?"

"No, sir, you must pay quarterly, in advance."

"Jesus, sah. Make out a dead of dis very box an' your quarter an' ready."

"The price is 20 shillings per quarter of three months," explained the clerks.

The colored gentelman fell back at the rate of a mile a minute, but slowly advanced after recovering from his shock of surprise and repeated:

"Twenty shillings every free months, 'no no less'!"

"The stink!"

The man took from his coat tail pocket a broken two foot rule and measured the dimensions of the box. Then shutting up the rule he avanzed and exclaimed:

"Does dis posse take me for a fool, sah? Does dis ignoble gov'ment imagine dat I've got crazy, sah?"

"I guess not."

"Den why, sah, does dis ignoble government try to rob me, sah? Look at do idea! I kin rent a hush house on Indiana street for \$2 per month, sah, an' yit dis ignoble government axes me to pay 20 shillings a quarter for a 'pos' office box not half as big as one end of a manger! I wasn't b'ou in de woods, sah—no ensh—an' you can keep dat box, sah, and dis ignoble government kin pass my letters fraw de winder, sah!"

The Shoe-Nail.

Ownerless, an indolent scallion, used to stand the whole day in his workshop, and hammer away until sparks flew in showers all round. The son of his rich neighbor, Mr. Von Berg, used to come every day, and often watched him for hours together. "Come young gentleman," said the nailer, one day "learn to make a nail for your amusement, for who knows what good it may sometimes do you?" The young gentle- man, who had nothing else to do accepted the offer. He sat down laughing, at the scallion, and soon acquired enough of the art to turn out a good serviceable shoe-nail. In the course of time old Mr. Von Berg died. The son, soon after, lost all his property through war, and went as a poor emigrant to a far distant village. In this village he lived a great many shoemakers, who used to spend a great deal of money on themselves in his town, and often were unable to procure them at a high price; for throughout the whole district many thousand shoes were made for the soldiers. Young Von Berg, who was in poor circumstances, now recollects he understood the art of making shoe-nails. He offered to supply the shoemakers with nails, if they would assist him to set up a workshop, which they did, and he now maintained himself abundantly. "Well," he would often say, "it is a good thing for a man to be able to make even a shoe nail. This does we more service than all my hundred gossances, which could not have sold for a hundred thousand francs."

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