

one year,	\$10.00
1/2 column, one year,	25.00
full column, one year,	15.00
large (10 lines) insertion	75
additional insertion,	50
notices and Business cards of more than 5 lines, per year,	5.00
Examiner, Administrator Assigns Notices,	2.50
notices per line,	15
advertising less than 10 cents line,	
Advertisements for a shorter pe- riod than one year are payable at the rate ordered, and if not paid when due, will be held for the money.	

Poetry.

Be of Good Cheer.

single hard life's knot may be,
only we sue it,
touch of Father Time
will sure undo it.
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is late
light that shines forever,
at heart a friend is gone;
safe at world's harsh drilling;
safe at sorrows on every side,
my ways of killing;
Yet say we all,
If a sparce fall,
ord keepeth count forever.

With count, we go,
seulate, toll and falter;
measure to east of weal and woe
can give or alter,
He sendeth light,
He sendeth night,
change goes on forever;

take life with cheerful trust,
with in the strength of weakness;
darest dyes rear its head
courage, yet with meekness;
A sunny face
Hath holy grace,
the sun forever.

and over, my darling, yes—
and love are only;
troubles and cares of earth
began from the first for dying,
Our way we plough
In the furrow "now,"
the tilling and growing, the
keepeth water forever.

Success.

By MARY E. GRISWOLD.

of sun settings of all, by
gaily farm,
the furrows rich and deep to
be sown so warm,
wails the tiny seed, and fields
are not gold
usefully to the weeping breeze,
comes wealth untold.

looks the beach's rich depth, and
favers here,
as seals of holy peace, glid
us and wond'ring here;
the golden fountain of God's
true truth,
the fainting spirit, wins of us
youth,

finds a palace fair, and seats
by shore
rockin, forest glades, but
they poor,
of gorgeous fabrics; such
bliss and green,
seems changed to fairy land,
at, bawling dream.

God built walls of mind, one
such store of thought,
so many golden fields, where
years hath wrought;
us, nests of sweetest rhythm,
radiant lips have sing,
of truth, seat, chiding down,
his fair earth was young.

here where hands have wrought,
and hath set its seal;
was high the training cup
sets a joyous peal
to the gifted soul, the valiant
brown,
to bring the golden age, the
millennium dawn.

For the Ladies.
standby has noticed:
boy who is most afraid
is the first to be cor-
amorous.

women love the men be-
love everything they have
of.

men love women because
help it.

wife loves her husband
she has no thoughts for
her husband so loves his
loves all women for her

married man is apt to
all killing among the
only because he has found
a fool enough to marry

men husbands are the
never forget the com-
d them by their wives in
them.

wives are the truest,
how to make the most
they have. Lightning sell-
in the same place, and
man feels that a similar
question popping.

young man who prat-
tices would turn red
and tremble like an aspen
you should but look at
the corner of her eye.

least he says about his
woman the smoother
strumorous career.

we commanded to love
as ourselves, we should
but our neighbor is a
loving woman.

time to stop, for fear
right becomes love sick
feels.

Jones finds drinking like a fish
makes his head swim.

The butcher who trusts losses

The



Post.

VOL. 18.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., SEPTEMBER 23, 1880.

NO. 12

She Didn't Work.

A Colorado miner tells the following story. I dropped into the "Carbonado Saloon" to see the proprietor an old friend whom I had known in Montana years before, and it was while sitting talking over early experiences with him that the incident took place. "The boys" were scattered here and there over the room, some talking "leads" and "prospects," some reading late Denver papers and others endeavoring to ascertain by games of cards who should weigh out the dust for the drunks. Several poker games for coin were in full operation, and the clicking of silver checks, the ringing of silver coin and the musical chink of liquor glasses blended in one unpleasing melody. Suddenly a six-foot individual swaggered in, whose brand new buckskin suit and general "frosh" appearance, at once gave him away to the crowd as being one of those lunatics just from the states who imagine that bray and bluster will at once gain for a now corner the reputation of being "a terror" and hoist him right up to the top notch in the estimation of everyone. The stranger reeled up to the bar and drawing an enormous six-shooter slammed it down with a jar that made the water-cooler dance and remarked:

"Whoop!"

The barkeeper skipped to his post of duty, set up a glass with an artistic flourish, and asked:

"What'll yo have?"

Down came the revolver again, accompanied with:

"Whoop! Whoop-a-way!"

Then turning to the crowd the newcomer said:

"Don't you o' you fellows dare to sink or breathe till I swaller my pi-zen, or the walls'll be spattered with blood! I'm Howlin' Sam, the blood-sucker of the Gunnison Range an' I'llers leave my path strown with bleedin' carcasses! I'm a torna-
do, turned loose to destroy the universe! Whoop! I'm a—"

A little dried up fellow, not over five feet four, stepped up, slapped the bar sociably on the back, and said:

"Pard, take a frien' I've alived, an' sorta suppress yer enthusiasm. Just tone it down a little, ye know. I've been in these mountains for goin' on thirteen years, an' hev seed some o' the savagest destroyin' angles that ever struck the mines. Now, frist-timer, that was a case a few months ago. A fellor went into Sandy's saloon an' announced that he was the identical Devil. Jack, the Man-Eatin' Imp of Wyoming Gileh, an' one o' the boys tak' his fists an' beat a tattoo on the blakie's face, till his head look'd like somebody had bin a playin' football with it in a slaughter house! Twant but about a week arter that afore the Texas Hyena howled out his little speech at this very bar, an' when the coroner cut him down up thar in the gutch the bizzards hel free-lunched off'n him till he looked was-n the devil—scarcely worth burryin'! Then the Tiger Cat that hed just drap down onto a thunder cloud raised his gentle voice in Fatty, far-room, an' old Tom Wilson sat down on him so heavy that his own mother couldn't ha' recognized the corpse. He wan't scarcely under the ground afore we hear'n a twop' from the lower country stage as it drawed up to the hotel, an' when the whooper called for his gun he respectfully informed us that his christian name war Cannibal Bill; that he lived on human flesh—an' war hungry, and perposed ter try and make out a dinner off'n the fast man that refused to drink with him! The boys poured coal ile all over him, an' touched a match to him, an' he run back o' Aleck Davis' gin mill an' fell into the wood pile an' set it afire. Aleck was the maddest man you ever seed, an' would ha' made trouble if the boys hadn't paid him for the wood an' hired a Chinaman to drag the carcass away. Take my advice, Howlin' Sammy, an' sorta begin easy and temperate—don't crow too loud on the fast acquaintance!"

The stranger stooped down and whispered in the little man's ear:

"Say, take this five dollar piece an' the boys up to drink, an' I'll slip out. If any of them axes you who I am, tell 'em I'm a travelin' trade agent from Massachusetts, an' wouldn't harm a flea. Kinder keep 'em cool till I kin git out o' town, you know!"

Ten minutes later he was making about five miles an' hour over the grade toward the next camp, frequently looking back over his shoulder and muttering:

"She didn't work, an' I reckon this howlin' hurricane hed better blow over for the present, or els be sure of a camp afore it falls again it!"

St. Louis girls say that those of Chicago never have shoes that are mates, because of the difficulty of finding two sides of leather alike.

Some one describes the opera as

that sort of music where "they

sneal and go up, and then choke

and come down."

Jones finds drinking like a fish makes his head swim.

The butcher who trusts losses

Uncle Esk's Wisdom.

The conversation of most people is nothing more than their radicalism gone to seed.

No man is envious of what he can equal, or even imitate.

The man who is ever ready to take the chances will probably take his last one in the ashhouse.

Men have been known to correct

their vanity, subdue their pride, and

overcome their superstitions, but

once impregnated with it, it is im-

possible for a man to get rid of his

vulgarity.

The man who lives for others must

expect most of his pay in self satis-

faction.

Most successes spring up, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of some failure.

The most cunning of all egotists is the man who never speaks well of himself.

Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

A man of true genius is generally as simple as a child, and is as uncon-

scious of his power as an elephant.

If we would measure our happiness

the condition of those below us, instead of those above, we should find ourselves very well off.

The man who can distinguish be-

tween good advice and poor does not need either.

Every man makes his own reputa-

tion; the world only puts on the stamp.

There is a great deal of modesty in this world which will gaze at al-

most anything—provided it is not

of itself.

There is a great deal of modesty in

this world which will gaze at al-

most anything—provided it is not

of itself.

Silence is a hard opinion to best,

Next to silence comes brevity—the wise man's strength and the fool's refuge.

A gentleman will never insult any

one and a fool cannot.

Bogoty knows of but one way to reach heaven, while faith knows of but one.

A little dried up fellow, not over five feet four, stepped up, slapped the bar sociably on the back, and said:

"Pard, take a frien' I've alived, an'

sorta suppress yer enthusiasm. Just

tone it down a little, ye know. I've

been in these mountains for goin' on

thirteen years, an' hev seed some o'

the savagest destroyin' angles that

ever struck the mines. Now, frist-

timer, that was a case a few

months ago. A fellor went into

Sandy's saloon an' announced that

he was the identical Devil. Jack, the

Man-Eatin' Imp of Wyoming Gileh,

an' one o' the boys tak' his fists an'

beat a tattoo on the blakie's face, till

his head look'd like somebody had

hit a playin' football with it in a

slaughter house! Twant but about

a week arter that afore the Texas

Hyena howled out his little speech

at this very bar, an' when the coro-

ner cut him down up thar in the

gutch the bizzards hel free-lunched

off'n him till he looked was-n the

devil—scarcely worth burryin'!

Then the Tiger Cat that hed just

drap down onto a thunder cloud

raised his gentle voice in Fatty, far-

room, an' old Tom Wilson sat

down on him so heavy that his own

mother couldn't ha' recognized the

corpse. He wan't scarcely under

the ground afore we hear'n a twop'

from the lower country stage as it

drawed up to the hotel, an' when the

whooper called for his gun he respec-

tfully informed us that his christi-

an name war Cannibal Bill;

that he lived on human flesh—an'

war hungry, and perposed ter try

and make out a dinner off'n the fast

man that refused to drink with him!