The Post.

VOL. 18. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA, MARCH 24, 1881. NO. 37

Advertising Rates.

Column one year,	$60.00
Half, column, one year,	30.00
Fourth column, one year,	15.00
Square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
Every additional insertion,	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,	5.00
Editor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices,	2.50
Editorial notices per line,	15

All transcient advertising less than 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 person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Poetry.

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

BY "JERSEY BLUE."

Yonder, where the smoke curls up
Between the green-topped trees,
Is the red-tiled chimneys just peep thro'
The overhanging leaves;
There stands my own dear boyhood's home,
Old, plain, and painted brown,
With here and there a shingle loose,
Or, maybe, tumbling down;
Still, as of yore, the roses twine
Around the casement sill
Peep in the low, wide rooms,
Or clamber up at will;
The honeysuckles trembling cling
To every loosened nail,
And hang around the sloping roof
Their blossom's perfumed trail.

Sweet memory paints my mother's form
Still spinning at the door,
While summer sunshine filled the skies,
And flecked the cottage floor.
While I, a little red-cheeked lad,
In homespun garments neat,
With childish innocence and joy,
Sat playing at her feet.

There, way down by the singing stream,
Where grasses thickly grow,
The old red cow at eventide
Sent forth her plaintive low,
And father, with the milking pail
Made haste to reach her side,
And brought it back full to the brim,
A rich and creamy tide;
And, oh, the supper nice and sweet
Of that milk and bread,
In winter, jam for little folks,
In summer, berries red,
For appetite is good and strong
Where HUNGER is the sauce,
And INDIGESTION is unknown
Our "WORKING-LAND" across.

There in the distance points the spire
Of our old meeting house,
Where Sundays friends and neighbors went
To hear good Parson Rouse.
There was no choir of pretty girls,
No organ's rolling chord,
No softly-cushioned seats of ease
On which to praise the Lord,
But benches of the hardest wood,
And one old deacon's voice,
And yet we managed to survive,
And in our church rejoice.

My boyhood's home! I am no more
A merry little lad,
Sorrow and time have scarred my face,
And made my spirits sad;
Father and mother loved so well
Sleep in the churchyard gray,
Mossy tombstone marks the spot
Where side by side they lay.

And now I near my other home
Beyond the sunset-sky—
Come to my dear boyhood's home
In tranquil rest to DIE.

They toil and spin and wash dishes, and yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like a colored girl at a dress ball.

A young woman being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

"Bridget, I cannot allow you to receive your lover in the kitchen any longer." "It's very kind of you, ma'am, but he's almost too bashful to come in the parlor.

Hot and cold baths may be had in almost every street in Paris at prices varying from ten to twenty cents.

A poor excuse is better than none at all. When a boy was called to account for going fishing on Sunday, he replied. "I know I do, but then before the fish begin to bite *I* always whistle out one of Moody and Sankey's tunes."

The intelligent printer got it into type that it was a "damnation" party, and the poor minister who had been afflicted with a donation party didn't kick a bit, or request any of his sturdy congregation to go 'round and kill the editor.

A returned Australian found the baby he left at home a miss of five summers. One day he offended her, and she fretfully exclaimed; "I wish you had never married into the family."

The Elmira *Free Press* says the women of Michigan declare that they are going to vote, and, to begin with insist that every ballot shall have a border and a scallop around it.

"When I was a young man," says Billings, "*I* was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting; now I am older, I take hold of the small end and do all the thinking."

Boys.

The original noise producers and nerve destroyers of the time.

And yet in themselves a most interesting study. F'instance:

The best boy—every mother owns him, every father is proud of him, and yet it takes a great deal of the "corrective" to keep him at his best.

The worst boy—belongs to the next door neighbor every time, and is the hatefullest, meanest, homliest, stuckupest boy that ever stole a fellow playmate's skates and broke the side rails from your own boy's sled—and how ridiculously they do dress that boy.

The funny boy—is always cutting up some rustic to bring a laugh. He turns himself inside out if he makes a hit he keeps at it until he winds up his career in the circus ring retailing thousand year old jokes.

The saucy boy—calls his mother a "squint eyed logarithm," twigs his fingers on his nose at his father, invents astonishing nicknames for all the cranky people in the neighborhood, and with his hands in his pockets stands on the street corners and yelps his "sass" right in the face of everybody—yet he never seems to reap his reward.

The wicked boy—works on the sly. He wanders forth after dark, breaking in all the skating ponds, sprinkling ashes on the coasting grounds, setting logs of wood against back doors and ringing the bells. Essentially mischievous, with a tinge of ugliness, he holds the court with a reign of terror, and every boy stands in fear of him. But he is the sleekest, quietest looking boy on the street.

The scholarly boy—pores over school books when he ought to be out getting snow balled. He corrects his mother's grammar, improves the style of his father's conversation, and with an air of superiority kindly allows his parents to exist under the same roof with him, and be proud of his attainments. The chances are that he will one day teach a district school at $12 a month, and really think he is moving the world.

The tough boy—reads dime novels, smokes a clay pipe, frequents the "nigger heaven" in the theaters, steals from the apple stands on the corner, is up nights, goes home in a beastly state of intoxication by the time he is fourteen, and at twenty stands on the corner in checked pants, "loud" ulster, plug hat and low neck shirt, a living picture of dissipation. Boys, don't think it smart to be tough.

The Newsboy—Take one whiff of him as he stands sixteen deep waiting to buy his papers. The world over the newsboy carries a distinctive odor, reeking with tobacco smoke, onion soup and the results of a changeless shirt. But he can give an intelligent answer to any question you ask him, and is the longest distance from a fool of any of the boys. He eats great quantities of taffy, and delights in "giving it away."

The boy in "gig lamps"—is seldom met, but the unfortunate little coot always looks like some miniature book agent with sore eyes.

The farmer's boy—wears the biggest boots he can persuade to stay on his feet, has a sturdy rugged little frame, hard muscles, lots of red blood in his face, can race over the fields, ride a wild colt, drive a boss cow and snare more rabbits than the best sportsman. *He* says "gosh" occasionally and looks with wondering eyes at everything town bred. But he is the boy who works his way to the city and replenishes its dissipated life with his physical vigor and quick perceptions, and is the motive power that moves the business of the world. *He* inhales the spirit of progress in the air he breathes upon the old farm.

Boys, yes boys We were all boys once, with exceptions in favor of girls, of course, and don't let us orgot it. Let us remember that the world was once a distant panorama's show to us as it is to boys in their boyhood, that they may [illegible]

Words of Wisdom.

One has only to die to be praised.

Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

It is easier to blame than to be better.

It is not enough to arm; you must hit.

Would you be strong, conquor yourself.

Little and often makes a heap in time.

There is no good in preaching to the hungry.

Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash.

Better free in a foreign land than a slave at home.

Charity gives itself riches, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

Everybody knows a good counsel except him that hath need of it.

The men that hope little are the men that go on working.

There is no sanctuary of virtue like home.

The scenes of childhood are the members of future years.

Idleness wastes a man as sensibly as industry improves him.

The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men that can't be buried.

A great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Intelligence tests ignorance and wisdom tests follies. But who are the intelligent and who are wise?

The application of common sense in matters of belief or business is always our best guide and monitor.

Don't covet the possessions of any man until you are willing to pay for them the price which he paid; then you will not need to covet them, for you can go and get them for yourself.

Happiness is evident to us in this life by deliverence from evil. "Happy is he who sees the day!" said a blind man; but a man who sees clearly does not say so. "Happy is he who is healthy!" said an invalid When he is well he does not feel the happiness of health.

No man ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others. To measure one with his own yardstick may be hard, but it is fair.

No person can be so feeble or so poor that he has not a duty to perform; which, being performed, makes him one with the highest and greatest.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call a man healthy merely because he has enough to eat.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a stateesman that a block-head.

Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever it is presented.

Poverty may excuse a shabby coat, but it is no excuse for shabby morals.

A Strange Preacher.

There was once a minister of the gospel who never built a church.

Who never preached in one.

Who never proposed a church fair to buy the church a new carpet.

Who never founded a new sect.

Who never belonged to any sect.

Who frequented public houses and drank wine with sinners.

Who never received a salary.

Who never asked for one.

Who never wore a black suit or a white necktie.

Who never used a prayer book.

Or a hymn book.

Or wrote a sermon.

Who never hired a cornet soloist to draw souls to hear the "Word."

Who never advertised his sermons.

Who never even took a text for his sermons.

Who never went through a course of theological study.

Was never ordained.

Who was never even "converted."

Who never went to conference.

Who was he?

Christ.

Hickory nuts and Music.

"John Hall, you were very drunk last night," said his honor as a send-off.

"I think not, sir."

"Well, you have a right to differ. Officer, was this man drunk?"

"He was sir."

"How drunk?"

"Well, he fell down four times in crossing the road, and the last time he settled down for a nap."

"That's our case, Mr. Hall. Have you any defense?"

"I have, sir. I had not tasted any liquor of any sort all day long. Just before *I* met the officer I got choked, and that was what ailed me when he picked me up."

"Choked! What with?"

"With an apple."

"*Have* you got it?"

"Yes, sir. When the officer shook me, he shook the apple out of my gullet, and I put it in my pocket to bring to show you."

He thereupon pulled from his coat tail pocket a frozen greening, larger than a coffee cup, and laid it on the desk.

"Do you mean to tell me that you had that apple in your mouth?"

"Yes, Sir. *I* was going to take a bite when it slipped down into my gullet, and if the officer hadn't given me a shaken I might have suffocated."

"You can't get that apple into your mouth. No such a story will go down here"

"See here, Judge," and he opened a mouth big enough to take in a bowl, tossed in the apple, rattled it around, and dropped it into his hand again with a smile of triumph.

"You may go,' said his Honor, after a long silence. "With such a mouth as that you'll eat more than you can earn in any prison. Take your frozen apple and go your way."

"Thank you. I'd like to bring my brother in some day, and let you see his mouth. He can hold a pint of hickory nuts and sing a song at the same time."

How Officers Were Once Paid.

It is not a general known historical fact that from 1777 to 1784 the territory now known as Tennessee formed a part of North Carolina, and that in 1785 the Tennesseeans, becoming dissatisfied with their government, organized a State government under the name of "Franklyn," which was maintained for some years. The organization afterward disbanded, and territorial Tennessee was again annexed to North Carolina. The following is among the laws passed by the legislature of the State of Franklyn. We copy as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the currency in 1838:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklyn, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same: That from the first day of January, 1779 the salaries of the officers of this Commonwealth be as follows, to-wit:

"His Excellency the Governor per annum, 1,000 deer skins;

"His Honor the Chief Justice, 500 deer skins; or 500 raccoon skins;

"The Treasurer of the State, 450 raccoon skins;

"Each County Clerk, 300 beaver skins;

"Clerk of the House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins;

"Member of Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins;

"Justice' fee for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin;

"To the Constable for serving a warrant, one mink skin;

"Entered into a law the 18th day of October, 1779, under the great seal of the State."

Servant girl question: Matildy, a collored servant, on being told to pack up and leave, blubbered dreadfully and refused to be comforted. The lady of the house tried to comfort her by telling her not to give way so; that she might call in on Sunday and see the family: "Taint dat ar. I jess can't help bellerin'. I always bellers when I quits a place. I has worked for some of the lowest down, meanest folkes on Galveston Island, but when *I* comes in hab I allers bellers—and de messer dey is de lowdest I bellers [illegible]

A Remarkable Man.

Rev. Allen Tibbits, who now lives in Coldwater, Mich., aged 77 years, makes this remarkable statement. "*I* never swore an oath, or took a chew of tobacco, or smoked a whole cigar. I never sold a drink of brandy or whisky for myself. In a travel of over 100,000 miles by public conveyances I never met with an accident, or was a moment too late when it depended upon my own exertion. I never sang a song or played a game of checkers, billiards or croquet, or any game of cards. *I* never skated a rod or struck a man a blow with my fist. I can repeat more of the Bible than any man living of whom I have any knowledge. *I* have given away more real estate to this city (Coldwater) than all its other inhabitants. I preached for over fifteen years and traveled more than 500 miles attending funerals, and all the salary I ever received was a pound of tea, worth seventyfive cents.

A promising youth recently suprised his father by asking:

"Father do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course"

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you 'cause she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a long pause, asked, "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

A Story comes from Boston that a woman who brought her pail to be filled at a soup house in that city was asked how many she had in her family and replied: "Six—my husband, myself, two dogs and two cats, and please don't put so much pepper in the soup, the dogs don't like it."

A New England pastor called upon one of his deacons, with whom he was at variance and, with air of great solemnity, said: "Brother, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon the church. I have prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter; and have come to the conclusion that you must give in, for I cannot."

A German who had lost a boy gave an account as follows: "I lose my poy, und ven I look for him I find him sitting on de carbstone. I tell him come home; he say he vont. He look at me; I look at him. I begin to cry; he begin to cry. He feel very bad: I feel very bad. I told him to stood up, and he stood up. I put my arms aroun' his neck, und, by jiminity, it vasn't him."

Some arithmetical chap has figured out that Vanderbilt's income would allow him to visit 8,000 circuses, eat 10,000 pints of peanuts, and drink 5,000 glasses of lemonade every day in the year. But he doesn't do it. Thus it can be seen that wealth is given to those who don't know how to enjoy it.

Carving isn't fun. A young man was invited to carve a turkey at dinner recently, and before the knife was finally taken from him he had upset a glass of water, wrenched his shoulder, shot the bird across the table into a lady's lap, and nearly jabbed a man's eye out, and it wasn't a tough bird either

"What did Cain say when the Lord asked him where his brother Able was?" asked a Galveston Sunday-school teacher of his class. None of the children spoke up, but little Jimmy snapped his finger and said; "I forgot what Cain said, but he sassed the Lord back."

The man who was approached from the rear by a goat and went over a six foot wall and rooted up the ground for three rods, on being revived told the doctor that he hadn't, at the time of the accident, the slightest idea that he was standing on a railroad track.

....There is a farmer in the eastern end of Lancaster county eighty-one years of age, who has always dealt at one store. His first visits were made when he was a small boy, [illegible]

An Engineer Who Knocked a Signal.

A well-known engineer on the Union Pacific who has a slight impediment in his speech, had an interview a few days since with his division superintendent, the nature of which gradually leaked out and became a source of considerable fun for the boys. The story goes that on a recent run his engine had a collision with a cow, resulting disastrously to the animal in question By a rule of the railroad company such accidents must be reported by the engineer and conductor in writing, and for a wonder the engineer forgot his duty on this occasion, until he was summoned before the railroad magnate for private investigation.

"——," said the superintendent, "how is it that you failed to report the killing of a cow on your own run of such a date?"

"I-d-d-d-don't remember any su-s-such accident,' replied the knight of the foot board, scratching his head thoughtfully.

"Well, you certainly must have killed a cow on that run, for it was reported in due form by the conductor," insisted the superintendent.

"N-n-no, I d-d-d-didn't," said the engineer.

"Now just think a little and see if you can't remember it," said the persistent interrogator.

"No. I can't remember killing any cow. I do remember striking one, but I looked out of the window and saw her lying on her back, by the track, moving her feet," (motioning with his hands) "to go ahead, and I took it to mean that she was all right"

He was warned not to be too sure of such signals in the future.

Apropose of George Washington's birth-day, the Cambridge (Mass.) *Tribune* relates the following: Mrs. Washington, the mother of George, was going to make soap George and his father arranged a large cask with some straw in the bottom of it, and on the top of the straw they put some ashes and leached them. Mrs. Washington got her soap greases all ready and in a short time the house was filled with that beautiful odor that betokens the process of soap boiling is going on. With all her skill she could not make the soap come. On investigation it was discovered that some of the ashes used were from the wood of the cherry tree George cut down, and no lie could be produced from them. This shows the power of truthfulness.

Page, after a week's space, went home late one night singing "There's no place like home!" He thinks so yet! His wife received him with terrific warmth. She spread him over to flights of stairs, dusted the second floor entry carpet with him, opened the door of their bed-room with his head, jammed him between two dressing cases, wound him around a bed post, performed other acts indicative of her great delight upon his return. He is confident he will not be cold again this winter.

It takes a country schoolmaster for shrewdness. When the weather is cold and the school house is imperfectly heated, he puts the head of the class nearest the stove, and then all the scholars work like blazes to rank high in their studies.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

One maxim is, "a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

Nothing keeps a man from knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both.

The base drum player makes more noise than anybody else, but he doesn't lead the band.

The glass of soda and the looking glass resembles each other. You can see the soda fizz in one, and your own fizz in the other.

We read recently that thirty persons in a small town in Michigan were poisoned by eating sausages. This comes from leaving brass collars on dogs.

What is the difference between breaking a window and breaking an arm? In the first place you go through the pain; in the second place the pain goes through you.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Propr

Terms of Subscription.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or $2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.

Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE!

THE undersigned, Administrator of the estate of D. B. Mill, late of West Perry township, Snyder county, Pa., deceased, by virtue of an Alias Order of Sale, issued out of the Orphans' Court of said county, will expose to Public Sale, on the premises on

Thursday, March 24th, 1881,

the following described Real Estate situate in West Perry township aforesaid, being mountain, timber land, containing

180 Acres,

more or less bounded East, West and North by Shade Mountain and South by lands of Jonathan Shelleberger ALSO

2 Acres,

more or less, whereon is erected a GOOD

Saw Mill,

bounded North, South, East and West by lands of Jonthan Shelleberger, and situate in the township aforesaid.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day when due attendance will be given and terms of sale made known by

WM. HARDING,
March 5, 1881. Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S SALE

THE undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Joseph Long, late of the township of Beaver, deceased, by virtue of an Order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Snyder county at February term last past, will expose to Public Sale, on the premises, on

Thursday, March 24th, 1881,

the following described Real Estate situate in Beaver township, county aforesaid, containing

Five Acres,

more or less, bounded North by lands of S. A. Wetzel, East by lands of Jacob P. Kuhns, South by lands of Alexander Hummel, and, West by lands of Michael Leply, being

Timber Land.

Also at the same time and place will be sold a lot of Personal Property.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock A. M. of said day when terms of sale will be made known by

WILLIAM H. LONG,
JAMES H. LONG,
March 10, 1881. Executors.

DRUGS

A full line of DRUGS and CLOTHING at

B. S. HARVEY'S
DRUG STORE,
BEAVERTOWN, PA.

—o—

Men's and Youth's Suits, $4.50 to $18.00.

Underclothing, suits, $1.00 to $1.75.

Paper Collars 15 and 16 cts a Box.

A large stock of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS at lowest CASH PRICES.

Call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Respectfully,
B. S. HARVEY.

Nov. 22, '80.-1m.

CLOTHING.

AGENTS WANTED.—Big Pay. Light Work, steady Employment. Samples free. Address, M. L. HYNS, 49 Nassau Street, New York.

Errors of Youth.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence. JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., New York.

Jan 27, '81-6m.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing ac. stamp, BEN. VANDELF & CO., 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

TO CONSUM'TIVES

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for CONSUMPTION, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
Glimpses Of The
COMING WORLD!

It is an exhaustless mine of Christian Truths an armory of the weapons of the Almighty for pulling down of the strongholds of Infidelity and Skepticism. The entire religious community are enthused at its startling arguments and consoling assurances. THE BOOK OF THE AGE to meet the wants of the Church in this time of need.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Send for Circulars and Terms, also to apply for Territory. WILLIAM FLINT, Philadelphia.

MARRIAGE

Guide for both SEXES, for the married and those contemplating marriage—a brilliant, fascinating book, a counselor for the million on Health, Disease, and the Physical Life of Man and Woman; pure in language, and endorsed by physicians everywhere. Price, 50 cents, by Dr. A. G. OLIN, the oldest Specialist in the Northwest, who will pay $500 for every case of private or chronic disease of either sex he undertakes and fails to cure. Send two stamps for Guide to Health. Reliable Female Pills, $2 a Box. A great boon to ladies during critical season. Rubber Goods are Goods of important information. Advice, 50 cents.

Dr. A. G. OLIN,
Kentucky Block, 66 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.