The Post.

VOL. 18. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., JUNE 23, 1881. NO 50,

Advertising Rates.

On column one year,	$60.00
One-half, column, one year,	30.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
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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.

The Water that has Passed.

Listen to the water-mill,
Through the live-long day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away !
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves ;
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves,
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast :
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Living heart and true :
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing, too ;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day ;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away ;
Leave no tender word unsaid ;
Love while life shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not until to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thy own
Lies in thine to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not, cannot last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh;
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, oh ! hold it fast !
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Into Mischief.

Dancing feet and busy fingers,
Never still the whole day through,
For the little brain from dreamland
Brings them work enough to do,
Racing through the gorgeous parlor,
Romping on the winding stair,
Tearing books and breaking vaces—
Into mischief everywhere.

Picks the cakes and tastes the jelly,
Breaks the window, slams the door,
Throws the statues from their brackets,
Scatters playthings on the floor,
Tearing little coats and trowsers,
Rumpling up his curly hair—
Busy, naughty little fingers,
Into mischief everywhere.

Spilling ink upon the carpet,
Dashing pictures from the wall;
Breaking mirrors, singing, shouting,
In the atic and the hall;
Tracking mud across the entries,
Turning over desk and chair,
Cutting up the morning paper—
Into mischief everywhere.

But no look of hate or malice
Darkens o'er those laughing eyes;
Not a thought of harm or sinning
In his little bosom lies.
For his soul is pure and guileless,
Whate'r harm the fingers do—
Though the little feet are straying
Into mischief all day through.

Select Tale.

Saved By Accident.

A Detective's Story.

"Langely, I've got a job for you ; one that must be attended to immediately.—Are you ready to travel ?"

This was the salutation I recived from my chief one afternoon, as I entered headquarters after a hard day's work.

"At a moment's notice," I replied—"or at least as soon as I can put on a disguise, should that be necessary."

"Good !" said the chief, "for that is all the time I am able to give you. *I* have just received information that Sam Wolfe is in this town, and that he is to leave today by the C. and E. Railroad. I think we have now an opportunity of tracking him to his headquarters, and I want you to do the job."

"I should like nothing better."

"Very well ; then start at once for the railroad depot. I don't know what train he is going on ; but you can wait until you see him. You are sure you cannot mistake him ?

"I should know him in any disguise," I replied, as I left the room.

Sam Wolfe, or "Slippery Sam," as he was generally called, was, at the time of which I write, one of the most dangerous counterfeiters in the country and the chief of a large gang. We had for a long time been in search of his headquarters, but without success. We very seldom had a chance to "shadow" one of the gang, and when we did they always managed to put us off the track before we traced them to their lair. It would be a "big thing" for me if I unearthed their den ; and I felt that the chief paid me a high compliment selecting me, and me alone, to do the job. I hastened to my lodgings, and quickly but carefully "made myself up" as a well-to-do farmer. "My reputation is at stake," I muttered to myself, as I strode toward the depot, "and by Jove, I'm bound not too lose it."

I thought it very probable that I should have a long wait for my man, but in this I was agreeably disappointed, for, on arriving at the depot almost the first man I beheld was Slippery Sam. He had just entered and was making his way toward the ticket office. I followed him, and saw that he bought a ticket for Watkin's Junction, a small village about fifty miles out. I purchased a ticket for the same place and followed Wolfe into the car, just as the train started Throughout the journey I kept him in sight. He glanced at me several times but showed no signs of recognition, and I was confident that my disguise was perfect. Sam and I had met more than once in the course of my professional career, so I had been more than usually careful in my "make up," and was certain that it was effective. In something less than two hours the train reached Watkin's Junction, and several passengers alighted, among them Sam Wolfe and myself.—The counterfeiter started up the road, and I stepped up to the depot master and asked :

"Can you tell me who that man is ?" pointing to Wolfe.

"I don't know his name," was the reply, "but his face is familiar enough. He stops up at Rorke's place."

"And where and what is Rorke's place ?" I asked.

"You're a stranger in these parts or you wouldn't ask that," said the depot master. "Rorke's place is a public house about a mile up the road, kept by one Jim Rorke—though how he manages to keep it going I don't know, for everybody in these parts steers clear of it—they know him too well."

"His reputation is not good, eh ?" I asked,

"He's a d—d rascal," said the depot master, "that's what he is."

Having ascertained the exact location of the public house in question, I started up the road, determined to make sure that I had really found the counterfeiter's headquarters. It was eight o'clock and very dark when I paused in front of a misserable looking hovel, over the door of which was written the name James Rorke. From the inside I heard sounds of revelry, and glancing into the half open window I saw four men standing beside a bar drinking. Sam. Wolfe was not among them, but I doubted not that I had discovered the headquarters of the gang. Now nothing remained to do but to procure assistance and make a descent on the place : and *I* was about turning away with the intention of doing this when I was seized from behind, thrown to the ground and in a twinkling bound hand and foot.

"Aha !" cried the voice of Sam Wolfe. "You will follow me from the city, eh, you cursed spy ! Fool ! did you think I didn't know you from the first ?"

He lifted me into his arms and bore me into the room.

"Here's a spy, boys," he cried, let's take him down stairs and decide what to do with him. An ordinary death will not do for a d—d police spy ; and I have an idea to suggest on this point."

I was carried through a long winding hallway and down a flight of steps.

"Strike a light," ordered Wolfe.

His command was obeyed, and a moment later I saw I was in the cellar of the building and in the counterfeiter's den. Apparatus for the manufacture of spurious money surrounded me on every side.

"Now men," said Wolfe, addressing his four companions, "nothing remains but to settle the mode of his death ; and as I suppose none of you will object to letting me have my own way in this matter, I now decide that he shall be tied to the railroad track and left to the mercies of the express which passes in about half an hour."

My blood ran cold as these words fell upon my ear, but I remained silent.

The two men were warm in their approval of their captain's fiendish plan.

"Well, boys, *I'm* glad you like the idea," said Wolfe, "but let us waste no more time. It is several minutes' walk to the track ; so off with him."

Two of the men lifted me on their shoulders, and bore me up the stairs, out of the house and along the lonely road, Sam Wolfe following.

Presently they paused.

"Here we are," said one of the men, "now then, cap., nothing remains but to tie him down."

"Gag him first," directed Wolfe.

He was obeyed and then I was fastened securely to the track.

"Ha !" exclaimed Wolfe, "I hear the whistle of the train. 'Tis less than two miles off. Now, cursed spy, say your prayers, for your time is short ! Boys," he added, turning to his companions, "you may return to the house, I will wait and see that the job is effectually done."

"All right, cap," and the men departed.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings as the moments flew by, and the rumble of the express train grew louder and louder. I had not the slightest hope of escape from the terrible death that menaced me, and I endeavored to compose my feelings in some degree, and prepare for the inevitable. Nearer came the train, the shrill whistle sounded in my ears, the terrible rumble, rumble grew louder and louder, till it sounded like thunder.

"Ha—ha !" laughed Wolfe in fiendish glee, "in half a minute more you'll be safe in kingdom come !"

The noise of the train became deafening and the headlight flashed along the track. The engine was almost upon me. I closed my eyes and waited for the end.

Suddenly came a succession of short shrill whistles. I know they meant "down brakes."

The speed of the train began to slacken. A wild hope sprang up in my breast.—Slower and slower came the train. Would it stop in time ?

"H—l !" exclaimed Wolfe. "it will not do to leave you here ! Curses on the luck !"

He began untying the knots which bound me. But he had hardly commenced when the train stopped within six feet of the spot where I lay. It was too late for Wolfe to remove me.

"You shall not have a chance to give me away, you d—d spy !" hissed the villain, between his teeth, as he drew his knife and raised it in the air preparatory to strike the fatal blow.

At that moment a man leaped from the engine.

"Ha ! what is this ?" he exclaimed, rushing towards us.

With an oath Wolfe dropped his knife and fled. But the stranger pursued and in a few minutes captured him and led him back. In the meantime I had been released by some of the employees of the road. In as few words as possible I gave an account of my adventures to the group of passengers which assembled around me, a number of whom at once volunteered to assist me in making a descent upon the counterfeiter's den. I gladly accepted the offer, and in less than fifteen minutes the house and contents were in my possession. It was the most complete and best appointed place of the kind I ever saw. We took five prisoners beside Wolfe, and succeeded in conveying them all to the city early the next morning. They were soon tried and sentenced, and are now serving out their term at Sing Sing.

In closing, I will state that the train stopped on account of a slight defect in the engine which had to be repaired before it could go further. Had this little fault been discovered one short minute later I should have been a dead man. So *I* was really saved by accident.

The golden sovereign makes less noise in the contribution box than a penny piece, principally for the reason that it is never put in except by editors, and they are not very punctual attendants.

Josh Billings on "Dispepshy."

I have been a practical dispeptik for 27 years and four months, and it would have been munny in my pocket, if I had been born without any stummuck.

I have prayed upward of one thousand times to be on the inside like an ostrich, or a traveling colporter.

I have seen traveling colporters who could eat as much as a goose.

I have seen a goose eat till it couldn't stand up any more, and then set down and eat sum and then roll over and eat sum more.

I have tried living on filtered water and going barefooted for the dispepshy, and that didn't hit the spot. I have soaked myself at a water cure establishment until I waz so limber that I kouldn't get myself bak again inside ov my Baldwin apparel.

I bought a saddle horse once, who was got up expresly to kure the dispepshy in 90 days or kill the horse.

He waz warranted to pull harder than a trip hammer, pull wusser on the bits and tumble safer down hill than enny other hoss on the foot stool.

I rode the hoss until I was ov a jelly, and then sold him bridle and all for sixty-eight dollars, and got sued by the purchaser, and had to pay him ninety dollars and some sents damage, because the horse "Nimshys," a disease I knu nothing about.

The hoss and fixings cost me $150 in gold.

I kontrakted for eleven kords of hicory wood krossed grained, and as phull of wrinkles as an old cow's horn, and sawed away three months on it, and the pile seemed to grow bigger every day.

I finally gave away the saw and what wood there was left, to save my life, and sat down discouraged, a square victim to the dispepshy.

I have lived at the seaside, and gamboled at the saline flood until I waz az a number one salt mackrel.

I have walked two miles before breakfast, and then ett a sack of dry toast, and half the yelk of a pullet's eg, and felt all the time az weak oz a kitten that haz just come out of a fitt.

I hav laid down more than two thousand times, and rolled over once a minnit in all night long and got up in the morning like a corpse, and their didn't nothin seem to ail me enny where in particular.

I have read whole librays on the stummuck and liver, and when I got thru, I knu a great deal less what was the matter ov me than when I began.

I have drank whiskee with roots in it enuff to carry on any bridge or sawmill in the country.

I have worked on a farm for my vittles and board, and dieted on fried pork and ri bread until I was oz thin az the sermon ov a 7 day Baptist preacher.

I have dun these things and 10 thousand other things just as ridikilus, and hav got the old dispepshy yet, just as natural and as thik az the pimples on a four year old goose.

If you get a good holt of the dispepshy once you can't never loose it entirely ; it will come around once in a while like a ghost, and if it don't scare yu so much as it did once, and make yu think yu are going to die to-morrow it will make yu feel just az sorry.

A light affair—A lamp.

The railroad frog can't swim.

A young fellow pressing his own suit frequently wrinkles the girl's.

He who does not strive to render others happy, does not deserve happiness.

An Iowa paper speaks of a couple who were separated by a cold cloud of realism. This is a new name for the old man's boot.

Owing to the trichina prevailing in American pork, railway eating houses are using sole leather in manufacturing sandwiches.

A great many people's morality resembles sign posts at the corners of country roads. They point in the right direction, but they don't budge an inch themselves.

A well cooked breakfast will do more toward preserving peace in the family than will seven mottoes on the wall, even though they be framed in the most elaborate of gilt moulding.

Sound Proverbs.

In the company of strangers silence is safe.

Good deeds remain ; all things else perish.

He is a slave that cannot command himself.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.

Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

I know of nobody that wishes to die this year.

He that falls to-day may be up again to-morrow.

Honest men's words are as good as their bonds.

He that grasps at too much holds nothing fast.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

Children are certain cares but uncertain comforts.

As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good.

Severity breeds fears, but roughness engenders hate.

Discreet wives have at times neither eyes or ears.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.

Frowns blight your children as frosty nights blight your plants.

Burke said : "Never despair ; and, if you do, work in despair."

The best riches is contentment ; the worst of poverty, low spirits.

Hereditary Disease.—"As to being inflicted with gout," Said Mrs. Partington, looking very wisely as she stirred her tea, "high living doesn't always bring it on, defend upon it, though it generally does, sometimes. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long conflicted with it, incoherits it from his wife's grandfather," a very queer transmitted gout, *not so.*

The people of a New Jersey town are so fearfully lazy that when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, he replied : "Confound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in the whole week to break the Sabbath if it was all done on that day."

"Mother," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter ?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon in its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired of living with such a menagerie as you and dad."

Thirteen years ago Mrs. Henry Josephs, of *Pine Bluff*, Ark ; swallowed a needle, and last Thursday it was picked out of a sawlog in Bay City, Mich. We do not pretend to account for it ; it is all we can do to give the fact.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder cloud ? Because it is continually light'ning.

A London cabman called out after a smart, dapper little gentleman who affects a particularly large hat, "Come out of that hat, will yer ? I knows yer in it, 'cos I sees your feet."

A woman in eastern Pennsylvania became crazy on seeing her husband kiss another woman. The husband was a rascal. No true husband will ever kiss another woman when his wife is looking.

A new potato masher is made of India rubber, and the ladies can now welcome their husbands home from the lodge without incurring a doctor bill.

Our government land, "costs one dollar per acre on an average, and champagne two dollars per bottle. How many a man dies landless, who during his life has swallowed a fertile township, trees and all !"

A captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to his owners that he had received but little damage, having only one of his *hands* wounded in the *nose.*

"Never milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a bucolic contemporary. Judging from the character of much of the milk that comes to market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

Dings Dot May Look Drue.

Lightning is der most cowardly weapon dot der is used. Der destruction comes first und der warning afterwards.

A coward will patronize a gunsmith, but a hero first seeks his tormentor.

Virtue vas someding like a shallow spring—you don't want to fool mit it much to keep it pure.

I never see two vomens but dot I pity some odder vomens wot ain't dere.

Der ambititn of a honey-bee is worth emulation, but veneffer you hold a forceable argument mit it be sure and look him square in der face.

"Posidively no Drust" was generable hanging up in efery store as a garve-stone dot propetuates dead faith.

Hope in misfortune, hope in sorrow, hope in idleness, hope in love, but ven lounging in der lap of luxury we forgot ad about id, for hope is a stranger to certainty and contentment.

A man can't love more as one vomans at a time, because, if he attempted id, some vomans will get neglected und de man get despised.

I never dinks any man is schmarder dan I vas, but I am often compelled to belief dot dey try harder to show id.

How It Pays To Take A Newspaper.

Some papers are not of much account as to appearance, but I never took one that did not pay me, in some way, more than I paid for it. One time an old friend started a little paper away down in Southwestern Georgia, and sent it to me, and I subscribed just to encourage him, and so after awhile it published a notice that an administrator had an order to sell several lots at public outcry, and one of the lots was in my county. So I inquired about the lot, and wrote to my friend to attend the sale and run it to fifty dollars. He did so, and bid off the lot to me at thirty dollars, and I sold it in a month to a man it joined for a hundred, and so I made sixty-eight dollars clear by taking that paper. My father told me that when he was a young man he saw a notice in a paper that a school teacher was wanted away off in a distant county, and he went there and got the situation, and a little girl was sent to him, and after awhile she grew up mighty sweet and pretty, and he fell in love with her and married her. Now, if he hadn't taken that paper, what do you reckon would have become of me ? Wouldn't I be some other fellow, or may not be at all ?—*Ex*

Popular Errors.—To think that the more a man eats, the fatter and the stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study, the faster they will learn.

To conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is one hour gained.

To act upon the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior affects.

To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and of weary waking in the morning.

"What," asked a Galveston Sunday School teacher, "is that invisible power that prevents the wicked man from sleeping and causes him to toss about upon his pillow, and what should he do to enjoy that peace that passeth understanding ?" "Sew up the hole in the mosquito bar," was the prompt answer from the bad boy at the foot of the class.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady he naturally puts his armor round her.

Loud and boisterous talking, or laughing, should always be avoided. Nothing is so lady-like as a low and well-modulated voice.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

Terms of Subscription,
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Itching Humors, Scaly Humors, Blood Humors, speedily, permanently and economically cured when physicians and all other methods failed.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, assisted by the Cuticura Medicinal and Toilet Soap externally, have performed the most miraculous cures of Itching, Scaly and Scrofulous Humors ever recorded in medical annals.

ECZEMA RODENT.

F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper and Brothers Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (Eczema Rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura Remedies.

SALT RHEUM.

Will McDonald, 2532 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs, for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

RINGWORM.

Geo. W. Brown, 48 Marshall street, Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Remedies of a Ringworm Humor, got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.

SKIN DISEASE.

S. A. Steele, Esq., Chicago, Ill., says: "I will say that before I used Cuticura Remedies I was in a fearful state, and had given up all hope of ever having any relief. They have performed a wonderful cure for me, and of my own free will and accord I recommend them."

Cuticura Remedies are prepared by Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington St., Boston, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap 25 cents. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15 cents; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50 cents. All mailed free on receipt of price. Send for Illustrated Treatise on the Skin.

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Malt Bitters derive their wonderful Life-Sustaining Properties from MALT, their Quieting and Sleep-Promoting Influences from HOPS, their grand Tonic and Fever-Expelling Powers from CALISAYA, and their Blood-Nourishing Principles from IRON, which are four of the greatest Blood-Producers and Life-Creating Elements ever united in one medicine For Delicate Females, Nursing Mothers, and Sickly Children Malt Bitters are supreme. Sold everywhere.

Malt Bitters Company, Boston, Mass.

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Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.

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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.

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I will mail (Free) the receipe 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 3c. stamp, BEN. VANDELF & CO., 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

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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.

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July 25th, '78, pd

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