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# The Post

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### Poetry.

Marriage and Matrimony.  
Moonlight talks,  
Midnight walks,  
Languid eyes,  
Soothing sighs,  
Front gate,  
  
Parlor scene,  
Feeling mean,  
"Dearest Boss,  
Answer Yes,"  
Kind kiss,  
Blind bliss,  
  
Interview  
Papa, too,  
Nothing loth,  
Happy both,  
Couple glad,  
Have it haul,  
  
Organ swells,  
Marriage bells,  
Honey-moon,  
Ended soon,  
Double brown,  
Settled down,  
  
One year,  
Six days clear,  
Years two,  
Rather blue;  
Years three,  
Can't agree.  
  
County court,  
"Splendid sport,"  
Sorrow, Sin,  
Jury grin,  
Divorce given,  
Petters riven,  
  
Worried wife,  
Lonely life,  
Husband roars,  
Care, Cost,  
"Love loss."  
  
MORAL.  
When you wed,  
Look ahead,  
Might fall,  
That's all.  
NEW ORLEANS TIMES.

### THE STAGE DRIVERS STORY.

In '67, Jake Pool was staking the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four-horse coach in summer, and a "jerky" in winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region, and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which this trail ran—was totally uninhabited. But for the three stage stations, where horses were changed, and which were dug out, or log huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, although generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road-agents and outlaws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other north of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the route itself ran through precipices, as though originally laid out by mountain sheep. Notwithstanding all this, Jake was a successful driver, made better time, lost fewer mails and express-safes, and ran his coach at a smaller expense to the company, than any other man in their employ. But when misfortune did overtake him, it was no light hand that the genius of evil laid upon him, which the following adventure proves:  
One maggy morning, in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage-office, and prepared to receive mails, express and messenger, if any there should be for Helena, the Wells-Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins, over the foot-brake, Pool descended from his perch and entered the office. "The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing near he said, in a half-whisper—  
"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe, to take over to-day."  
"All right!" responded Jake "I've carried more before now, and carried it safely."  
"But," said the agent, drawing still nearer, "Dick's sick, and there's no messenger."  
"Ah!" said the driver, meditatively then, touching the revolver which hung at his belt: "I'll be messenger and coachman both then."  
"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "Copper Tom and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Treas was robbed by them last night."  
Pool whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol-belt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road-agent in Montana—a desperado, with both courage and brains.  
"Don't send the rags,"  
"I must!" said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take and carry it through?"  
Jake laughed.  
"I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol, I may want two." And he took the other's revolver from desk where it lay and thrust it into his boot-top. "As to carrying it through, that's another matter, with those fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through, the safe shall!"  
The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open the driver mounted beneath his feet, the single passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip crackled, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward, and, amid a shower of mud, disappeared down the steep mountain road.  
Although it was May, the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out of the air, and by that hour Pool was more than twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in their traces, and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten with the sun.  
"After I get through the Devil's Pass," said he to himself, "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as handsome a road as ever a horse struck foot upon, and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leaders' feet. I intend to make that little seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without breaks!"  
And he gathered his reins with a freer hand, as if already whirling at

that mad pace down the mountain side.  
"Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change about five o'clock and reach the Pass before six. It will then be broad daylight, so I can rattle right along, and then, after the spin down the 'easy-way,' I'll strike Dickson's before seven, certain. Beyond that the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous. By Jove! he concluded, his heart warming as he struck his heel against the safe beneath the seat, "I don't see where the agents can stop me, unless— Good heavens! what if they try it in the very Pass itself? I had not thought of that!"  
The man was silent for a moment, and his face grew grave; then brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in boot and belt, and, with a sigh, concluded his soliloquy with the remark:  
"Well, if they should meet me in the Pass, 'twill be about a even thing. If they miss their first shot, I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canyon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs!"  
It was now high noon, and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed, and when Pool dined upon jerked bear-meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.  
As he mounted the box and prepared to depart, the keeper of the station shipped from his dog-out and drew near.  
"There's an old pal down the road apiece, 'll want a ride. He war here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'."  
And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol-belt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.  
Jake nodded.  
"Thanks Tom! I'll keep my eyes open. So long!"  
The fresh steeds in harness sprung strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.  
"It's old Jim, sure!" half-whispered Pool to himself, as his trained eyes searched the winding road before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on haul when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. I see it all."  
The teeth closed with a snap.  
"Good!" he continued, a moment later. "He shall ride."  
Some five miles were passed, when in the shadow of a great pine that grew near the trail, Jake espied his prospective passenger, prone upon the ground, at the foot of the tree apparently resting. As the rattling coach drew near, the man bestirred himself and slowly rose.  
"Hallo, driver! Kin yo favor an' old beggar with a life? I'm played, fer I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride, Kin yo give me one?"  
He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was, if tattered garments betokened poverty, for his clothing was but a single patched rag from head to foot. Old he surely was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes, could not well be disguised.  
Half in scorn and half in pity, yet with a brain awake to his danger, Jack drew rein and replied to his petitioner:  
"Yes! Be lively and climb up here. I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"  
The old man answered, as he struggled to seat at the driver's side:  
"Dickson's."  
A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a quick trot. Pool eyed his companion as they rode onward, and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot-top and loosened the revolver carried there.  
"Cold day for May!" said the new-comer, shivering. "This yer wind's sharp too."  
"Yes," responded the other, mentally wondering where about his ragged clothes the second coat at his side had concealed his weapons, "it is cold. But you'll find it warmer in the Pass."  
"Sure!" said the old man, worthy his blood chilling with the covert hint in the word. "and he urged his horses to yet greater speed."

### Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observation, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified consciousness, a compacted comprehensibility, a consistent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomeration of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and assinine affections. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or rhetorical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pomposity prolixity, petteousness, ventiloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double entendres, purple jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent, in other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang," don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!—*Ex.*

### A Funny Old Story.

Tom Marshall was engaged in the case of a trial in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the Judge struck him so bad that he rose and said:  
"There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ."  
"Mr. Clerk," responded the Judge, "fine Mr. Marshall \$10 for contempt of Court."  
"I confess your Honor," continued Tom, "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of Court."  
"Mr. Clerk, make the fine \$20 for a continuous contempt," said the Judge, solemnly.  
"Well, Judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me the twenty."  
"Mr. Clerk," cried the Judge, "I am sorry, but the State can afford to lose the money better than I can."  
"I congratulate the Court upon its return to a sane condition," said Tom, resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.—*The Capital.*

### Watermelon contains about 95 percent of the purest of water, and a trace of the purest sugar, and yet nothing has been discovered that furnishes so perfect and speedy a cure for summer complaint as watermelon, and nothing else. Even when diarrhoea has been kept up by continued eating of ordinary food until the disease has become chronic, this delicious beverage for it is little more watermelon, taken freely two or three times a day, has again and again been known to work wonders, and to cure where all the usual remedies had failed.—*North Wales Record.*

### THE GREAT SKIN CURE.

INFALLIBLY CURES  
*Itching and Scaly Diseases, Scrophulous Humors, Ulcers, Old Sores and Mercurial Affections when all other Human Agencies Fail.*

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of skin diseases, has been used in the interior of Kentucky, Kentucky, and the exterior of Kentucky, and elsewhere, for the cure of skin diseases, and is the most successful and reliable treatment for skin diseases, and is the only one that has been found to be so successful and reliable. It is a safe and healthy treatment, and is the only one that has been found to be so successful and reliable. It is a safe and healthy treatment, and is the only one that has been found to be so successful and reliable.

### THE COMET.

more love us!  
Far above us!  
See the comet slashing round  
Fifty million  
million billion  
Billion miles above the ground.  
  
What a tail,  
Like a whale,  
See it scot and whirl and rare;  
With its slipper  
In the Dipper,  
How it rolls the Major near.  
  
Now it's tryin'  
For O'Hyan,  
(Irish ship that killed the bull),  
And the moon  
Peezy soon,  
Gives the comet's tail a pull.  
  
Here and there,  
Everywhere,  
Restless sprite of sky lanes;  
Aweful pert,  
See it flit  
With Helen Potter's Pleiades,  
  
Unbeliever!  
Famine, fever,  
Plague and pestilence and war;  
Fret and worry,  
Trouble, hurry,  
That is what a comet's for.  
  
Lots of dept,  
Too much wet,  
Rain and hail and sleet and flood;  
Burning drought,  
Torrid south,  
Sunbaked fields and seas of mud.  
  
Blood and bones,  
Tears and groans,  
Gnashing teeth and horrid cries;  
Howls and yowls,  
Frowns and scowls,  
That's about the comet's size.  
  
Everything  
It will bring  
That is bad beneath the sun;  
How it hums!  
Here it comes!  
Goodness gracious, let us run!  
—BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

Some eastern tourists had been spinning some incredible yarns, when one of the party turning to an old mountaineer, said:  
"Billy, that gets away with fishing in Montana, don't it?"  
"Wall, I don't know about that."  
"Do you mean to say that you have caught larger fish?"  
"No, but I've caught some party big fellows."  
"Wall, I can't exactly tell as to the weight, but you folks can figger on it. You know it is two hundred miles around Yellowstone lake. And that down: As I said before I don't know the weight of the biggest trout I ever yanked out, but one day I hauled one up on the bench, and after I landed him the lake fell three feet, and it hasn't risen since."

### A Fish Story.

When the telegraph companies are compelled to run their wires underground the worms will learn to road by sound so as to know when the fishing is good.

### Collins' Electro-Blastic Plasters.

### New Furniture Rooms!

### MARRIAGE

Guide for both SEXES, for the married and those contemplating marriage. A brilliant, fascinating book, a condenser for the million on Health, Wealth and the Physical Life of Man and Woman. Purely in language, and endorsed by physicians everywhere. Price, 50 cents. By Dr. H. H. WELLS, the oldest specialist in the Northwest, who will pay \$500 for every case of private chronic disease of either sex, if undertaken and fully cured. Send two stamps for Guide to Health, Reliable Female Pills, 25¢ a box, and a circular for more information. Dr. A. C. Olin, 125 North Dearborn St., Chicago.

### OPINUM