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The Post.

VOL. 19. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 10, 1881. NO. 16

THE POST.
 Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r
 Terms of Subscription,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
 Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
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Poetry.

The Green Mountain Justice.
 "The snow is deep," the justice said:
 "Thy's mighty mischief overhead."
 "High talk indeed!" his wife exclaimed:
 "What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
 The justice, laughing, said: "Oh, no! I only meant the load of snow Upon the roof. The barn is weak; I greatly fear the roof will break. So hand me up the spade, my dear. I'll mound the barn, the roof to clear." "No," said his wife: "The barn is high, And if you slip, and fall, and die, How will my living be secured? Stephen, your life is not insured; But to a rope your waist around, And it will hold you safe and sound." "I will," said he. "Now for the roof, All snugly tied and danger-proof! Excelsior! Excelsior—but no! The rope is not secured below!" Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw Across the top, and I will go And tie the end around my waist." "Well, every woman to her taste; You always would be tightly laced. Rachel, when you became my bride, I thought the knot securely tied; But lest the bond should break in twain I'll have it fastened once again."
 Below the arm-pits tied around, She takes her station on the ground, While on the roof, beyond the ridge, He shovels clear the lower edge; But, sad mischance! the loosened snow Comes sliding down, to plunge below, And as he tumbles with the slide, Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
 "Get half way up the justice hung, Just half way up the woman swung. Woodland of Goshen!" shouted she: "Why, do you see it?" answered he.
 The couple, dangling in the breeze Like turkeys, hung outside to freeze, At their rope's end and wit's end, too, Foot back and forth what best to do, Said Stephen: "Take it coolly, wife, I'll have their ups and downs in life."
 Both Rachel: "What a pity 'tis To joke at such a time as this, When your own wife is being hung, Could know enough to hold his tongue."
 Now, Rachel, as I look below, I'm a tempting heap of snow; I hope, my dear, I take my knife out of the rope to save my life." "Shouted: "Don't! 't would be my death!"
 "Some pointed stones beneath, Better way would be to call it all our weight for Phebe Hall." "Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she,
 "The tongue: "Oh, Phebe, Phebe, Phebe—"
 "Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
 "ugh to make a drover hoarse."
 "Phebe, over at the farm sitting sewing, snug and warm: hearing, as she thought, her name, and up, and to the rescue came, and the scene, and thus she tho't: How a kitchen chair were brought, I could reach the lady's foot, I saw her downward by the boot, I cut the rope and let her go; cannot miss the pile of snow."
 "As her moving toward his wife, and with a chair and carving-knife, she is aware, perceives her ascending to the eaves; guessing what the two are at, coming from beneath the roof, "Stop that!"
 "Make me fall too far, by half!" "Phebe answers, with a laugh, "I'll tell a body by what right he brought your wife to such a height!"
 "Then, with well directed blows, cut the rope and down he goes.
 "He, untied, they walk around, do! no Stephen can be found, all in vain, run to and fro, look around, above, below, or taken can they see, never grows the mystery. Rachel's heart within her sank; going at the snow bank brought a little gleam of hope—movement of the rope, "A hat! Ah! he's below," "ward heaves the snowy pile, "th he stalks in tragic style, and with a roguish smile, "chel sees, with glad surprise, "ing found, the fallen rise.
 "larest fish story is about a side of which was found a young tiger, and a young dog." No doubt a young tiger. Such animals found in bass. It was on weeks ago that a fifteen young hippopotamus was side of a two pound bass to ykill. The bass is a very fish, and has been known a sheep across a forty acre
Corristown Herald.

Appalling Statistics.

How many drunkards are there reckoned to be in the United States? To state it at much less than the most carefully prepared statistics seem to show, we may say 300,000.
 How many die every year? By a similar computation we may say 30,000.
 How many under the influence of intoxicating drinks are sent every year to prison?
 The official estimate is 100,000 men and women.
 How many children thus sent yearly to the poor house?
 Probably 200,000.
 How many murders thus yearly committed?
 Probably 500.
 How many suicides?
 Probably 400.
 What is the proportion of deaths of those who use these drinks intemperately to those who do not?
 According to records carefully kept, both in England and America, it is four to one.
 How do the uses of these drinks effect crime?
 The testimony of magistrates, chaplains and prison keepers goes to prove that four-fifths of all the crimes have their origin in intoxicating drinks.
 What relation does intemperance bear to pauperism?
 On the same authority it is the cause of seven eighths of the pauperism that exists.
 What does it cost the United States every year to support pauperism and crime?
 Sixty million dollars, according to statistical reports.

Some Familiar Sayings.

Shakespeare gives us more pithy sayings than any other author. From him we call: "Count their chickens ere they are hatched," "Make assurance doubly sure," "Look before you leap," Washington Irving gives us the "Almighty dollar," Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mr. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century gives us "It's an ill wind that turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere you leap," and "The stone that is rolling will gather no moss." "All orny and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras." Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of the larger growth," "Through thick and thin," "Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Cowper tells us that "Variety is the spice of life." To Milton we owe "The Paradise of Fools." From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's skin to love." Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats. Franklin says "God helps those who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the wind to the shorn lamb. — *Manchester Times.*

A Tidy House.

As a general rule for living neatly and saving time, it is better to keep clean than make clean. If you are careful not to drop crumbs of bread and cake on the carpet, and take similar precautions, you will escape an untidy room and the trouble of cleaning it. In working, if you make a practice of putting all the ends of your thread into a division of the work-box made for the purpose, and never let one fall on the floor, the room will look very differently at the end of a morning from what it does when not attended to. A house is kept far cleaner when the members of the family are taught to wipe their feet thoroughly on coming from out of doors than it can be where this is neglected. There are a thousand ways of keeping clean and saving labor and time which it is well worth while to practice.
 In Wrightsville, York county, reside seventy citizens whose ages are between sixty and seventy years.

Take the Pork.

A Quaker, having been disturbed by footsteps around his dwelling one night, arose from his bed and cautiously opened the back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork barrel from another in the cellar.
 The Quaker approached, and the man on the outside fled. He stepped up to the cellar window and received the pork from the thief within, after a little time asked his supposed accomplice in a whisper—
 "Shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said, softly: "Yes, take it all!" and the thief handed up the balance through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine his consternation when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he confronted the Quaker.
 Both were astonished, for the thief proved to be a near neighbor, of whom none would have suspected such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged him not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully not to steal again.
 "If thou hadst asked me for meat, it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, and esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven."
 The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the Quaker said: "Take the pork, neighbor." "No, no," said the thief, "I don't want the pork."
 "Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal. One half of the pork thou must take with thee."
 The thief insisted that he could not eat a morsel of it. The thought of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the Quaker was inflexible, and furnished the man with a bag, put half the pork therein and laying it upon his back, sent him home with it.
 He met his neighbor daily for several years afterwards, their families visited together, but the matter was kept a secret, and though in after years the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never made known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It probably was his first—it was certainly his last—attempt to steal.
 Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result—his family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined and his spirit broken.

Signs of Spiritual Decline.

1. When you are averse to religious conversation or the company of heavenly-minded Christians.
 2. When from necessity, and without necessity, you absent yourself from religious services.
 3. When you are more concerned about peifying conscience than honoring Christ in performing duty.
 4. When you are more afraid of being counted over-strict than of dishonoring Christ.
 5. When you trifle with temptation or think lightly of sin.
 6. When the faults of others are more a matter of censorious conversation than secret grief and prayer.
 7. When you are impatient and unforgiving toward the faults of others.
 8. When you confess, but do not forsake sin; when you acknowledge, but still neglect duty.
 9. When your cheerfulness has more of the levity of the unregenerate than the holy joy of the children of God.
 10. When you shrink from self-examination.
 11. When the sorrows and cares of the world follow you farther into the Sabbath than follow you into the week.
 12. When you are easily prevailed upon to let your duty as a Christian yield to your worldly interest or the opinions of your neighbors.
 13. When you associate with men of the world without solicitude of doing good, or having your own spiritual life injured.
- There were seven hundred and thirty-five patients in the *Penitentiary* last Saturday.

The Largest Farm in the World.

The farm of Mr. Dalrymple, in Dakota Territory, has a wheat field containing 30,000 acres. A correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, August 13, thus reports an interview with Mr. Dalrymple:
 We asked for Mr. Dalrymple, and he came down from some room above; a slender, quiet looking man, with a pen behind his ear, whom you would judge to be a school teacher or clergyman at sight. His hands were soft and white—more accustomed to the book or pen than the plow—and his face, were it not covered by beard, and not so much burned as mine. He met us cordially invited us to spend the day and dine, and suggested that he would have a team hitched up to drive us over "the place."
 In the meantime I asked him a few questions. The first one was as to the yield this year.
 "It was a late spring," said Mr. Dalrymple. "At the time when we are usually putting in a crop the place for miles and miles around here was covered with water from the melted snow, and you could have sailed a boat over a field where now there is wheat that will yield. I feared at one time that the crop would be a failure, but am very positive now that the average yield per acre will not be below twenty bushels."
 "Have you sold your wheat?" "Our plan is different from the ordinary method. We are sending about three train loads a day to Duluth."
 "How many bushels is that?" "About 30,000 bushels. We have a vessel at Duluth every two days and send it to Buffalo, where it is sold on arrival at market price."
 "What is that?" "The price to-day," said Mr. Dalrymple, consulting a telegram, "is \$1.27 at Buffalo. Freighters are about 27 cents, so it nets us about \$1 a bushel."
 "What will your crop amount to?" "I am expecting about 600,000 bushels. Besides this we have about 30,000 bushels of oats, which we keep for our stock."
 "Do you keep stock enough to eat 90,000 bushels of oats?" Mr. Dalrymple smiled pleasantly and remarked that eight hundred horses and mules eat up a good many oats.
 "How much does your crop cost you?" "It costs us about \$8 an acre to produce a crop when we use our own stock and pay our men by the month, but when we hire men and teams by the day, it costs us about \$8 an acre."
 "What do you pay your men?" "We pay \$30 a month for regular hands and \$2 per day for extra hands during harvest."
 "What machinery have you going to-day?" "Two hundred self-binding harvesters and thirty steam thrashers. These 200 harvesters cut an average of 2,800 acres a day, and the thrashers turn out about 30,000 bushels a day. As fast as it is threshed we bag the wheat, cart it over there to the cars, empty the sacks and send away three train loads daily."
 "Where do you keep your men?" "If you had been here at 5 o'clock this morning you could have seen 800 men at breakfast. We keep forty cooks."
 Mr. Dalrymple explained at length how this monstrous business is conducted. The 30,000 acres under cultivation are divided into five divisions of 6,000 acres each, under superintendents, who are responsible directly to Mr. Dalrymple, the commander-in-chief. Each of these regiments is divided again into battalions, with a foreman or major, who has charge of 2,000 acres. Under him are three companies, each having a captain and cultivating a section which is 640 acres of land. Each superintendent plants his crop and harvests it, reporting from time to time to Mr. Dalrymple, who directs and oversees the whole, but spends the greatest part of his time at the office, planning and calculating for the best results from the smallest outlay. The superintendents are responsible for the good order of their men, stock and machinery, and there is a decided rivalry between them as to which can produce the biggest crop. When the plow-

ing commences in the spring the men go out in gangs, each taking 640 acres, under the direction of a foreman, who rides along on horse-back to see that the work is done properly. Everything is in the military style.

Pearls of Thought
 Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits. No ashes are lighter than incense. and few things burn out sooner.
 Unbecoming for want of ostentatious proceeds from ignorance than impudence.
 We seldom find people ungrateful as long as we are in a condition to render them services.
 Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.
 The fortunate circumstances of our life are generally found to be of our own producing.
 The generality of men have, like plants, latent qualities, which chance brings to light.
 The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.
 Everything without tells the individual that he is nothing; everything within persuades him that he is everything.
 Be courteous with all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.
 Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosity of worldly affairs, for truth like light, travels only in straight lines.
 Cunning is not best, nor the worst of other qualities. It floats between virtue and vice. There is scarce any exigency where its place may not, and perhaps ought not, to be supplied by prudence.
Equine Friends.
 A pair of horses in an English stable, whose stalls adjoined each other, were firm friends. The one who finished his hay first invariably received from the other enough to keep him busy until both lots were consumed. One day one of the horses made its way out of its own loose-box, the door of which was unfastened, and found out a bucket of mash which was standing in the entrance of the stable, and, taking the opportunity while the coachman was in the left overhead, he was helping himself freely to its tempting contents. The other horse, who was fastened to his own loose-box, caught of his friend's proceeding and neighed loudly, evidently demanding a share for himself; and the coachman was so touched to see the horse which was enjoying himself fill his mouth with the mash and poke his nose through the bars of the loose-box for his friend to take it from his mouth. This was done several times.
 A Dutchman in Albany went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked him if he wished to fill both vessels? The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis is for de milk, and dis for de water—and I will mix dem so as to shut mine self."
 A health journal says that "an attack of hiccoughs may be stopped by holding the head under water." It doesn't say how long the head should be held under water, but we should think about two hours would be plenty long enough to stop the worst case of hiccough ever invented.
 The Mormons have a recruiting station at Scranton, where converts, mostly from the Welsh emigrants, are made, and soon after shipped for Utah.
 Tilden is quietly at work arranging a programme for 1882, as he means to give the Presidency another trial.
About women—belts.
 No matter how old a crowbar may be it is as pry as ever.
 When a man says he makes his living by keeping a country tavern isn't it a sort of declaration of inn dependence.
 "They quarrel like a church choir," said Mrs. Blobson, as she saw two boot blacks fighting.

FLASHES OF FASHION.

We are indebted to Messrs. Ehrlich Bros., of Eighth Avenue, New York, for the following notes on the fashions for the coming winter season, extracted from advance sheets of their magazine, the *Fashion Quarterly*.
 Pale blues cannot wear gray.
 Linen cuffs are things of the past.
 Puffs in the arm-hole are occasionally seen.
 Very long pile plush is much used in millinery.
 Feather turbans are revived to a limited extent.
 Derby felts bid fair to remain a permanent fashion.
 New Derbies have low crowns and no roll to the brim.
 Untrimmed striped skirts will continue to be much worn.
 Ombre (shaded) stockings come in all the new colors.
 Hunting jackets in new forms continue to be fashionable.
 The hair is dressed close, flat, and with very little fluffiness.
 Spanish lace, both black and white is as much the rage as ever.
 Cuffs are made very deep, reaching sometimes almost to the elbow.
 All kinds of laces are fashionable, but Spanish lace takes the lead.
 Yokes and collars simulating yokes appear on many imported costumes.
 Granite cloth is one of the handsomest fabrics shown for suitings.
 Many large pokes are trimmed with a wreath of flowers within the brim.
 Velvet, plush and fur bands will all be used for trimming midwinter suits.
 The majority of bonnets have very wide strings, but some have narrow ones.
 In mercantile invoices, all large bonnets are classed as pokes, small ones cottages.
 Moire will be much used in combination with cashmere and other woolen stuffs.
 Cashmeres and chevots continue to be the leading fabrics for ordinary wear.
 Loose twisted chamois leather and undressed kid gloves are as much worn as ever.
 Derby felts, under new names and only slightly different forms, will again be worn.
 Peaked or pointed bodices with gathered scarf panier draperies will be much worn.
 Even when new skirts are introduced and clinging in effect, the draperies are extremely bouffant.
 Floral decorations, either of real or artificial flowers, are coming in vogue for wedding cakes.
 Heavy double box-plated buckings adorn the bottom of the skirt of many handsome costumes.
 Large collars are worn by children, girls in their teens, young ladies, matrons and elderly women.
 Pretty fancy aprons are made of all silk, satin and moire with trimmings of lace and artificial flowers.
 Bronz Byron collars, trimmed with Tunis lace laid on over the linings to look like embroidery, are worn.
 All sorts of felt, plush, and a furry beaver hats and bonnets will be worn, but pokes are the first favorites.
 Jackets are giving place to long dolmans, French pelissos, circle and Pompadour or Mother Hubbard coats.
 Camel's hair cloth, serges and a new light cloth called Rhadames are the leading wool len dress goods of the season.
 Feathers of all kinds, from whole and half birds, heads and wings, to ostrich plumes and tips are extremely fashionable.
 Over-dresses and all draperies are looped high giving the panier effect around the hips, and the rooster tail effect in the back.
 Large, very large bonnets are the most fashionable, but, small and medium sizes and cottage and turban shapes continue in vogue.
 Lace is used to an enormous extent in trimming all sorts of winter garments—dresses, wraps, fichus for house wear, basques and jackets.
 Brookes, clasps, slides and all sorts of ornaments in abalone or compressed mother-of-pearl, jet, silver and Rhine crystal, silver, steel and gilt will be much worn.

Cuticura
Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood Cured.
MIRACULOUS CURE.
 I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; he had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, scalp and nearly his whole body presented a frightful appearance. Had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as iodine, potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had had such a course of treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use the Cuticura Remedy internally, and the Cuticura Soap externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.
 Reported by
 F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barwell, N. C.

SCROFULA—SORE.
 New. Mr. J. B. B., in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA Soap, says that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly draining to his life, by the CUTICURA Soap, used internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The poison that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

ECZEMA.
 Nineteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Eczema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies, with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA. I used internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me, so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.
 L. M. FRAILEY, 61 South St., Baltimore.

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 The Cuticura treatment for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA Remedy, the use of CUTICURA Soap, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cure. Price of CUTICURA, Small Boxes, 50¢; Large Boxes, \$1. CUTICURA Remedy, 50¢ per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25¢ per box. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 50¢. Sold by all druggists. Wholesale Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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 SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, CATARRH, SOLENT and INFLAMED WRAPPED, in one package, with full directions, and sold by all druggists. It is the only Radical Cure for Catarrh of the Uterus, Vagina, Bladder, etc. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all the above complaints, and is the only one that cures them. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all the above complaints, and is the only one that cures them. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all the above complaints, and is the only one that cures them.
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 Splendid Premiums for Getting up Clubs. Large-size Steel Engraving. Handsome Photograph Album. Extra Copy for 1882.
Full-size Paper Patterns!
 An \$1.00 Supplement will be given to every subscriber for 1882, containing full-size patterns for a lady's dress, and a pattern for a child's dress. Every Subscriber will receive, during the year, twelve of these patterns, worth more than the subscription price.
 PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the best and cheapest of the kind. It gives more for the money, and contains greater merit, than any other. In short it has the
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 The stories, novelets, etc., in "Peterson" are admitted to be the best published. All the most popular female writers contribute to it. In 1882, with 100 original stories will be given, and in addition six contributions by Mrs. A. S. Stephens, Frank Leslie, Maria Jane G. Austin, Maria Hall, Lucy B. Hooper, and Mrs. E. I. Chesley.
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