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Poetry.

Widder Green's Last Words.

"I'm going to die," says the Widder Green, "I'm going to quit this airthly scene; I'm no place for me to stay in such a world as 'tis to-day; such works and ways is too much for me, nobody can't let nobody be, the girls is flounced from top to toe, 't's that's the whole o' what they know. The men is mad on bonds and stocks—searin' and shootin' and pickin' locks. In real afraid I'll be hanged myself I ain't laid on the final shelf. I never was a cretur but knows to-day never was any in any way; but since the crazy folks all go free, I'm dreadd afraid they'll hang up me. There's another matter that's pecky hard—can't go into a neighbor's yard to say 'How be you' or borry a pin but what the papers have in it. We're pleased to say the Widder Green took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene; Our worthy friend, Mrs. Green, has gone down to Burkhamsted to see her son's great Jerusalem; can't I stir without a raisin some feller's fur? There ain't no privacy—so to say—No more than if this was the judgment day; And as for meetin'—I want to swear whenever I put my head in there—Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spilled and done. Like everything else under the sun, it used to be so solemn and slow—'Praise to the Lord from men below' Now it goes like a gallopin' steed, High diddle diddle, there and here? No respect to the Lord above. No more'n 'e was head and glove With all the creturs he ever made. And all the figs that ever were played, 'Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb, But I tell you what! I'd like it so no 'g'ood old Pason Nathan Strong Out o' his grave would come along An' give us a stirrin' taste of fire—Judgment and justice is my desire. 'Tain't all love an' sickish sweet That makes this world and t'other complete. But law! I'm old. I'd better be dead, When the world's a-turnin' over my head; Spirits talkin' like tarwad fools, Bibles kicked out o' deestrick schools, Crazy creturs a-mulderin' round—'Nearest folks better be on her ground, So fare ye well! this airthly scene Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

Select Tale.

Which Was the Fast?

A blustering, uncomforable day in early November, with a black promise of snow in the air, an sky that was clouding over. The bare branches of the trees averted and withered savagely; occasionally little showers of dry, dead leaves, that were not yet sodden and decayed, flurried up and down; and the roar of the fire in the chimney completed the outside picture of a dull autumn afternoon. In Miss Miner's sitting-room, however, everything was as cozy and delightful as could be desired. With the warm crimson lambrequins, with their heavy cords and tassels, and the carpet to match in tint, and the furniture of light gray damask, padded with crimson, and the gray and gold wall paper, and the pretty goid knacks here and there that furnished the room in such admirable taste. And Hettie Miner, sitting before the open grate-stove fire, her black silk skirt turned carefully back over her lap, and her substantially-made gaiter boots testing comfortably on the fender. An elderly woman—40 odd—with a sharp shrewd face and bright little eyes, and a resolute look around her mouth. A homely, outspoken woman, who was proud to say she had never been in love, who lived in luxury, although on a small scale, and who had \$75,000 in Government bonds to leave her relations when she died; and in all the world she had but two relatives, Mrs. Carisford Carl, her married sister, and the Parker Dollingby, her half-brother, who besides being inordinately jealous that old Simon Carman had left his fortune, just because she supposed to befriend him in her poor, ante-nuptial days, were given to toadying her and sending her with presents, and making invitations on her; all of which Miss Miner accepted in a mat-

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ter-of-fact way, and in return did exactly as she pleased. This especial afternoon, as she sat meditatively before the fire, she suddenly broke the stillness, with an energy of speech that made the young girl reading in the bay-window, nearly concealed by the curtains, look startled up from her book: "Ellice, you're a fool!" Evidently, Ellice Dunning had not lived five years as companion and personal attendant to Miss Miner in vain, for she manifested no surprise at the rough speech, beyond the brief little startled look in her soft wincey-brown eyes. She closed her book and came out into the room, a little flush on her face. "Do you think so, Miss Miner?" "Most certainly I think so, or I should not have said so. You are a fool, Ellice Dunning, and I hate to see you throw yourself away so foolishly. Do show your common sense, if you've got any, and let that young jekkanaps of a doctor go. You are better off without him, I'll give you a new sealink saque this winter if you'll give him up." "I couldn't give him up, Miss Miner; I love him too well." Miss Miner looked sarcastically at Ellice's sweet flushed face, and gave a snuff of contempt. "What nonsense! You love him too well. Love indeed! It's all absurdity. I never was in love in all my life." Ellice dropped her head in a pretty, little confused way. "I—can't help that, Miss Miner, I love Frank, and he loves me. We'd be perfectly miserable if we were parted. Please don't tell me I must give him up. Indeed, it is impossible. We are engaged to be married just as soon as he comes back from his visit home." Miss Miner dropped her feet from the polished silver bar to the tiled hearth with a resonant bang as she jumped up, indignantly. "Engaged to be married to Dr. Olevin! Did I ever! Well, Ellice Dunning—very well. You may pack my hand-valise at once. I am going to New York on a visit by the 6:10 train, and I'll be home on Thursday. When I come back, don't let me find you here, you ungrateful little wretch—youn." Ellice's lips quivered, and her eyes filled with diamond bright tears. "Miss Miner, you don't mean to—turn me away." "That is just what I mean. I have told you time and again, I didn't approve of men-beaux and love-making, and I won't have it where I am. You can take your choice—me or Dr. Olevin, I'll give you just five minutes." "I don't want five minutes; for a choice Miss Miner," she said proudly. You have been very good to me, and I cannot forget your kindness; and I think I have done my duty to you. But nothing—no one—could come between me and Dr. Olevin." "All right, then. Don't let me see you here when I come back—that's all." And then Ellice went up to Miss Miner's room and packed the red Russia satchel, dropping a few tears as she folded the garments Miss Miner would require. "I'll go to Mrs. Carisford Carl," Miss Miner decided, as she sat in the city-bound express, in the early dusk of the November evening. "Camelia thinks all the world of me. Her daughter would not act. The idea!—of preferring actually preferring—a penniless young doctor, with a mustache—a nasty black mustache—to him. After all I've done for her, too." And then Miss Miner leaned back very contentedly in her seat, satisfied that she had done her whole duty by herself, and Ellice Dunning, too. It was just 8:30 o'clock when the hired hack deposited her at the door of Mrs. Carisford Carl's red brick house—a comfortable, cozy place with a name on the door in full. A servant showed her in, and asked her name; Miss Miner wanted to surprise her sister, and sent word that a friend wished to see her while she was in the parlor, where a little girl sat curled up in a cushioned chair, reading. "You want to see my mamma, I suppose?" "Yes," said Miss Miner, with an

affable smile. "You are Hettie, I suppose?" The child gave a heavy sigh. "Yes, I'm Hettie. Oh, don't I hate that name?" "Why, I think it's a first rate name. You are a namesake of somebody, I guess?" "Yes, I am, Old Hettie Miner, my aunt, who lives out in the country. I never have seen her and I don't want to either, 'cause mamma says she's the meanest old thing in all creation—a regular old Miss Naucy, papa says." Miss Miner smiled—a little queerly. "Oh! that's what they say, is it? Well, Hettie, I am your Aunt Miner." The child opened her eyes wider. "Are you? Then, won't mamma be mad! We expect company after awhile, and mamma won't want you at all. We'd be dreadfully ashamed of you before the Algeroos. You're going to leave us your money, ain't you? Papa and mamma said they were most tired of waiting—you had as many lives as a cat. We are going to Europe when you die!" "Are you?" said Miss Miner, with an insane desire to shake the pert, self. I wouldn't depend upon it if I were you?" And before Mrs. Carl came downstairs, Miss Miner was out on the street, on her way to her half-brother's house. "A pretty nest of vipers those Carls are. Thank heaven, I've found them out in time! Going to Europe on my money! Why, ungrateful! That spunky little Ellice is she isn't half as treacherous as my own flesh and blood. Humph!" And her complacency was not yet restored when she left the street-car on the nearest corner to Mr. Parker Dollingby's bachelor quarters that were a light in a perfect blaze of bright cheer. "It looks like a party," she thought, "But all the same she did not hesitate to go up the imposing stone steps and ring the bell, to which no response coming, she tried the door knob, and admitted herself into a large, brilliantly lighted hall, at the end of which was a room, from which came the sounds of revelry and jollification that had prevented her ring being heard. Miss Miner went into the first floor that stood ajar, and through another partly-closed door she saw the gay bachelor party—some ten or fifteen—merry over their wine. "So that's the way Parker Dollingby does, is it?" she asked herself grimly, just as, the same instant that gentlemen rose high, and for a second silenced all others. "Here's to the health of my most respected ancient marineress—a veritable old maid, all forlorn, whose legacy is a long time coming, but sure to get here some time. A cool \$50,000 or so, boys; and imagine the swell we'll out when the venerable Mchitable kicks the bucket. Drink to her, fellows!" "Somehow" Miss Miner took herself silently out of the place. She was silent all the way to the hotel; and then, once in the room, locked the door, and sat down and—actually cried, and then went to bed, wondering if it was ever granted to mortals to come nearer to being made a fool of than she had been; and at two o'clock in the morning awoken with a strange, sick feeling that was awful to endure in that big, lonely hotel, where she didn't know a living soul. But she rang for assistance, and the servant brought her a physician, who happened to be staying over night, and Miss Miner's life was saved from the terrible attack of gastralgia by Dr. Frank Olevin. "I'll pay you when I get home, she said, tersely. "You can go with me, if you don't mind my green val and bag." And so, after reaching home, where Ellice Dunning in readiness to leave by a train an hour later, opened the door in answer to an imperious summons, Miss Miner stalked in followed by Dr. Olevin. "You needn't be frightened, Ellice," she said, in a wonderfully soft tone of voice. "I've changed my mind, I'm the fool, not you. Here's your bag; you can have him and welcome. And when you're married, I'm going to settle my fortune on you and let you live here,

if you'll give me a room somewhere. I've changed my mind. I tell you, Ellice Dunning. Take off your things and go get a cup of coffee for me." And that was the way little brown-eyed Ellice came into her double inheritance of love and fortune. The Dutch Captain's Device. "Sail on the starboard bow!" "What is he?" asked Captain Martin Pieterszoon, looking anxiously in that direction; for in the Eastern seas, two hundred years ago every stranger sail, was a terror to the captain of a well-laden Dutch merchantman. "Can't quite make her out yet," answered the lookout at the masthead. "Looks like a brigantine—very rakish cut, altogether. The captain's face darkened and his lips tightened. They tightened still more a few minutes later, when the lookout hailed again, "She's an armed brigantine, bearing right down upon us." Every face among the crew seemed to harden suddenly, but no one spoke. Indeed, what need was there of words? All on board understood in a moment what was before them. They were about to be attacked by pirates; and there was not a single cannon, not even an old musket, aboard the vessel. It was a terrible moment for them all, more terrible for the poor captain. For years he had been toiling and saving, bearing every kind of hardship and facing every kind of danger until he had made money enough to become part owner of the ship that he commanded. He had made three successful trips in a snug little houseon the great canal at Amsterdam, with rosy-cheeked Gredel Voort, his old neighbor's only daughter, for his wife. And now, all in a moment he found himself face to face with hideous peril, which threatened him the loss of all he had in the world, and his life to boot. The crew stood looking moodily at the approaching vessel, which came sweeping over the bright blue sea, with its huge sails outspread like the wings of a swan, a perfect picture of beauty, though it brought death along with it. Some of the bolder spirits were beginning to mutter to each other that it would be better to set fire to their own ship and die like men than to be flung into the sea like dogs, when the captain's gloomy face suddenly lighted up as nobly had ever seen it lighted up yet, and he burst into such a loud, hearty laugh that the doomed men stood amazed to hear him—still laughing. "All's not over with us yet. Come knock the head out of that cask of butter, and smear the deck with it. Sharp now!" The men only stared blankly at him, thinking he had gone mad; and even the stolid maid opened her mouth in amazement. "Do you hear?" shouted the captain. "Look sharp, will you? There is no time to lose. Grease the whole deck, fore and aft, and the rigging, too, as high as you can reach. We'll give the rascals a slippery job of it, anyhow." Then the sailors began to understand; and the shout of laughter that broke forth would have mightily astonished the pirates, had they been within hearing. In a twinkling, the deck was greased until it fairly shone, bulwarks and all. "Now, boys," cried the captain, "on with your sea boots, and put sand on the soles to keep you from slipping, and then each of you take a hand-spike and be ready." The pirate was now so near that they could see plainly the rabble of gaunt, sinewy Malays, woolly-headed Portuguese that crowded her decks. A few minutes more, and she ran alongside; and almost before the two vessels had touched, three wild figures leaped from the pirate's rigging upon the merchantman's deck. But it was a very unlucky jump for all three. The first man sprang across the slippery deck as if it had been a skating rink, and went right out on the other side. The second tumbled head foremost down the hatchway into the cook's galley, where the black cook considerably piled a heap of iron pans on him to keep him quiet. "Aha, Massa Pirate," said he, grinning. "dis ship no do 'Flying Dutchman,' him de Sliding Dutchman!" The third pirate had leaped on

board as fiercely as if he meant to kill the whole crew at one blow; but the only man he hurt was himself, for he hit his head such a whack against the mast that he almost knocked his brains out, and fell down roaring with pain. All this so frightened the other pirates that they thought the ship must be bewitched, and rushing back to their vessel with a howl of dismay, made off as fast as possible. For many years after, one of the familiar sights of Amsterdam was a portly old gentleman with a jolly red face, at sight of which the boys used to begin singing. "Captain Martin Pieterszoon Made his ship a buttered bun," And his wife was never tired of showing the huge silver butter dish presented to him in honor of his repulse of the pirate with a cask of butter. The Independent Locksmith. Pat Lyon, the great locksmith of his day, was often sent for by presidents of banks and other great people, and he rather liked the idea of keeping the great people waiting. So one morning Pat said he would come as soon as he had done his breakfast, which happened to be a good deal later than usual this particular morning. Pretty soon came a second messenger for Pat from the bank president, and so Pat started off with messenger No. 2. When he reached the bank he found the president and cashier and clerks all in a fret and a fume. They couldn't open the safe to get the money out for the business of the day; something or other was the matter with the lock. They were in a deal of a stew, and hailed Pat on his arrival with delight, for now they could open the lock. Pat was bald-headed, and had a habit of rubbing his hands on his pate, thus really rubbing his hair away. He wore spectacles as a general thing, but when he was particularly desirous of looking at anything, or was particularly excited, he took his spectacles off his eyes and fixed them over his forehead. He now rubbed his hands over his head a minute, put his spectacles over his forehead, looked at the lock a half minute, or two, and the lock was fixed all right and the safe was ready to open. The president was delighted. So was the cashier. They shook hands with Pat, who received their salutations with a good deal of style. "And now Mr. Lyon," asked the president, "what is your charge?" Pat put up his spectacles a little higher, just a little, and said: "One hundred dollars." "What! One hundred dollars for less than three minutes' work, Mr. Lyon? Why this is outrageous," said the president. "It is extortion," said the cashier. "All right," said Pat Lyon, rubbing his hand over his head, and then putting his spectacles a little higher over his forehead—just a little. "You won't give me my money—I won't give you my work. And I'll leave things as I found them." Here he took hold of the lock, and circling with it, got it out of gear, as it was first, and as left the safe in precisely the same unopenable condition as he found it. Then he started to go home. But the president and the cashier, appreciating the situation, seeing what fix they were in, begged Pat to let up on them, and fix the lock so they could open the safe. Pat complied with their request, but still kept his hand on the safe door. It was all ready to open, but wasn't yet opened. "Now, be reasonable in your charges; do, Mr. Lyon," said the bank president. "Two hundred dollars," said Pat rubbing his head and raising his spectacles once more. "Why, this is downright robbery," cried the president. "Might as well break into the safe as open it at that rate," remarked the cashier. "All right," said Pat, circling with the lock rapidly, before anybody could prevent him, and then banging the safe door to, leaving it for the third time hermetically sealed. By this time the president had his head up. He ordered Pat out of the office, and sent for a rival blacksmith. He came quick enough, and worked and fussed long enough and

hard enough, but he didn't fix the lock and he couldn't open the safe. And it got to be nearly ten o'clock, and no money available yet. In despair a third messenger was dispatched after Pat Lyon, who came back with a lot of extra dignity. "Open that safe at your own terms, Mr. Patrick Lyon," said the president. Pat rubbed his head, put his spectacles way up on his forehead, and opened the safe. "Now your terms" said the president. "Three hundred dollars," said Pat. The cashier protested, but the president paid the money. "Why, he will ask for \$400 next time," remarked the president to the cashier. "Excuse me," said Pat, with dignity, "but my terms next time will be five hundred." "You see," said the president to the cashier, as he gave him the check. And Pat rubbed his head and took his check without a word. He was master of the situation and he knew it. Thoughts From Emerson. Scepticism is slow suicide. Cant is useful to provoke common sense. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. The less a man thinks or knows about his victims the better we like him. Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions. Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit asks of every man, how is it with thee? Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance. If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call. Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties or affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life-preserver. The best part of human character is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—minutiae of the social virtues. No congress, nor mob, nor gullion, nor fire, nor all together can avail to cut, burn or destroy the offense of superiority in persons. The superiority in him is inferiority in me. Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong and the power to bare all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Most men gamble with fortune and gain all or lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave us unlawful these winnings, and deal with cause and effect, the chancellors of God. In the will, work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles. And got the girl: A healthy moonlight evening is good for building houses. No money is required only talk. Two young lovers discuss the future—after they are married. They sit down, with their arms entwined around each other, and they say they will build as soon as they are married and the season has advanced a little. They will have a two-story house with an attic. They will have a three-story house, perhaps. It shall have this or that number of rooms. This convenience or that convenience will make it much more desirable than any other house. Hundreds of little points are discussed. The season advances. The season passes. No house is built. The other fellow builds the house.

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A clean shave—Two per cent a month. Gilheoly bought a cigar the other day and as he lit it the tobacconist said, with pride: "That's a fine imported cigar." "Is it?" responded Gilheoly. "It has always been a mystery to me why Galveston does not raise her own cabbage. ... Charles Buckwalter had a hard battle with a young buck near Ebensburg, on Tuesday last, and succeeded in killing the beast only after a severe struggle. He cut its throat with a large knife with which he was topping corn. ... Samuel Fox, living near Pricetown, Berks county, died in his carriage on Friday while attending a funeral. ... J. Martin Robinson, of Erie, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while out hunting on Thursday. A cave has been discovered in Indiana which is said to be nearly as large as Mammoth cave, Kentucky, and to possess much more striking attractions. The cave is in Crawford county, and as there is fine fishing and hunting in the neighborhood, the place will be converted into a summer resort.

Cuticura

Scrupulous, Itching and Scaly Disorders 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; had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, hair and nearly his whole body presented a frightful appearance. Had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed all the remedies known to the profession, such as iodine, potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, reserpilla, etc. Had paid \$400 for medical treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use the CUTICURA, BRONCHITIS, INTERNAL, and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and neck, and 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 P. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

SCROFULA SORE. Rev. Dr. ———, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA, BRONCHITIS, INTERNAL, and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, writes: "I had a scrofula sore which was slowly draining away my life. The CUTICURA, BRONCHITIS, INTERNAL, and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP internally, cured the disease. The patient had used the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP for several months, and the disease was completely driven out." LEN. M. FRAYLEY, of South St., Baltimore.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure, Complete Treatment For \$1.00.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, CATARRH SOLVENT AND IMPROVED INHALER, wrapped in one package, with full directions, and sold by all druggists for one dollar. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. From a simple cold or influenza in the throat, lungs and chest, this great remedy relieves. Poisonous mucus accumulations are removed. The only satisfactory, guaranteed, disinfected, sweet taste and bearing restorative and constitutional invigorant. It is the great economical remedy work, instantly relieving and permanently curing the most aggravated cases of Catarrh. General Agent, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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