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### Poetry.

#### BE OF GOOD CHEER.

High tangled hard life's knot may be,  
And wearily we rue it,  
A silent touch of father-time  
One day will surely undo it.  
Then darling, wait!  
Nothing is late  
The light that shines forever.

Heart at heart, a friend is gone;  
A chafe at the world's harsh drilling;  
Tremble at sorrows on every side,  
The myriad ways of killing.  
Yet say we all,  
If a sparrow fall,  
The world keepeth count forever.

Depth count. We come, we go,  
We speculate, toil and falter;  
The measure to each of weal and woe  
Only can give or alter.  
He sendeth light,  
He sendeth night,  
And change goes on forever.

Not take life with cheerful trust,  
With faith in the strength of weak-  
ness?  
Slenderest daisy rears its head  
With courage, yet with meekness.  
A sunny face  
Hath holy grace,  
Which the sun forever.

Over and over, my darling, yes—  
Tenderness and love are undying;  
The troubles and cares of earth  
Are winged from the first for flying.  
Our way we plow  
In the furrow "now!"  
After tilling and growing the  
sheaf:  
For the root, but the sun for the  
leaf—  
And God keepeth watch forever.

#### Love's Endurance.

Is make us brave and strong,  
Offering makes us stouter;  
It endures the trial long,  
O'er the suffering longer.  
With its own lot to share,  
It will kindly help us bear,  
At the ill we cannot cure,  
We will help us to endure.

It hath agonies its own,  
It hath sorrows greater;  
Tries which in alone  
The chief creator,  
Can bear them, if we will,  
It will kindly help us still;  
At the pains we cannot cure,  
We will help us to endure.

#### The End of the World Come This Year?

Well, yes, anxious, trouble I question,  
It is. We hope you will  
satisfied to have the matter de-  
ly settled. And we can tell  
positively that it will. We  
as much about it as Prof.  
ctor, as Prof. Swift, as the  
thsonian Institute, and the  
onal Observatory, and more  
the U. S. Signal Service. You  
been tormented and tortured,  
doubt by Mother Shipton, and  
the comet, and the Canadian  
er, who built him, an ark and  
it ready to launch for the  
of June—he can go into the  
business with it now, or sell it  
Mississippi Barge and Trans-  
ation Company—and by the  
rites, and one fool thing and  
her, until your mind is distract-  
ed and you can't sleep, and don't  
it worth while to pay your  
it. All the same, you will have  
y, or go out of business. And  
a world should come to an end  
o'clock to-morrow morning,  
\$9,45 a. m. money would be  
one cent, on gilt-edge paper,  
none to easy to get them.  
You see the fact that the world  
ing to an end won't make any  
rence in your business affairs.  
don't make any change in the  
ownness of the strawberry boxes  
ereon; the good berries will all  
on the top the same as last year,  
eternity staying them in the  
masked will go right on  
ling and lying, and praying  
singing, and swearing and do-  
ing easily, and doing badly  
ing, and loving and hating, laugh-

and weeping, until the end comes  
and the lips that ceased of prayed  
are flushed alike in the quiet of  
death.  
For the world is coming to an  
end. And the comet can't hasten  
and a million comets can't retard its  
coming. It is bound to come this  
year. There is no help for it. If it  
sears you, we can't help it. We  
must tell the truth about this thing,  
since you have asked us what we  
know about it. And, indeed, we  
know more than we have told. The  
end of all things terrestrial is com-  
ing to-morrow, and you can't stop  
it by climbing a tree or crawling in-  
to a cave. Every day and every  
hour the end of the world comes to  
some unsuspecting mortal who is  
only thinking up his plans for next  
summer, or studying over a "hoss  
trade" he has in his mind for next  
week. Every time your heart beats  
the end of the world comes for some  
one, and just as sure as you have,  
or more surely if you have not paid  
your newspaper subscription, it is  
coming to you. And, good sub-  
scriber, fearful and troubled about  
comets and many things, when it  
does come, if it catches you off  
your feet with your business ravel-  
ing out at the edges, your bills un-  
settled, your notes protested, your  
subscription not paid, your pew  
rent overdue and your pastor run-  
ning into debt for his living, with  
your conscience burdened with  
wrongs and your life bristling with  
uncorrected and unrepentant faults,  
you won't need any comet nor any  
long procession of perihelia to scare  
you. You won't think of the planet,  
then, good man. You will think  
about the horse with a spavin you  
sold to poor Greenwig; you will  
think about the shoddy four-dollar  
overcoat you sold poor Haysael for  
\$13.75; you will think about the  
quarts of strawberries you sold every  
year in pint boxes; you will remem-  
ber the seven-cent print you sold to  
old Mrs. Thistlepod for fourteen  
cents; you will think about the  
skin of axle-grease you painted  
with butter and sold it for thirty-  
seven cents for table use; you will  
think of the mortgage you foreclosed  
on poor Ragweed's farm after he  
had paid you thirteen per cent, for  
the money for ten years; you will  
think of the lot of three-foot cord-  
wood you hauled to town and sold  
at full market price; you will think  
of the sand you sifted in the brown  
sugar; you will remember how you  
sold 1,700 pounds of coal for a ton;  
you will think of the paper you took  
for a year and a half and never paid  
for; you will recall a thousand little  
meanesses and weaknesses of which  
you have been guilty; you will  
think how you made your money,  
and how precious little good it is  
going to do you in the country  
whither you are going; and, poor  
man, if you have fastened your faith  
and trust to nothing better than  
Mother Shipton, or Vennor, or Gen-  
eral Hazon, or some celestial tramp  
of a comet, the sound of the tram-  
pet, the voices of the beasts, the sev-  
en thunders, the hail and fire mingled  
with blood, the darkened sun,  
the vials of wrath and the voice of  
the eagle could not add to your  
fears. When the end of the world  
comes for you, that will be the only  
end you will take any interest in.  
It will be awful enough for you, if  
it comes before you are ready for it,  
and unless you know you have a  
dead sure thing on eighty-nine  
years or more—and you know  
whether you have or not—you keep  
one eye open all the time for the  
end of the world.

So, don't you worry about two  
comets, or conjunctions, or perihelia,  
or eclipses, the spots on the sun.  
They have nothing to do with your  
case at all. You may not live to  
see the world burned up, and you  
pass away in the great final dissolu-  
tion of all things terrestrial, but you  
are going to live to your end of the  
world, and don't you forget it.  
That's all you have to do with it.  
You go home now, and quit worry-  
ing about prophecies. Admire the  
comet without a fear. Study na-  
turology for its wonders and beauties,  
and not for fanciful and ignor-  
ant and superstitious terrors. You  
go home and sell clean goods by full  
measures and honest weights; teach  
your clerks that a thirty-five inch  
stick doesn't measure a yard of  
dress goods; don't weigh yourself  
on the boy, and the wagon by Mead's

# The Post.

VOL. 19. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1881. NO. 18

#### How Marriage in Pennsylvania Re- vokes a Will.

Some very hard cases have arisen under our law in regard to this subject. A man about to marry has made his will in favor of his intended wife, and a woman about to marry has made her will in favor of her intended husband, and in both cases the wills have been revoked by the marriage. It has happened more than once that purchasers who bought from the devisees or legatees under a will have found they had failed to get a title to the whole property on account of an after-born child of the testator. It is important, therefore, that the following summary of the law by the late Chief Justice Reed should be kept in mind:

1. The will of a single woman is revoked by her subsequent marriage, and is not revived by the death of her husband.
2. If a man makes his will and marries and dies leaving a widow, so far as regards the widow he dies intestate; that is, his will is revoked protanto (or in that respect).
3. If a man makes his will and has an after-born child or children not provided for in said will, and dies leaving such after-born child or children he dies intestate, as his will is revoked protanto.
4. If a man makes his will and marries, and dies leaving a widow and child not provided for in such will, his will is revoked absolutely, as at common law, but only protanto.
5. If a man make his will and marries and dies, and leaves a widow, but no known heirs or kindred, it is clearly revoked, so far as to give to his widow both the real and personal estate absolutely.

The law refuses to admit that a man can intend to disinherit his children unless he shows that intention by a will made after they are born.

#### Won His Bet.

Mr. Taylor, of Rail's hardware store, got into an argument with Hank Monk about the size of some agricultural machinery belonging to Rail, which was lying at the depot. Hank insisted that the machinery nowadays was light and unreliable. Taylor offered to bet \$5 that he couldn't carry a single piece of it from the depot to the store. Hank deposited his coin and started.

"If he gets up here it'll make him sweat," quoth Taylor.

"He'll win every cent of his bet," said the hands.

In about fifteen minutes Hank hove in sight, and they all saw that he had nothing.

"Concluded you'd let out the job to a dray, eh?" they all said, looking at Hank's woeful condition.

"Well, I brought up a piece," he said, as he entered the store.

"Where is it?"

"Here," he said, with a quiet grin, "clipped it off with a hammer."

He produced a corner of a casting about the size of a hazelnut.

"I could have got a bigger piece, but the bet was so small it wasn't an object you see!"

Monk went away with the money, and his face wore that self-satisfied smile all afternoon.—*Carson City Appeal.*

#### Words of Wisdom.

Fancy runs most furiously when conscience drives it.

Many live miserably and meanly just to die magnificently and rich.

Treat your enemies as if they would some time or other be your friends.

Laws are always multiplying lawyers, and lawyers always multiplying laws.

Impossibilities, like vicious dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them.

It is only those who have done nothing who fancy they can do everything.

Love is a compound of honey and gall, mixed in various proportions for customers.

Follow the fashion; you had better display other people's follies than your own.

Many pride themselves upon being wild young men who are only wild beasts.

He who knows his ignorance is the professor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

Shut not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom; like enraged serpents they will bite their cage.

#### Do You Hear?

"My son," said a Little Rock mother, "go down to the grocery and get me a can of condensed milk."

"Should squirm to wiggle," answered the boy.

"Go on, I tell you."

"I shall limp to jump."

"If you don't go this instant I'll tell your father when he comes home."

"I should blow to fattle."

"Never mind, sir."

"I should whoop to squeal."

When the father came home the mother said: "I wish that you'd whip Tom." He positively refused to go down to the grocery, and told that he was a tattler, and that he would jump on me."

"Tom."

"Yes, sir."

"What was that you said to your mother?"

"Never said nothin'."

"Then I am a story teller and you are a pretty boy," said the mother.

"Look here, young man; if you don't behave yourself I'll thrash you. Do you hear?"

"I should titter to snort."

"Come here to me, sir," and the young man squirmed to wiggle, limped to jump, blew to fattle, whooped to squeal and tittered to snort.

#### Notes on Live Stock in Winter.

The farm animals at this season are directly dependent upon the care and attention of the farmer; to pass the winter with profit they must be well kept. Animals are very complicated engines, and must be run by careful engineers. The food they receive is the fuel, and the daily rubbing, cleaning and oiling of the engine. The fuel must be equal to the demands made of the animal engine, else the machinery will be run at a disadvantage, and therefore with diminished profit. When the water is low and the fire almost out, the engine is a source of loss to the owner. On the other hand the fire may be brisk, and the boiler well supplied, but some screw is loose, or a part rubs another too closely, and the friction thus produced neutralizes much of the force. So in the animal machine, all the parts must work harmoniously together, or in other words there must be perfect health to obtain the best results. An animal may have the best of food in sufficient quantity, and still pass a hard winter, and without profit to its owner. Fuel of the best kinds without shelter, is in the animal economy like fuel in an engine that is rusty and loose and out of order. Both are expensive methods of arriving at desired results. It takes too much force to run the machine in both cases. As it is cheaper to have a good engine kept in good order, so it is to have an animal in health and comfort. The thoughtful farmer will see many other points of likeness between the animal machine and the one constructed by human hands, but this is enough to suggest the importance of keeping farm animals in a healthful and comfortable condition by means of warm stables with clean floors and pure air.—*American Agriculturist for December.*

#### A Train Scare.

It was night.  
Night in Arkansas.  
It was night in other states as well but Arkansas is one with which we have to deal at this writing.  
It being one turn to deal,  
A lightning express was booming along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Every car was full, many standing in the aisles with that meekness and patience only seen on an American railroad, to accommodate the fellow who wants four seats all to himself.  
The lamps lit up brightly over the passengers' dusters, which seemed to fit as traveling dusters usually do.  
The conductor had passed through (which was more than he would allow anyone else to do without the requisite pass), preaching people in wantfulness in order that he might punch their tickets.  
The train boy had filled the passengers' laps with books, to keep them from bouncing in their seats while going over rough places.  
The brakeman had put his head in and shouted: "The next stopping place is—," the name of the station being lost in the slamming of the door.  
The boy who is always day had made his fifty-second pilgrimage to the water tank.  
And the woman who wants air had just torn off her last remaining finger nail in trying to get her window up.  
This was on a railroad in the state of Arkansas.  
Suddenly the car door opens.  
A youthful figure appears, holding something in his hand upon which the light glitters. He presents it in a significant manner "and cries,  
"Now, gentlemen, your money—"  
Fifty men turn pale and cry,  
"Don't shoot!"  
Twenty females scream with one voice, and some faint.  
There is a hasty thrusting of watches and pocketbooks beneath cushions and into boots.  
Strong men fight for a place under the seats where they can secrete themselves.  
"Gentlemen," again cries the boyish voice, ringing high and clear above the screams of women and din of the train (grasp for mercy from some of the men), "let me sell you some of this excellent tropical fruit," and he extends in his dexter hand—a banana.  
It was the train boy, pursuing his usual and harmless vocation.  
A kind father: The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with 80,000 head of cattle. "Papa dear," exclaimed his daughter, when she heard of it, "that was no kind of you; Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup."—*Chicago Tribune.*

#### Brace up Old Man.

"Rather poor business for an old man like you," remarked *Ha Honor*, as Jasper White stood before him.

"That's a fact, Squar—that's a fact."

"You must be nearly sixty years old?"

"I'm sixty-two, Squar."

"And you were brought in here so lumpy drunk that they could have tied your legs in a double-bow knot."

"That's a fact—so 'em fact Squar. I've made a fool of myself and I'm willin' to own right up. I set in the cell that 'this mornin' thinkin' it all over, an' says I to myself: 'Jasper White, you've went an gone an' made a tarnation fool of yourself, an' if you are sent to State prison for life it will serve you right.'"

"You don't live here?"

"No, Squar, I live up here in a back county and I'm down here on business. Fact is, one of my old naysars lives here, and he had his eye on a second wife for me."

"What at your age?"

"Just like me, Squar. I see it now, but I didn't yesterday. I'm a sort of an old twain fool I am."

"And did you marry?"

"No I was kinder bracin' up with a little beer to go over and see the critter selected for me and I braced too much."

"Do you know what you want to do?"

"I reckon I might as will take pizen?"

"No, sir. You go for your satchel. Then go for the depot. Then go for home and don't ever get out of sight of your farm again."

"And you won't jug me?"

"No."

"Nor flog me?"

"No."

"Squar, you're a hull load of bricks! Say shake hands with me *Thar!* You've saved my life, and be the big-ben if I don't send you down a car-load of apples and pop-corn then I'm a sinner. Good-bye—good-bye—I'm off—going straight home—going to stay there—saved my life—never forget it—good-bye!"

#### Illinois has 21,300 pensioners who draw \$9,000,000 a year.

Finger nails two inches long are the pride of a Baltimore woman.

The Egyptians placed a mummy at their funeral boards to remind them of immortality.

Frogs continue to grow for five years.

Charles II. died suddenly—it is said of apoplexy.

#### He Loved the Flag.

A Woodward avenue saloonist was decorating his bar the other day with small flags, when a stranger, who had just got outside of four inches of whisky, leaned his elbow on the bar and observed:

"Stranger, I do love that flag."

"Do, eh?"

"You bet I do."

"Were you in war?"

"Not exactly, but my heart was there."

"Where was your body?"

"Say, that's the only thing I blame this government for. If there hadn't been such golden chances to make from \$100 to \$300 by jumping the bounty I'd have died for the flag and my old dad and two brothers would have died for her. It was a mean trick of Uncle Sam to shake \$600 at a fellow who wanted to wrap that old flag around him and die on the field. I jumped the bounty four different times, and between me and you, I wish I hadn't. You see I ain't got the face now to ask Uncle Sam to grant me a pension for a broken leg received on the scout through Canada, though I may work up to it in time. Bless the old stars and stripes—and gimme a little more of the same brand!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mitigated misery: "Go into the room and bring that cake off the table," said an Austin mother to her son. "It's too dark; I'm afraid to go into the room." "Go right into that room this instant or I'll go in and bring out the strap." "If—you bring out this—strap," replied the boy, sobbing, "bring the—cake along—too."—*Texas Siftings.*

#### Out of proportion.

An Oil City man purchased a small hind bellows, took it home and told his wife he had concluded to blow his brains out; whereupon she replied that a smaller sized bellows would have answered the purpose better.—*Oil City Herald.*

### THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening  
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and are liable for the price of the paper.

Charles I. died on the scaffold.  
James I. died from drinking and  
the effects of vice.

The most thoughtful man had  
been discovered in New Jersey.  
Just before he died he said to the  
undertaker: "When you put me on  
ice, do not waste any on my feet;  
they have already been frozen."

It was a Boston lad who, walking  
one day with his guardian, saw a  
trunk soldier lying in the street,  
and pointing to the recumbent fig-  
ure, remarked: "Papa, I guess he  
don't belong to the standing  
army."

### Cuticura

Blood Poisonings, Scrofulous Ul-  
cers and Itching Humors, Ab-  
scesses and Glandular  
Swellings.

**LEAD POISONING.**  
Mr. Angus Kimbrough, Kansas, N. H., treated  
with Cuticura a case of lead poisoning, which was  
caused by lead poisoning (his a painter). At  
times it would break out in the face, neck, and  
arms, and he would be unable to work. He used  
Cuticura internally and externally, and in less than three  
months effected a complete cure. He writes: "I  
suffered greatly, and was unable to work. I  
used Cuticura internally and externally, and in  
less than three months effected a complete cure."  
—*Dr. J. C. Allen, Boston, Mass.*

**TREATMENT ON EARLS.**  
J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "I  
suffered from the greatest itching humors  
on earth. Had the worst case of salt rheum in  
this country. My mother had it twice, and  
died from it. I believe Cuticura  
would have cured my case. My arms, hands  
and neck were covered for three years with  
nothing relieved by usual until I used the  
Cuticura. It is internally, and Cuticura  
and Cuticura Soap externally."

**PSORIASIS.**  
Dr. J. C. Allen, Boston, Mass., says:  
"I have treated a large number of cases of  
psoriasis with Cuticura and Cuticura Soap  
externally. The most successful cases are  
cured. Cuticura is a powerful medicine of the  
most and prominent effects. All afflicted  
with itching humors should send for  
it for the treatment."

**SALT RHEUM.**  
Those who have experienced the torments of  
Salt Rheum can appreciate the agony I en-  
dured for years, until cured by the Cuticura.  
I received internally and Cuticura Soap ex-  
ternally."  
—*Mrs. W. M. PELLIN-TON, Sharon, Wis.*

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medicine, that will cure all Catarrhs,  
and is sold in one package, for one dollar.  
It is a powerful medicine, and its  
action is instantaneous. It cleanses the  
urinary tract, soothes inflammation when  
existing in the bladder, and restores the  
sense of smell, taste and hearing, when  
affected. It leaves the head clear, clear  
and bright, the breath sweet, and the  
eyes, and every sense in a natural and  
normal condition. It is a powerful  
cleanser of the entire mucous system, through  
the blood, which it purifies of all poisons,  
always present in Catarrh. Recommended  
by all druggists.

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### MINNESOTA & DAKOTA

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