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Poetry.

ALL THE WORLD.

All the world is full of children,
Laughing over little joys,
Sighing over little troubles,
Fingers brushed and broken toys,
Wishing to be older, larger,
Weeping at some fancied woe;
O, the happy, hapless children!
Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of lovers,
Walking slowly, whispering sweet,
Dreaming dreams, and building castles,
That must crumble at their feet;
Breaking vows and burning letters,
Smiling lest the world shall know;
O, the following, trusting lovers!
Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of people,
Hurrying, pushing, pushing by,
Bearing burdens, carrying crosses,
Passing onward with a sigh;
Some there are with smiling faces,
Bat with heavy hearts below;
O, the sad-eyed burdened people!
Still, they come, and still they go.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

The night-Jew was falling on hillside
And plain
When one who was weary and poor,
With travel-worn feet and in sickness
And pain,
Returned to his own fathers' door,
Forsoaken and friendless, in sorrow and
shame,
Once more to the home of his childhood
he came.

He was ragged without, he was hungry
within;
His soul had gone widely astray;
He winced in luxury, riot, and sin,
Substances had wasted away,
With torn, bleeding feet, and with
uncovered head,
He came for a shelter and morsel of
bread.

The father, beholding his penitent son,
Rejoiced that the lost one was found,
Nor chided him harshly for what he
had done.
And lifted him up from the ground
He saw him returning, no longer to
roam,
And joyfully, tenderly welcomed him
home.

Are you wasting the years of your
manhood away,
In vanity, folly, and sin?
Your friends will forsake you, your
strength will decay,
The reaper will gather you in;
Then haste to your home, ere you
die in despair,
Your Father is waiting to welcome you
there.

Your soul may be weak and your
sins may be great,
You heavenly Father to-day
Will greet your again if you knock at
the gate,
Nor turn you in anger away,
Though far from His presence in
sorrow you roam,
With kindness and love, he will
welcome you home.

Select Tale.

A WILD RIDE.

Before I begin my story I must
tell you that I am a commercial
traveler, burn and bread, so to speak,
to the business.
I have my wife about me, and, as
I often happen to have a good many
valuable articles also, I have need of
them.
I am an Englishman—English to
the back bone—and live on roast
beef, bottled ale and old port wine,
I am one of the men who don't
dream and don't fancy.

When I see a thing I see it. When
I hear a thing I hear it. And what
I saw on one particular occasion I
mean to tell you.
You will not offend me if you
doubt it.
Nevertheless, I shall, as I said, tell
the story.

It was in the year 18—, and the
month was May, and the place was
England. I had left London five
days before, and now I was miles
and miles away from it, in the very
heart of the country, traveling toward
a little town where I had
business. It was an old-fashioned
lan, and the people were kind and
obliging.

Travelers did not often stop at
that inn, I suspect, for they were as
particular about my measles though
I had been a prodigal son some
time for the holidays.

The Post.

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They killed the fatted chicken for
me and made much of me altogether;
and to crown all, as the train
did not stop in time to take me on,
as I wanted to go, and as it was only
a matter of five miles or so, what
did the landlord do but hint up a
rusty old coach that was tucked
away in the coach house, and order-
ed his man to drive me over that
evening. It wasn't an extra, mind
you. It was sheer good will. So I
shook hands all around, and remem-
bered the chamber-maid and the
waiter with half a crown each, and
off I rode. It was getting dark fast
and the road wound away among
the hills in a very romantic sort of
a way; why, it made you think of
ghosts, if you were a commercial
traveler.

"Here's the place," says I to my-
self, "where the old gentlemen of
the road would like to have met
me and my black bag fifty years
ago."

A hundred years ago, anyhow, I
would not have felt as safe as I do
now.

Just then the coach came to a
sudden pause.

"Hallo," cried I out of the wind-
ow; "what's the matter?"

"It's more than I can tell, sir,"
said the man. "Black Jane has
turned sulky; she won't move one
step."

With that he began to shout and
crack his whip, I, with my head out
of the window, watching him, when
suddenly the beast started off like
mad, and I drew in my face and saw
I had company.

While the coach was at a stand-
still a lady and gentleman had slip-
ped in.

They sat on the seat opposite me,
and though it was an intrusion I had
not the heart to find fault, for a
prettier pair I never saw in my
life.

If he was twenty-one years, it was
just as much as he could be, and
she was not seventeen.

I have seen a pair of china lovers
on the mantle-piece the perfect
image of what they were, as pretty,
and dressed much the same.

His hair was powdered, and hers,
too. She had on a yellow silk, low-
er in the neck than I would like
a daughter of mine to wear it, and her
arms would have been bare only for
her long kid gloves. She had pearls
in her ears and on her throat, and
she had just the most innocent face
my two eyes ever rested upon. As
for the boy, he had a chocolate vel-
vet coat and white silk stockings,
and lace ruffles at his wrists. And
they had one large cloak—his, I
fancy—cast about the two of them,
though it dropped back a bit as they
sat down.

"Two young folks going to a fan-
cy ball, perhaps," said I, "and just
took a lift on the way."

And I touched my cap to them,
and says I: "Fine evening, sir."

He did not answer me, but she
looked at me and stretched out a
little white hand.

"Oh, sir," she said, "look out at
the back of the coach, I pray you,
and tell me if he is gaining on us."

I looked out of the window.
"There's a man on horseback rid-
ing up the road, said I, for I saw
one.

"Faster!" cried the young man.
Suddenly there came jolt and a
scream from the young lady. I
heard him say, "At last we're to-
gether."

And the coach lay flat on its
side—not over the precipice, but on
the edge of it.

A man is a little stunned by a
thing like that.

When I climbed out of the wind-
ow and helped old Anthony up with
the coach, and coaxed Black Jane to
quietness, I remembered that no one
else got out of the vehicle, and I
looked about in vain for my pretty
lovers. They were not there, nor
were there any signs of the troop of
housemen I had seen dashing up
the hill. They could not have pas-
sed us in the narrow path by any
possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives,
master," said Anthony. "Yet I am
called a good driver, and Black
Jane is the kindest thing I ever saw
in harness. Thank God for all His
mercies. It's a strange thing we
did not go over the cliff."

"But where did they go?" I asked.

"Why? I? said Anthony.

"The two lovers—the pretty crea-
tures in fancy dress. The people
who were after them—Where are
they?"

"Where—" began Anthony. Then
he turned as pale as death. "All
good angels over us," he cried,
"We have ridden with Lady Betty.
It's the 10th of May. I might have
known better than to try the road
to-night. Protect us all, Yes, we've
ridden with Lady Betty."

"Who is Lady Betty?" said I.

"A pretty creature as ever I saw,
at all events. Who is she?"

Old Anthony stood looking at me
and shaking his head.

"It's an old story," he said.
"Booklearned folks tell it better
than I. But a hundred years ago
and more, on this blessed night, my
Lady Betty Hope, the prettiest lady
ran off from a country ball with her
father's young secretary."

"They put on a cloak over their
heads, and an old servant drove
them, knowing it was worth his life.

"But before they had gone far,
behind them came her kinsfolk, armed
and ready for vengeance. And
when they reached this point they
saw that all was over.

"Better die together than live
apart," he said holding her close.
Then he called out to the servant.

"How goes it?"

"All is lost, sir," said the man.
The horses can't hold up five min-
utes longer."

"Then drive over," said he.

The man obeyed orders.

"But ever since that night, sir, as
sure as the 10th of May comes
around there's plenty here that will
tell you that whoever drives a coach
past this road after nightfall won't
ride alone.

"There's nobody that remembered
the night would do it for a kingdom,
but I forgot. I'm getting old, and
I forget things while; and so we've
ridden with Lady Betty."

"That's the story old Anthony told
me, and what went before is what I
saw and heard, I'm a solid, sensi-
ble man, but facts are facts, and
here you have 'em.

"Can I see the lady of the house?"
I inquired the peddler. "Well, yes,
you can if you ain't blind!" snapped
the woman who answered the bell.

"Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are
the lady of the house, then?" "Yes I am!
What d'yer take me for? Did ye
think I was the gentleman or the
house, or the next door neighbor, or
some of the farm-hands, or the cat
or the ice-chest?" "I didn't know, mad-
am, but you might be the youngest
daughter."

"Oh, did ye? Well, that
was nat'ral, too," replied the l. of
the h. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then
the peddler displayed his wares, and
when he left that door-step half an
hour later his face was full of pleas-
ure and his pockets were full of mon-
ey. He understood human nature
and made a good sale.

"Why men drink is what staggers
us," says a woman's journal. What
men drink is what staggers them.

A Chicago man has succeeded in
making bear's oil out of sunflower
seeds, and a Georgia genies has pro-
duced delicious butter from cotton
seeds. Talk about any country
getting ahead of us!

One of the Secrets of Cremation.
He was a jolly-looking man, with
a round corporation a burgundy-tint-
ed nose, and the general exterior of
a contented mind, and as he offered
us a good cigar, lit another, and
said:

"How about this local cremation
scheme?"

"Well, how yourself?"

"The fact is," said the stranger,
reflectively, "I had a pretty tough
experience with one of these cadaver
roasting concerns once, and I
thought maybe you might like to
make an item of the facts so as to
warn the people here in time."

"Fire away."

"Well, you see, it was in New Or-
leans, My wife died there, and as
a cremation company was having a
good deal of a boom there just then
she made me promise to have her
spirit sent up through their flue, as
it were. Said she thought it
would be nice and melodiously for
me to carry her ashes around with
me wherever I went—in a vase, you
understand."

"And you complied?"

"Why, yes. It was her last wish,
you know, and beside I thought it
might be useful in kinder preparing
her for the here—but never mind
that now. I sent the remains round
to the company's office in a push
cart, got a receipt, saw Maria touch-
ed off, so to speak, and two days
after that they returned me a beauti-
ful majolica jar full of ashes, scented
with forget-me-not, and the stopper
tied in with pink ribbon."

"That was pretty."

"Yes; I was very much pleased at
first, but I had to keep the bottle
out of sight after a while, though,
because people were all the time
opening the jar, under the impres-
sion that it contained preserved ginger
or elbow-chow, or something."

"That must have been unpleasant."

"Unpleasant—well, I should smile
—I mean I should weep. Why, ac-
tually, one day while I was living in
New York, I came home and found a
new servant girl polishing knives
with the remains—just think of it!"

"Terrible, sir, terrible!"

"But, what I was going to say was
this. About a year after my wife
was kindled—I mean cremated—I
was in New Orleans again, and I
happened to meet the superintendent
of the refractory ore—I should say
the corpse-burning furnace—at a
banquet, and he got so full that I
had to see him home. On the way
we stopped in a place or two for a
steadier—you know how it is—and
the result was that he got very com-
municative about his company—in
fact, gave the whole business away."

"Did eh?"

"Yes, sir; he squarely owned up
that they didn't burn the bodies at
all. He said they just dropped 'em
through a hole in the bottom of the
furnace, took 'em out the back way
at night, and sold 'em to the medical
students."

"Gracious! and the ashes?"

Get I
Recently a Nevada man invented
a lying machine, and went around
trying to sell 'em. The machine was
warranted to trot out a first-class lie
on any subject, at a moment's notice.
But it didn't sell well. He took it to
a horse trader. Said the trader:
"Come, you, get out of this. I tell
the truth in my business." The in-
ventor presented it to a lawyer, but
he also looked horrorstricken and of-
fended. A fishing party looked hank-
ering at it, but their language was
to the effect that they abhorred untruth.
A young man who was engaged to
three different girls also felt indigna-
at the offer. At last the dishearten-
ed inventor tried an editor. The
writer flew mad in a minute.

"You scoundrel," he cried, do you
mean to insult me?"

"N," tremblingly answered the
poor man,

"Then what the blazes do you
mean by offering me that thing?"

"Why, I—I thought you might oc-
casionally want to use it in your
business."

"You wretch, what do you take
me for?"

"Oh, sir, I didn't mean to insinuate
that you were a liar! I don't for a
minute think, sir, you could tell a
lie."

"That's it!" cried the editor, "that's
what I'm mad about! You conceited
ass, you think you're able to invent
a machine that I can't lie all around
and that without an effort, I never
was so insulted in all my life!
Get!"

In the Penitentiary.

"You are living a very secluded
life," said a traveler to a man at
whose cabin he had stopped for a
drink of water.

"Yes, rather. I got tired of soci-
ety."

"Must find it lonesome out here in
the woods. I must confess that you
like the woods of Arkansas better
than I do. Say, are you tired of soci-
ety?"

"Yes, worn out. I have been in
different circumstances. Last year I
lived in Little Rock. I had a fine
house and plenty of company. Fre-
quently when men came to town
from the country they'd stop with
me, but I grew tired of company. I
gave up the large house and left
town."

"Got into debt, I suppose."

"No; didn't owe a cent. Gave
up the house willingly, and am much
more contented in this little hut."

"Very strange case. Don't under-
stand it."

"Perfectly plain. I was in the
Penitentiary."

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AN EYE WITNESS TO BUSINESS.—
Gas De Smith went into a cigar
store on Woodward avenue and pur-
chased a cigar for a nickel. On
lighting it he took occasion to put
about a half box of matches in his
vest pocket. "Look here," said the
tobaccoist, "next time you just
bring your matches along, and I'll
give you a cigar."

Morse, who invented the telegraph
and Bell, the inventor of the tele-
phone, both had deaf mute wives.
Little comment is necessary, but
just see what a man can accomplish
when everything is quiet.—Lorell
Citizen.

The concert given by Patti in
New York City for the benefit of the
Michigan sufferers, netted \$5,000.

A manufacturing concern adver-
tises that it has a separate room for
girls 240 feet long.

"Short but sweet," as an old maid
said when she kissed the dwarf who
was on exhibition.

There are Indians in California
known as the Salt River tribe. They
must be Democrats.

Cuticura
Blood Poisoning, Scrofulous Ul-
cers and Itching Humors, Ab-
cesses and Glandular
Swellings.

LEAD POISONING.
Mr. Albert Kitchener, Keene, N. H., trouble
d with lead humor on hands and neck, ex-
posed to lead poisoning. (He's a painter.) At
times it would break out in large pieces,
suffering great continual itching and stinging.
Purchased your Cuticura, used Cuticura and
Cuticura Soap externally, and in less than three
months effected a complete cure, and has not
been troubled since. Corroborated by Bullard
& Foster, Druggists, Keene, N. H.

GREATNESS OF EARTH.
J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "Cuti-
curea Remedy are the greatest medicine
on earth. Had the worst case salt rheum in
this country. My mother had it twenty years,
and it had led from her. I believe Cuticura
would have cured her. I used Cuticura and
Cuticura Soap externally, and in less than three
months effected a complete cure, and has not
been troubled since. Corroborated by Bullard
& Foster, Druggists, Keene, N. H."

PROBATION.
H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y.,
cured of Erysipelas or Leprosy, of twenty years'
standing, by the Cuticura Remedy, inter-
nally, and Cuticura Soap, used externally.
The most wonderful cure on record.
Care certain to follow a justice of the
peace and prominent physician. All afflicted
with itching and scaly diseases should send to
us for this testimonial in full.

SALT RHEUM.
Those who have experienced the torments of
salt rheum can appreciate the agency I en-
dured for years, and I can testify that the
Cuticura Remedy and Cuticura Soap ex-
ternally, cured me.
Miss W. M. PELLINGTON, Sharon, Wis.

CUTICURA.
Cuticura is externally and Cuticura
Remedy internally will positively cure every
species of Humors, from a Common Pimple
to Scrofula.
Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50c; large
boxes, \$1. Cuticura Remedy, \$1 per bottle.
Cuticura Soap, 25c per box. Cuticura
Remedy, 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, CATARRH SOLU-
TION AND IMPROVED REMEDY, with special
instructions, may be had of all druggists,
neatly wrapped in one package, for one dol-
lar. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.
This economical and powerful remedy, now
instantly cleanses the nasal passages of
purulent mucus, subdues inflammation when
attending to the eye and throat, restores
the senses of smell, taste and hearing, when
deprived, leaves the head clear, cleanses
the throat, the lungs, and the breathing
passages, and every mucous membrane, and
restores the entire system a general and
complete health. It is a powerful and
effective remedy for all the diseases of the
throat, nose, and ears, and is the only
remedy that will cure them. It is sold by
all druggists.
General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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EXTERMINATOR
It kills mice,
rats and all
kinds of vermin
and is the most
effective remedy
for all kinds of
pests. It is sold
by all druggists.
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suffering from Opium and
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