

Advertising Rates.
 One-half column, one year, \$50.00
 One-fourth column, one year, 30.00
 One square (10 lines) insertion, 75
 Every additional insertion, 50
 Professional Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year, 5.00
 Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 2.50
 Editorial notices per line, 15
 All transient advertising less than 3 months 10 cents a line.
 All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

The Post.

VOL. 19. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 22, 1881. NO. 21

THE POST.
 Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop.
 Terms of Subscription,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the publisher.
 Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
 Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

Poetry.

The Christmas Dinner.
 BY MATE BURNS.
 How'er we've lived for twelve good months,
 Let's eat our fill to-day, my friends,
 And drink the health of friends and foes,
 Both near and far away, my friends.
 For this one day forget your cares,
 Your business troubles banish, do,
 And by and by, like morning mist,
 Your appetites will vanish too.

The dinner-bell! the dinner-bell!
 Hark! no! you hear it ringing, oh!
 All through this land of peace and love
 New songs of plenty singing, oh!
 Kind hearts and helping hands have we,
 Sure sympathy for sorrow,
 God bless the deeds of love to-day
 In many a glad to-morrow.
 Vain were our toll o'er earth an sea
 If He who reigns above, my friends,
 No helping hand would lend, to bring
 Good harvesting of love, my friends.

So here's a cheer, and "three times three,"
 For this our Christmas Day, my friends;
 May hearts be glad, and all things bid
 Be banished far away, my friends.

Christmas on the Gypsy.
 BY JAMES FOSTER COATES.
 "So to-morrow's Christmas, messmates,
 An' the Gypsy's still at sea,
 An' we ain't got any turkey, nor even
 A Christmas tree;
 Wall, times do change as men grow old—
 Keep her a pint an' west—
 We're here at sea, an' our wives at home;
 May be it's all for the best.

"Aye, home is a pleasant place to-night,
 Full of pleasure an' joy;
 I wonder how the good wife is,
 And how is our black-eyed boy?
 God bless 'em both, an' from care an' pain
 May they be always free—
 Give her a little more canvas lad, an'
 A pint or two on the lee."

As the Gypsy rocked the sailor slept,
 And dreamt of his wife and child,
 And fanciful scenes rose on his gaze
 As the storm beat 'round him wild;
 In his far-away home, just back of the mill,
 Were songs and shouts of glee,
 And neighbors and friends assembled
 There to lead up the Christmas tree.

The lights burned low the good wife slept,
 And all was still in the house,
 When two little feet were heard on stairs,
 Like the tread of a little mouse;
 And the sailor's boy, with a stoeking well filled,
 Tho' of his father at sea,
 And hung it up for Santa Claus,
 With the words, "Give to papa for me!"

A Good Time Coming.
 There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 And toys shall strew the nursery floor,
 And little stockings hang on doors
 In the good time coming;
 The children, eyes with wonder bright,
 Shall go to bed to-morrow night,
 And long, oh! long, before 'tis light,
 Shall clamor shouting down the stair,
 And raise a merry bedlam there,
 In the good time coming.
 Kris Kringle drives his reindeer team,
 And hope and love grow stronger,
 And life is radiant as a dream—
 Wait a little longer.

Holly.
 Again at Christmas did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth,
 The silent snow possesses the earth,
 And calmly fell our Christmas eve.
 The yule-log sparkled keen with frost,
 No wing of wind the region swept,
 But over all things brooding slept
 The quiet sense of something lost.
 Who showed a token of distress?
 No single tear, no type of pain;
 O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
 O grief, can grief be changed to less?

Christmas in the Olden Times.
 BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.
 Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our merry Christmas still,
 Each age has deemed the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer.
 And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all its hospitable train.

O Holy Night.
 O holy Night! which has brought down
 The blessed Child to us below,
 Who gavest us the longest-for peace—
 O holy Night, we hail thee now;
 For he who turns to Jesus Christ,
 Who trusts in Him in all his woes,
 To him in life is comfort sent;
 Bless who in trouble to Him goes.

Select Tale.

ADA VAN HASSAN.
 A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas eve. Before a blazing fire in a luxurious apartment sat a young girl and a middle-aged man, earnestly engaged in conversation.

"I tell you, Ada, it is no use to urge me. I will never consent. You, a Jewess, to marry a Christian and join the Christian church? Never! Have I not suffered enough from Christians already? Do they not despise us because, and only because we are Jews? Now, girl, remember what I say. Marry Herbert Gray, and join their church, and I'll turn you out of doors without a penny."

"But, father, suppose we are wrong, and the Messiah has come?"

The man quivered with rage, and springing to his feet he confronted the girl with glaring eyes.

"You have said enough," he thundered, "never let me hear that word again," and taking his hat he started from the room.

Ada Van Hassan turned dreadfully pale, not at the threat, though she well knew her father meant what he said, but his intense hatred to Christianity filled her with sorrow. She had lately found that "Jesus of Nazareth" was indeed the Messiah, and believing on him, his blessed peace had come into her heart, filling it with joy and gladness. But she had not as yet made a public profession, and she wished to do so on the morrow, the blessed Christmas day, and had asked her father's permission. It was this request, together with the knowledge that she loved Herbert Gray, a Christian minister, that had aroused her father's wrath.

Softly the door opened, and a lady entered who, gliding quickly to the girl's side, drew her head on her bosom and kissed her fondly.

"My dear little Ada, mother is so sorry for you. But, my child," she continued hesitatingly, "need it be?"

"Mother, don't tempt me." Ada's voice was husky, and it evidently required a great effort to keep from breaking down.

"Forgive me, dearest child."

For a little while there was silence broken only by the falling of a coal from the glowing grate.

"Mother," said Ada abruptly, "I wish you believed the Messiah had come."

"I wish I did, my child," was the low spoken answer, but further conversation was interrupted by the return of the husband and father. His brow was still dark, and he paid no attention to either wife or daughter, but seating himself at a table drew forth a paper and pretended to read. Yet in reality his heart smote him for his harshness to his favorite child, and he glanced furtively at her as she sat there with pale cheeks and closed eyes. But pride that night was stronger than love, and his "good night, Ada," when she left the room for her own apartment was cold and formal.

Poor Ada! Her mother's fond embrace failed to comfort her; and even her lover's letter so cheery and bright brought not the solace it usually did, and with a heavy heart she locked it in her desk. Then turning down the gas, and throwing a heavy shawl around her, she stepped out on the balcony. How bright the stars were! But hark! what is that? A sweet childish voice is singing a Christmas carol. Nearer and nearer it comes.

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth, good will toward men."

How sweetly the chorus rang. Ada felt the peace stealing into her heart. "Peace upon earth," the murmured as the strains died away.

"Oh blessed One, who once was a little child, may my dear father and mother soon find Thee and adore Thee as their Messiah."

She re-entered the room and ere long slumber had closed her weary eyes.

Christmas day dawned clear and bright, and happy greetings and merry laughter were heard on all sides.

As Ada came down to breakfast her father glanced at her inquiringly but said nothing. She met the look with an unflinching brow and a pleasant smile, but he knew in an instant

that her mind was made up.
 "Merry Christmas" was an unknown word in that family, and no gifts were exchanged, for as yet, with one exception, they believed not in Christmas. But Ada had at least one gift, for Herbert brought her an elegant ring. We will not repeat what he said as he slipped it on her finger, where it stayed till the day of her death, but a bright blush rose to Ada's cheek and her eyes filled with happy tears as she read the word "Mizpah" on the inside of the ring.

The bells were ringing a merry peal as Ada and her mother entered the Christian temple, and very impressive was the service that followed. As Ada bowed at the Lord's table her heart was full, and while as they passed out of church, the choir chanted "Glory to God in the highest," a holy joy beamed from her face. But a greater joy it was to hear her mother say that night.

"Ada, my love, I have found the Messiah. The Christ child has come into my heart."

And the father? Unknown to either wife or daughter he had been present and seen that impressive service. His pride was melted and his heart touched, and, though he had not yet acknowledged Christ as the Messiah, he gave his full consent to Ada's union with Herbert Gray, and promised to read sometimes the Gentle Bible.

May he read it more and more till it shows him that Jesus is indeed the Messiah, and "the Light of the world."—*Farm and Garden.*

Good Old Santa Claus.

The popular idea of Santa Claus finds its origin in certain German villages. Santa Claus, known as Knecht Rupert, was not there an abstraction, but a man, to whom before Christmas all the parents in the village sent the presents they intended for their children. On Christmas morning this man, wearing high buskins, a white robe, a mask and an enormous flaxen wig, went solemnly from house to house. When he arrived, he called for the children who came timidly before him. He would question them as to their behavior, and in the end bestow his gifts. Christmas was a sad day for the children in the house which Knecht Rupert passed without entering.

Most of the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as the "beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature." They were as fond as we of the supernatural, and in their ignorance soon believed that from the 25th of December to the 6th of January they could "trace on earth the personal movements of their great deities."

The Christmas Incident.

I remember so well a laughable incident in our family one Christmas eve night. My young little brother, then a little fellow three or four years old, was unusually wakeful. Of course we wanted to fill up the stockings, and were anxious to get him to bed. At last his uncle thought of a ruse to get him to bed without tears, so he slipped unnoticed out of the room, and, going to the front blinds, asked in a deep, coarse voice if all the children were in bed. My little brother dropped his playthings and, running to mother, asked if that was Santa Claus; she told him it was time for him to come round. Wall, such was haste, it took two or three of us to get him ready for bed. Again the deep voice asked the question, and I laugh now when I think of the deeply-respectful voice of the little fellow as he answered, "Yes, sir, oh, yes, sir, I am in bed now."

CHRISTMAS JOY.—Ah, it would be well for us, perhaps, if we could fully forget all else, and enter into the Christmas joy as heartily and as earnestly as do the children. And it would be better for all mankind if we had more holidays, more time for play and less work to do, in this never ending strife for riches which we cannot take with us from this world, and which so often fail to give us happiness here. For the possession of wealth is not, after all, the possession of contentment.

OF ALL THE YEARS THE HAPPIEST is that which brings old Santa Claus.

The Bad Little Boy.

He awoke early on Christmas morn,
 And rushed down to the fire-place;
 But he curled his small lip in scorn,
 And disgust was upon his fair face.

For there in his best Sunday hose
 Were no candies, no goodies, nor
 "sich;"
 But, suggestive of things lachrymose,
 Was his mother's confounded old switch.

Must Not be Forgotten.

The children must not be forgotten on Christmas eve. Many parents are thoughtless about the little ones, and look upon presents and festivities as childish things that are better neglected than attended to. What if these attentions are childish? How many of us cannot look back to early days and still remember the disappointment awaiting us, when, at early dawn on Christmas morning, we crept out of bed and down stairs to find the stockings empty and that Santa Claus had not been at our home. Ah! the tears that fell and the choking sensation that swelled up in our throats then, can never be forgotten. And when we went out and met our playmates and found that Santa Claus had not forgotten them, it seemed as if all the world were unkind, and that there was little to live for worth the living.

Do not forget the children. Let it not be said that Santa Claus has neglected one of them. Let there not be a single heart made unhappy through neglect on this Christmas morning. The expense of making them happy is small and the reward that will follow their lusty shouts when they see their well filled stockings will ever repay the amount and the trouble. Our first thought on Christmas morning should be for the happiness of the little ones.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
 And when it comes should bring
 Good cheer."

A Christmas Composition.

Ryder has written the following composition on the subject of Christmas: "Christmas comes every year and it is the best day in the year excepting Fourth of July which is a better day to fire off guns and pistols. Hokey fired off an old gun one fourth of July and it kicked him again a hideout and an awful bump grew on his head and he didn't know much for two hours. Christmas is the best time to get presents my sister Lucy hung up her stockin' and I put a mud turtle in it and she was fearful mad you bet if my aunt Rachel should hang up her stockin' it would hold a dump cart full of things. William Bradshaw eat so much Candy and puddin one Christmas that his folks had to put him in a grave after he died I should like to see old Dudley the trust officer in a grave and so would all the boys I should like to have it Christmas and fourth of July all the time."

The First Christmas.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—*St. Luke—ii, 9 to 14.*

A CHARM.—There is a certain charm about Christmas that does not attach to any other holiday. It may be that because it is an interesting holiday for the little folk that the older children take such happiness in it. The little ones, after all, are the dearest treasures we have on earth, and in making them happy there is a reflected happiness upon ourselves that carries with it joy and good will.

AT CHRISTMAS.—More than 800 years ago an English poet sang: "At Christmas play, and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year."

Christmas Hymn.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."
 O night of nights! O night
 Desired of man so long!
 The ancient heavens fled forth in light
 To sing thee thy new song:
 And shouting down the steep,
 To shepherd folk of old,
 An angel, while they watch'd their sheep,
 Set foot beside the fold.

Lo! while as like to die
 Of that keen light he shed,
 They look'd on his pure majesty,
 Amazed, and sore bestead;
 Lo! while with words of cheer
 He bade their trembling cease,
 The flocks of God swept sweetly near,
 And sang to them of peace.

All on the hillside grass
 That fugent radiance fell,
 So close those innocents did pass
 Their words were heard right well;
 Among the sheep, their wings
 Some folding, walk'd the sod
 An order'd throng of shining things,
 White with the smile of God.

The waits of heaven to hear,
 Oh! what it must have been!
 Think, Christian people, think, and
 Fear
 For cold hearts, for unclean;
 Think how the times go by,
 How love and longing fail,
 Think how we live and how we die,
 As this were but a tale.

O tender tale of old,
 Live in thy dear renown:
 God's smile was in the dark, behold
 That way His hosts came down,
 Light up, great God, Thy Word,
 Make the best meaning strong,
 As if our ears, indeed, had heard
 The glory of their song.

It was so far away,
 But Thou could'st make it near,
 And all its living might display
 And cry to it, "Be here,"
 Here, in the unresting town,
 As once remote to them,
 Who heard it when the heavens came
 down
 On pastoral Bethlehem.

It was so long ago,
 But Go I can make in new,
 And as with that sweet overflow,
 Our empty heart endow;
 Take, Lord those words outworn,
 O! make them new for aye,
 Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
 To-day—to-day—to-day.

A Gem in the Heart.

What a gem in the heart of old Winter is this holiday season—all the richer and all the brighter for its grin and ghostly setting. Is there a sweeter sound on all the earth than the joyous ringing of the Christmas bells? What an eloquence sublime—a pathos—a mingling of remembrance and regret; a union of the happy past with the joyous present; a waking in the heart of old affections and friendship; a touch of memory's chord, which thrills the very soul. All these sounds out upon the clear, frosty air upon Christmas morning, and all hearts are glad; care and trouble are forgotten; the burden is laid down at the foot of the cross, and everyone rejoices anew that a Redeemer is born among men!

The Yule Log.

In the olden time Christmas-tide was known as Yule tide; the great log burned upon the hearth until Candlemas, when at the sunset hour it was quenched and the blackened brand carefully laid aside to light the next Christmas fire. We have no longer the great wide hearthstones of our ancestors; there is now no chimney nook where the good-natured brownie may lurk in comfort, and heaven only knows where our Penates hide! Perhaps in the piano box, or up among the branches of the chandelier! There is no room for the Yule log in our narrow homes, and even the forests have moved so very far away!

Two Blossoms.—The Christmas and the New Year are two rare blossoms, full-blown and redolent with fragrance, clinging to the dead stalk of the dying year. Let us gather their leaflets while we may, lest they fall to the wintry earth and perish. Let us scatter the holiday blossoms far and wide, bearing little and great joys to human hearts whispering hope and comfort to all.

A Merry Christmas.

A merry, merry Christmas!
 To crown the closing year;
 Peace and good will to mortals,
 And words of holy cheer,
 What though the dreary landscape
 Be robed in driftless snow,
 If on the social hearth-stone
 The Christmas fire may glow!

CHRISTMAS.

BY BESSIE HILL.
 To every home in Christendom
 A Babe is born this day,
 For some to worship, some to love,
 And some to turn away.

The light His blessed forehead sheds
 Is holy, and as bright
 As when it lit the manger-stall
 At Bethlehem in the night.

"Give me thy love!" the Child doth plead
 Up smiling in our face,
 And as we answer, so he stills
 Our longing, with His grace.

Eternal Child, and Lord of All!
 Turn not Thy face away;
 But bide with us in household joy
 This holy Christmas day.

Oh! we did lose the star, dear Lord,
 The precious offerings waste;
 For we were prone to loiter, Lord,
 Or miss Thee in our haste.

But Thou hast sought for us! We kneel
 In reverent love, to pray
 Beside the Babe of Bethlehem,
 Who comes on Christmas day.

Christmas Stockings.

Some articles of clothing, like some men, are born to greatness; some achieve greatness, but others have greatness thrust upon them, and under the latter head must be classed the stocking. It is a modest and retiring bit of apparel except on those rare occasions when its normal filling is of a quality so fine that to display the outlines of the same appears to the owner to be a manifest duty. Yet once a year, on Christmas eve, stockings of all sorts are forced into a prominence that casts all other articles of attire into the shade. The stocking changes its nature, too, and the most remarkable fact about it is its elasticity. A week ago, while hanging on the family clothesline, a lady's stocking may have seemed so small of foot as to elicit envious and even hateful glances from all the back chamber windows in the neighborhood; but on Christmas eve it will accommodate a box of gloves, a seal-skin sacque, a grand piano or a four story house on a full sized lot without breaking a single thread, while any spare space that may be seeking a hiding place, the masculine foot covering has not a speck of romance alluding to it in any way, shape or manner, yet this also goes into the traditional chimney corner, conceitedly filled to the brim with anticipation which is quiet sure to be replaced by reality during the magical period that comes between dawn and daylight. As for smaller stockings, the more insignificant they are the more they are expected to hold, and never do they prove insufficient to the demands made upon them; the wee sock of the tiniest popular baby generally proves more capacious than that of the great Goliath would have been had that burly ruffian ever heard of such things as stockings and Christmas. The trouble with Christmas stockings is not that they will not hold enough, but that some of them are too big for what will go into them. Within half a mile, at most, of any house where the family hoisery will be filled on Saturday night there will be many others where the stockings will hang limp and empty all night long, and not because the holes are so large that the contents drop out. There are others where there are no stockings to hang. Santa Claus, though a jolly old fellow, seems to be considerable of a snob, and to estimate people largely by the quality of their stockings. As it is the duty of society to cover up the defects of its special darlings—and Santa Claus in spite of his faults is a darling—a great deal of industry should be displayed in making good the deficiencies of the old fellow, so that a day which should be all days in the year be most joyous to everybody shall not to any one be a sorry farce merely because there are unfilled stockings to think about.—*New York Herald.*

The Mistletoe.

When winter nights grow long,
 And winds without blow cold,
 We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire,
 And listen to stories old!
 And we try to look grave (as maids should be)
 When the men bring in bows of the laurel-tree!
 Oh! the laurel, the evergreen tree!
 The poets have laurels, and why not we?

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—In buying Christmas presents for the little ones, as much care should be exercised as in the purchase of the demands for their every-day wants. A present for a child can be both agreeable and useful. Many parents buy articles that please the little ones only for a time, and are then thrown one side as useless, when the same money, expended with a trifling care, would provide articles that the children would treasure the whole year through.

A RICHES GLOW.—How merrily the Christmas chimes ring out; how joyfully the sun shines, and glitters upon the sparkling snow; how the cold wind caresses the cheek, but to give it a richer glow (and how unkindly we become of the fact that rude Winter is at our thresholds, and that want and poverty are lurking somewhere near.

"Christmas is very near, and while I write my soul exalts at what I know the Merry Day shall bring to countless fallow creatures; but, best and dearest, to the children."—*Signor Mac.*

Don't Forget.—The Norristown Herald says:—"Editors always member the poor at Christmas spoils the charitable effect by doing 'that is, they never I themselves."

Cuticura

Blood Poisonings, Scrofulous Ulcers and Itching Humors, Abscesses and Glandular Swellings.
LEAD POISONING.
 Mr. Albert Kinsbury, Keena, N. H., troubled with lead humor on hands and neck, caused by lead poisoning, writes: "At times it would break out, crack open and the skin separate from the flesh in large pieces, suffering great continual itching and stinging. Purchased your Cuticura Soap, and Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally, and in less than three months effected a complete cure, and has not been troubled since. Recommended by Ballard & Foster, Druggists, Keena, N. H."

GREATEST ON EARTH.
 J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: "Cuticura Resolvent is the greatest medicine on earth. Had the worst case of skin disease in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe Cuticura would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head, were soiled for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally."

PHORBANS.
 H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Phorbans or Itch of nearly year's standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certain to before a Justice of the Peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with Itching and Scaly Diseases, should send us for this testimonial in full.

SALE BROTHERS.
 Those who have experienced the torments of Salt Rheum can appreciate the agony I endured for years, until cured by the Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura Soap externally.
 Mrs. W. M. PELLINGTON, Sharon, Wis.

CUTICURA.
 CUTICURA Soap externally and CUTICURA Resolvent internally are the only safe every species of Humors, from a common Pimple to Scrofula.
 Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c; large boxes, \$1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 50c per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 10c. Sold by all Druggists.
 Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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

Sanford's Radical Cure, Catarrh Resolvent and Improved Inhalant, with special directions, may now be had of all druggists, or sent by mail for one dollar and one cent. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.
 This economical and never-failing treatment instantly dissolves the mass of caseous and purulent mucus, subdues inflammation, and extends to the entire mucous membrane the power of small, tasteless, healing, when inhaled, leaves the head disinfected, clear and cool, the breath sweet, the breathing easy, and every sense in a natural and normal condition. Internally administered it cleanses the entire mucous system through the blood, which it purifies of the acid poison always present in Catarrh. Recommended by all druggists.
 General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

ONLY ONE.—Mothers, darn the little stockings up neatly. 'Twill never do to have holes in the heels, or the little ventilators at the toes open on Christmas eve. Have only one hole in the stocking and let that be a large one at the top.