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The Post.

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 PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
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 and are liable for the price of the paper

Poetry.

AN ODD YOUNG MAN.

He was the most amazing man
 That ever struck the town;
 To-day there are but few who can
 Correctly write him down.
 He seemed to be quite guileless and
 A little fresh, mayhap;
 And yet they could not beat his hand,
 Or get him in a trap.
 He made remarks that other folks
 Would never dare to make;
 And those who thought his statements
 Jokes, discovered their mistake.
 To catch him in some awful lie
 Their deepest arts they used;
 The more to catch him folks did try,
 The more they got confused.
 They cannot fathom him at all,
 Which makes them feel quite cheap;
 But every one agrees to call
 The fellow "awful deep."
 An actor shrewd, who chose to pass
 For simple, fresh and green;
 And yet, whose like they swear alas,
 Had ne'er before been seen,
 But 'twas no mystery about
 This very puzzling youth;
 The secret's in a line let out,
 He simply told the truth.
 —BOSTON POST.

MARRIED—DIED.

In the columns side by side,
 Stands the captions, Married, Died.
 What fine irony in this
 That shares with death our nuptial
 bliss.
 That blends beneath our earnest gaze
 The story of two wondrous days?
 The kiss of death, of blushing bride,
 "Saree, the blend in—Married, Died.
 "A throbbing breast of heart that bleeds,
 A full, bright or dull eye reads
 As whose message is not clear,
 And broken through a tear;
 A finger, hand of age,
 Trace the line along the page;
 Death and cupid side by side
 Port in man with—Married, Died.
 "I am, there a song,
 And roll their notes along,
 Age bells that ring or toll
 Of a glad or passing soul;
 The chancel cell the crowd,
 Clad in satin, gown or shroud,
 To the church we twice may ride,
 Heed the bandage—Married, Died.
 Hoist the anchor sail away;
 Summer winds of sunlit bay
 Lure thee o'er the outer bar,
 Where the white capped breakers are;
 Staunch thy painted shallow-bay,
 Strong to ride life's restless sea,
 God shall rule the surging tide
 That laps the shores of—Married, Died.
 Orange blossoms, ripen wheat,
 Springs of rue or lilies sweet,
 Carls of gold or locks of snow,
 Wedding robes or garb of woe,
 Hands in loving hands to rest,
 Or folded lie on pulseless breast;
 Who shall bloom and fruit divide,
 Or hear the stories—Married, Died?
 Death of the Old Wife.
 She had lain all day in a stupor,
 Breathing with heavily-labored
 breath, but as the sun sank to rest
 in the far-off western sky, and the
 red glow on the wall of the room
 faded into the dense shadows, she
 awoke and called feebly to her aged
 partner who was sitting motionless
 by the bedside; he bent over his
 dying wife and took her wan, wrink-
 led hand in his.
 "In it night!" she asked in tremu-
 lous tones, looked at him with eyes
 that saw not.
 "Yes," he answered, softly. "It
 is growing dark."
 "Where are the children?" she
 queried; "are they all in?"
 Poor old man! how could he an-
 swer her; the children who had
 slept for long years in the old
 churchyard who had outlived child-
 hood and borne the heat and burden
 of the day, and growing old, had
 laid down the cross and gone to
 wear the crown, before the old father
 and mother had finished the so-
 journ!
 "The children are safe," answer-
 ed the old man tremulously; "don't
 think of them, Janet, think of your-
 self; does the way seem dark?"
 "My trust is in Thee; let me never
 be confounded. What does it
 matter if the way is dark! I'd rather
 walk with God in the dark, than
 walk alone in the light. I'd rather
 walk with Him by faith than walk
 alone by sight. John, where's little
 Charlie?" she asked. Her mind
 was again in the past. The grave

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"Don't seek to make angels of yer-
 selves," quietly began Brother Gard-
 ner as the meeting opened. "In
 de fast place dis am no sort 'o' ken-
 try fur angels, an' in de best 'o' place
 yer would be mighty lonesome. De
 man or woman who becomes so
 sweet an' soft an' good dat dey ex-
 pect every munit to rise up an' fly
 doan take as much comfort as folks
 who feel dat it will be a clus slave
 to git inter Heaven. A lectle wick-
 edness pickles a man an' makes him
 keep all de better. When I trade
 mules wid a man I prefer dat he
 should suspect me wid an intension
 to make an eben \$25 by de opera-
 shun. When I deal wid a butcher or
 like to feel dat he will work in fo-
 ounces 'o' bone fur ebery eight oun-
 ces 'o' meat if I don't watch him. I
 like to have de boot-maker tell me
 dat American cow skin an' French
 calf, an' I am pleased when de sto-
 clerk warrants fo' cent caliker to
 wash like sheet iron. De man who
 am not a lectle wicked has no chance
 to feel sorry; no use fur prayer;
 no need 'o' churches. He can't say
 to a fellow man; 'I wronged yer—
 I'm sorry—shake.' De man who
 neber sins makes a poo' nex' doah
 neighbor. De woman who keeps
 follin' her shoulders to see if
 wings have started makes a poo'
 mother an' a wass housewife. If
 you have neber injured a man an'
 gone to him an' axed his pardon an'
 made up you doan' know what real
 happiness am. If yer conscience
 has neber driven you to prayer you
 can't feel de goodness ob de Lawd.
 My advice to you am to be a lectle
 wicked—not 'nuff to make men fear
 or hate yer, but jist 'nuff to keep
 you convicted dat you must help
 to support churches an' pay chus atten-
 shun to what de preachers say or
 you'll be left behin' when de pur-
 ceshun starts."

Table Manners.

It is not now the custom, as it used
 to be, to wait until every one is
 helped; haste or impatience are out
 of place, but it is proper to eat
 whenever the food is placed before
 one. One is not expected to ask
 twice for soup, fish, or salad, and is
 seldom helped a second time to de-
 sert.
 Preference for white or dark meat,
 rare or well done, should be ex-
 pressed without hesitation, and all
 food taken or declined promptly and
 in courteous terms. Well-bred peo-
 ple never handle the glass, silver or
 china unnecessarily, or the food;
 they never make bread pills or drink
 or speak with food in their mouths,
 or leave the table while eating or
 complain of the dinner.
 When the child is strong enough
 to manage a fork, give him one in-
 stead of a spoon, and when the dig-
 nity of a knife is arrived at, teach
 him the use of it, and also, when
 done with the knife and fork, to lay
 them in close parallel across the
 plate, the handles to the right.
 Teach him to use a spoon properly;
 to lay it in the saucer while he
 drinks his tea noiselessly, (hold-
 ing the cup by the handle), to leave
 it in the saucer if the cup is to be
 re-filled, and to place it in the em-
 pty cup when done.
 Table manners forbid all unneces-
 sary clattering of knives and forks.
 Salt is taken on the knife, which is
 tapped on the fore finger of the left
 hand, instead of the fork. The
 hand is the proper medium for re-
 moving grape skins and fruit pits
 from the mouth to the plate, and
 the napkin should hide all use of
 the toothpick.
 Vegetables are generally eaten
 with a fork or a spoon. Asparagus
 may be taken in the fingers; water-
 cresses, celery radishes and olives
 are always so eaten. Cheese is gen-
 erally taken with a fork.
 Economical housewives cover the
 table with a square of baize, cotton
 flannel, or cloth of some kind, over
 which the linen one is spread; this
 improves the appearance, keeps the
 cloth from wearing at the edges of
 the table, and prevents noise.
 However one may economize in
 household labor, good taste and
 much pains taking should govern
 the appointments of the table and
 dining room.
 An attractive table is a good ap-
 petizer and has something to do
 with good behavior. Human nature
 is easily affected by the atmosphere
 with which it is surrounded; chil-
 dren cannot be expected to behave
 well in an hour given over to fret-
 fulness, disorder and flurry. Table
 manners for the housekeeper begin
 in seeing that her table is neat and
 attractive, and calculated to inspire
 cheerfulness from it she should ban-
 ish as far as possible, all vexations,
 cares and worries.
 Faith is simple, it is to believe;
 faith is sublime, it is to be born
 again.
 Happiness and unhappiness are
 qualities of mind, not of place or pos-
 sition.

Weighing a Hog.

A dog fight sends the pulse of a
 village up to 130, and a foot-race or
 a knockdown will almost restore
 gray hairs to their original color;
 but for real excitement let a man
 come along in front of the tavern
 about sundown driving a hog
 "Hay, where are you going?"
 "Going to sell this hog."
 "Hold on a minute! How much
 does he weigh?"
 "Oh! about 225."
 "You're off; he won't go over
 200."
 Every chair is vacated on the in-
 stant. Every eye is fastened on the
 hog rooting in the gutter, and every
 man flatters himself that he can
 guess within a pound of the pork-
 er's weight.
 "That hog will jist exactly go 195
 pounds," says the blacksmith, after a
 long squint.
 "He won't go an ounce over 185,"
 adds the cooper.
 "I've got a \$2 bill that says that
 hog will kick at 210," says the hard-
 ware man.
 "You must be wild," growls the
 grocer; "I can't see over 150
 pounds of meat there."
 Twenty men take a walk around
 the porker, and squint and shake
 their heads and look wise, and the
 owner finally says:
 "If he don't go over 220 I shall
 feel that I am no guesser."
 "Over 220! If that hog weighs
 200 pounds I'll treat this crowd," ex-
 claims the owner of the "bus line."
 "I dunno 'bout that," mused the
 "Squire, who is on his way to the
 grocery after butter. "Some hogs
 weigh more and some less. What
 breed is this hog?"
 "Berkshire."
 "Well, I've seen some o' them
 Berkshires that weighed like a load
 'o' sand and then agin I've seen 'em
 where they was all skin and bone.
 Has anybody guessed that this hog
 will weigh 600?"
 "No."
 "Well, that's a lectle steep, but
 I've kinlar sot my idea on 250."
 By this time the crowd has in-
 creased to a hundred and the excite-
 ment is intense. The "Squire
 lays half a dollar on 250, and the
 owner of the hog rakes in several
 bets on "between 220 and 225." The
 porker is driven to the hay scales
 and the silence is almost painful as
 the weighing takes place.
 "Two hundred and twenty-five,"
 calls the weigher.
 Growls and lamentations smite
 the evening air, and stakeholders
 pass over the wagers to the lucky
 guesser, chief of whom is the own-
 er of the hog.
 "Well, I'm clear beat out," says
 the "Squire. "I felt deal sure he
 would weigh over 300."
 "Oh, I know you were all way off,"
 explains the guileless owner. "When
 we weighed him here at noon he
 tipped at exactly 223, and I knew he
 couldn't have picked up or lost over
 a pound."

When to Stop Advertising.

When nobody else thinks "it pays
 to advertise."
 When you want to get out of busi-
 ness with a stock on hand.
 When you want to get rid of the
 trouble of waiting on customers.
 When you would rather have your
 own way and fail, than take advice
 and win.
 When men stop making fortunes
 right in your very sight, solely
 through the discreet use of this
 mighty agent.
 When population ceases to multi-
 ply, and the generations that crowd
 on after you and never heard of you
 stop coming on.
 When every man has become so
 thoroughly a creature of habit that
 he will certainly buy this year where
 he bought last.
 When you can forget the worlds
 of the shrewdest and most success-
 ful business men concerning the
 cause of their prosperity.
 When you have convinced every-
 body whose life will touch yours that
 you have better goods and lower
 prices than they can ever get any-
 where outside of your store.
 When you perceive it to be the
 rule that men who never do and nev-
 er did advertise are outstripping
 their neighbors in the same line of
 business.—Ez.

Don't Deceive Me.

What! asking me again for mon-
 ey?" replied a "Michigan" avenue
 merchant as an old woman requested
 him for mercy's sake to give her a
 nickel.
 "If you please, sir."
 "It was only yesterday I gave
 you a dime."
 "I know it."
 "And I'll bet you went right to a
 saloon with it."
 "Oh, no, sir."
 "Don't deceive me."
 "I wouldn't deceive you for the
 world, sir, I'm too much of a lady
 to go into a saloon, and besides that
 I have a trusty boy whom I can send
 with a bottle."
 "Did you buy bread or whiskey
 with that money?"
 "Well, sir, I slipped coppers with
 the old man to see which it should
 be, and the penny fell into a crack
 of the floor and we compromised on
 gin and a riot which sent him to the
 Work House for sixty days. I've
 no one to slip with now, and the
 money shall go for the silk stock-
 ings I've needed those many
 weeks."

What We May Do.

No human being can be isolated
 and self-sustained. The strongest
 and bravest and most helpful have
 yet, acknowledged or unacknowledg-
 ed to themselves, moments of hun-
 gry soul-yearnings for companionship
 and sympathy. For the want of
 this, what wrecks of humanity lie
 strewn about us! youth wasted for
 making semblance of friendship;
 adrift at the mercy of chance for the
 grasp of a firm hand, and a kindly
 loving heart to counsel. It is this
 yearning, so fatal to its possessor if
 not guided rightly, such a life anchor
 if safely placed. "Friendless!"
 What tragedy there may be hidden
 in that one little word! None to labor
 for; none to weep or smile with;
 none to care whether we lose or win
 in life's struggle! A kind word or
 smile, coming to such a one unex-
 pectedly at such a crisis of life, how
 often has it been like the plank to
 the drowning man! Lacking which
 he most surely have perished.
 These, surely, we may bestow as we
 pass those less favored than our-
 selves, whose souls are waiting for
 our sympathetic recognition.

As Usual.

The commercial traveler of a
 Philadelphia house while in Ten-
 nessee approached a stranger as the
 train was about to start, and said:
 "Are you going on this train?"
 "I am."
 "Have you any baggage?"
 "No."
 "Well, my friend, you can do me
 a favor, and it won't cost you any-
 thing. You see, I've two rousing
 big trunks, and they always make
 me pay extra for one of them.
 You can get one checked on your
 ticket, and we'll enclose them.
 See?"
 "Yes, I see; but I haven't any
 ticket."
 "But I thought you said you
 were going on this train?"
 "So I am. I'm the conductor."
 "Oh!"
 He paid extra as usual.

Grit.

The force of will is a potent ele-
 ment in determining longevity.
 This single point must be granted,
 without argument, that of two men
 every way alike, and similarly cir-
 cumstanced, the one who has the
 greater courage and grit will be the
 longer lived. One does not need to
 practice medicine long to learn that
 men die who might just as well live
 if they resolve to live, and that
 myriads who are invalids could be-
 come strong if they had native or
 acquired will to vow they would do
 so. Those who have no other qual-
 ity favorable to life, whose body or-
 gans are nearly all diseased, to
 whom each day is a day of pain,
 who are best by life-shortening in-
 fluences, yet do live by will alone.—
 Dr. G. M. Beard.

Life on the Farm.

In the best at least, of the older
 countries the tradesman, the teacher,
 the mechanic—not to say the com-
 mercial traveller—would congratu-
 late himself on the good fortune that
 promoted him to the standing of a
 freehold farmer, even though his
 acres should be few enough to be
 counted on his fingers. The notion
 that a man stands a little higher
 who wears linen and bends over a
 desk or a counter than the man who
 wears cotton and holds a plow-hand-
 le is a backwoods notion. If it
 has had any influence—as it doubt-
 less has had—in beguiling young
 men from the farm to the office, it
 will not have it much longer. As a
 new country sentiment it will go
 the way of the log cabins and corduroy
 roads.—Good Company.

In Good Hands.

He was a young country fellow, a
 little awkward and bashful, but of
 sterling worth of character. She
 was a Cincinnati belle, and had
 sense enough to appreciate his
 worth, despite his awkwardness and
 bashfulness, and was his fiancée.
 On a very gloomy Sunday evening
 last winter they were standing in
 front of the window in the parlor of
 her home on East Walnut Hills,
 watching the snow-flakes rapidly
 falling outside. He was not up in
 society small talk, and being hard up
 for something to say, remarked, as
 he watched the snow falling: "This
 will be hard on the old man's sheep."
 "Never mind, dear," said she, slip-
 ping her arm around him, "I will
 take care of one of them."

The Lower Classes.

Who are they? The toiling mil-
 lions, the laboring man and woman,
 the farmer, the mechanic, the artis-
 an, the inventor, the producer! Far
 from it. These are nature's nobility.
 No matter if they are high or low in
 station, rich or poor in pelf, con-
 spicuous or humble in position, they
 are surely upper circles in the order
 of Nature, whatever the factitious
 distinction of society, fashionable or
 unfashionable, decrees. It is not
 low, it is the highest duty, privilege
 and pleasure for the great man and
 high-souled woman to earn what
 they possess, to work their own way
 through life, to be architects of their
 own fortunes. Some may rank the
 classes we have alluded to as only
 relatively low, and, in fact, the mid-
 dling classes. We insist they are
 absolutely the very highest. If
 there be a class of human beings on
 earth who may be properly denomi-
 nated low, it is that class who
 spend without earning who consume
 without producing, who dissipate on
 the earnings of their fathers or re-
 latives without being anything in
 and of themselves.—The Mechanic.

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READ!



CLOTHING FOR THE Million!!

Larg Stock of FALL AND WINTER Clothing
 in Snyder County or elsewhere.
OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS.
 For Men, Youths and Boys.
Und'rclothing from 25c's upward.
GENTS Furnishing Goods A SPECIALTY.
TRUNKS, VALICES, SATCHELS, & C.
MEDICATED FLANNELS and a large variety of other goods.
 Call and examine my stock and be convinced that I sell better goods and at lower prices than they can be had elsewhere.

S. OPPENHEIMER,
 Selinsgrove, Pa.
 Oct. 1, 81.